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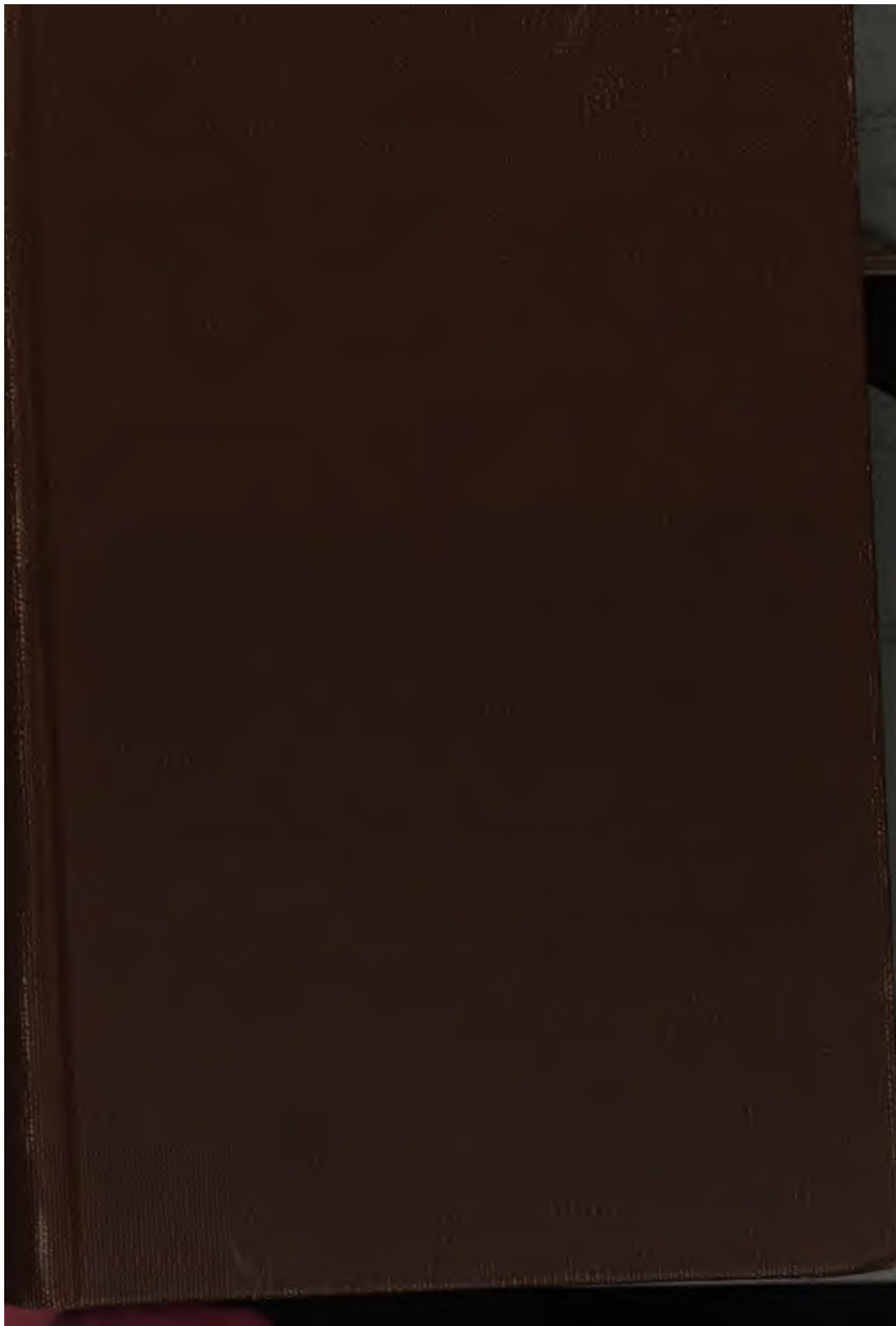
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GRAHAM'S
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Of Literature and Art.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

TWENTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

JANUARY, 1846, TO JUNE, 1846.

A Tale of Manhattan. By JOHN H. MANCOUR, -	128	The Waterman's Arms. A Tale of Dover. By	
A Stroll About Potsdam. By R. BAIRD, -	267	EDWARD F. WELD, - - - - -	74
Biographical Sketch of Robert Kirkwood. By		The Judge's Charge. By ANN S. STEPHENS, -	79
P. BENSON DE LANY, M. D. - - - - -	97	The Last Page in a Heart's Book. By FANNY	
Bertha. By MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER, -	123	FORESTER, - - - - -	105
Brothers and Sisters. A Parisian Sketch. By		The Mother's Tragedy. By J. K. PAULDING, 83, 119	
T. MAYNE REID, - - - - -	179	The King's Legacy. By ANN S. STEPHENS, 133, 145	
Deacon Winslow. By BLANCHE, - - - - -	109	The Philosophy of Composition. By EDGAR A.	
Field Sports and Pastimes. No. IV.—The		POE, - - - - -	163
Deer Hunt. By FRANK FORESTER, - - - - -	40	The Stolen Manuscript. By MRS. CAROLINE H.	
Foreign Literary News. FROM OUR CORRES-		BUTLER, - - - - -	168
PONDENT ABROAD, - - - - -	45, 88, 143, 183	The Algerine. By HARRY DANFORTH, - - - - -	205
Fashionable Follies. By MRS. MARY B. HOR-		The New Science. Or the Village Bewitched.	
TON, - - - - -	175	By J. K. PAULDING, - - - - -	210
Grace Fleming. By MRS. M. N. McDONALD, -	21	The Old Bridge. By ANN S. STEPHENS, - - - - -	219
Love and Ghosts. By MRS. CAROLINE H.		The Sister-in-Law. By MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN, -	227
BUTLER, - - - - -	13	The Soirée. By MRS. ALFRED H. REIP, - - - - -	231
Lilies Fane. By FANNY FORESTER, - - - - -	33	The Bastille of France. By JOHN INMAN, - - - - -	253
Little Molly White. By FANNY FORESTER, -	49	The Vroucolacas. By J. K. PAULDING, - - - - -	271
Lighting the Candle at Both Ends. By F. E. F.	158	Worth and Beauty. By MRS. M. N. McDONALD, -	264
Lansdown, Or the Field of Gentle Blood. A			
True Tale of the Great Civil War. By H.			
W. HERBERT, - - - - -	103		
Marginalia. By EDGAR A. POE, - - - - -	116		
Monologues Among the Mountains.—No. III.			
By A COSMOPOLITE, - - - - -	153		
Pride and Pique. By MARY DAVENANT, - - - - -	248		
Reminiscences of a Voyage. By STELLA LEE, -	72		
Regular Correspondence. FROM OUR CORRES-			
PONDENT ABROAD, - - - - -	236, 260		
Sybil Floyd. By ANN S. STEPHENS, - - - - -	241		
The Battle-Grounds of America. No. VII.—			
Battle of Princeton. By N. C. BROOKS, - - - - -	1		
The Step-Son. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, - - - - -	4		
The Icy Veil. Or the Keys to Three Hearts			
Thought Cold. By N. P. WILLIS, - - - - -	60		
The Death of Cordova. A South American			
Story. By THE POOR SCHOLAR, - - - - -	68		

POETRY.

A Dramatic Sketch. By "L." - - - - -	162
A Young Man's Song. By G. FORRESTER BAR-	
STOW, - - - - -	266
A Lay of Brittany. By W. H. C. HOSMER, - - - - -	279
Caprice. By MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, - - - - -	71
Catharine Seyton. By E. M. SIDNEY, - - - - -	73
Consolations. By PARK BENJAMIN, - - - - -	78
Emily. Proem to the "Froissart Ballads," - - - - -	30
Emblems. By C. DONALD MACLEOD, - - - - -	151
For Thee. A Song. By MRS. FRANCES S.	
OSGOOD, - - - - -	108
Half a Loaf Worse than No Bread, - - - - -	108
Heart Sorrow. By PARK BENJAMIN, - - - - -	270
I Saw Thee But a Moment. By MRS. AMELIA	
B. WELBY, - - - - -	278

Little Bess. By W. H. C. Hosmer, - - -	56	The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, -	96
Lake Wyalusing. By Wm. H. C. Hosmer, -	115	Lectures on the English Poets. By William	
Lines Presented to Ethel Town, Esq. By Mrs.		Hazlitt, - - - - -	144
ANN S. STEPHENS, - - - - -	209	The History of the English Revolution of 1640.	
Margaret. By HENRY W. HERBERT, - - -	157	By F. Guizot, - - - - -	192
Push the Bottle Round, Tom. By A. D. -	226	The Alps and the Rhine. A Series of Sketches.	
Sonnet to —. By E. J. EAMES, - - - -	44	By J. T. Headley, - - - - -	192
Sonnet. To My Mother, - - - - -	115	Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By	
Sunlight on the Threshold. By T. B. READ, -	118	Francis Jeffrey, - - - - -	239
Switzer's Song of Home. - - - - -	118	Typee. A Peep at Polynesian Life. By Her-	
Song. Bird of My Morning. By A. D. -	122	man Melville, - - - - -	240
Song. By F. COSBY, Jr. - - - - -	127	The Lives of Distinguished American Naval	
Sudden Death. By Mrs. AMELIA B. WELBY, -	218	Officers. By J. Fenimore Cooper, - - -	240
Some Things Love Me. By T. BUCHANAN		Theology Explained and Defended in a Series	
READ, - - - - -	277	of Sermons. By Timothy Dwight, S. T. D.,	240
The Hunters. By ALFRED B. STREET, - - -	20	Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political	
To Jessa-Mine. By T. H. CHIVERS, M. D. -	20	State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy	
To a Bouquet of Faded Flowers. By W. H. C.		and Other Parts of Europe, During the Present	
HOSMER, - - - - -	29	Century. By Samuel Laing, - - - - -	283
The City of the Heart. By T. B. READ, -	32	Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By An Amer-	
To the Past. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, -	39	ican, - - - - -	283
The Young Cavalier. By E. M. SIDNEY, -	44	Thoughts on the Poets. By H. T. Tuckerman,	283
The Progress of Humbug, - - - - -	57	Self-Formation; or The History of an Individual	
The Summer Storm. By A. D. - - - -	59	Mind: By a Fellow of a College, - - -	284
The Clouds. By A. M. C. EDMOND, - - -	66	Thiodolph, the Icelander and Aslanga's Knight.	
The Indian Mound Near Albany. By ALFRED		From the German of the Baron de la Motte	
B. STREET, - - - - -	67	Foqué, - - - - -	284
The Young Astronomer. By Mrs. B. F. THOMAS,	89	The Wilderness and the War-Path. By James	
The Duenna. With an Engraving, - - -	104	Hall, - - - - -	284
To a Lady Singing. By G. HILL, - - - -	152	Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist, - - -	284
To the American Eagle. By Miss EMMA WOOD,	167		
The Parting. By E. M. SIDNEY, - - - -	174		
The Heart's Guests. By CAROLINE F. ORNE, -	178		
The Queen of Noon. By T. B. READ, - - -	178		
The Weed. By Mrs. FRANCES SARGENT OS-			
GOOD, - - - - -	182		
The Wild Breeze is Springing. By Dr. JOHN			
C. McCABE, - - - - -	182		
The Picture of Sappho. By Mrs. E. J. EAMES,	204		
The Stars.—A Sonnet. By R. H. BACON, -	209		
The Queen of May. By E. M. SIDNEY, -	233		

MUSIC.

"Come, Come Away." From the German.
Words adapted by W. E. Hickson, - - - 90

"No More." Arranged for the Piano by J. G.
Os-bourn, - - - - - 140

The Spell is Broken. A Ballad. Written and
composed by Juliet Belchambers, - - - 190

Kate O'Shane. Words and Music by George
Linley, - - - - - 234

MUSIC.

"Come, Come Away." From the German.	
Words adapted by W. E. Hickson, - - -	90
"No More." Arranged for the Piano by J. G.	
Osbourn, - - - - -	140
The Spell is Broken. A Ballad. Written and	
composed by Juliet Bellchambers, - - -	190
Kate O'Shane. Words and Music by George	
Linley, - - - - -	234

REVIEWS.

Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, -	48
Lectures on the English Comic Writers. By	
William Hazlitt, - - - - -	48
Poems. By Oliver Wendall Holmes, - - -	48
Memoirs of an American Lady. By Mrs.	
Grant, - - - - -	48
Biographical and Critical Miscellanies. By W.	
H. Prescott, - - - - -	92
The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell.	
With Elucidations by Thomas Carlyle, -	92
Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. By	
Charles Lamb, - - - - -	92
Poems of Many Years. By R. Moncton Milnes,	93
Poems. By Frances S. Osgood, - - - -	93
The Life of Mozart. By Edward Holmes, -	93
Poems. By Amelia, - - - - -	94
The Florentine Histories. By N. Machiavelli,	95

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The Young Cavalier, engraved by Sartain.	
Battle of Princeton, engraved by Smillie.	
Paris Fashions, from La Follet.	
Title Page for 1846, engraved by Steel.	
Catharine Seyton, engraved by Rawdon, Wright &	
Hatch.	
The Young Astronomer, engraved by G. Ellis.	
Paris Fashions, from La Follet.	
The Duenna, engraved by Sartain.	
Paris Fashions, from La Follet.	
The Parting, engraved by Grosse.	
Paris Fashions, from La Follet.	
The May Queen, engraved by Tucker.	
Paris Fashions, from La Follet.	
Bedford Springs, engraved by Ellis.	
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1

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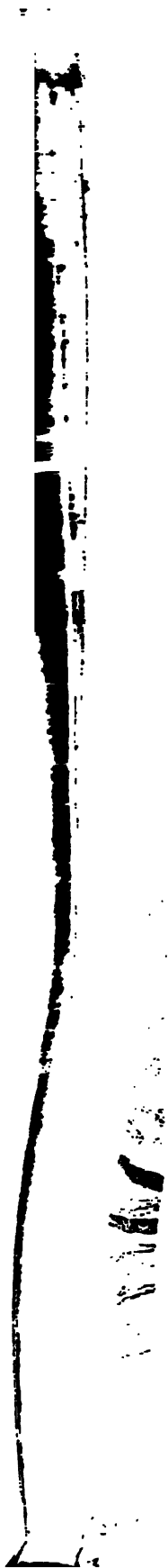


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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1846.

No. 1.

THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF AMERICA.

NO VII.—BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

IN PART FROM ORIGINAL MSS.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

IN the eastern provinces of the Union the British arms were successful, and on the fall of Forts Washington and Lee, the American commander, with his little band, thinned by sickness, desertion and the fate of war, fled through the Jerseys before the victorious Cornwallis, and crossed the Delaware. The militia dispersed, the governor, council, assembly and magistracy fled, and the whole province was abandoned to its mercenary and relentless invaders. The American Congress had fled from the capital of the Union, where open insurrection was threatened, and where, on the freezing of the Delaware, the British were expected to establish their quarters.

In this period of gloom and despondency, when every thing seemed tending to colonial overthrow, Washington, in the lofty enthusiasm of that patriotism which "hopeth all things, endureth all things," resolved to stake his life on a desperate issue—and crossing the Delaware, by a skillful manœuvre at Trenton cut the *cordon* of cantonments stretched over Jersey, and broke the chain of alien invincibility.

The inhabitants of Philadelphia had trembled in anticipation of the outrages of the Hessian soldiery which their neighbors had suffered, but when they saw these grim-visaged and sanguinary mercenaries marched along their streets before their own half-clad, half-armed soldiers, the glow of patriotism was rekindled, and they volunteered their services by thousands for further efforts against the enemy. Impatient of delay, they crossed the Delaware and rendezvoused at Crosswix and Bordentown, while the Jersey militia, inspired by the success of the late enterprise, and stimulated by outrage and oppression, began to rise and make common cause against the enemy.

Emboldened by his success at Trenton, Washington resolved again to cross the Delaware, and, in his own language, "pursue the enemy in his retreat; try to break up more of their quarters; and, in a word, in every instance adopt such measures as the exigency of our affairs require, and our situation will justify."

On the morning of December 30th, Washington

crossed the Delaware with his troops, and took post at Trenton; though the rear of his army, delayed by the ice, did not get over till the following evening. The enemy had drawn in their cantonments, and assembled their main force at Princeton, where they had thrown up works for their defence. From this place large pickets were advanced toward Trenton. The great preparation they were making led Washington to suppose they contemplated an attack, in which opinion he was confirmed by intelligence derived from a foraging party, consisting of a commissary and a dozen men, captured by a reconnoitering party of dragoons under Col. Joseph Reed. Determined to await the enemy where he was, the commander-in-chief ordered up from Crosswix and Bordentown the Pennsylvania militia under Generals Cadwallader and Mifflin, which, by making a night march, joined him at Trenton on the first of January. These troops amounted to 3600 men, which, added to the 1400 continentals under his command, made his whole force about 5000; while the force of the enemy, in artillery, infantry and dragoons, was not less than 8000 men.

Taking post behind the Assanpink Creek, which divides the town of Trenton, and guarding its passes with artillery, he advanced General Fermoy with a heavy detachment, consisting of six pieces of artillery, under Capt. Forest, Hand's rifle corps, Scott's Virginians, and Haussegger's battalion, (all of which had been distinguished in the surprise of Trenton,) to the Five Mile Run, on the road to Princeton—with its picket reaching to Maidenhead. The main body of the enemy were in Princeton—its advance at Cochrane's, and its patrols extending to the Eight Mile Run.

Early on the 2d of January, the enemy were in motion, before whom our advance slowly retired, until General Washington, whose object it was to prevent the meeting of the main bodies of the two armies before nightfall, sent orders to protract the time by disputing every inch of ground. This gave rise to a series of skirmishes, in which the artillery

of Forest and Hand's rifle corps evinced the most determined bravery. Keeping up a constant fire, they suddenly fell back until they reached the thick wood on the right bank of the Shabbokong Creek. Here Col. Hand stationed his men in ambush—with Major Miller commanding the left, while he himself had command of the right. When the advance of the enemy came within point-blank shot, this corps opened upon it a murderous fire, which broke and forced it back in confusion upon their main body. The enemy now brought up their artillery and formed in order of battle, when our advance again retired. The flanking parties of the enemy turned at this time to the left, and reconnoitering the fords of the Assanpink, guarded by St. Clair's brigade, supported by artillery, rejoined their main body. Our advanced party shortly gained a ravine which crosses the road, about half a mile above Trenton, and descends toward the Assanpink Creek, where they made a most obstinate resistance.

As soon as they had gained this position, General Washington, with General Greene, and Gen. Knox of the artillery, rode up and thanked the detachment for their vigorous resistance during the day, and gave orders to withstand the enemy till nightfall. As the enemy advanced, our battery, covered by about six hundred men, opened upon them: the cannonade was as briskly returned; and on the British column's advancing partially displayed, the roar of the musketry mingled with the discharge of the cannon, while the fire streaming from a thousand pieces lit up the dusky twilight with a sudden glare.

Having driven the American advance across the Assanpink Creek, Lord Cornwallis, who had joined the army a little before it reached Trenton, displayed in two lines, with the centre resting at the intersection of the Princeton and Pennington roads. In the mean time a heavy cannonade raged between the two armies, with little advantage to either side. A space of one thousand yards and a narrow creek alone divided them; while the Delaware, in the immediate rear of the American army, appeared to cut off all hopes of a retreat.

Resolved to attack them early in the morning, Lord Cornwallis proposed that, as "he had the enemy safe enough, the troops should make fires, refresh themselves and take repose." The general officers acquiesced, except Sir William Erskine, who exclaimed, "My lord, if you trust these people to-night you will see nothing of them in the morning."

Shortly after night set in a council of war was held in General St. Clair's quarters, in which, after some discussion, it was proposed by General Washington to turn the left wing of the enemy, and marching by a circuitous route to attack their forces in Princeton, where it was presumed a smaller body of troops had been left. Great difficulty in getting on the artillery and carriages was apprehended, from the state of the roads, which were soft and muddy; but while the council was in session, as if sent to favor the enterprise, a strong northwest wind arose, attended with extreme cold, which rendered the ground perfectly solid. Taking advantage of this circumstance, he

ordered great fires to be kindled along the whole line, which would serve to mislead the British as to his intentions, and shield from view the movements of his troops. These fires were fed with fuel obtained from a fence in the vicinity, and were to be kept burning till near daybreak. Further to mask his manœuvre, he set a party to work on an entrenchment within hearing of the British sentinels. Having ordered the men left in charge of these duties to withdraw a little before daybreak, and having sent off his baggage toward Burlington, under cover of two pieces of artillery—the army was in motion about one o'clock, and filed off silently by detachments, without attracting the notice of the enemy. Colonel Sherman leading the advance, St. Clair's brigade, with two pieces of artillery, being next, and the Pennsylvania and Virginia troops following.

A little before day, when within a short distance of Princeton, General Mercer, with a detachment consisting of the remains of Smallwood's Maryland regiment, under Captain Stone, a Virginia regiment, under Captain Fleming, and two field-pieces, under Captain Neal, with sundry volunteers, amounting to about 400 men, was ordered to march up Stony Brook and occupy a bridge on the Princeton road. This was done that he might intercept fugitives from Princeton, and cover the American rear in case of any attack from the troops at Trenton.

The fourth brigade of the British, under Colonel Mawhood, consisting of the 17th, 40th, and 53th regiments, had quartered in Princeton the preceding night, and were then in motion to join Cornwallis at Trenton. As General Mercer marched to take possession of the bridge, Col. Mawhood, who was with the 17th regiment near Cochrane's, descried the head of the American column, and mistaking it for a small party, wheeled to the right with the intention of cutting it up. On his way he suddenly encountered the detachment of Mercer, who was marching up the ravine, without any knowledge of the proximity of the enemy.

As soon as they discovered each other, an effort was made by both parties to gain possession of a rising ground, in which Gen. Mercer succeeded, and behind a post-and-rail fence made such a disposition of his forces as the sudden nature of the encounter permitted. His antagonist did not halt to re-form his men, but with the utmost coolness pressed on in the same order in which they had marched. Undismayed by the fire opened upon him by Mercer's troops, he advanced within a few yards of them, returned their fire with a volley and charged with the bayonet with irresistible impetuosity. The Americans, for a time, made a brave stand, in which the Marylanders, under Stone, and the Virginians, under Fleming, nobly sustained their former reputation; but as many of the American troops were armed with rifles, and had to contend with superior numbers, they were forced, after the third fire, to give way before the British bayonet. The officers now made great efforts to recover them, and the intrepid Gen. Mercer, having dismounted from his horse, endeavored to rally them. He succeeded in his attempt,

but while leading up a charge against the enemy, he was thrown into the rear, and, falling into the hands of the British, was bayoneted after his surrender, in no less than thirteen places, under circumstances of great brutality. The artillery of the contending parties had in the mean time been engaged in a sharp conflict, and Captain Neal, while bravely serving the American pieces, was slain.

On hearing the first fire, the commander-in-chief advanced with the Pennsylvania militia and Moulder's artillery, to support Gen. Mercer, and came up shortly after his party began to give way. Colonel Mawhood, in pursuit of the flying troops, now gains the brow of a hill, and perceiving the main body of the Americans, arranges his troops, and brings up his artillery to support him. The panic which had seized the flying troops, was now communicated to the reinforcement led on by General Washington. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of their officers and of the commander-in-chief, they appeared hesitating and irresolute, while the enemy continued steadily to advance.

At this important crisis, when the fate of the day hung in suspense, the soul of Washington rose superior to danger, and incited him by a noble self-devotion to animate his wavering troops. Seizing a standard he advanced uncovered before the column, and reining his steed toward the enemy, towered before them like a Colossus, while, with his sword flashing in the rays of the rising sun, he waved on the troops behind him to the charge. Inspired by his example, and moved by the danger in which their beloved general was placed, the militia sprung forward to the conflict, and delivered an effective fire, which stopped the progress of the enemy. The commander-in-chief, exposed to the fire of both lines, escaped unhurt, though some of the officers around him were killed.

This stand determined the contest. Checked by the resistance of the militia, the fire of which was followed up by a charge with the bayonet, in which about sixty of their number were slain, and galled exceedingly by discharges of grape from Moulder's field-pieces, that they had failed in an effort to carry, the enemy fell back, and, after exchanging a few shot, fled on seeing the approach of some fresh troops from the American rear, wheeling round upon their flank. Having abandoned their artillery, they hastened in the greatest confusion over fields and fences toward Pennington, pursued by the militia and rifle corps; the general himself joining in the pursuit, which, in the exhilaration of the moment, he designated as "a fine fox-chase."

Soon after the engagement began between Gen. Mercer and the 17th regiment, an attack was made at the top of the woods near Princeton, by the American van upon the 55th regiment, in which the British troops were sorely pressed, and were soon thrown into confusion; and the 40th, which had remained in quarters at Princeton, after advancing toward our line and detaching a heavy platoon, which stood but a single fire, retreated into the college, and knocking out the windows prepared for defence. The Ameri-

can troops advanced with rapidity, and artillery was brought up to dislodge the enemy, but after the discharge of a single six-pounder, which did but little damage, they abandoned the edifice, and the whole, except a small party that was captured in the college, retreated precipitately, by files, across Millstone Creek, toward Brunswick. There was no cavalry present to intercept their flight, or, in the straggling manner in which they retreated, the whole could have been taken. The Americans had only twenty-two cavalry, and these were engaged at this time in pursuit of the stragglers of the 17th regiment.

By the time this engagement was over, the advance of the British army from Maidenhead was up and firing upon the rear of the main body, under General Greene. It was covered by Captain Forest with his artillery, until the Americans crossed the bridge over the Stonybrook, about half a mile from the scene of action, which, by order of General Washington, was then broken down, and thus stopped the further progress of the enemy.

The British loss in the engagement was about one hundred killed, and three hundred wounded and prisoners. The American loss was small in numbers, about thirty killed and wounded; but among the slain were some valuable officers, the brave and accomplished General Mercer, Colonels Porter and Hazlett, Major Morris, and Captains Neal, Fleming, and Shippen. It had been intended to march immediately after this to Brunswick, where General Lee was confined, and where was the British magazine and military chest, with some seventy thousand pounds sterling; but the men were utterly exhausted with loss of rest and marching, having been under arms for eighteen hours. After a short delay at Princeton, the American commander with his troops reached Pluckemin on the 5th, and afterwards marched to Morristown, where he established his winter-quarters.

The British forces in Trenton under Lord Cornwallis were impatiently awaiting the break of day to storm the American lines, and on hearing the roar of the artillery his lordship surmised it was thunder. But Sir William Erskine, who, on the preceding evening, had been in favor of a night attack, sagaciously divining the reality, replied, "My lord, it is Washington at Princeton." Fearful of an attack upon Brunswick, which was defended only by a small party under General Matthews, his lordship immediately put his army in motion, and marched with all expedition for that post.

The energy of Washington, the dexterity of his stratagems, and the spirit and rapidity with which he executed them, impressed the British with sentiments of concern and fear, and, abandoning all their posts, they retired to Brunswick and Amboy, where they had thrown up works for their protection; while the Jersey militia, roused to desperation by outrage and insult, hemmed them in on all sides, and hung upon their skirts to harass and cut off any parties that for forage or convoy ventured from their quarters.

These achievements at Trenton and Princeton revived the spirits of the whole American people.

THE STEP-SON.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

AN old woman sat alone in one of those dark rear buildings, which in our city are put up for the express accommodation of the poor, to whom free air from heaven and warm sunlight must be dealt out sparingly. In this house there lived many human beings, for each room had its humble household, and she of whom I write was perhaps the only one in that crowded dwelling who occupied an apartment to herself. It was a humble room enough, high in the attic, with a window cut through the roof, and a single door leading from an open garret; still there was an air of neatness and comfort in the little nook seldom found with poverty, unless brighter fortunes have preceded it. The humble bed was covered with a neat patch-work quilt—a breadth of rag carpeting covered the floor in front, and an old mahogany candle-stand, with slender feet and a twisted stem, stood beneath the small looking-glass, which had evidently done half a century's service in some New England family.

A Bible lay upon the stand, old and worn, but neatly enveloped in a green baize cover. The room contained but two chairs, both worn through in the seat, but with the ravages of time covered by neat patch-work cushions and valances. The old lady had drawn one of these chairs up to a deal table that stood near the fire-place, and was enjoying her solitary meal, with an expression of grateful tranquillity beaming on her face, when the door opened and a young girl entered the room softly, with a basket on her arm. The old lady's back was toward her visitor, so she stole softly forward, set her basket down on the floor, and laying a pretty white hand on each shoulder, bent over and kissed the withered forehead of the quiet old lady, and then broke into a soft musical laugh, which filled that humble room like the carol of a bird.

"So I have caught you, dear old naughty grandma, drinking black tea, and without milk—no butter to your bread either! this will never do;" and looking on the table the young girl shook her head, and bent her half smiling half reproachful eyes on the aged face now turned hastily toward her.

"Ah, Lucy, is it you?" said the old woman, with a look in which warm affection struggled with embarrassment, "come, sit down, the tea is very nice, and I am getting to like it black and clear, as well—that is, almost as well—"

"Ah, grandma, I am not to be cheated so. You have been robbing yourself again!" said the girl, patting the old woman's cheek with her hand.

"It was only the poor woman in the next room—one of her children is sick, and so—"

"Ah! I understand—you are starving yourself to make the sick baby comfortable! Well, there is no

use in scolding you; I know that of old. See, I have brought a basket full of nice things. Let us throw away that horrid black stuff, and have a nice fresh cosey cup of tea together."

The old lady's eyes sparkled at the proposal, for, poor thing, her coarse tea, without sugar or milk, and humble accompaniments, had rendered but a sorry meal. Holding one little withered hand under the edge of the table, she brushed the crumbs of stale bread into it, and began to rearrange the tea things with great animation.

"See what I have brought," cried her grandchild, holding up a cord of fresh sponge cake with a triumphant smile, and dropping the snowy napkin over her basket, that the rest of its tempting contents should not be revealed all at once.

"Ah! this is too extravagant, Lucy, we must not indulge in these things now;" as she spoke, the kind old creature took up the cake, examined its rich brown crust and golden centre with a beaming countenance, cast a look at the sweet girl kneeling by her basket, another at the door, and added in a coaxing voice, but with a sort of half guilty consciousness, "But—Lucy—dear—it would be so nice for the child, poor thing!"

Lucy replied by another bird-like laugh, and lifting a corner of the napkin produced a small pot of jelly; "See!" she cried, raising the lid and allowing the old lady to catch a glimpse of the luscious contents. "No, no," she added, as the old lady eagerly reached forth her hand for the jar, "this is for yourself, remember; half a tea-cup full for the sick child—not a particle more—promise me that, or I will take it home again;" and shaking her beautiful head till its rich brown curls swept over her face and half blinded her, Lucy covered the jar with her hand, and waited with one knee upon the floor, and her smiling face uplifted to the old lady's, till the promise was given.

"Well, now, there it is, and here is the whole basket, tea, sugar, biscuit—every thing!" and starting to her feet Lucy Lee threw away the napkin, and with eager hands laid parcel after parcel, as she named their contents, on the table.

The old lady burst into tears—"Oh, darling, how good you are to me—here is more than a whole month's wages, all for poor old grandma, and not so much as a ribbon for yourself."

"No, no," cried Lucy Lee, flinging her arms round the old woman's neck and kissing her damp cheek, "it is Mrs. Hudson's gift. Do you remember her son is of age to-day—Mr. George Stanton—you have seen him, grandma?"

Why was it that pretty Lucy Lee fell to kissing her grandmother so eagerly as she mentioned George Stanton's name? Why was it that the color rushed

over her cheek, as if a handful of peach blossoms had been dashed against it? Sweet, innocent Lucy Lee! it was well that the eyes bent so affectionately upon her were full of tears, or, even without her spectacles, the old grandmother might have suspected something more than the maiden would have owned even to her own heart.

"But I have got something for you, something that I made with my own hands," said the young girl hastily, and with an effort to resume her former gayety.

Lucy took off her grandmother's cap, which had been darned, and even patched, more than once, and replaced it with a new one of clear muslin, trimmed with a knot of slate-colored ribbon, and with a bordering of lace. "There," she said, caressingly smoothing the gray hair down both those aged temples with her hands, "this is my gift; how well you look in it. Give me another kiss. Now let us make the tea, for I must be home again in no time."

A little tin kettle sat on the top of a stove in the fire-place, emitting a cloud of steam from its nozzle, and singing merrily over a handful of coals, so Lucy had nothing to do but fill the little black earthenware tea-pot, spread her dainties on the table, and the two happy creatures sat down together, but not till the old lady, though half ashamed of appearing pleased with her finery, had exhibited her cap in the next room, and gladdened the suffering child with a portion of her grand-daughter's gift.

It was a pleasant sight, that infirm old woman, with the snows of seventy winters lying whitely on her forehead, and that young girl, fresh as a spring-blossom, luxuriant and yet modest in her beauty as a ripe peach amid its leaves—sitting there together in that humble garret, both happy as children, and almost as helpless, the one in her decrepitude and age, the other in her inexperience and exceeding loveliness.

"It seems like old times to have you sitting here by my side, and every thing so nice about us," said the grandmother, as Lucy lifted the little black tea-pot and let its amber contents fall from a height, with a sparkling and animated dash, to the old china tea-cup with a crack down one side, which the old lady had brought out in honor of Lucy's visit. "I sometimes think," she continued, reaching out her hand for the cup, "that I never can be grateful enough for all the comforts I have, especially Lucy for your love and kindness. I little thought when you were a little girl, and your father, so proud and doing so well, that the time would come when those tiny hands would be all poor grandmother's support."

"Nonsense, grandmother, only think how much you earn with your own hands! It is a shame that you should do any thing at this age, but then we do our best and try to help each other. That is what makes us so happy, I suppose!"

"Well, we are content, and that is a great deal," replied grandmother Lee.

Lucy sat in silence for a moment and trifled with her teaspoon—"Do you know, grandma, I really believe that you and I, in our shilling calicoes and with our hard work, are a great deal happier and more contented than Mrs. Hudson, with all her style and

money?" A shade of sadness came over her face as she spoke, the first that had darkened it that evening.

"What makes you think so?" inquired the grandmother, easily interested in any thing relating to persons who had been kind to her child. "Is her son turning out wild? Is—"

"Oh no, nothing of that kind; how could you think of such a thing!" exclaimed Lucy eagerly, "but Mr. Hudson!"

"Oh, I understand, these unequal matches never turn out well," replied the old lady, shaking her head.

"There is some trouble about the property, I believe," said Lucy. "I may tell *you* this, grandma, but it would be wrong to whisper it to any one else. You know Mr. Stanton left all that he was worth to the widow, expecting that she would provide for her son."

"He is a fine young man, that George Stanton," murmured the old lady.

Lucy's color rose and her eyes brightened. "It was an unfortunate thing for him when his mother married again. Mr. Hudson controls every thing during her life, and is so cold and cruel to her—so insolent to the young gentleman—besides—bend your head nearer, grandma—he is a gambler!"

That instant the sound of quick footsteps coming across the garret reached them; they were followed by a sharp knock at the door. Lucy started and looked at the old lady. "I spoke low, no one could have heard me," she whispered, while her cheek became a shade paler.

"No, no, there may be some person ill in the room below. They want me, I dare say," replied the old lady, and raising her voice, Mrs. Lee requested the intruder to come in.

Some one seemed feeling for the latch, which was not readily found in the darkness without, but before Lucy could reach the door it was opened, and a young man, with his hat off, and evidently much excited, stood in the entrance.

"Mr. Stanton!" exclaimed Lucy, losing her natural timidity in astonishment at his presence in that place. The next impulse was to cast a glance around the room, to congratulate herself on its neatness, and that her grandmother had the new cap on.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, addressing the old lady, "I am sorry to have disturbed you, but my mother is taken ill—none of the servants would undertake to find Miss Lee, so I came in search of her myself."

"I will go this instant," said Lucy, taking her bonnet from the bed, and attempting to tie the strings, but her hands trembled and she could hardly form a knot. "Is she ill, is she very ill? Is Mr. Hudson there?" she inquired, so confused that she was hardly conscious of heaping one question on another.

"She has been very ill," replied the young man.

There was something in his voice that surprised and startled Lucy, her hands dropped from the ribbon she was tying, and almost for the first time in her life she lifted her large eyes earnestly to his face. A heavy frown was on his forehead, and his fine eyes glowed beneath the long and dark lashes, which

usually subdued their brilliancy, and lent them an expression of deep tenderness. She saw that his lip was quivering, and that traces of agitation, suppressed with difficulty, were exhibited in every tone and movement. He declined a chair when the old woman offered it, and the moment Lucy was ready, hurried her down stairs and into the street. He scarcely knew how it happened, but somewhere in the dark passages through which they passed, he had drawn her arm through his. It was done, as it might seem, unconsciously, and was the first time her hand had ever rested in his for a moment. A thrill of strange and most exquisite pleasure ran through her frame, and mingled with feminine terror, lest he should feel the shiver of her little hand as it rested on his arm, and thus guess how very happy an attention so carelessly offered had rendered her.

"You have been very kind, very faithful to my poor mother, and it was the remembrance of this that sent me so far in search of you this evening. Things have happened to agitate her since you went out—she needs kindness, gentle nursing and sympathy, such as no common servant can give. I—we shall all be forever grateful if you can console her; if—I scarcely know what to say—she is proud and sensitive, and would rather die than own to the unhappiness that is killing her. Do you understand me, Lucy? She has been cruelly, wickedly treated, and I, her son, her only son, who love her as my own life, have no power to shield her from the tyrant who has tortured her almost into the grave."

There was anger, tenderness, almost agony, in the young man's voice as he spoke, and Lucy could feel that his whole frame shook with emotions that he strove in vain to conquer.

"I know all that you could tell me, at least I know enough to make me serve your mother to the utmost of my power," was the low and timid reply which Lucy Lee gave to these passionate words; her heart was brim full of emotions that no language could express; she could only feel, and trembled like a frightened bird at her own feelings.

As they approached the broad steps that led to Mrs. Hudson's dwelling, Stanton paused, and taking the hand which lay upon his arm, grasped it so tightly, that the young girl could scarcely suppress a cry of pain. "I have yet more to say," he exclaimed, in a broken voice. "It is my birth-day. I am twenty-one. Perhaps—nay I foresee that it must be so—I shall leave my mother's house; her husband hates me, and I have reason to think that my presence but aggravates his cruelty to her. It is strange, but she loves him yet better than all the world beside, better than her son or the memory of my father, who was so devoted, so good. I have scarcely ever spoken to you before, Lucy Lee, and you may think my request a singular one; but I have not been unmindful of your goodness, of your sweet and gentle nature. I—but it were madness to say more than this—when I am gone you will stay by my mother, you will stand in the place of her child, save that when he was passionate and wayward, your softer nature will be gentle and kind—no matter what happens, you will

promise to remain with *her* when I am gone. Can you promise this?"

Lucy could only answer, "I do promise!" and even in uttering these few words her voice sounded low and husky. A chill had fallen upon all the sweet feelings but just breaking to life in her bosom; the blossoms that seemed bursting to flower in her heart, but a moment before, were crushed to death in the sweet unfolding. *When he was gone*—that moment the young girl read her own heart, and turned faint in the reading. She knew well that when he was gone the future would be a blank to her. But Lucy was not deficient in that modest pride which gives dignity to womanhood; tears sprang to her eyes, but though darkness was around her, she crushed them back, and walked on more firmly than before. He still held her hand, but it lay in his grasp cold and motionless.

Oh, it is a painful lesson when woman first gains power to still her trembling nerves, freeze the quivering lip to marble, and force her gushing tears back to their fountain. After a few such struggles it takes a strong blow to wring water from the rock, within which her sweet impulses are locked up.

Stanton left his young companion in the hall and entered his mother's sitting room. It was a small boudoir, luxuriously furnished, and opening to a bed-chamber on one side, and a balcony, which overhung the garden, on the other. This balcony had been sashed into a pretty conservatory, and was now full of the most costly plants, which filled the boudoir with fragrance. The sash windows were open which led to this little flower-nook, and a couch of crimson silk stood before them; a current of air stole softly by, sweeping a cloud of perfume over the couch at every breath, and swaying a tall crimson japonica that hung half within the room, to and fro, till one queenly blossom now and then almost touched the pallid cheek of a person sleeping on the couch. It was Mrs. Hudson, who lay with her face half buried in the snow of a laced and frilled pillow, which was crushed under her head and damp with tears.

Stanton drew a deep breath, for this picture of still and luxurious quiet struck upon his heart as a mockery. It was in sad contrast with the humble picture of content which he had just witnessed in old Mrs. Lee's garret bed-room. How true and beautiful was his remembrance of that little room. It rose before him like a picture—that humble tea-table, the pale and sweetly benevolent face of that good old woman. The young girl sitting by her side, blending her merry voice with the cheerful hum of the tea-kettle, as she pressed her aged companion to have the antiquated china-cup filled again. There, all was poverty and content. Here was the extreme of luxury, with bitterness and sorrow. Refinement of taste, a lavish expenditure of wealth reigned before him, even to voluptuousness. Cabinet pictures, of great merit, were looped to the walls by silver cords. In every angle of the room small tables of rare mosaic gleamed through the richly bound volumes heaped upon them. The carpet was like a bed of trampled autumn flowers, and overhead, swinging from the ceiling by a silver-

chain, a small alabaster lamp shed its mild light, alike on the gorgeous betrayals of wealth and on the form of their occupant, who lay upon the couch, with one pale hand dropping to the carpet, and her white morning-dress falling in disordered folds about her, as she had sunk to a painful sleep amid her tears.

Stanton held his breath, and moving softly toward the couch, sank upon his knees and remained for some moments gazing affectionately on the sleeper. It was a painful sight, those sunken eyes with the dark shadows deepening around them, the pale forehead, lined prematurely with troubles, and contracted by the miserable thoughts that haunted her sleep. The coquettish morning-cap was partly turned aside, its rose-colored rosettes and rich lace were crushed together, and with them were entangled two or three false ringlets, with a tress of long raven hair, threaded with silver, which the cap was intended to conceal. The deadly paleness of her face was rendered more striking by a tinge of unnatural red, and by the jewels gleaming on the hand which lay clenched beneath one hollow cheek.

George Stanton knew how sensitive his poor mother was to the advances of age, and this proof that she had striven to conceal them by many a feminine device, instead of exciting ridicule, touched his heart with new feelings of tenderness. He knew that no vanity prompted this gentle wish to please, but that it sprung from affections, which, however unwisely bestowed, were deep and pure as ever warmed the bosom of girlhood.

At length he took the hand which had fallen to the carpet softly between his own, and pressed his lips upon it. The touch, slight as it was, awoke his mother. She started up with a faint cry, and flung her arms around his neck.

"You have come back—I knew that you would not be so cruel. Oh, Hudson, do not threaten me so again, such things kill me!"

"Mother!" said the young man, deeply affected, "mother!"

"Ah, is it you, George?" exclaimed the poor woman, in a tone of keen disappointment. "I thought—I thought—but the lamp burns so dimly."

"I know what you thought, dear mother," replied the young man, striving to suppress the bitter feelings that arose in his heart, as his mother sunk back on the couch, and covering her face with both hands, began to weep.

"Do not distress yourself thus—come, come, every thing will turn out well at last—believe me it will," he added earnestly. "I have come to comfort you, mother—to say that I am willing to go hence this very night if you wish it."

"No, no, I do not wish it. It was he—that is, he hinted something like it; but he was in a passion; it was only because things had gone wrong with him out of doors."

"No, mother, no! let us deal frankly with each other for once—he does wish it. He thinks that I am in his way—tell me, did he not threaten to leave you forever if I remained here?"

Mrs. Hudson only answered by renewed sobs—she

attempted a faint denial, but the words died on her lips.

"Has he not urged you again and again to make a will disinheriting me, and leaving my father's property to him—after—after—you are taken from us. You need not answer, mother, I know that he has. I know that he thinks my presence here interferes with the accomplishment of this design."

"I will never do it—never—never!" cried the poor lady vehemently, "it would be fraud. How could I meet the dead! He brought nothing, not a farthing. Will he not have the whole income while I live—and after that you will divide with him for my sake, George—I know you will!"

"Mother," said the youth earnestly, "when you married a man twelve years younger than yourself I was but a thoughtless boy, but even then I had misgivings with regard to the rash step; but it was anxiety regarding your happiness, and not for my own interests. I was a wild, fatherless child, with nothing on earth to love but my mother"—here the young man's voice was choked with tears—"I said, let her be happy—happy in her own way—in loving another better than her own son, if it must be so, and I will strive to be content. I did not like the man—nothing on earth could ever make me like him. Children are keen observers; I thought—forgive me, mother, this once I must speak out—I thought that he did not repay your devotion with the regard it merited—that your wealth—"

"No, no, George, do not say that; have pity on me; that thought—oh, it has clung around me like a serpent. I have tried to crush it, to reason with myself, and fling it off. Do not put it into words, harsh, cold words, they strike an old wound too cruelly—besides, it is not so! he loved me then, I am sure of it. Remember," she added, looking up with a painful smile, "I was young—comparatively young—then, and even now, George, it is *that thought* which has filled my head with gray hairs. You do not know how I have suffered, or such words would never come from your lips."

"Well, mother, be composed, I will say nothing to pain you," said Stanton, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips. "Answer me—but I hardly need ask the question—do you love this man so much?"

"Better than my own soul," she replied vehemently, while the blood flashed over her pale face.

"Better than your son—than the memory of his father?"

"Better than the whole world—better than my hopes of the next!" she exclaimed, starting upright on the couch.

"Mother!" The word was uttered in a tone of mournful reproach that would have touched a heart of stone.

"Forgive me, I was wild," she said, sinking back to the pillow; "but you are so young that any thing I say will seem like frenzy. You cannot understand the deep and absorbing love which is strongest and most fatal after the passions of youth are refined and concentrated in the soul. They tell you that the human heart never loves but once, and that true love

takes root only in youth. Do not believe them. Passions that start up in youth, compared to the deep affection of maturity, are but the foam which covers the red wine. I tell you that one moment of the love which is born in after life, the growth of a tried soul and cultivated intellect, is worth a whole eternity of youthful fancies. It combines all the delicacy of the blossom with the ripeness of the fruit that springs from it!"

As she uttered these words, the excited woman once more sat upright on her couch, her sunken eyes sparkled, and the bloom of youth was not more lovely than the color which rushed over her cheek. As her son gazed upon that eloquent face, his lip trembled and his eyes drooped, as it were beneath the weight of their thick lashes.

"Ah, mother," he said, "why should a love like that which you speak of be flung—"

"Hush! interrupted the mother, placing her hand over his mouth, "I am getting faint, very faint, speak softly to me, for it seems as if my heart were breaking!" She sunk slowly to her pillow, closed her eyes, and seemed to hold her breath. Stanton was terrified, but her hand was clinging to his, and when he would have started up the fingers tightened their hold and he sat down again. After a few moments she opened her eyes, and said in a low voice,

"We must speak more quietly—this has happened to me once before to-night."

"Lie still, close your eyes, and hear what I have to say," replied the youth tenderly. "You love this man, and he is rendering you miserable, because you will not will him the wealth which my father intended for me. While this source of disagreement exists you cannot be happy. I am healthy, well educated, and twenty-one. This very night we met in the drawing-room, and he ordered me to leave his house—his house! Lie still, mother, I am composed, and only tell you this to explain how impossible it is for me to remain here. You shall give me a few hundred dollars—enough to take me into the Southwest—then make the will as he desires; perhaps, if gratified in this, he may render your life less wretched."

The poor woman wrung her son's hand, and tears gushed through her closed lashes.

"No," she said, choking with sobs, "he might wish me dead then. Oh, Father in Heaven, forgive me! but, for my own sake, I have not the courage to make this iniquitous will!"

"My poor mother! this is too terrible," exclaimed the young man, starting up and pacing the room. "What can I do? how am I to act? by what power can I arouse her from this infatuation!"

"My son," murmured Mrs. Hudson, "come to me early in the morning, I shall be better then, and we will talk more fully of your departure—but remember, I never will sign away your inheritance."

Her voice was very faint, and Stanton felt that the interview had quite exhausted her, so he pressed a kiss on her forehead, and went out in silence. He found Lucy Lee in the breakfast-parlor, pale and anxious almost as himself.

"Go to my mother," he said, in a broken voice,

"soothe her if you can, and do not leave her till Mr. Hudson comes home."

Lucy found Mrs. Hudson in her bed-room, striving feebly to undress herself. She seemed pleased with the unobtrusive attentions offered by the young girl, smiled gratefully as the pillow was smoothed beneath her head, and after a brief interval sunk into a troubled slumber. The slightest motion seemed to disturb the sleeper, so Lucy stole into the next room, leaving the chamber perfectly silent and enveloped in the soft twilight which stole in from the alabaster lamp. The young watcher had intended to sit up all night, but toward daybreak, after ascertaining that the invalid slept tranquilly, she gave way to the drowsy sensation that was creeping over her, and stretching herself on the couch sunk to sleep.

It was deep in the morning when Lucy Lee awoke, but in that room it seemed scarcely dawn, for the sunshine was lost amid the luxuriant plants through which it had to struggle, and, even at mid day, no broad lights were suffered to penetrate to the boudoir.

She was startled at first by the sound of voices in the bed-chamber; she arose and approached the door, but distinguishing the voice of young Stanton, drew back into a corner of the room, and seated herself on an ottoman, which was partially concealed by the pedestal of a marble Flora. Her heart was very heavy, and she listened to the murmured sounds, now and then broken with sobs, that came from the chamber with a vague sensation of dread.

At length the door opened and George Stanton came forth. His face was pale, and there was that heavy, haggard look about his eyes that bespoke a night of unrest. A small writing-desk of ebony, inlaid with silver, stood upon one of the mosaic tables, and close by it, on the same table, stood another of satin wood and gold, scarcely larger than a jewel casket. Young Stanton went up to the table, and seemed to hesitate which of the desks to open. He turned, as if to enter the bed-room again, but observing a key in the ebony desk, opened that and took out a roll of bank notes, which he thrust into his vest pocket. After casting a lingering, and it would seem painful, glance around the room he went out, and in a few minutes after Lucy heard a carriage driven from the door.

"He is gone—gone without looking at me—without thinking of me," she murmured, while the tears sprung to her eyes. Then she added, and a tone of bitterness mingled with the murmured thought, "What am I that he should bear me in remembrance?" What was Lucy Lee? A pure-hearted, refined and beautiful girl, a gentlewoman from habit and education, but flung into poverty by the death of her parents—she was meekly performing her humble duties, and sacrificing all the little tastes and vanities of her sex for the grandmother who, like her, had learned to be cheerful under privation. Yet Lucy could chide herself for dreaming that George Stanton might have cast a thought on her.

How much humility there is in circumstance!

When Lucy entered the bed-chamber Mrs. Hudson had her eyes closed, and seemed disposed to rest; so

the young watcher stole away, and lying down on the couch sunk to an uneasy slumber. She might have slept an hour, perhaps, when the door was flung rudely open, and Mr. Hudson entered the boudoir. He cast a glance at the young girl, who started up in affright, moved forward a step, as if to address her, and when she shrunk back, curved his lip into a scornful smile and turned away.

"I believe Mrs. Hudson is asleep," said Lucy, anxious to account for her presence there. "She has not been well all night."

"Don't trouble yourself, pretty one, I have no thought of disturbing the old lady." Hudson laughed sneeringly as he spoke, and turned his bold eyes on the maiden with a look that brought the blood to her face.

"If you can remain with Mrs. Hudson I will go to my room," she said, almost haughtily.

"But I cannot remain with Mrs. Hudson, so you must remain here," he replied, intercepting her with a jeering smile, and mimicking her manner; then changing his mien to one of haughty command, which was most natural to him, he motioned with his hand that she should resume her seat, and turning away opened the ebony writing-desk which we have before mentioned. After searching in it, at first carelessly, then with considerable interest, he turned toward the young girl, and fixed his eyes keenly on her face; then turned to the desk again and took out a private drawer, which underwent a close examination, then closing the lid with violence, he turned the key, and, grasping it in his hand, came up to where Lucy was sitting. After gazing at her for a moment with an expression of mingled insolence and admiration, he said, "I left five hundred dollars in my desk last night, this morning it is gone! was that the reason you were so eager to quit the room?"

Lucy could not speak. There was something in his face, handsome as it was, that frightened her; she sat still, gazing at him, with her lips slightly apart, and trembling like the guilty creature he evidently believed her to be.

All at once his face relaxed into a winning smile, his bold dark eyes took a new expression.

"You need not look so terrified, child," he said in a low voice, "I am not likely to surrender up so much beauty to a police officer."

By this time Lucy had recovered something of her self-possession. "It was not me—you are mistaken, sir; Mr. Stanton took the money not more than an hour since. Mrs. Hudson will probably inform you that it was by her permission, as he was in her room some time before it was taken."

The change which came over Mr. Hudson's face was fearful; his eyes flashed fire, and his tall form seemed trembling with impatience to hear more.

"Ha! Mr. Stanton—and you saw him? By Jove! if this is true!"

"Surely—surely there was no harm in it," cried Lucy, overwhelmed with new apprehension. "You cannot intend to harm Mr. Stanton?"

"Nonsense! unclasp those pretty hands, child, and tell me all about it—of course I wish to know where

so large a sum has gone to; that is all! but you can go down stairs now. The old lady is calling, and I may as well speak to her on the subject."

Lucy took prompt advantage of this permission. She went to the breakfast-room and sat down by a window, agitated and more unhappy than she had ever been in her life. She had scarcely been there ten minutes, when Mr. Hudson entered.

"Ah, you are here?" he said with affected carelessness. "Mrs. Hudson wished to speak with you; but it is no matter, the carriage has come and it would only take up time. Get your things. I can explain it all as we go along."

"Where am I going? What do you wish of me?"

Hudson made no reply, but ordered a servant, who was passing the door, to bring Lucy's bonnet and shawl. The moment they were brought, he hurried her into the carriage, still irresolute and bewildered.

"That was a strange freak of Stanton's, going off so abruptly. His mother is much distressed about it, and even fancies that it was my wish. She has explained about the money."

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed Lucy, joyfully, clasping the little hands that lay beneath her shawl.

"But we must have Stanton back again," said Hudson, smiling craftily, as he marked the eager and joyful countenance with which she listened to his words. "I would rather give five thousand, than have him leave the city after this fashion."

"Oh, he will come back I am sure, when he knows of these kind feelings regarding him," cried Lucy, quite won over by the interest which her companion exhibited in his step-son.

"Yes, but there is the difficulty. He has started, no one can tell to what place, not even his mother, and he may sail for Europe before I can get sight of him. There is but one way to search him out, and it is for this that I brought you with me. We must tell all that we know of the matter to one of the magistrates, and he will take means to find the runaway."

"To a magistrate," repeated Lucy, faintly, "to a magistrate?"

"Oh, there is nothing in that to terrify you, child, I have but to distribute fifteen or twenty dollars among his off—his men—and—"

"It is nothing more than this, you are sure, sir, that all you desire is to bring Mr. Stanton home again!" cried Lucy, almost gasping with anxiety.

Mr. Hudson laughed a hearty natural laugh, which made the young girl quite ashamed of her suspicions. Just then the carriage stopped before that huge granite pile, in Centre street, which but for the sorrow, crime and death locked within its walls, might be dwelt upon with pride as an ornament to our city. But it struck Lucy with a sensation of terror and gloom—as she mounted the steps with the sombre perspective of huge gray pillars which filled the vestibule before her, each stained about the base by the poverty-stricken, the guilty, and the officers of justice, who for years had leaned against them, while talking over the prison gossip of the place—all courage forsook her, and turning her blanched face toward Mr. Hudson, she found words to say—

"Must I go forward? Is there no other way by which Mr. Stanton can be found?"

He answered only with a hurried exclamation of "No, no!" and flinging open a door, ushered her into a large room, half full of people, with a long desk railed off on one side, and several persons sitting behind it, some of them writing, and one listening, with a sort of cold interest, to a person who was leaning over the railing, and talking very eagerly. One of these men at the desk recognized Mr. Hudson, and motioned him to come within the railing. They conversed earnestly together a few moments, during which the magistrate now and then uttered a faint exclamation; and cast a glance at the trembling girl who stood outside clinging to the railing, and ready to drop from a consciousness that so many bold eyes were staring her in the face.

After their earnest conference was over, the magistrate left his seat, and led the way to a private-room, followed by Mr. Hudson and his trembling charge. There was nothing very terrible in it after all. Mr. Hudson and the magistrate chatted and laughed together about various things—the money market, the trials then in progress, and at last, as if quite incidentally, seemed to recollect that they had some particular business on hand.

"Oh yes, this affair of your step-son; of course we must search him out for you," said the magistrate, taking up a little black volume, which one, having the slightest reverence for the bible, would never dream of suspecting to be that holy book. "Lay your hand on this, young lady?"

Lucy reached forth her hand and touched the book, greatly marveling what it could all mean. She had no idea of the legal forms of an oath, and never would have believed that any thing she had been taught to consider so awfully sacred could be offered between the pauses of a bantering conversation. She was confused by her situation, dizzy from want of sleep and continued excitement, and the low words which the magistrate hurried over fell on her ear quite indistinctly. She pressed the book to her lips, however, as the magistrate directed, but it was with a hysterical smile, for the whole proceeding struck her as almost ridiculous. The magistrate then began talking with her quite naturally, about the departure of young Stanton, and questioned her with considerable earnestness about the money which she had seen him take from the ebony desk.

"That will do!" he said at length, addressing Mr. Hudson. "The young fellow has only two or three hours the start of us; we will send you news of him directly—never fear!"

Hudson answered that he hoped so, and went out with Lucy, evidently highly satisfied with what had passed.

Mrs. Hudson was in her boudoir at a late hour that night, for her husband had promised to return home early and bring news of her son. She had been ill during the afternoon, and seemed scarcely able to sit up even in the luxurious armed chair which Lucy had wheeled from the bed-room for her. Hour after hour crept by, and the alabaster lamp was burning

dim, when the hall door was opened and shut with a jar, which made the invalid start from her seat. Heavy and unsteady footsteps ascended the stairs, and Mr. Hudson presented himself before his wife, flushed with wine, and brutalized by the evil spirit that had reigned in his bosom all day.

"So, old girl, you would sit up to hear the news, ha!" he said, flinging his hat on a table, and falling heavily on the couch, with his head almost in Lucy Lee's lap, who started up and withdrew to a distant corner of the room. "Do n't let me drive you away, pretty one. Well, thank Heaven, I have got enough to tell you!"

"Is George found—will he return? have you persuaded him?" cried Mrs. Hudson, leaning forward in her chair and nervously grasping the arm.

"Found—to be sure he is!" replied the husband, doubling one of the crimson cushions, placing it beneath his head, and dashing the bright and disheveled hair back from his eyes.

"Why is he not here then? Will he come in the morning?"

"Ha, ha—in the mornings! Yes, if the turnkeys will let him out. He is safely caged, old girl, have no fear of that—has a nice comfortable cell in the City Prison, third corridor, no—confound it, I forget the exact address—perfectly genteel though, I assure you!"

Mrs. Hudson fell back in her chair before she could speak a word.

Lucy Lee sprang forward, her cheek white as death, and her eyes on fire. "My doubts were true, then—man, or fiend rather, answer me. Have I been used to accomplish his destruction? Was it to *accuse him* that I was persuaded to that horrible place this morning?"

"No one but a simple-hearted idiot like yourself would ask the question," replied Hudson. "Certainly you *have* sworn against him, and *shall* again!"

"Never!" burst from the indignant lips of the outraged girl, "never."

"We may as well understand each other!" said Hudson, starting up and throwing off the flippant tone he had hitherto used. "George Stanton is imprisoned on your evidence and mine, for taking five hundred dollars from my desk. I have given bonds for your appearance on trial as a witness. Let me see the slightest disposition to evade this duty, and I withdraw the bonds, which gives you a berth, also, in the pleasant pile we visited this morning!"

Lucy could make no answer. Her beautiful lips turned white, and the fire grew dusky in her brown eyes. Bitter loathing of the bad man before her took possession of her heart, and she left the room, faint with the terrible emotions he had excited.

The moment she was gone Hudson turned to his wife. "We, too, must understand each other, madam. For years I have been striving to win a poor evidence of the love you have professed for me. I have played the hypocrite, cajoled, persuaded, to no purpose. That boy always stood foremost in your heart. His fate is in my hands now. I can prove him a thief—a *thief*, madam—do you understand!"

"No, no, you cannot!" cried the wretched woman,

wringing her hands, "he thought it was my desk, the money is lying there now. I forgot to tell him it was the satin-wood desk, but there is the money, I had been saving it for him a long time. Take it and repay yourself!"

"And do you think it is the money I care for—no, no. It is the act—the power which gives me a grasp of iron on him and you. I tell you he can be proven a thief—will be sent to the State Prison for years—ruined, degraded forever, if I proceed against him."

"But you will not—oh Hudson, you will not! It is too horrible!"

"On one condition I will not proceed against him. You can guess the condition. THAT WILL."

"I must not make it; I dare not. Oh Hudson, be content. The income is immense—you have always had that—always shall have it while I live!" cried the poor woman rising, with an effort to fling her arms around his neck; but he pushed her rudely back.

"While *you live*! and must I enjoy wealth only while I am doing penance for it?"

"Oh Hudson, do not speak in this way. You are angry, I know, but have pity on me to-night; I am ill—worse than you think. This cruel threat has cut me to the heart. Unsay it, Hudson, if you ever loved me, I beseech you unsay it!"

"If I ever loved you! Thank Heaven, the power is mine now. I am no longer forced to play the hypocrite. Listen, madam, I never did love you. Never would have tied myself, body and soul, to an old woman, had I dreamed of your obstinate avarice about the property."

As he uttered these fiendish words, the poor woman made a step backward, uttered a single sharp cry and fell. Those who heard that shriek never forgot it to their dying day.

That morning before daylight old grandmother Lee was aroused by a noise in her chamber. The quilt was softly lifted, and a form that seemed cut from marble, crept to her side.

"Grandmother, put your arms around me, I am chilled through and through!" murmured Lucy Lee.

"Poor child, how is this? You are cold, your voice sounds strange, and how you tremble! What have they done to you?"

"Hush, grandmother, do not ask me to-night. Let me be still—poor Mrs. Hudson is dead!"

Weeks went by. The newspapers had heralded Mrs. Hudson's death in many a flattering paragraph. She had died, suddenly, those faithful chronicles informed the world, of a heart disease, which had long kept her an invalid. They spoke truly; she had perished of a heart disease—that which slowly, silently, but oh how surely, carries so many women to their graves.

Young Stanton's arrest had been kept from the public prints, and people wondered why the son was absent from his mother's funeral—why Mr. Hudson was thus left alone to sustain the burthen of his terrible bereavement. She had been buried a week before that son heard of her death, and then it was from the lips of a prison-keeper. To the obtuse mind of this man the youth scarcely seemed to heed the in-

telligence; he neither wept nor spoke, but his lips turned white, and his teeth were suddenly clenched, and when the keeper came back, some two hours after, the prisoner was sitting in the same posture, with his eyes fixed on the floor, and one foot pressed hard upon the stone flags, as if he fancied that some hated thing was being crushed to death beneath his heel. He had clenched one hand, and, save this, not a muscle seemed to have changed. All at once he started up, drew a deep breath and exclaimed—

"Now, now, I can wrestle for life and death with this man!"

Three weeks after this Lucy Lee sat alone with her grandmother. Up to that time she had been restless and feverish, with a vain struggle to evade the destiny that seemed forcing her on to destroy the being she best loved on earth. During the last four days she had been frequently closeted with an old lawyer, whom her father had known in his lifetime, and now, on the day which preceded the trial, her soft nature seemed absolutely changed, she was so keenly anxious.

"Come, grandma, come, it is time," she said, at length starting up and taking her bonnet from the bed. "Pray, tie this bonnet—see how my hands tremble—come, get your things!"

"But where are you going, child?" cried the old woman anxiously.

"Ah! I have not told you—I have been thinking over all these things morning and night close by your side without speaking of them. I am going to the city prison. Hark! the clock is striking; come, grandmother, come!"

They went out together, the aged woman and the young girl—threaded the busy streets swiftly, for, in her anxiety, the old woman forgot decrepitude and age. They reached the prison, and passed through the dark, gloomy entrance that leads into the heart of that miserable abode. It was strange, but even in her excited state the young girl remembered every direction that the lawyer had given. A pass was handed her at the desk. The prison door was swung open, and the two passed through a court into another building, up a flight of stairs, up, and up. The old lady followed close after Lucy, and before them went a keeper, swinging an iron key in his hand. Up in the third corridor, on a path of stone so narrow that their garments brushed an iron door at every step or two, and with only a low railing between them and the depths below, they paused—the turnkey first, then Lucy, and after her the grandmother, for no two persons could walk abreast on the high and narrow shelf over which so much misery had walked. The key was turned; the irons about the door crashed gloomily as it was flung open, and the turnkey bade them enter.

"Stay here, grandmother, I will come back soon."

The old woman made no reply, her head was getting giddy, and she crept back to the landing-place by the stairs and waited patiently.

Lucy entered the cell, and the officer pushed the door to and moved away—he was a feeling man and had compassion on her youth.

Young Stanton started to his feet as Lucy entered. His eye brightened, and the color came and went in his cheeks—while she stood before him pale and panting for breath.

"Mr. Stanton, forgive me! I have come to ask this—I have come to say that nothing on earth shall ever make me swear against you," she said at last; "that man may imprison me, he may kill me, but I will not swear."

Stanton sat down, and taking the poor girl's hand drew her gently to his side. "Tell me," he said, while a tear stole to his eyes, "first tell me of my mother." She told him all—her visit to the police office—her regret—the agony she had suffered—and then described that death scene in the boudoir. The young man had nerved himself to hear all; his frame shook, but there was no moisture in his eyes, when she ceased speaking. There was silence for a moment and then he spoke.

"She is dead! *he* is her murderer, and yet suffered to go at large. Lucy Lee, yon Heaven is my judge I am innocent—I thought it was her desk from which you saw me take the money—I am innocent and yet *he*, the murderer, triumphs in my ruin."

"No, he does not triumph yet!"

"But he will—nothing can satisfy him now but my conviction. My poor mother died under the torture, and without making the will that would have disinherited me. When I am in the state prison, disgraced, branded, deprived of civil rights, who will contest the possession of this property with him? Do you understand this, Lucy?"

"Do I understand!" cried Lucy, with a burning cheek. "Has he not told me all this—has he not followed me to my poor garret-home—offered to share the spoil, to marry me, the sewing-girl, if I would but give the evidence which, if given, would too surely convict you."

"The villain, the double-dyed villain, he would despoil me every way!" cried Stanton.

"Listen! I will save you. I have been with a lawyer, and came to say this. What if I refuse to swear—they can but imprison me a few months—a year, perhaps more—what is that? These cells are not so very gloomy after all! As for grandmother, you will take care of her, and they will let her come to see me sometimes. It will not be for long, I dare say—what good will it do them to lock up a poor little girl like me? No, no, the imprisonment is nothing—I will refuse to swear when they call for me to-morrow!" The young girl spoke hurriedly, and her soft eyes, full of beautiful enthusiasm, were lifted pleadingly to his face. She trembled lest he should refuse to be saved by her. He could not guess what joy it would be to lie in one of those narrow cells and feel that thus she had shielded him from ruin.

The young man was strongly moved; tears sparkled in his eyes, his cheeks burned, and a smile, the first that had visited his lips for weeks, trembled over them. Some bright and beautiful thought had evidently broken upon him—something more thrillingly joyful even than gratitude.

"And would you suffer this to save me, Lucy?"

"Ah, that is little, so little you cannot understand!" she cried, clasping her hands joyfully, for she saw that he would accept her help.

"But they might keep you here for years, the law gives no limits. It is contempt of court!"

"I know, the lawyer told me all about it, but if you take care of grandmother I do not mind that."

The young man started from his seat and walked up and down the cell, while she lifted her timid eyes to his face with a look of anxious solicitude. He met that tender and anxious glance—again his face lighted up, and sitting down he took her hand—his trembled like an aspen—

"There is yet another way—the wife cannot give evidence against her husband—will you be my wife, Lucy?"

She did not speak, the surprise, the joy was too great; but her bright lips parted, her bosom heaved, and the snowy lids fell softly over those large, tender eyes; she could not look him in the face! If Lucy Lee could not look the prisoner in the face then, how could she ever think of it after he had folded her to his heart, and kissed her lips, her eyes, and even the curls that fell over her cheek, at least half a dozen times. Sweet Lucy Lee! as she said, that cell was not so very gloomy after all.

And there was old Grandmother Lee sitting on the cold stairs all this time, and every body might have forgotten her but for the kind turnkey, who came at last and led her into the cell. Directly after he was seen to pass out from the prison, smiling as few men ever smile beneath that gloomy portal. He returned with a clergyman, who remained within the prison perhaps half an hour, and then went away looking cheerful and happy, as if he had been performing some very pleasant duty. As he turned toward Broadway the clergyman met Mr. Hudson, with crape on his hat, and looking troubled, as became his widowed condition. The good clergyman had just officiated in a very agreeable scene, and not dreaming of any connection between the parties, described it to his afflicted parishioner, with a kind desire that it might cheer him.

Mr. Hudson ground his teeth as he listened, bade the clergyman a hasty good morning, and hurried home. The servants were hard at work all day in the widower's dwelling, packing plate and other valuables, while he was busy at the banks and among the brokers in Wall street. Early in the morning he went on board the Great Western.

The trial came on in due form. The prisoner was in his seat—the district attorney opened his case, and Lucy Lee was called to the stand.

"I object to the evidence of this lady," interposed the defending counsel, "she is the prisoner's wife."

The district attorney looked puzzled, glanced at the opposing counsel, at the prisoner, and at the beautiful face of the witness, who was timidly withdrawing from the stand, shook his head and sat down. The judge smiled, the opposing counsel laughed slyly, and asked the district attorney if he had any other witnesses.

Altogether it was a very pleasant trial.

LOVE AND GHOSTS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

It is really too bad in you, Mynheer Van Pelt, to think of marrying that pretty young niece of yours to that clown your son! And although, like the owl, you may with blinked eyes look upon him as the perfection of every manly grace and beauty, let me tell you, you are entirely alone in your opinion. Just raise your head, if you please, from that paper, over which you have been dozing for an hour or more, and look upon dear little Meeta—now turn your head to the left and view your stupid son Nicholas—now to your *inner man*, and demand if you are not insisting upon a deed for which already your conscience pricks you! But not wishing the reader to see with the eyes of the partial father, I will endeavor to limn this youthful pair, destined to become man and wife (Cupid willing! “ay, there’s the rub!”) by the arbitrary decision of Mynheer Van Pelt.

The cheeks of Meeta were like the blush of a sunset cloud o’er beds of lilies—the complexion of Nicholas like a withered sun-flower. Meeta’s lips were as twin rose-buds—his like mulberries. Her eyebrows like the young crescent moon o’erarching a star—his an incipient whisker placed longitudinally over eyes of that whitish gray usually considered more becoming to *felines* than humans. The beautiful golden hair of Meeta, parted over a brow whiter than alabaster, fell below her waist in luxuriant ringlets—his, in color a dingy red, stood up “like quills upon the fretted porcupine,” around a low forehead, seamed in the middle by the constant elevation of the eyebrows—aping wisdom! Titania was not more graceful and delicate than Meeta—and for lankness, length, and bone, commend me to Ichabod Crane for a *fac simile* of Nicholas Van Pelt. And to think of uniting *such* a pair, the complaisant reader will agree with me, was, to say the least of it, very absurd in old Mynheer Van Pelt.

Upon this particular evening a bright wood fire was blazing and crackling up the broad open fireplace of a large room, half kitchen half sitting-room, in an old-fashioned stone house, nestled amid the verdant Catskills, a genuine Knickerbocker both within and without. It was *very* old too, and, like many other such ancient domicils, had the reputation of owning a *ghost*! which, in these degenerate days, when houses are built ghost-proof and wisdom has voted that respectable corpses all to the shades, must certainly be considered greatly in its favor. The story went, that a spirited damsel of the race of Van Pelt, having been forced into a marriage by an avaricious father with a person whom she did not love, in a fit of passion committed murder upon the body of the unfortunate bride-groom, although she had

probably never heard of the luckless Bride of Lammermoor, and then proceeded deliberately to hang herself upon a branch of the same old willow tree, which, though lopped and shattered by time, still bends over the merry stream which now, as then, leaps singing and laughing from rock to rock, until it joins the placid river below. Although buried deep in the ground, they were too airy spirits to be kept cramped within such narrow lodgings, and had often been seen by some late stroller from the neighboring ale-house sitting upon their own graves at midnight playing chuck-farthing; nor did they confine themselves within the precincts of the churchyard, but whisked, all in white, through the shady lanes, and went rumbling and groaning about the walls of the old mansion, oftentimes cutting many strange capers in the cellar and larder. I should be unwilling to contradict the voice “*o’ a hale kintra side*,” nor would it be for the advantage of my story to do so.

But I had forgotten I left such a good fire blazing upon the hearth, and lighting up the exploits of Sampson as done in delf, sky-blue and white, he figures around the tiled chimney. Drawn up in front of this cheerful blaze is a large round table of black walnut, waxed until its glossy surface might well serve the need of mirrors. Upon this is placed two tall brass candlesticks, by whose light Mynheer Van Pelt is still poring over the weekly paper. On the opposite side sits Meeta, her fingers busily plying the knitting-needles, their cheerful *click, click*, forming a pleasing accompaniment to the crackling of the fire, whilst ensconced in one corner, perfectly at his ease, which, interpreted, means that his elbows are resting on his knees, his hands supporting his chin, and his eyes on Meeta, is Nicholas; and I am glad for my own part she returns his would-be tender glances with so much coolness.

At length the old gentleman throws down the paper—rubs his hands briskly together—then giving the blazing logs a *punch*, which sends a stream of sparks like miniature rockets flying up the chimney, he casts a roguish glance at Meeta, and then at his son, and, addressing the former, says—

“Well, Meeta, you rogue, it is the first of November, you know!”

The slightest possible shade of vexation rested on her sunny brow, but Meeta made no answer.

“Meeta, Meeta, did you hear?” quoth Nicholas.

“I did,” was the rather tart reply.

“*He! he! he!* Well, Meeta—”

“Yes, my dear,” interrupted the father, “the first of November is here, and on New Year, you know, you are to become—”

"He! he! he! Mrs. Nicholas Van Pelt!" added Nicholas.

"Be quiet!" said the affectionate Van Pelt senior. Then turning to his niece, he continued—"You are a good girl, Meeta, a very good little girl, and ever since your poor father and mother died, when you were no higher than this table, you have always been dutiful and affectionate, yes, you have—and you deserve the happiness in store for you, you do—yes, you shall be mistress of this fine farm, a better than which the whole state cannot show, and of this good substantial old home—stead and all it contains, and the cows, and the sheep, and the geese, turkeys and chickens—yes, Meeta, and you shall be my own dear daughter—"

"And Mrs. Nicholas Van Pelt!" again quoth the son.

Meeta arose and threw her arms around the neck of her uncle:

"You have always been a father to me, dear uncle—I am happy enough now, indeed I am—I do not wish to be mistress here—O no! Then let me still take care of *you*, and let cousin Nicholas find some other wife."

"Ha! what—what, Meeta! No, no, you alone shall reign here! Ha! Nick, would you choose another wife?" said her uncle."

Nicholas unfolded himself, and looking very sentimental, rose from his seat, and striding round after the fashion children sometimes set a pair of tongs walking, stooped over Meeta and giving her a hearty smack cried—

"No, no, cousin Meeta, no wife but *you*."

Meeta was about to answer, when there came a knocking at the outer door, and before any one could say "come in," a tall, handsome youth had entered. Doffing his seal-skin cap, displaying a thicket of luxuriant black curls, a high, open forehead, and eyes black and sparkling with fun, he exclaimed—

"Well, good evening to you, good folks—passing by on my way to the village I thought I would give you a call."

"And you are heartily welcome, Roger Beekman," cried the old gentleman. "Come, draw up a chair, man—why, Meeta, hav'nt you a word to say to an old friend?"

But the eyes of both parties, having a language of their own, had already said a great deal, and, as it did not seem necessary for the lips to trouble themselves, Meeta only bowed.

"Well, Roger," said Mynheer, slapping him on the knee, "we were just having a little family chat; and as I know, from your long acquaintance with us, that you must feel an interest in all that concerns our little Meeta," (here a bright blush settled on neck, cheek and brow of Meeta, while a meaning smile curled the saucy mouth of Roger,) "you will be happy to hear that the wedding-day is fixed between her and Nicholas—yes, what do you think of New Year, Roger?"

"*The Old Harry!*" thought Roger, and just at that particular moment his heel ground very hard upon some queer substance.

"Oh! oh! my foot! my foot!" groaned Nicholas.

"Bless my soul, is that your foot! Beg your pardon, my dear fellow!" cried Roger. "New Year's, eh!"

"Yes, New Year's," continued the old gentleman, "and I tell you what, my boy, if it is agreeable to you, I should like to have you stand up with Meeta—Nicholas I mean."

"My dear Mr. Van Pelt," exclaimed Roger, glancing at Meeta, "you may depend upon it I will do so!"

"In fact, I do n't see how we could have the wedding without," added Mynheer.

"Indeed I should be very sorry to have Miss Meeta married *without* me!" said Roger, bowing with great gravity to the bride elect.

"Yes, and so would she, too, I'll warrant—eh! Meeta!" rejoined the old gentleman. "But come, Nicholas, talking is dry work—let's have a mug of new cider, and a dish of those golden pippins."

And in the enjoyment of such good farmer cheer an hour passed off, during which Roger joked Nicholas, argued with Mynheer, and exchanged many a sly glance with demure Miss Meeta. At length he rose to depart, and shaking Mynheer Van Pelt warmly by the hand, he next held that of the pretty niece rather longer between his own than even Nicholas thought necessary, and then seizing the latter by both bony wrists he gripped them with such a tight and friendly grip, that Nicholas, wincing under the inflection, exclaimed, as Roger closed the door—

"Hang the fellow—he has heels and paws like a bear!"

"Well, I'll to bed—it is past nine o'clock," said Mynheer.

"And so will I, too," echoed Nicholas; "good night, Meeta, remember New Year's!" And both father and son left the room.

Minutes rolled on and still Meeta sat by the fire, in what would seem a species of April day meditation, to judge from the alternate sunshine and shadows which flitted over her countenance. The clock ticked steadily on in its upright mahogany case, the cricket chirped merrily in the corner, and it was not until the decaying fire warned her of the lateness of the hour, that Meeta prepared to retire to her little bed-room. As she was about to leave the room, she was startled by a very gentle tap at the window—it was fortunate she did not think to scream, for almost at the same instant a well known voice whispered:

"It is only *me*, Meeta," while, throwing up the sash, *me* leaped in, in the *un*-questionable shape of Roger Beekman!"

"Dear Roger, how could you be so imprudent!" exclaimed Meeta.

"We will talk about that another time," answered Roger, "*now*, I want to know what is to be done to put off this hated marriage?"

"Oh, Roger, what can I do? I never, never will marry Nicholas, and yet to distress my good old uncle—thus to disappoint his fondest hopes—indeed, Roger, I cannot bear to think of it."

"If you will but help me, Meeta, I have a project by which I am almost certain that stupid clown will

not only refuse to marry you, but that your uncle will also give his consent to our own union, dearest. What do you think of such a plan as *that*, now?" cried Roger, dancing round the table and snapping his fingers.

"But how? In what way do you expect to work such a miracle?"

That her lover would have satisfied her curiosity there is no doubt, but at that interesting moment a step was heard in the passage. Roger quickly sprang through the window, which Meeta had softly but hastily closed, just as the door opened and Nicholas entered.

"Why, Meeta, are you up yet?" he exclaimed, "have you heard any noises?"

"None," answered Meeta.

"Well, I have, a very queer buzzing noise."

"Perhaps it was me covering up the fire," said the naughty girl.

"No, I guess more likely the foxes have got into the hen-roost—I'll see."

"O do n't, Nicholas!" for reasons of her own, cried Meeta.

"Yes I will, and if I catch them there, I'll come back and get my gun—I'll shoot them!"

"Oh, cousin, do n't."

But notwithstanding her entreaties, Nicholas broke away from her, opened the door, and stretching out his long neck peered into the darkness.

"Something rushed violently past him, knocking his head with great force against the door-post, while a hollow voice close to his ear cried:

"*Buzz-z-z-z!*"

"Oh Lord! O Lord! what's that?" exclaimed Nicholas, paler than ashes, sinking down upon the floor! And now, although Meeta knew very well what it was, she never said a word, but clasping her hands and uttering a hysterical laugh, fled from the room.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning the right ear of Nicholas was of a changeable green and yellow, as if it had received some terrible bruise.

"It must have been a bat!" said Mynheer Van Pelt, looking at the swollen member.

"Yes, it must have been a bat!" said Meeta softly, "I've been told they will bite!"

"A bat! Do you think a bat could bite like *that*?" exclaimed the indignant Nicholas, twisting his head quickly round, so as to display the injured ear to the eyes of his cousin. "No, I tell you, 't was a *blow*! A bat indeed! could a bat make that horrible noise?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old gentleman, "you were only a little nervous—the bat flapped its wings in your face, you dodged, and in dodging you knocked your ear!"

"But the noise!"

"Why that was only the buzzing in your own brain at the concussion."

Nicholas shook his head incredulously, made no reply, but after sipping his coffee took down his hat and without speaking left the house. He sauntered

moodily on down the lane, never lifting his head, or taking any note of the charming scene about him. It was a lovely morning for the season—a silvery haze spread itself over the landscape, softening and beautifying every object:

"While every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass.
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
And through the ice the crimson berries glow."

Nicholas had not proceeded far when who should he see coming rapidly up the lane but Roger Beekman. He now hastened his pace, and stopping his friend, related, with rueful face and truth-proclaiming ear, the occurrence of the last night.

Roger listened with a very grave countenance:

"Very strange! very singular!" he muttered.

"Did you say it was *midnight*?"

"No, I don't think it was so late," replied Nicholas. "I had been asleep, though, when I first heard the noise."

"*Em—em—em*—singular!"

"Father and Meeta, however, persist in saying it was nothing but a bat!"

"A bat! *ha! ha! ha!* a bat! what, and leave such a mark as that!" Then, with a most incredulous look, he added, "*but it might have been!*"

"Then you don't really think it was, do you?" asked Nicholas.

"Hem—I wish I did!"

"Why, what *do* you think it was?"

Like Lord Burleigh, Roger shook his head three times solemnly—folded his arms over his breast—compressed his lips, elevated his eye-brows, and beat the "*devil's tattoo*," as it is called, with his foot upon the frosty leaves.

"What do you think it was?" again demanded Nicholas.

"I should be loth to say, rashly!" replied Roger, in a deep bass voice, "although *my* mind is made up!"

"Why—why—wh—at—you do n't think it was—"

"A Ghost!" said Roger solemnly.

"A Gh—ost!"

"There is no one near, is there?" continued Roger, looking around among the trees, "because there are so many would-be sensible people in the world, who, like egregious fools, deny the existence of—you understand—that I would not be overheard on any account—now, my dear friend," he added, drawing close to the gaping Nicholas, and speaking in a whisper, "I am not ashamed to own to *you* (you are sure nobody hears) that I am not so skeptical!"

The eyes of Nicholas expanded wonderfully.

"Did it ever strike you that I always leave your house uncommonly early?" asked Roger.

(The fellow never left until absolutely *hinted* away by Mynheer.)

"Why, n-o—ye-s," replied the complaisant Nicholas.

"I thought you had; and now I'll tell you the reason," and here Roger whispered something in the ear of Nicholas, which set him shaking like an aspen leaf—then added, "you know the story!"

"Ye-s—and then you think it was the ghost of the murdered Von Snuffle that I heard and felt last night!"

"I have no doubt of it, my poor friend!"

"But why should he appear to me?"

"Aye, there's the mystery," replied Roger, then pacing back and forth for some moments in deep thought, he at length approached Nicholas, and taking him by a button of his coat, said:

"You must excuse my frankness, my friend, but tell me, had you ever any reason to doubt the love of Meeta—in short, do you think she is equally as desirous of the marriage as yourself?"

"Why, you know, girls always act contrary," replied Nicholas, "I guess she likes me, though she never told me so."

"Did she ever say she did not?"

"Why, yes, to be plain with you, she has told me more than once that she did n't want to marry me—but then father says that's a woman's way, and I must not mind her!"

"Ah! that's it—that's it! I have found it out now!" exclaimed Roger.

"Found out what?" cried the puzzled Nicholas.

"That it's a *warning*—a *warning*! My dear friend, I pity you—you know the story—the *unwilling bride murdered her bridegroom*!! It's a warning. Good heavens, my friend, I pity you!" And having given his rival this "bitter fancy" to chew, Roger walked rapidly away.

Poor Nicholas moved through mists and shadows that day, he scarcely dared to stir lest the ghost of Von Snuffle might be at his elbow. Mynheer Van Pelt could not tell what to make of his son, and it happened most unfortunately that Meeta, little thinking she was harping upon the same string which had so jangled the brains of her lover, kept on talking about ghosts and goblins! Night came, and Nicholas went early to bed, hoping to outsleep the ghost. Vain attempt! For at the dead hour of midnight, what seemed a female figure glided slowly to his bedside—waved her arm solemnly above her head, cried "*Beware*!" and vanished.

Now, whether Meeta had any thing to do with this or not, I shall not pretend to say. All I know is, that about five minutes after the ghost disappeared, she disrobed herself of something strangely resembling a table-cloth, or a sheet, and laughed until her beautiful eyes swam in tears! While Nicholas, covered head and ears in the bed-clothes, lay trembling and shivering till morning.

Never was Meeta more kind than in her inquiries at breakfast. Did not cousin Nicholas feel well? he looked pale she thought—did not uncle think so too? had his rest been disturbed? "*Oh these woman-kind*!"

In the course of the morning Roger made his appearance, and was immediately led out to a corner of the barn by Nicholas, that he might unfold to him the terrors of the night, and it is needless to say that such comfort as Job received was his reward.

CHAPTER III.

It was perhaps a week after this that Meeta expressed a wish to visit a young friend, residing some

two or three miles distant, and, as in duty bound, Nicholas accompanied her. The visit was undoubtedly a very pleasant one, and the hours slipped away so delightfully that the moon already silvered the tree tops, ere they set out upon their return. About half a mile from the family mansion, was a thick wood, some rods in extent, and as they entered its gloomy depths, which the rays of the moon had not yet penetrated, Nicholas, screwing up his courage, began to talk and jest loudly, and even ventured upon saying several very tender things to Meeta.

Suddenly was heard a hollow groan!

Nicholas dropped the reins, and his hair stood erect with terror.

Another groan still deeper.

"Meeta, did not you hear something?" tremblingly asked Nicholas.

But, having a moment before commenced singing "Meet me by moonlight," she probably heard neither the question nor its cause, or she would undoubtedly have answered.

A tall white figure, with fiery eye-balls, now rushed suddenly across the road—bounded into the wagon—bounced Nicholas out head over heels—then quietly dropping into the vacant seat, uttered another tremendous groan, or rather howl, and drove rapidly away with Meeta!

And was not she almost frightened to death? Why, bless you, no, on the contrary, she laughed immoderately, and so did the ghost!

"Poor fellow!" she exclaimed at length, "I hope he is not hurt!"

"Never fear," cried the ghost, dropping off his head, and displaying in lieu the round roguish one of Roger Beekman, "I took good care to aim at a soft pile of dry leaves—but now tell me, dear Meeta, how does the plot succeed?"

"Oh, admirably, Roger," replied the naughty girl. "I really believe at times he is afraid of me, for I have caught him looking at me in such a queer manner! I told him last night that as uncle willed it so, I supposed I must marry him, but that he might have cause to repent of it—I added, too, in a very significant manner, that strange things *had* been done within the walls of the old house, and *might be again*!"

"Ha! ha! ha! good! well what did he say?"

"O turned pale, and left the room; and I believe has already hinted to uncle that he has altered his mind, and would rather look for another wife."

"And that he shall do pretty quick, by all my hopes of matrimony!" exclaimed Roger.

But we will shut our ears to the many tender vows uttered on the way home, and merely state that after leaving Meeta safely under the little trellised porch, Roger started homeward, meeting Nicholas about half way, plodding on pale, frightened and weary! Of course, Roger was much astonished at the encounter:

"Why, my dear friend, is it possible this is you? Why what is the matter? how pale you look—or is it the moon?"

Nicholas gasped out, "*It's the ghost*!"

"Ah! what again!"

And Roger listened attentively to a somewhat exaggerated account of the evening's adventure, throwing in at the right intervals all the proper "*ohs*!" and "*ahs*!" of astonishment.

"And Meeta, Nicholas—good heavens! what became of her!"

"I don't know, indeed! I could see nothing, but I heard the rattling of wheels, and what seemed to me shouts of fiendish laughter!"

"Is it possible! em—em—then the ghost must have driven off with her! Yes, yes, plain enough—plain enough!" added Roger half aside. "Nicholas, I tell you what it is," he continued, speaking with great emphasis, "unless you instantly render your marriage with that girl impossible, you are ruined body and soul—your case is dreadful!"

"But how! what can I do?" said the poor frightened fellow—"only advise me, and I will do as you think best—for, Roger, you must know I—that is—I mean there is a look about Meeta sometimes which I do not like, and she has more than once hinted about—about Von Snuffie."

"Just as I thought! Now listen to me, Nicholas—"

"But had n't I better go and look after Meeta first?"

"Do n't trouble yourself about *her*—ghosts are not so polite to *some people* without a reason!" quoth Roger. "No, no, she is safe enough at home, I'll warrant; nay, more, I should not wonder if she should deny all knowledge of what has transpired, and insist upon it that you drove her home."

"Why, taint possible!" said Nicholas.

"Well, you'll see. But about this marriage—now, Nicholas, there is but one way, as I can see, for you to avoid it—you *must* marry *somebody else*!"

g. "Somebody else!"

"Yes you *must*, and there's no '*ifs*' and '*ands*' about it. I'm your friend—now go home—think of all the girls you know, and decide upon the future Mrs. Van Pelt! no matter how homely, old, or ugly she is, any thing to escape—you *know what*—I will see you to-morrow. Good-night, keep clear of that willow tree where the murderess hung herself—good night!"

And, sure enough, when Nicholas reached home he found Meeta sitting before a great fire eating walnuts, as comfortable as possible.

"Why, Nicholas!" she exclaimed, as he entered, "how long it has taken you to put out the horse! See, I have cracked all these nuts for you since you have been gone."

Nicholas drew himself up close in the corner.

"Meeta, when did you get home?"

"Why, you know, cousin Nicholas, the clock was striking eight as we came in."

"*We* came in!" said Nicholas, turning very pale, "*who* came in?"

"*Who* came in! why, who should come in but you and I! But how wild you look—mercy on me, how your eyes roll!"

"Meeta, did n't you see something—an awful white thing—knock me out of the wagon?—and did n't that same dreadful shape drive you home?"

"Heavens, Nicholas, you are crazy! What shall

I do—what shall I do! I am frightened to death—I must run and call uncle!" and springing from her chair, and uttering a shriek as Nicholas attempted to rise, she rushed out of the room.

But she forgot to call her uncle!

Whether Nicholas really loved Meeta, or whether it was the fear of displeasing Mynheer Van Pelt, I cannot say. Certain it is, however, that notwithstanding the entreaties and warnings of his best friend, Roger Beekman, and the insinuations of the bride elect, coupled, too, with his own fears, he remained wavering and undecided in that momentous matter which *might* alone rescue him from premature death!

CHAPTER IV.

It was a disagreeable, dark, damp, dismal, drizzling evening of a Saturday night, about three weeks before the time appointed by Mynheer Van Pelt for the wedding. The wind howled and moaned around the corners of the old house—*patter, patter* came the sleet upon the fast thickening panes—the trees shook their icicled branches creaking and groaning over the low gambrel roof—in fact, it was exactly such a night as a ghost might choose to peep into the doings of us mortals. The old gentleman had gone to bed, partly because he was sleepy, and partly that the *lovers* might have a cosy chat by themselves. And thus Meeta and Nicholas were left alone before a huge fire.

"How dreadfully the wind roars—only hark, Nicholas!" exclaimed Meeta, shuddering, and approaching her chair a little nearer to his. "I always think on such nights as *this* that beings from the other world are about us!"

"Do you really think so?" faltered Nicholas, in turn edging *his* chair nearer to Meeta.

"O do n't ask me *now*!" she exclaimed—"hark! did not you hear something?" and she drew her chair a little closer.

"N—o! did you?"

"*Perhaps* it was the cat!" said Meeta looking timidly around, "but now as we are alone, do tell me, Nicholas, if you really think that the spirits of Von Snuffie and his bride walk about this house?"

"Well, Meeta, I declare I almost do believe it!" answered Nicholas, now hitching his chair so close that their garments touched.

"Ah! she ~~was~~ a noble girl, was n't she, cousin!" but hark!—what noise is that!"

At this moment the wind blew a furious gust—there was a crashing around the windows—and then the outer door flew wide open—but no one entered!

"*Darkness there, and nothing more!*"

"Sh—sh—ut the door, Meeta," cried Nicholas, terror overcoming his gallantry.

"Oh, cousin, I durst not stir! you shut it quick—quick, or the wind will blow out the candle!" and, as she spoke, Meeta raised her little hand to guard it from the strong draft, but in her fright approached it so near that the light was extinguished.

In the meanwhile Nicholas had summoned courage to rise for the purpose of closing the door—but as he

did so, he was prostrated by some invisible power! It was some seconds ere he dared to open his eyes, and when he did so, no wonder he almost swooned with fright—for there in the very arm chair of Mynheer Van Pelt sat *Von Snuffle defunct*! according to custom all in white, with a crimson mark from ear to ear, defining the skill of young Madam Von Snuffle—and behold, while the teeth of Nicholas were chattering, his eyeballs distended, and his whole frame quaking with terror, *another* ghost glided behind the chair and flourished around the ghastly brow of Von Snuffle a glittering blade!

Flash and blood could stand it no longer! With a heavy groan poor Nicholas bade farewell to consciousness! When at length he recovered his shattered senses, he was alone—the fire was out all but a few fast decaying embers—and the storm raged more furious than ever. How Nicholas survived *that* night he could never tell, but the morning found him a wiser man, as we shall presently see.

CHAPTER V.

At the bottom of a steep hill, about a mile from Mynheer Van Pelt's, stood the snug little house of Brom Dunderdeck, the miller. He had many goodly sons and daughters, but the oldest and the prettiest was buxom Gatty. Such a pair of eyes—such rosy cheeks—and such a plump round figure, one does not often see, and as merry withal as she was comely. And Gatty it was whom in his night's meditation Nicholas had settled should become Mrs. Van Pelt.

It was Sunday night, and all the family of the Dunderdecks, little and great, were seated around the supper-table, when the good dame, happening to raise her eyes to the window, exclaimed—

"What upon earth is that yonder, Brom?"

And well might she ask the question, for just at that moment Nicholas appeared upon the summit of the hill, mounted on a high raw-boned animal—his cloak fluttering behind him, and his long, lank frame lit up by the beams of the setting sun!

"Why, that's Nicholas Van Pelt, mother," quoth a youngster.

"That's him!" shouted another.

"Where upon earth is he going, and this Sunday night?" said the miller.

But that matter was soon settled by the person in question stopping his horse before the miller's own door, and deliberately fastening him to a post.

"Sakes alive, Gatty, what *does* he want!" exclaimed the dame—but Gatty pursed up her pretty mouth, and tossed her little head, protesting *she* did not care what he wanted—not she!

And then such a giggling and whispering among the young ones, and so many sly pinches as those plump arms of Gatty had to endure, as Nicholas entered and drew up a chair to the table for all the world like one of the family! At length the mischievous rogues were sent to bed, and Dame Dunderdeck, giving the good man a significant wink, said—

"I reckon you may as well put out *that* horse!" almost pushed him before her from the room; and Nicholas and the blushing Gatty were left together.

Now Nicholas *was* bashful, and I cannot deny it, but the fear of the ghost proved stronger than the fear of a pretty girl—so, after much blushing and stammering, and many sage remarks about the crops, and the season, and the probable degrees of the weather next week; he at last managed to pop the question—"Will you marry me, Gatty?" Good girl! she was none of your tantalizing damsels, who take days and weeks to consider for *themselves*, never once taking into view the cruel suspense they are inflicting upon their lovers—not she—so she frankly said "Yes," at once, and the kiss which sealed the compact was given in such right good earnest, that it awoke old Chanticleer in the hen-house, who forthwith proclaimed *his* satisfaction by a long drawn "cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Dated from that Sunday night, the ghost finding his solemn warnings had produced the desired results, and considering his duty faithfully done, like a prudent and sensible ghost, who did not wish to trouble either himself or others unnecessarily, suffered Nicholas to pursue the "even tenor of his way" unmolested. In consequence of which the young man grew exceedingly jocose and merry—a mood so strange for one of his calibre, as filled his friends with wonder. In particular when he witnessed the preparations going on for his wedding with Meeta, it would seem he could hardly restrain his mirth. There was evidently a good joke about to come off! And more than once when the *unconscious* Meeta, who had evidently made up her mind to submit to the will of her uncle, had innocently alluded to their future happiness—he snapped his fingers, brought his long legs round like a "dancing Jack," and ran out of the house to give vent to his mirth! Mynheer Van Pelt could only account for such extravagance by recurring to his own exuberant spirits when in his bachelor days he was about to receive the hand of the late lamented Dame Van Pelt! Roger, in short, seemed to be the only one admitted to the confidence of Nicholas, and whatever the *joke was*, he did not appear a whit behind in its enjoyment, and having been invited, as the reader already knows, to assist at the wedding, almost took up his abode under the haunted roof.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the New Year dawned bright and glorious. It was the wedding-day—and long before the sun's golden disk had peered through the radiant curtains of the east, busy feet and willing hands were already astir in the old mansion. Fires were kindled in every room, the best parlor, never opened except on state days, was now arranged in the order befitting so momentous an occasion—the coverings removed from the high-back chairs and diminutive sofas—the claw tables newly polished, and all around the low ceiling, and above the Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses guarding their flocks *here* and there upon the walls—were suspended *garlands* of evergreens, intermixed with the bright scarlet berries of the mountain ash.

Mynheer Van Pelt himself, in buff small clothes,

white silk stockings, (for he had donned his wedding suit,) high-heeled shoes, adorned with large paste buckles, sky-blue coat, and a gay silk waistcoat, flowered and spangled, looked the fine old gentleman of olden times! To see how briskly he stepped from room to room, now rubbing his hands with glee, now breaking forth into a merry song, one would have thought Mynheer himself the happy bridegroom. But, by the bye, *where was the bridegroom?*

Roger had arrived betimes, and as the appointed hour drew near the neighbors began to flock in, and along the snow-laden fences, and under the old shed, were fastened the horses of all the "Vans" for miles around. The Dominie arrived, and Meeta was there, blushing like a rose, and her pretty little bridesmaid too, but that important personage the *bridegroom* had not yet made his appearance. The old gentleman grew impatient—it did not take him so long to dress when he was married—no, indeed! And at length, in a perfect fever of vexation, he threw open the door of Nicholas's bedroom, where he supposed him to be making his toilet. But no Nicholas was there! The memory of Roger seemed suddenly revived:

"Ah! yes—now I remember he told me he thought he should go after Gatty Dunderdeck."

"*Gatty Dunderdeck!* what the —, excuse me Dominie, has he to do with Gatty Dunderdeck?" But as no one seemed able to solve the question, it remained unanswered. And to be sure, in a few moments the best cutter of Mynheer whirled to the door, and in it side by side sat the truant bridegroom and Miss Gatty!

"My dear sir, let me open the door," exclaimed Roger, intercepting the old gentleman as he was about to go into the hall.

It was some moments ere he returned, and then *consternation* sat upon his brow—he first advanced rapidly toward the bride—then turned and approached the Dominie—and at last striking his forehead, as if in great perplexity, he took the old gentleman by the arm, and leading him to a corner whispered a few words in his ear. Any one that has seen a chestnut burst from the glowing embers, may form an idea of the bounce with which Mynheer Van Pelt reached the centre of the room:

"*Married! married! married to Gatty Dunderdeck!* Where is he! let me come at him—I'll marry him!"

"Be not rash, my son!" said the Dominie.

"Be patient, neighbor!" added another.

"It can't be helped now!" sagely remarked a third.

Roger, who had quietly withdrawn, looking solemn as a tomb-stone, now re-entered with the offending pair.

Nicholas had been instructed by his *friend* to kneel and demand pardon of his old father—but ere he could double himself into the position required, he was suddenly *un-doubled* by a violent thrust from the exasperated parent, while Gatty, with cheeks as red as the ribbons which decorated her hair, dropped her little low curtsy.

The scene began to grow serious, when Meeta advanced, and taking the poor trembling little bride by the hand, besought her uncle to look kindly upon her, and forgive poor cousin Nicholas!

"There, there, neighbors," exclaimed Mynheer, looking around, "I always said Meeta was the best girl in the world—and now here is a proof! *cheated* of a husband—*another* Mrs. Van Pelt staring her in the face; and yet here you see her begging not only my kindness for her rival, but the pardon of that—that—yes, *I will say it*—that stupid oaf, my son! But she *shall* have a husband—she *shall* be mistress here; and you, Nicholas Van Pelt, and your buxom bride, may be off, and the sooner the better! Harkyee, Meeta"—and he whispered a few words in her ear—what they were I know not—but the obedient girl demurely answered, "If you wish, certainly, uncle!" "And, harkyee, Roger," continued the old gentleman, whispering also to him. But there seemed some clause to be considered ere Roger would acquiesce in the wishes of Mynheer, whatever they might be; and apparently not very pleasing to the latter—he frowned—shook his head, and looked sternly upon Nicholas. Roger entreated, and Meeta also added a few words in a low tone. At length Mynheer yielded.

"Well, well, it cannot be helped, sure enough," he exclaimed, "and so I may as well forgive the boy."

"And now, Dominie," he continued, turning to that respected person, "unite this couple! *We'll have a wedding* at any rate, neighbors!"

The eyes of Nicholas opened wide at this announcement—and, as soon as the ceremony was over, with a most anxious countenance, he took the exulting bridegroom aside and whispered:

"You frighten me, Roger! *How dare you do so!* O remember *Von Snuffe!* think of the dreadful warning I've had!"

"*Alas! my friend, I am a martyr to friendship!*" said Roger, looking exceedingly solemn, and giving his hand a tragic flourish.

Poor Nicholas then, with tears in his eyes, flew to Meeta, and begged of her to *love Roger* if she could—for he was, although she might not think so, a most excellent young man!

And Meeta, with her usual readiness to oblige, promised she would *try!*

THE STAR'S REPLY.

Thou had'st me shine—and when my ray
Won thee to thoughts of Heaven,
From earth and "care and toil away,"
My light was freely given.

Wouldst thou a star's love-beam retain
To guide thine earthly way?
Then know—thy thoughts must pure remain
"Beneath its heavenly ray."

THE HUNTERS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THE sun is stooping in the west,
In golden pomp the forests beam,
And wild Lake Pleasant's* glassy breast
Flashes in red and purple gleam:
Across a broad and grassy space,
Dropp'd with tall trees that break the glow
Into rich streaks upon its face,

A moose moves, grazing, slow.
The tints are dappled on his back
As treads he in his fearless track;
On to the shallow brink he wends,
And down his great flat antlers bends.
So still the forest-scene—the lap

Of his quick tongue brings echoes out.
With the raised ripple's tiny slap
On log and rock about.

But from a thicket near the flood,
Suddenly cracks a rifle-shot,
And, with drawn limbs and gushing blood,
He flounders on the spot.

The next—two hunters leave the shade,
And, whilst one draws his short sharp blade
Across the victim's throat,
The other whoops out shrill and keen
That rings along the silent scene
In startling, deafening note.

Minutes glide swiftly along; at length
Two other forms from the forest pass,
Bearing a deer, with stooping strength,
And casting it down on the sun-streaked grass.
Voices now all around are heard,
By feet are the twigs and the dead leaves stirred,
And the rest of the scattered hunter-band
On the short thick turf of the hollow stand.
Varied their spoil; with tawny frame,
White tusks and eyes of greenish flame
Grins the fierce panther; in glossy pride
The beaver is stretched by the monster's side;
Here lie the otter and muskrat, and there
Are the frowning wolf and the shaggy bear.

* Lake Pleasant is a beautiful sheet of water in the heart of the wilderness, in Hamilton county, N. Y. Moose are found in the region about the lake to this day.

Now the maple's dome is dark
Flashing late in golden spark;
Now the mellow light has slid
From the hemlock's pyramid;
And within the solemn woods
Twilight gray and shimmering broods.

Soon the pile of sticks and leaves
Fire from flint and steel receives;
And the flesh in juicy flakes
Odors rich and pungent wakes.
Seated on the pleasant grass,
Jest and song the hunters pass;
Then, the rites to hunger paid,
Careless every limb is laid
In the cool and checkered shade.

Hark! from the throng
Sounds an outburst of song!
Far and wide the rough music rings,
A stalwart, gray-haired woodsman sings.

Happy are we
Hunters free;
Free as the winds that roam so wide;
Camping at night,
Up with the light,
Hunters are happy whatever betide.
Shout out the chorus then!
Swing it out louder, men!
Sorrow or care cannot with us abide.
Hunters are happy whatever betide.

Happy are we
Hunters free;
Free as the clouds that above us glide;
We laugh at the worst,
At hunger and thirst,
Hunters are happy whatever betide.
Shout out the chorus then!
Swing it out louder, men!
Sorrow or care cannot with us abide,
Hunters are happy whatever betide.

TO JESSA-MINE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

She's my life *Shelley.*

THE ROSE is called the queen of all the flowers,
More radiant, but of odor less divine;
The rich MAGNOLIA, though it scent the bowers
As far, is far less sweet than JESSA-MINE!

THE PEACH-TREE blossom is of "tender smell,"
So is the saintly APPLE-BLOSSOM divine;
But never TUBEROSE, from Indian dell,
Could be compared with thee, my JESSA-MINE!

There is not in the PARADISE above,
An AMARANTH, or bud of EOLANTINE;

Nor in the EDEN-BOWERS OF PERFECT LOVE,
A flower like thee, my gentle JESSA-MINE!

THE LILY is not half so sweet as thou,
Nor is the JONQUIL's breath so sweet as thine;
Nor is the DAFFODIL, which greets me now,
With its delicious speech, sweet JESSA-MINE!

For, as in heaven there is one star whose light
Is brighter far than all the rest that shine;
So, here on earth, there is one FLOWER more bright
Than all the rest—it is my JESSA-MINE.

GRACE FLEMING.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

CHAPTER I.

"BEAUTIFUL! Grace, beautiful! Not a curl too many—not an ornament too abundant. You will surely be the belle to-night."

And Grace Fleming, as these words fell upon her ear, turned from the mirror at which she stood, and, making a sportive curtsy, advanced to meet her father.

"And who is the divinity that presides over your toilet, Grace?" continued Mr. Fleming, as he surveyed with admiring eyes the person of his daughter, from the white rose in her hair to the satin slipper that encased her slender foot. "Upon my word, I know of none who rival you in taste or elegance."

"No one but Marion, sir," replied his daughter, turning to her pleased and blushing attendant, "and really I must commend her, for she improves daily. Last winter, I was quite dependent upon a French hair-dresser, but Marion has become so *au fait* at the business, that I may now dispense with him entirely."

"Indeed," said Mr. Fleming, "Marion has outdone herself to-night. You look charmingly, my dear; so exquisitely simple, so purely elegant, perfectly irresistible in fact."

Grace blushed and smiled, while she kissed the kind lips that praised so fondly—and the father and daughter descended to the spacious and brilliantly lighted apartments below.

It was a gala-night in —— Square. A birth-day ball, in honor of the fair young mistress of the mansion, whose bright eyes sparkled with delight as they glanced from chandelier to mirror, and saw that every thing was in perfect keeping, and the arrangements for the *fête* as complete as heart could wish, or hands could execute.

"How beautiful the rooms are," she exclaimed, as she gaily danced through them. "Mellini has certainly exquisite taste—and here, too, is our first visitor."

"Unfashionably early, Grace, but you must forgive it!" said a third person, who now advanced to meet her. "There is no chance for a chat with you, coz, unless one steals a march upon every one else, on such a night as this, and therefore I am here this early."

"And the girls, where are they?" asked Grace, while Mr. Fleming extended his hand somewhat coolly to his nephew.

"Not dressed yet, and will not be here for an hour. Why, it is vulgarly early—only half-past eight!"

"What a heathen, Charles, to venture into my presence before ten."

"But I know you will forgive it, Grace, because you seem the personification of goodness and loveliness to-night. So do take my arm, and let us walk through the rooms, while you enlighten me as to all the beaux and belles I am to have the honor of meeting."

"A pretty task, indeed," said his cousin, laughing, allowing him at the same time to place her arm within his own; "and leave poor papa, in the mean time, to meditate upon the follies of fashionable life, and the expenses of a birth-night ball."

"And to consider how well we look in our party dresses, hey, uncle!" said Charles Malcolm, gaily—"how well Grace looks, I mean."

"The mirrors will tell you that," said Mr. Fleming, "and, I presume, both Grace and yourself will consult them."

"Possibly so," said the young gentleman, smiling, "there being a sort of magnetic influence, I am told, in a looking-glass, when a pretty face is near it," and the cousins turned away, and commenced their walk through the suite of splendid apartments.

And laughingly did they chat of a thousand things, which suited well the lightness of their spirits at that moment, for Charles Malcolm was always gay when near his cousin, and Grace Fleming, on her nineteenth birth-day, had no place in her heart for one thought of sadness, unless, it might be, when her eye had rested on the pictured image of her lost mother, and the remembrance of other years cast their shadow over her soul—but, like summer clouds, soon passed away, and all again was sunshine.

"And what have been the offerings at your shrine, to-day, my lady fair?" asked Malcolm, playfully, after they had viewed and reviewed the decorations, and seated themselves at last in an alcove ornamented with flowers. "They should be rare gifts to propitiate such a goddess."

"And pray, Charles, when did you learn to talk nonsense and sentiment?" replied his cousin. "If you please, sir, confine your remarks to plain English; and if you ask what have been my birth-day presents, which all good girls expect, I must tell you, that save a few trifles from Eda and Eleanor, I have received none."

"In that case," said Malcolm, assuming at once a graver tone, "I may presume to ask your acceptance of this. Just a little keepsake, to call me to your remembrance, coz, when I am gone," and he placed a ring of some value upon her finger, and pressed the gloved hand to his lips, as he did so.

"Gone, Charles! Why, surely, you do not mean to leave us?"

"Yes, even so, Grace. In a month from this day I sail for Canton, and shall be absent, perhaps, for years."

"Years? It is not possible!" said Grace, her cheek losing its bloom for a moment. "But is not this a very sudden determination?"

"An unexpected offer was made me yesterday, which I feel in duty bound to accept, although, I must own, I go reluctantly. It would be folly, however, to remain here and—starve."

"Oh, Charles, what an idea!"

"There is no prospect of success in New York," said Malcolm; "every effort has been ineffectual—and my mother and sisters require the sacrifice. But hark! there is an arrival. One word more. You will think of me sometimes, will you not, dear Grace? And should you marry during my absence—"

"Grace!" said her father, coming forward, and ere Charles Malcolm could finish the sentence, Miss Fleming was receiving the salutations of her numerous guests.

And gaily sped the hours of that festive season. There were eyes that vied in brilliancy with the gems which flashed from many a fair brow and jeweled arm; and light feet that went tripping in the dance; and merry voices, mingling with a strain of glorious music; and Grace Fleming, the brightest star in all that galaxy of beauty, resumed the smiles which her cousin's announcement had banished, and realized the happiness so fondly anticipated in her birth-night ball.

Oh! bright and cloudless skies of youth! Why are ye ever dim? Why do storms so often gather over you? and the mists of sorrow and adversity obscure your clear and tranquil beauty?

CHAPTER II.

THE gala-night was passed, and Mr. Fleming's household returned to the daily routine of domestic duties and fireside enjoyments. In one month, Charles Malcolm sailed for China, and although Grace missed him exceedingly, and shed a few natural tears when he bade her farewell; and often wondered with a sigh how poor Charley felt tossing about on the wild ocean, yet her grief was of short duration, and in a few days her usual cheerfulness returned.

The second month was drawing to a close, with the brilliant winter season of the fashionable world, when Mr. Fleming, one evening, as his daughter bade him good-night, detained her hand, and begged her to remain a few moments, as he had something of importance to communicate.

"I hope it is something agreeable as well as important, sir," said Grace, in a jesting tone, "for, to own the truth, I am dying with sleep."

"Very agreeable, as you shall judge," replied her father; "and, in the first place let me ask, what is your opinion of our friend Mr. Douglass?"

"Really, sir," said Miss Fleming, with an arch smile, "I have scarcely formed one. The young

gentleman, despite his moustache, has never been in my thoughts long enough at any one time to enable me to do so."

"Perhaps you will oblige me by making the attempt now," said her father.

"Most willingly, sir, since you wish it. Let me see. Mr. Douglass may, I think, be called a sort of negative person, not very handsome, not very agreeable, not very intellectual, and not very polished. I neither like nor dislike him, can be civil to him when he accosts me, but his continued absence from my society would by no means break my heart."

"He has wealth, at least, and spends it liberally," said Mr. Fleming.

"True," said Grace, laughing. "Well, sir, that may serve as a redeeming quality to place against my list of negatives."

"I wish you would think better of him," said her father, gravely, "for he is a young man I highly esteem. You have a foolish, and very improper habit, Grace, of ridiculing every one who does not happen to strike your fancy, when first introduced; and have a standard of your own, which all must reach to gain your approbation. Now I *know* that Mr. Douglass is really an estimable young man, possessing many good qualities, which do not appear, except in a private, unostentatious way. Beside all this, he has expressed himself particularly interested in you, and as I should most cordially give my consent to his proposals, I hope you will condescend to consider the matter a little more seriously."

"Seriously! my dear father," said Grace, the expression of her beautiful face changing instantly from gaiety to gravity—"Oh, that can never be. Mr. Douglass may be all you describe him, and far, very far beyond my poor deserts—but to accept him as a lover—to marry him—that is quite impossible."

"Not so impossible, perhaps, as you imagine," said Mr. Fleming. "Many women marry without any great affection, and yet find themselves very happy, particularly if their worldly circumstances have been improved by the match. Mr. Douglass is very anxious I should intercede for him, and will make a princely settlement upon the lady who shall become his wife."

"A happy lot for any woman, my dear sir, if wealth be the object of her choice—but for myself, believe me, I will never barter my affection for gold, or wed the man I do not love."

"Silly girl!" said her father—"just the romantic notions of some novel-reading miss. I had hoped, Grace, to find you more reasonable, more guided in your decisions by common sense."

"And is it an evidence of a want of common sense, my dear father, to say that I will not give my hand where I must withhold my heart?"

"It is a proof, Grace, that you have very little worldly wisdom, at least," replied Mr. Fleming.

"Mr. Douglass would prove an excellent husband, I doubt not, and, in case of my death, a friend and father to your sisters. I must look to the future, if you do not. We know not the evils that may be in store for us, and what if misfortunes come?"

"We have still our health and energies left us, father," interrupted Grace, "and with these gifts could never be entirely the sport of Fortune."

"Health and energies! Nonsense!" said Mr. Fleming, impatiently. "What could you and Eda, and little Nell do in such a case? Love and romance are fine things in theory, Grace, but will neither feed nor clothe their votaries."

"No, father," said Grace, soothingly, "but health and energy, with true love to lighten the way, may make a rough road smooth."

Mr. Fleming rose hastily, and stood, with folded arms and contracted brow, before the fire.

"I am sorry, sir—*very* sorry," continued Grace, "that I cannot yield to your wishes—but Mr. Douglass I do not esteem, except as a common acquaintance, and, with these sentiments, will never consent to marry him."

"And this is your unalterable decision?"

"Unalterable."

"Grace," said Mr. Fleming, fixing his eye upon her, and speaking in an agitated tone, "listen to me, for the time has come when you must learn the truth. I am on the eve of bankruptcy, and nothing can save me but this marriage. Mr. Douglass will relieve me from my embarrassments if you consent, but not else. Answer me, then, will you save my reputation, or not?"

The ashen hue of Grace Fleming's cheek at that moment told a world of mingled feeling. Her father's despair, her own blighted prospects—with the shadow which must fall over the path of her young sisters—all rushed in a tumultuous flood through her bewildered brain.

"Bankruptcy!" she exclaimed, gazing at her father, as if just awakening from some horrid dream.

"Yes, bankruptcy—poverty—disgrace—ruin," said Mr. Fleming.

"And there is no other alternative?" she murmured, faintly.

"None."

Grace groaned audibly, while she mentally prayed for direction in this hour of trial.

"I grieve to ask this of you," said her father, "but you see how much is at stake. Not only your own advancement, but the actual salvation of us all. Eda, whose beauty and talents you have so gloried in, will you consign her to the oblivion which is the inevitable result of poverty, when by one word you might secure for her that station in society, which of right she ought to occupy?"

"And Eda would be the very last, father, to ask such a sacrifice," said Grace, recalled to recollection by the sound of her sister's name.

"And think you I would ask it, Grace, if it were for myself alone? No—it matters not how or where the remainder of my life is passed. 'T is for you, and for your sisters, that I speak."

Grace was silent. How could she argue in such a case? How refuse to rescue those she loved best on earth?

"You will relent—I am sure you will," continued

Mr. Fleming, seating himself again beside his daughter, and putting his arm tenderly around her, "when you consider every thing." And he hastily enumerated the advantages of the match, and compared them with the sudden change which must come upon them all, in case of a refusal. "You are a dear, good girl, my precious Grace," he added, "and you will not refuse to serve and gratify your old father, I am sure."

Grace looked up. The tears were streaming over her pale face, but, in a voice choked with emotion, she answered—

"Forgive me, but indeed—indeed, I cannot!"

Mr. Fleming started.

"Cannot, Grace? Then I am ruined."

"Ruined, father? Oh, no. I will do any thing else—live for you—work for you! But do not—do not ask me to marry one I cannot love."

"I understand you, Grace," said her father, pacing with rapid steps the apartment. "You love another, and, like a fool, will cast from you the prize which Fortune offers, and bestow yourself upon a fellow who is not worth a sixpence."

"I do not understand *you*, father," said Grace.

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Fleming, sneeringly. "But I have not been blind, and hoped, by placing the ocean between you, to overcome your ridiculous partiality for Charles Malcolm."

"Indeed, sir, you wrong us both," said Grace, warmly, while she struggled to regain her composure. "Charles never lisped one word of love, and went to Canton with the full persuasion, I am sure, that I should marry during his absence. As to my own feeling"—Grace curled her lip proudly—"it is not my wont to bestow my affections unasked, and I have ever loved Charles Malcolm as a cousin—nothing more."

"I will give you a longer time to deliberate upon the proposal of Mr. Douglass," said Mr. Fleming, abruptly, "and shall expect your *written* answer to-morrow morning—and remember, the future happiness or misery of your sisters depends upon your decision."

Long, that night, after other eyes were closed in peaceful slumber, did Grace Fleming hold a conflict with herself. She loved her father dearly, very dearly, and over her young sisters she had watched with a mother's tenderness. But to sacrifice her truth—to swear, at the altar, that she would love and reverence a man whom she despised—oh, no, no!—every feeling of right, every principle of duty, forbade the thought—and Grace resolved that she would be the best and most affectionate of daughters—but, come poverty, come any other evil, never, never would she wed the man she could not, with her whole soul, love and honor.

CHAPTER III.

LIKE a thunder cloud burst the storm, which Grace Fleming, with a single breath, might have dispelled, while it yet dimmed the horizon—for, stung by the unexpected refusal of his hand, Mr. Douglass de-

clined risking his thousands in the support of a falling house, and the proud and haughty Mr. Fleming was now, to use his own expression—a beggar!

As birds driven from the nest which had so long sheltered them, came Eda and Eleanor Fleming from school, and their sister embraced them with a depth of feeling, and a passionate outbreak of grief, which they could not comprehend. In a few weeks, arrangements were made for their removal. Every description of plate and furniture, not excepting the beautiful piano, which Mr. Fleming had purchased for his daughter but a few months before, was sold to meet the demands of his various creditors—and Grace and her sisters, after bidding a final and sorrowful adieu to the scene of their past enjoyments, became boarders with a plain quaker family in the outskirts of the city, where the elegance of their late home was painfully contrasted with the plain furniture and simple fare of Enoch Dobbs and his wife Hannah, although the kindness which they both expressed, and the gentle tone of the good quakeress, when she said—"I hope, young friend, thee will make thyself at home in my house!" brought a gleam of comfort to the desolate heart of poor Grace, and taught her that a kind word may often soothe, if it do not heal a wounded spirit.

Although their accommodations were circumscribed, a small parlor was fitted up with the little ornaments and keepsakes which Eda and Eleanor had brought from school, while Grace spared no pains, by the tasteful arrangement of every trifle, to render it a pleasant and cheerful place, and throw around it something like a home feeling.

"In this room, my dear girls," she said, when they had been for a few days in their new abode, "we must not suffer the demon of discontent to appear. This must be for us a sort of Elysium, to which nothing that will dim the sunlight, streaming so gloriously through these southern windows, can have access. Here we must endeavor to make poor papa forget his troubles."

"I am sure it is always sunshine where you are, Grace," said Eleanor, whose busy fingers were employed upon a pair of snowy curtains—"but it will never seem like home to us in this house. Hannah Dobbs will give me the vapors, with her 'thee and thou'—and then to hear her call you nothing but Grace—friend Grace—it makes me feel shockingly," and Eleanor sighed over her altered fortune.

"Better to be called friend than foe, Nelly, is it not?" said Grace, smiling. "But what would you say if I were to tell you that, but for me, you would never have known Hannah Dobbs, and that, by one word, I might have prevented all our misfortunes?"

"You, Grace?" said Eda Fleming, who now raised her head from a certain inventory she was copying.

"Yes, even so, Eda—I might have prevented all this ruin, could I have married to please my father."

"Were there any insurmountable objections?"

"The greatest—the gentleman in question I could not love."

"Oh!" exclaimed Eda, clasping her hands to-

gether—"would I had been his choice. How gladly I would have made the sacrifice."

"The sacrifice of what, Eda?" asked her sister, "inclination or duty? Had my right hand been required to save my father, not an instant should I have hesitated—but here I had no power to choose, no ability to comply, and none can ever know the sorrow I experienced when I wrote my final decision, and felt that I could not, without an actual violation of the holiest vow that woman's lip may utter, save you all from this."

The blue eyes of Eleanor filled with tears, partly in sympathy with her sister, and partly for her own misfortunes, and Eda's speaking countenance expressed a variety of emotions.

"Yet I could bear all this," continued Grace—"poverty, sorrow, scorn, the world's contempt and coldness—but I have lost my father's love. He never smiles on me now, nor has he done so since that fatal night—and I, who used to be his comforter and confidential friend, am no longer trusted. Oh! this is far, far worse than all," and Grace hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"But he will trust you again, dear Grace, indeed he will," said Eleanor, kneeling down beside her sister, and endeavoring to soothe her grief. I will go to him this very night, and ask him to forgive you."

"No," said Grace, making an effort to regain her composure, we must do nothing to add to his vexation now. Let every thing rest as it is, for the present, and the time may come when I shall be able to convince him that I am not incapable of sacrificing my own wishes, though not my principles."

This disclosure, which Grace had made almost without intending it, appeared to operate as a charm of silence upon both her sisters. Eleanor seldom afterward complained of trouble or privation, lest Grace should be pained by it; and Eda was silent and submissive also, from the same cause, or if she sighed for the ease and elegancies of fashionable life, which she had so fondly anticipated, and was peculiarly fitted to enjoy, those sighs were always suppressed in the presence of her sister, and each watched anxiously for any symptom of a relenting feeling that Mr. Fleming might evince toward his offending daughter, assured that poor Grace could never be happy again, unless the love so causelessly lost were restored to her.

But the feelings of Mr. Fleming, whatever they might have been, were concealed beneath the rigid gloom of his own countenance, and never, by word or deed, expressed themselves. He allowed, and sometimes returned, the caresses which Eda or Eleanor bestowed upon him; while his conduct toward Grace was characterized by indifference rather than anger. O how she longed to look into her father's heart, and see if there yet remained a lingering trace of affection, for his poor discarded Grace: but could she have pierced the depths of that troubled spirit, or stirred its dark and sullen waters; she would have seen how much of a cold and worldly policy lay hidden beneath them. How pride reared its hydra head, even amid the ruins of his fortune; and how

selfishness, crushing every better and nobler influence, had prompted him to sacrifice his beautiful and guiltless child upon the altar of mammon; to secure that perishable gold, which had been through life the object of his pursuit, and the god of his idolatry. But all this was mercifully veiled from the eyes of Grace. Whatever were his faults, they were naught to her, for he was her father still, her only parent; by whose side she had wept the tears which fell over the pale face of her dead mother, and lightly might the hardships of her altered lot have been sustained, had his smile been there to cheer, or his word of approbation to comfort and animate her. But alas! these were gone, and she could only look up to Heaven for strength and aid, and was enabled to go forward with a patient, although a tried and trembling heart.

To find employment for them all was the first care of Grace, as soon as they were settled in their new home. Eleanor, not yet fifteen, was too young to undertake the duties of a teacher, and Eda of too sensitive and shrinking a nature, to endure the remarks which their change of circumstances might call forth, and which in such a situation she would, perhaps, be subjected to. In order, therefore, to secure for them the retirement they now enjoyed, Grace concluded that a class of the neighboring children might be taught in their little parlor, for several hours in the day, and thus a small income accrue to them, which, by strict economy, would supply their immediate wants, while they were themselves learning the important lessons of humility, patience, industry and frugality.

Through the agency of good Hannah Dobbs, whose neat and rosy grand children were included, a small school was soon formed, in which the two younger girls became insensibly interested: and then Grace set forward in the path she had marked out for herself. By the sale of her trinkets, and the kindness of her old master, she was enabled to secure, at a moderate rate, the use of a piano, which, with her usual consideration, she placed in her own apartment, that her father might not be pained by the sight of it; while she resolutely endeavored to obtain, through the medium of a few true-hearted friends still left her, a sufficient number of music pupils, to render her efforts available to the general good.

But although Grace argued most philosophically with her own heart, upon the vanity of the world, the worthlessness of its opinion, and the necessity of bearing up heroically against the tide of an adverse fortune; yet that same fluttering heart throbbed most painfully, when she tied on her bonnet, and sallied forth to make an arrangement with a certain Mrs. James Howard, for the tuition of an only daughter.

She trod again—and for the first time since their removal—the crowded and brilliant thoroughfare of Broadway, where she had never before appeared but to be recognized and admired. Why did she draw her veil so closely over her features, and turn aside to a more retired street? Was the high souled Grace Fleming less worthy of respect and admiration, because she had lost the gaud and glitter which once surrounded her, and was endeavoring, with a heaven-taught independence, to fulfill the duties of a lower

lot? Oh! no—it was but a momentary weakness, and by the time she reached Mrs. Howard's door, Grace had so far recovered herself as to ring without hesitation, and send her card to the lady.

"Mrs. Howard will be down presently, ma'am."

"Very well," and in the spacious apartment, which reminded her in some measure of former days, Grace waited ten or fifteen minutes. At last the door opened.

"Good morning, Miss," was the salutation of Mrs. Howard, advancing to the sofa and seating herself upon it, while her visiter occupied a chair at a little distance. "I suppose you've come to see about teaching my daughter music. Mrs. Lawrence spoke to me on the subject.

"Yes, madam," said Grace, bowing.

"Your terms are rather high, I think," said Mrs. Howard, "especially for young beginners, and where there is such a decided taste for music as Angelina has."

"The age or proficiency of a pupil will make no difference in my charge, Mrs. Howard," said Grace firmly, resolved to stand her ground, and set a proper value upon her services.

"I believe *ladies* who give music lessons, seldom ask more than fifteen dollars a quarter," said Mrs. Howard.

"That I presume depends upon their own capabilities," replied Grace. "Unless a lady feels that she is competent to teach, she should be careful not to demand an exorbitant sum."

"In many respects, Miss Fleming," said Mrs. Howard, somewhat awed by the tone and manner of her visiter, "I must say I prefer a gentleman teacher. I think them more scientific. But one does not like to trust a pretty girl with those German professors, and one of our own people is not worth having, so, as Mrs. Lawrence recommended you highly, and you think twenty dollars the least you can take, why I suppose we may as well conclude upon the terms."

"Can I see Miss Howard, that I may judge of her abilities, madam?" said Grace.

"Angelina has just gone out, unfortunately," replied Mrs. Howard, "but I assure you she will do her teacher credit. Every body says she has a remarkably fine taste. When will you give her a lesson?"

"At four o'clock to-morrow, madam, if agreeable to yourself, and will appoint that as my regular hour of instruction."

"That will do very well," said Mrs. Howard. "At four we shall expect you, and I shall make Angelina practice an hour or two before you come. We have a splendid piano in the front parlor, one Mr. Howard bought a short time since, at the sale of Mr. Fleming's furniture, in — square, the great merchant who failed, you know. I suppose you are no relative of his?"

"I am his daughter, madam," replied Grace proudly, while the blood seemed to curdle at her very heart.

"Oh! said Mrs. Howard, then it is in consequence of his misfortunes that you are obliged to teach music?"

Grace turned away and reached the hall door, shd

scarcely knew how. She was not conscious that she had even bid the lady good morning, and with a strange feeling of weakness in every limb, she paced hurriedly up the street. "And this is my first experience as a teacher," she said aloud, as the fresh air of an April morning fanned her cheek, and brought a healing and strengthening power upon its blessed wings. "And thus it is, that a trial which has bowed down such happy hearts, is commented on by the world."

But by degrees her agitation subsided. Hope, the bright angel of the young, whispered her "to try again," and the resolution to return home immediately, gave place to one, which led her onward, till she gained a plain and rather mean-looking house, in an obscure street, where—as a written direction which she now consulted informed her—she would find Mrs. Woodruff. The door was opened by a little girl of twelve years old, who, in answer to the inquiries of Miss Fleming, invited her to walk into the parlor, where a lady in deep mourning laid aside her work, and rose to receive her visitor. Grace presented her card.

"Miss Fleming, I am happy to see you. Pray be seated. Agnes, my dear, bring a chair for Miss Fleming, and then go into the next room, I am engaged now."

The little girl obeyed with an alacrity, very uncommon in these days of disobedience, and the two ladies were left alone. But Grace felt perfectly at ease this time. The soft tone and quiet manner of Mrs. Woodruff assured her that she had nothing to fear; and after the usual trite topics of the day were discussed, and Grace had been urged to put her feet to the fire, as the pavements were damp, Mrs. Woodruff said kindly, "I regret, Miss Fleming, that my own inability to go out during this capricious month should have obliged you to come to me instead; but I believe the business upon which we meet is understood by us both, and we have only to appoint an hour for the instruction of my little niece, which shall be the one most convenient to yourself."

"And are you quite satisfied with the terms, Mrs. Woodruff?" asked Grace, warned by her interview with Mrs. Howard, that this might become a stumbling block with some of her employers.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Woodruff. "'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' my dear Miss Fleming, and those who undertake the drudgery of a first quarter in music, should I think be well paid for it."

"I wish every one was as considerate as yourself," said Grace.

"The father of Agnes," continued Mrs. Woodruff, "is now in Europe, and being anxious that his daughter should be well instructed, will not object to a price which is by no means unreasonable. Agnes is a docile, amiable child, with no very great talent, and if you are willing to teach her, I will do my best to prevent her giving you unnecessary trouble."

Sympathy and kindness will often touch a chord in the soul, which nothing else may waken, and the tears which seemed frozen in their bed, by the icy coldness of Mrs. Howard, now dimmed the blue eyes of Grace

Fleming, and her lip quivered as she replied, how gladly she would undertake the charge. Her emotion was not lost upon the benevolent Mrs. Woodruff, although she forbore to notice it. Without once alluding to the altered circumstances of her visitor, she calmed her agitated spirits by her gentle and consoling converse. And when, after a much longer visit than she had dreamed of making, Grace bade her new friend farewell, she thus soliloquized. "Why should I shrink from duty, while there are still some good angels in the world? I will go on with a better heart; for if I meet with another Mrs. Howard, Heaven may also give me the tender sympathies of another Mrs. Woodruff."

CHAPTER IV.

A year, the first year of their altered fortunes, passed away, unpleasantly in many respects it is true, yet not altogether unhappily to either of the sisters. The little school of Eda and Eleanor continued to flourish, through the untiring assiduity of its youthful teachers, and the kind zeal of their quaker friend: while Grace, gaining confidence in herself as she proceeded, soon found as much employment as she could desire; and thus the very event which seemed likely to crush them to the earth, was the magician's rod which had called into life and vigor those energies of the soul, which might else have slumbered beneath the benumbing influence of wordly prosperity.

And in one year, how many had forgotten Grace, who before that period courted her society, and delighted to be numbered among her friends. Some bowed coldly, when they chanced to meet; others stared, with a resolute determination not to see; while a few said carelessly, "Oh! poor Grace Fleming, really we *ought* to go and see her, but we do not know exactly where she is to be found, and then as she is obliged to give music lessons, we might perhaps interrupt her." And such is the world's friendship. Like the waters of a shallow stream, which babble noisily for a little season, and then are fettered by the early cold, or exhaled by the glowing sunbeams.

It was at the close of this year, when the spring-time was again opening upon them, that Mrs. Lawrence—the friend still faithful in their adversity—came to them with an open letter in her hand, containing a proposal from a gentleman in Virginia, that Eleanor should enter his own school, where he would afford her every facility for completing her education, and then engage her as a teacher, with a liberal salary.

Pale were the faces which gathered round Mrs. Lawrence, while she read. All in all to each other, now how could they be separated? and generous as was the offer of their unknown friend, and deeply as they appreciated his unexpected benevolence, the sisters knew not how to part. "I cannot leave home," said Eleanor earnestly. "And I cannot consent that you should," echoed Eda.

"Let us reflect seriously upon it before we decide," said Grace. "We must put our wishes in one scale, and expediency in the other."

"My dear Grace," said Mrs. Lawrence, "you are certainly the wisest person for one who has seen but twenty summers, that I ever knew."

Grace smiled, but she sighed also. "Necessity and experience are stern teachers, my dear Mrs. Lawrence," she said. "As to this most kind and generous offer, I see not how we can refuse it, unless indeed my father should object. And after we have consulted him, and asked ourselves whether it would be right to throw aside the gifts of Providence, we will give you the result of our deliberation."

There was neither work nor reading in the little parlor that night. The sisters sat together and talked over the past, both in the sunshine which had brightened, and the shadows which had dimmed it, and also that untried future, which had apparently so little to illumine it. Eleanor wept and Eda wept with her. But Eleanor's smiles were as easily summoned as her tears, and when Grace spoke of the good which must result from the offered situation, and the pleasures that doubtless might be found in so large an establishment of young ladies, Eleanor began to recover her spirits. The calm, dispassioned reasoning of Grace was not without its effect upon the minds of both her sisters, and it was finally resolved that Mr. Thornton's offer should be immediately accepted, in case their father consented to the arrangement.

"And you will let me go, father?" said Eleanor cheerfully, when Grace ventured to announce the proposal of their unknown friend.

"Go!" said Mr. Fleming sternly. "And why should I thrust you upon the charity of strangers, while I have hands to work for you?"

"But I do not want *you* to work for me, father," said Eleanor. "I had much rather work for myself."

"Work! you work indeed!" said Mr. Fleming. "Poor child! you may sew baby-rags, Nell, but you do not know what work is."

"Yes I do, father," said Eleanor eagerly, "and hard work too. I am capable of a great deal, indeed I am, more than you imagine."

"I have heard such boasting before, but have never seen the fruits of it," said Mr. Fleming bitterly.

"That is because you are not at home, father," said Eleanor, revealing in her zeal the secret of their daily employments, which Grace had endeavored to keep from him, "and do not see how busy we are. Why Eda and I have fifteen scholars that we teach from nine till two every day. And as to Grace, she is never idle a moment, but is out teaching constantly, and has—how many pupils, Grace?"

Mr. Fleming became pale with passion while his daughter spoke. "And why have not *I* been consulted in all this?" he asked, turning to Grace. "Was it not enough that you obstinately refused to save your sisters from poverty; but must add to your folly by seeking employment from every upstart, as if your own father had cast you off?"

"Oh! father," said Grace, laying her hand on his arm, and raising her weeping face to his, "will you never, never forgive me?"

"Forgive!" said Mr. Fleming. "Can you forgive yourself for the ruin you have wrought?" But this

teaching must be at once abandoned. I will have no more of it. I had rather you should suffer any privation than disgrace me by such pitiful measures. And for you, Eleanor, let me hear no more of charity-schools. Thank Heaven, I have still enough to keep from starving, and let that suffice."

"But my dearest father," Eleanor began.

"Not another word on the subject," said Mr. Fleming. "I will hear no more. Let the world forget us, for why should we be remembered? And let us suffer and die in obscurity, since *one* among us was willing it should be so."

There is but a single line, 'tis said, between passion and insanity, and Mr. Fleming looked and acted the madman, as he strode from the apartment, leaving his children terrified by his violence, and overwhelmed by his unfeeling sentence. It seemed as if a hurricane had passed by, and swept from beneath them the foothold they had gained; and with trembling hearts they listened to his impatient steps, pacing the floor of his own chamber, long after he had left them. But suddenly those steps ceased, a heavy fall succeeded, and Grace was the first to fly up stairs, burst open the door, and find her miserable father stretched upon the carpet. The screams of Eleanor brought immediate assistance, but the hour of retribution had arrived. A stroke of paralysis had done its work of destruction; and he who would have dragged more darkly for his children the cup of poverty and sorrow, was now to share with them the bitter draught, and receive from *their* hands, alone, those daily comforts of which he would so cruelly have deprived them.

And through the long hours of that dreadful night, his daughters watched beside him in tears and silence. His anger, his injustice were forgotten, and they could only pray in agony, that he might be spared to the yearning affection of their desolate hearts. Morning came—and the strong man of yesterday lay upon his bed, helpless as an infant, without the power of articulation, but his eye followed Grace as she moved noiselessly through the apartment, or bent like an angel of mercy over his pillow; the only image which seemed to penetrate the mental darkness that enveloped him.

And with the morning came a thousand new and perplexing cares, to the harassed mind of Grace. Mr. Thornton's letter must be answered as speedily as possible, yet how to decide under present circumstances she knew not. In this emergency, however, her own views of the case were sustained by another adviser. Doctor Allen, their kind physician, had been the friend of Mr. Fleming in his boyhood, and to him Mrs. Lawrence, in the ardor of her friendship, submitted the affair. To her great satisfaction the Doctor's opinion coincided with her own, that to refuse such an offer would be positive folly, and taking upon himself the task of reconciling his patient to the event, he urged Eleanor's departure so strongly, that Grace felt they should prepare for her immediate removal.

The sisters parted with a grief far deeper than any which had before oppressed them—Eleanor to find

new friends in a land of strangers, and Grace and Eda to watch and toil and struggle with a thousand anxieties, of which none could know but themselves. And now Grace felt the value of those exertions made at first. Mr. Fleming had paid regularly the amount due to Enoch Dobbs, while from their own retired manner of life but few personal expenses had been incurred, and thus a sum accumulated, which, though small in itself, was now most important; and Grace hoped and Eda tried to hope with her, that at least they might bid defiance to actual want. But wearily—O! how wearily the months rolled on. Eleanor wrote of kind friends and a pleasant home, and her sisters would not cloud her happiness by a recital of their own cares; yet toil and anxiety had become their daily portion; and the darkness of their lot was only cheered by that peace of conscience, which seemed a blessed birth-right the world could not give nor take away.

CHAPTER V.

Happily or sadly, in light or darkness, Time's flight is ever onward, and those of my readers who love the sunshine rather than the shadow, will not object to suppose the lapse of three years, since the conclusion of our last chapter. During this period Eleanor had visited her old home but once, and Mr. Fleming had so far recovered as to be wheeled daily into the parlor; take a little interest in the concerns of his family, (although his daughters scrupulously hid from him their embarrassments,) and was never so well satisfied as when his darling Grace could sit beside him with her needle-work, or read to him from the inspired volume. Yes, Grace had regained that love, which she had so mourned to lose, and felt repaid for all her sorrow, when her father's arm was for the first time folded over her, and his struggling tongue pronounced the words, "my child, God bless you!"

During the years we have passed so hastily by, Grace and Eda Fleming had endured more of mental suffering than was ever revealed to mortal ear. The night which brought repose to happier hearts, was for them the season of thought, and not unfrequently of labor; while the constant drain which their afflicted father had become upon their slender purse, seemed to render it almost impossible that they should ever cancel the debt now owing to Enoch Dobbs. But of all quakers Enoch was the most patient, and his wife the most benevolent. "We can wait till better times, friend Grace," said the kind hearted Hannah, "and if better days never come, why then we cannot help it thee knows, and thyself and thy sister shall never want a home while this roof shelters Enoch and me."

But a night of storm is not unfrequently followed by a morning of exceeding calmness and beauty, and it was in an hour of darkest despondency, that their sky was suddenly brightened by two unexpected events—a small legacy bequeathed them by a distant relative, and the return of Charles Malcolm, from India.

The first brought relief from care, and freedom from

toil; but the second was as the sun, piercing the clouds, and illumining every object. He was the same happy, joyous Charles of other days. A little older and somewhat browner, it is true; but still as merry, as laughter-loving as before; as kind, as generous, as warm-hearted. But Grace, oh how sadly had she altered since they parted, four years ago. Then, fresh, and blooming and beautiful; now, thin, and pale and care-worn, the shadow of her former self; yet lovely still in her quiet resignation. "Like the water-lilies that are serene in the calm, clear weather, but no less serene amid the black and scowling waves." Eda, too, Charles had left a mere school girl; now she stood before him a tall, graceful woman, and he gazed at her with uplifted hands and admiring eyes, unable to credit the evidence of his own senses. After a few moments' reflection, and the mention of his name, Mr. Fleming recognized his nephew, but it seemed only a partial recollection, and not a pleasant one. Something in the name of Charles evidently annoyed him, and unable to converse, he soon asked to be taken to his own room again.

And all unheeded the hours flew by as the cousins sat together, and recalled the years that had intervened since their last meeting—years so full of interest to them all. Charles recounted some of his own adventures, and the girls indulged in the almost forgotten luxury of a laugh, or he listened to the story of their sorrows, and his fine eyes were suffused with tears, as he grasped a hand of each; and when they separated, long after the latest stars had risen, Grace and Eda felt that they had turned a fairer leaf in the volume of life, and in Charles Malcolm had welcomed home a brother.

The world looked bright again. The color came once more to the cheek of Grace, and light to the eye of Eda. Yet theirs was a joy, chastened and subdued by the memory of misfortune—the rainbow of the present, resting upon the clouds of the past. The legacy bequeathed so opportunely, now enabled them to pay, with interest, the debt due their quaker friends, to relinquish their labors, and devote themselves more exclusively to their father. Eleanor also they would have recalled, but her engagements with Mr. Thornton prevented an immediate compliance; and ere these were ended the rumor reached them that she was to become the bride of a wealthy Southerner; and rumor spoke truly of the good fortune in store for our warm-hearted Eleanor.

And day after day Charles Malcolm lifted the shining brass knocker of Enoch Dobbs' dwelling, and day after day his smiling face and cheerful tone brought gladness and happiness to his cousins. If they walked, he walked with them; if they read, he came with the book they most wanted; and if Eda sang, he selected the melody that best suited her voice. In a word, he became their oracle, their counsellor, their protector—and every enjoyment of their lives was heightened if he were permitted to share it with them.

The sojourn of Charles Malcolm in that distant land had not been unsuccessful, and he returned from India rich enough to leave no fears for the future. He

came with his early love for Grace, still fresh within his heart—that love which he had not dared to breathe, when she was the acknowledged heiress of untold wealth, and he only a poor cousin, who sighed for, but never hoped to win her regard. And Grace, did she now requite that tenderness? Yes, in her “heart of hearts,” amid those pictures of the past which Memory’s pencil touched so brightly, was enshrined an image, which bore his name and semblance. Yet Grace felt that for her an *image* only it must remain. To her suffering father she had determined to consecrate her future life, and with this in view, to renounce, then and forever, all thoughts of marriage. But Grace had also another motive for this decision. With that intuitive perception, which enables woman to read a woman’s heart, she learned that Eda loved Charles Malcolm, and from the moment of this discovery, she resolved to do all in her power to promote the happiness of her sister. Yes, through her, Eda’s young life had been clouded in its early freshness, with the dews of the morning still upon its roses, and now it must be *her* aim to restore that brightness; to re-illumine that pathway, even by the sacrifice of her own affections. And when at last Charles ventured to tell the tale, which he had never breathed save to the ocean winds, he was answered thus—“Love and marriage, Charles, are not for me. I have duties to perform which forbid the thought, and while my father lives I shall never leave him.”

“And will you thus doom me to a life of celibacy also, Grace?”

“Oh no, Charles, far, far from it. Marry by all means and be happy. I do not say forget me; that I hope, I *know* you will never do; but forget that you have loved me other than as a brother, and be content with a sister’s love in return.”

“And can you give me nothing more than the affection of a sister, Grace? I who have loved you through time, and change, and fortune—worshiped you almost, even from my very boyhood?”

“And still love me, dear Charles,” said Grace soothingly, “still be my friend and brother, and show your regard by urging me to duty, not by tempting me to forsake it. Think of my poor father, and ask yourself if I ought to assume responsibilities, which may, which *must* take me from him?”

“Eda is still left.”

“But Eda is not Grace, and Grace is all in all to her father now. When I am absent, his chair is wheeled to the window that he may watch for my return; and

he listens as eagerly for my foot upon the stairs as an infant for its mother. I read to him from the Bible, and with that in my hand, I feel—if the thought be not a presumptuous one—as if I were leading him on step by step to heaven. Knowing all this, can you counsel me to leave him, Charles?”

“And must my hopes perish then?” asked Malcolm, “Hopes that have been my only solace in a land of strangers, with the wide ocean between us?”

“Fix them elsewhere, Charles. The best and holiest affections of such a heart as yours must be worthily requited. And now, my dear cousin, try and forget what has passed to-day, and do not forsake us because I have rejected your suit. Come to us as usual. Eda would regret your absence, and I should feel as if I had lost a very dear friend. Still continue Grace Fleming’s kind brother, will you not? and let us enjoy the same tranquillity and happiness we have done since your return.”

And Grace asked not in vain. Charles came as usual, a little paler, and more sedate than before, but still the kindest and best of friends; and Grace daily found more in his character to call forth that love, which she had resolved to bury in her inmost soul; while she endeavored, by every proper means, to place her beloved Eda in possession of that noble heart, which had for so many years been exclusively her own.

To this end she gradually absented herself more and more from their society, attendance upon her father being at all times a ready plea, and in a few months she had the melancholy satisfaction of perceiving that her wishes for Eda were being accomplished, and that Charles would soon, in all probability, cherish for herself no deeper affection than that of a brother.

Years have passed away, and there is a small cottage on the banks of the Susquehannah, where an old gentleman may be occasionally seen, assisted through the garden walks by a lovely woman, whom he calls his daughter, and in that daughter we may recognize the still beautiful Grace Fleming; while in a wide domain, not far distant, Charles Malcolm and his Eda are surrounded by a troop of rosy children, among whom another Grace is the fairest, and the wildest, and might perhaps become the favorite of her aunt, if an urchin two years younger did not come so often to chat with grandpapa at the cottage door, and answer to the still fondly cherished name of Charles Malcolm.

TO A BOUQUET OF FADED FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROEMER.

Ye flowers, together bound of varied dyes,
Were Beauty’s own:—did not the sunlit bow
Of promise quit its station in the skies,
And break to pieces on the meadow low
Where grew ye, daughters of the morn—to each
A different shade imparting from the blue
Of summer ocean to the faint red hue
3*

That paints the shells upon his whitened beach?
Oh! would that fairy ministers with dew
Could fill once more these withered cups, or rain
Bathe with refreshing drops your lips again!
But the hoar frost is lying where ye grew,
And howls the storm; and with your lifeless stems
Will zephyrs sport no more, ye vegetable gems!

EMILY.

ROEM TO THE "FROISSART BALLADS."

Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily. *Chaucer.*

Younge Emily has temples fair,
Caressed by locks of dark brown hair.

A thousand sweet humanities
Speak wisely from her hazel eyes.

Her speech is ignorant of command,
And yet can lead you like a hand.

Her white teeth sparkle when the eclipse
Is laughter-moved of her red lips.

She moves—all grace—with gliding limbs,
As a white-breasted cygnet swims.

In her sweet childhood Emily
Was wild with natural gayety,
A little creature, full of laughter,
Who cast no thought before or after,
And knew not custom or its chains.
The dappled fawns upon the plains,
The birds that love the upper sky,
Lived not in lovelier liberty.

But with this natural merriment,
Mind and the ripening years have blent
A thoughtfulness—not melancholy—
Which wins her life away from folly;
Checking somewhat the natural gladness,
But saved, by that it checks, from sadness—
Like clouds athwart a May-morn sailing,
Which take the golden light they are veiling.

She loves her kind, and shuns no duty;
Her virtues sanctify her beauty;
And all who know her say that she
Was born for man's felicity—
I know that she was born for mine.
Dearer than any joy of wine,
Or pomp, or gold, or man's loud praise,
Or purple power, art thou to me—
Kind cheerer of my clouded ways—
Young vine upon a rugged tree!

Maidens who love are full of hope,
And crowds hedge in its golden scope;
Therefore, they love green solitudes
And silence for their better moods.
I know some wilds, where tulip trees,
Full of the singing toil of bees,
Depend their loving branches over
Great rocks which honey-suckles cover
In rich and liberal overflow.
In the dear time of long ago,
When I had wooed young Emily,
And she had told her love to me,
I often found her in these bowers,
Quite wrapt away in meditation—
Or giving earnest contemplation
To leaf, or bird, or wild wood flowers;
And once I heard the maiden singing,
Until the very woods were ringing—

Singing an old song to the Hours!
I well remember that rare song,
It charged the hours with cruel wrong—
Wrong to the verdure of the boughs—
Wrong to the lustre of fair brows.
Its music had a wondrous sound,
And made the greenwood haunted ground.

But I delay: One jocund morn—
A morn of that blithe time of spring,
When milky blossoms load the thorn,
And birds so prate, and soar, and sing,
That melody is everywhere,
On the glad earth, and in the air—
On such a morn, I went to seek
In our wild haunts for Emily.
I found her where a flowering tree
Gave odors and cool shade. Her cheek
A little rested on her hand;
Her rustic skill had made a band
Of rare device, which garlanded
The beauty of her bending head;
Some maiden thoughts, most kind and wise,
Were dimly burning in her eyes.
When I beheld her—form and face
So lithe, so fair—the spirit race,
Of whom the better poets dreamed,
Came to my thought, and I half deemed
My earth-born mistress, pure and good,
Was some such lady of the wood
As she who worked at spell, and snare,
With Huon of the dusky hair,
And fled, in likeness of a doe,
Before the fleet youth Angelo.
But these infirm imaginings
Flew quite away on instant wings.
I called her name. A swift surprise
Came whitely to her face, but soon
It fled before some daintier dyes,
And laughing, like a brook in June,
With sweet accost she welcomed me;
And I sat there with Emily.

The gods were very good to bless
My life with so much happiness.
The maiden on that lowly seat—
I sitting at her little feet!
Two happier lovers never met,
In dear and talk-charmed privacy.
It was a golden day to me,
And its great bliss is with me yet—
Warming, like wine, my inmost heart—
For memories of happy hours
Are like the cordials pressed from flowers,
And madden sweetly.

I impart
Naught of the love-talk I remember,
For May's young pleasures are best hid
From the cold prudence of December,

Which clips and chills all vernal wings;
And love's own sanctities forbidd,
Now, as of old, such gossipings
In hall of what befalls in bower.
But other matters of the hour,
Of which it breaks no faith to tell,
My homely rhyme shall chronicle.

As silently we sat alone—

Our love-talk spent—two mated birds
Began to prate in loving tone;
Quoth Emily, "They sure have words!
Didst hear them say *my sweet, my dear*?"
And as they chirped we laughed to hear.

Soon after this a southern wind
Came sobbing like a hunted hind
Into the quiet of the glen:
The maiden mused awhile, and then
Worded her thought right playfully.
"The winds," she said, "of land and sea,
My friend, are surely living things,
That come and go on unseen wings.
The teeming air and prodigal,
Which droops its azure over all,
Is full of immortalities
That look on us with unseen eyes.
This sudden wind that hath come here,
With its hard sobs of pain or fear,
It may be is a spirit kind,
That loves the bruised flowers to bind,
Whose task it is to shake the dew
From the sad violet's eye of blue.
Or chase the honey-making thieves
From off the rose, and shut its leaves
Against the cold of April eves.
Perhaps its dainty, pink-tipt hands
Have plied such tasks in far-off lands;
And now, perchance, some grim foe follows
The little wight to these green hollows."
Such gentle words had Emily
For the south wind in the tulip tree.

A runnel, hidden by the trees,
Gave out some natural melodies.
She said—"The brook, among the stones,
Is solemn in its undertones;
How like a hymn! the singing creature
Is worshipping the God of Nature."
But I replied—"My dear, not so;
Thy solemn eyes, thy brow of snow,
And, more than these, thy maiden merit,
Have won Undine, that gentle spirit,
To sing her songs of love to thee."
Swift answered merry Emily—
"Undine is but a girl, you know,
And would not pine for love of me;
She has been peering from the brook,
And glimpsed at you," she said, and shook
With a rare fit of silvery laughter.
I was more circumspect thereafter,
And dealt in homelier talk. A man
May call a white-browed girl "Dian,"
But likes not to be turned upon,
And nick-named "Young Endymion."

My Emily loved very well,
At times, those ancient lays which tell
Rude natural tales; she had no lore
Of *trouvere*, or of *troubadour*,
Nor knew what difference there might be
Between the tongues of *oc* and *oui*;

But hearing old tales, loved them all,
If truth but made them natural.
In our good talks, we oft went o'er
The little horde of my quaint lore,
Culled out of old melodious fable.
She little cared for Arthur's table,
For tales of doughty Launcelot,
Or Tristram, or of him who smote
The giant, Angoulefne hight,
And moaned for love by day and night.
She little cared for such as these,
But if I crossed the Pyrenees,
With the great peers of Charlemagne,
Descending toward the Spanish plain,
Her eye would lighten at the strain;
And it would moisten with a tear
The sad end of that tale to hear—
How all aweary, worn and white,
And urging his falling steed amain,
A courier from the south, one night,
Reached the great city of the Seine;
And how, at that same time and hour,
The Bride of Roland lay in bower
Wakeful, and quick of ear to win
Some rumor of her paladin—
And how it came in sudden cries,
That shook the earth and rent the skies; (1062)
And how the messenger of fate—
That courier who rode so late—
Was dragged on to her palace gate;
And how the lady sate in hall,
Moaning among her damsels all,
At the wild tale of Ronceval.
That story sounds like solemn truth,
And she would hear it with such ruth,
As sympathetic hearts will pay
To real griefs of yesterday.

Pity looked lovely in the maiden;
Her eyes were softer, when so laden
With the bright dew of tears unshed.
But I was somewhat envious
That other bards should move her thus,
And oft within myself had said—
"Yea, I will strive to touch her heart
With some fair songs of mine own art;"
And many days before the day
Whereof I speak, I made assay
At this bold labor. In the wells
Of Froissart's life-like chronicles
I dipped for moving truths of old.
A thousand stories, soft and bold,
Of stately dames and gentlemen,
Which good Lord Berners, with a pen
Pompous in its simplicity,
Yet tipt with charming courtesy,
Had put in English words, I learned;
And some of these I deftly turned
Into the forms of minstrel verse.
I know the good tales are the worse—
But, sooth to say, it seems to me
My verse has sense and melody—
Even that its measure sometimes flows
With the brave pomp of that old prose.

Beneath our *trysting-tree*, that day,
With dubious face, I read one lay;
Young Emily quite understood
My fears, and gave me *guerdon* good
In well-timed praise, and cheered me on,
Into full flow of heart and tone.

And when, in days of pleasant weather,
 Thereafter, we were met together,
 As our strong love oft made us meet,
 I always took my cosy seat,
 Just at the damsel's little feet,
 And read my tales. It was no friend
 To me—that day that heard their end.
 It had become a play of love,
 To watch the swift expression rove
 Over the bright sky of her face—
 To steal those upward looks, and trace,
 In every change of cheek and eye,
 The influence of my poetry.

I made my verse for Emily—
 I give it, reader, now to thee.
 The tales which I have toiled to tell
 Of dame in hall and knight in selle,
 Of faithful love and courage high—
 Sweet flower, strong staff of chivalry—
 These tales, indeed, are old of date;
 But why should time their force abate?
 Shall we look back with vision dull
 On the old brave and beautiful,
 And, for they lived so long ago,
 Be careless of their mirth or woe?
 If sympathy knows but to-day—
 If time quite wears its nerve away—
 If deeds majestically hold,

In words of ancient music told,
 Are only food for studious minds,
 And touch no hearts—if man but finds
 An abstract virtue in the faith
 That clung to truth, and courted death—
 If he can lift the dusky pall
 With dainty hand artistical,
 And smile at woes because some years
 Have swept between them and his tears—
 I say, my friend, if this may be,
 Then burn old books; antiquity
 Is no more than a skeleton
 Of painted vein and polished bone.

Reader! the minstrel brotherhood,
 Earnest to soothe thy listening mood,
 Were wont to style thee *gentle, good,*
Noble, or gracious :—they could bow
 With loyal knee, yet open brow—
 They knew to temper thy decision
 With graces of a proud submission.
 That wont is changed. Yet I, a man
 Of this new land republican,
 Where insolence wins upward better
 Than courtesy—that old dead letter—
 And toil claims pay with utterance sharp,
 Follow the good lords of the harp,
 And dub thee with each courtly phrase,
 And ask indulgence for my lays.

THE CITY OF THE HEART.

BY T. B. READ.

THE heart is a city teeming with life—
 Through all its gay avenues, rife
 With gladness
 And innocent madness,
 Bright beings are passing along,
 Too fleeting and fair for the eye to behold,
 While something of Paradise sweetens their song.
 They are gliding away with their wild gushing ditty,
 Out of the city,
 Out of the beautiful gates of gold!
 Through gates that are ringing
 While to and fro swinging,
 Swinging and ringing ceaselessly,
 Like delicate hands that are clapped in glee.
 Beautiful hands of infancy!

The heart is a city—and gay are the feet
 That dance along
 To the joyous beat
 Of the timbrel that giveth a pulse to song.
 Bright creatures enwreathed
 With flowers and mirth,
 Fair maidens bequeathed
 With the glory of earth,
 Sweep through the long street, and singing await,
 A moment await at the wonderful gate;
 Every second of time there comes to depart
 Some form that no more shall revisit the heart!
 They are gliding away and breathing farewell—
 How swiftly they pass
 Through the gates of brass—
 Through gates that are ringing
 While to and fro swinging,
 And making deep sounds, like the half stifled swell
 Of the far away ring of a gay marriage bell!

The heart is a city with splendor bedight,
 Where tread martial hosts arrayed for the fight,
 Under banner-hung arches,
 To war-kindling marches,
 To the life and the rattle
 Of drums, with gay colors unfurled,
 On, eager for battle,
 To smite their bright spears on the spears of the world!
 Through noontime, through midnight, list and thou'lt hear—
 The gates swing in front, then clang in the rear.
 Like a bright river flowing,
 The war-host is going;
 And, like that river,
 Returning, ah, never!
 Through daylight and darkness low thunder is heard
 From the city that flings
 Her iron-wrought wings,
 Flapping the air like the wings of a bird!

The heart is a city—how sadly and slow,
 To and fro,
 Covered with rust, the solemn gates go!
 With meek folded palms,
 With heads bending lowly,
 Strange beings pass slowly,
 Through the dull avenues chanting their psalms;
 Sighing and mourning they follow the dead
 Out of the gates that fall heavy as lead—
 Passing, how sadly, with echoless tread,
 The last one is fled!
 No more to be opened, the gates softly close,
 And shut in a stranger who loves the repose;
 With no sigh for the past, with countenance of pity
 He spreads his black flag o'er the desolate city!

LILIAS FANE.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

ABOUT five miles from Alderbrook there is a handsome red school-house, with a portico in front, shaded by an immense butternut; white window-shutters, to keep out rogues at night, but of no use at all during the day; and a handsome cupola, in which is a bell of sufficient power to be heard, particularly on the still days, all over the district. This specimen of architecture, being intended to serve the double purpose of church and school-house, is the pride of the little community; and, indeed, it well may be, for there is not its equal in the whole country round. When the school-house was first built, the neighbors all resolved to support a "first-rate school;" and, for many years, they employed teachers who came well recommended, and claimed a large salary. Squire Mason said no pains were spared, every thing was done that man could do; yet, somehow, no teacher seemed to give general satisfaction; and so many left, either in indignation or disgrace, that "the Mason school" gained the reputation of being the most ungovernable in the county. If truth must be told, this was not without reason, for people who build new school-houses must, of course, listen to new doctrines, and most of the families in "the Mason district" had imbibed somewhat extensively the notions prevalent among reformers of the present day, who think that Solomon was only joking when he recommended the rod. At last, after some renegade youngsters had summarily dismissed, with a broken head, a dark, square-shouldered, piratical looking man, who, in a fit of a desperation, had been chosen for his enormous strength, people became quite discouraged, and the principal men of the district, old Farmer Westborn, Deacon Martin, and Squire Mason, called a meeting to discuss affairs. Some proposed whipping all the boys round, and starting a new school; others thought it best to shut up the house entirely, and set the young rebels to cutting wood; while Deacon Martin was of the opinion that if some of the "worst ones" could be kept at home there would be no difficulty with the rest. Upon this hint others spake, and the meeting at last decided on obtaining a female teacher to take charge of the little ones, the "big boys" being entirely voted out. Squire Mason himself had a son who was considered a "rollicking blade," up to all sorts of mischief, and of the half-dozen shock-headed Westborns, there was not one that had failed to give the former master blow for blow. Affairs were, however, now to assume a calmer aspect; and the meeting proceeded forthwith to appoint a school committee, consisting of Deacon Martin, who had no children of his own, and was consequently expected

to take a great interest in those of his neighbors, Mr. Fielding, a quiet bachelor of thirty-five or thereabout, and one or two others, who were selected for the sake of making the numbers strong, and not for any thing that they were expected to do. The principal duty of the *acting* part of the committee was to obtain a teacher; but they were also to manage all other affairs thereunto pertaining.

Luckily a lady had been recommended to Deacon Martin, during the preceding autumn, as a perfect prodigy; and our school committee-men, being quiet sort of people, who did not like to make unnecessary trouble, a letter, superscribed "*Miss Liliat Fane*," was thrown into the post-office box, which, in due time, brought as favorable an answer as could be desired.

It was a cold, stormy morning in December, when the public stage-coach set down the new school-mistress at the door of Deacon Martin's house. A bundle of cloaks and blankets rolled from the opened door into the hands of the good deacon, who was obliged to support, indeed almost to carry, an invisible form into the house, where his good dame stood ready to divest it of all unnecessary incumbrances. At first a large blanket was removed, then muff and cloak, and yet shawl, hood and veil remained; and Mrs. Martin could not help conjecturing how precious must be the nut which was blessed with so much shell. The task of untying strings and removing pins being accomplished, a volume of flaxen ringlets descended over a pair of tiny white shoulders, and a soft blue eye stole timidly from its silken ambush up to the face of Mrs. Martin, but meeting no sympathy there, it retreated behind the drooping lid, and little Miss Fane, blushing up to the pretty flaxen waves that just shaded her forehead, smiled, and curtsied, and then crouched by the blazing fire like a petted kitten. Mrs. Martin retreated involuntarily, and the deacon parted his lips, drew up his eye-brows, and shrugged his shoulders, between astonishment and contempt. What! that child to assume the duties and responsibilities of a school teacher, and, above all, in such a school! Why, Susan Harman could put her out of the door with one hand, and the very littlest boy overmaster her. There sat the new school-mistress, and there stood the deacon and his dame, gazing at her perfectly speechless, when Mr. Fielding drove up to the door; it being considered his especial duty to introduce new teachers, and particularly lady teachers, to the school-house. Now the bachelor had some very fine notions of tall elegant figures, and dignified manners; indeed he had a rule for every thing, stepping, look-

ing, and even thinking; and, consequently, he was taken all aback when his eye first lighted on the unpretending little school-mistress. Her figure was slight, and exceedingly fragile, and her face the very perfection of infantile sweetness. This was all that Mr. Fielding had an opportunity to observe, as she stood before him in graceful confusion, replying to his very formal salutation, and answering his still more formal questions about the weather, the state of the roads, and the time of her arrival. The bachelor, however, was confident that Miss Fane was a very incompetent school teacher; and Miss Fane was quite as confident that the bachelor was a very incompetent beau. First, he gave her what the little lady considered an impertinent stare—as a school committee-man has a right to do—then he made a great many commonplace remarks, as a man that wishes to appear very dignified will do; and then he desired to see Deacon Martin in private, as a man when he wishes to let you know that he is about to discuss your character should do. Poor Lillias Fane! with all her simplicity she was not deficient in discernment, and she felt piqued at the manners of the people, particularly Mr. Fielding, whose real superiority she instantly detected, despite of the clumsy awkwardness behind which he managed to hide himself. So, tossing back her sunny curls, and calling for hood and shawl, in spite of all Mrs. Martin's entreaties to the contrary, she was half way to the school-house before the gentlemen decided that they could do nothing less than give her a trial. It was with the utmost surprise that the bachelor heard of the flight of his bonny bird; for he was the greatest man in the district, and every one was but too much delighted to gain his notice. He owned a fine cottage close by the Maple Grove, with beautiful grounds about it, and every elegance that wealth could command and taste dictate within; and there he resided, with his mother and a little nephew, in very enviable quiet. It was evident that his knowledge of the world was thorough, and he had probably at some period of his life taken a part in its tumult; but the retirement of private life best suited him, and he had for several years buried the most perfect specimen of a gentleman of the old school extant among the rural luxuries of Grove Cottage. Here, however, none of the punctilios on which he set so high a value were omitted, for he was too thoroughly a gentleman to throw aside the character when behind the scenes, and all honored him for his strict integrity, as well as intellectual superiority. Mr. Fielding had not a particle of misanthropy in his composition; so, notwithstanding a secret touch of exclusive feeling, arising probably from a consciousness of possessing but little in common with those around him; he mingled with the people of the neighborhood as though nothing but a certain degree of coldness and personal dignity prevented him from being on a perfect equality with them, and he exhibited so much real interest in all that concerned their welfare that he possessed their entire confidence.

When Mr. Fielding learned that the little lady had gone off alone he looked surprised; but, recollecting

how bashful she had appeared when standing in his august presence, he at once saw the matter in a more pleasing light; so, calling on Deacon Martin to bestow his burly corpus in the seat intended for pretty Lillias Fane, the two committee-men proceeded leisurely toward the school-house.

In the mean time poor Lillias was trudging through the snow, her nether lip pouting after the most approved style of angry beauties, and her little heart throbbing with a variety of contending emotions, none of which were actually pleasurable, except the one excited by a little pile of silver which she saw in prospect—the fruit of her own labor. At thought of this she brushed away the tear that sparkled on her lashes, and, drawing up her slight figure with an air of determination, stepped boldly and decidedly into the portico and placed her hand on the latch of the door. This done, she paused; the little heart, but a moment before so resolute, fluttered tumultuously, the head drooped, the eyes brimmed over, and the fingers extended so firmly, now quivered with agitation. Poor Lillias Fane! what would she not have given to feel her mother's arms about her, and weep on her sympathizing bosom.

Farmer Westborn, and Squire Mason, and the rest of the school meeting men, were in earnest when they decided that the "big boys" should not be allowed to attend school; but they had been in earnest a great many times before; so the boys knew perfectly well what it meant, and were now on hand preparing for the reception of the new teacher. Little did poor Lillias Fane imagine what stout hearts awaited her entrance, or her courage would not have been prompt to return; but the thought of home; her widowed mother, and helpless little brothers and sisters, in connection with the all-important salary, nerved her up. Again she erected her head and wiped away the tears, then throwing open the door, she walked quietly and firmly into the room. What a spectacle! children of all sizes, from the little aproned chap, hardly yet from the cradle, up to the height of the new school-mistress, and youths towering far above her, in almost the pride of manhood, turned their faces toward the door, and stood gaping in silent astonishment. There were Susan Harman, and Sally Jones, and Nabby Woods, all older than the school-mistress, and several others who were larger; and at the extremity of the room stood Alfred Mason, a man in size if not in form, surrounded by the six shock-headed Westborns, Bill Blount, Philip Clute, and Nehemiah Strong, all school rowdies of the first water. Well might they stare, for such a vision never met their eyes before; and well might bright Lillias smile at the looks of wonder that greeted her at every turn. A smile, if it is a perfectly natural one, full of mirthfulness and slightly spiced with mischief, is the best of all passports to a young heart, and not a face was there in the whole room but caught the infection, and answered with a bashful grin the twinkle of the little maiden's eye and the curl of her lip. Oh! sadly did naughty Lillias compromise the dignity of the school-mistress, but what she lost in one respect was more than made up in an-

other. Nabby Woods went about brushing the slippery dried peas from the floor, lest the smiling fairy of a new school-dame should be made their victim, as had been duly planned for a week beforehand; and Philip Clute, first glancing at Alfred Mason for approbation, stepped awkwardly forward and put a whole chair in the place of the broken one that had been stationed before the desk for the benefit of the new teacher, thus making himself the first to receive her cheerful salutation. Philip had never been known to shrink before hirschen rod or cherry ferule; but Liliás Fane, with her merry blue eye and face full of kindness and gentleness, half hidden in the mirthful dimples which played over it—sweet Liliás Fane was a different thing. She could not be looked upon with indifference, and poor Philip twisted himself into as many shapes as a cloud wreath in a tempest, or a captured eel, and turned as red as the blood beetles in his father's cellar. On passed the bright-faced Liliás around the room, nodding to one, smiling to another, and addressing some cheerful remark to those who seemed a little afraid of her, until she reached the group over which the redoubtable Mason presided. By this time she had gained all hearts; for had n't she said *we* when talking to the "big girls," as though she didn't feel herself a bit above them? and had n't she patted the heads of the younger ones with her pretty little hand, in a way which proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that she was a decided enemy to hair pulling? Alfred Mason had seen it all, and to prove to the new school-mistress that he was a little superior to the Westbourns & Co., he advanced three steps and made a bow as much like Mr. Fielding's as he could. This done he passed his fingers through his shining black hair, twirled his shirt collar, and elevated head and shoulders after a very manly fashion, and as though silently resolving not to be afraid of any thing this side of fairy land, though appearing in the shape of Titania herself. But bewitching, roguish, naughty Miss Fane did bewilder him notwithstanding; for having always considered himself a rascally scape-grace of a boy, bound to do as much mischief as he could, he suddenly found himself transformed into a man, and a beautiful creature, with a child's blushes and a woman's smiles, asking him questions in the most respectful tone, hoping that she should be seconded by the young gentlemen before her in all her efforts, and insinuating very gracefully and very sweetly how much she relied upon them for success in her present undertaking. The smile, the tone of voice, the manner, combined with the flattering address, were perfectly irresistible, and Alfred Mason, after perpetrating another bow, addressed a few whispered words to his companions, and walked away to a seat. His example was immediately followed by the whole school, and Miss Fane was left standing in the midst of subjects as loyal as any sovereign would care to reign over. At this agreeable crisis the door opened, and it may well be believed that in every dimple of Liliás Fane's young face lurked a roguish smile, as her eye lighted on Mr. Fielding and Deacon Martin. The bachelor observed it, and he was the least bit in

the world disconcerted, while the deacon raised his eye-brows and shrugged his shoulders more emphatically than ever, but not contemptuously. If the two committee-men had been astonished before, they were doubly so now, and it was with a much more respectful air than he had at first assumed that Mr. Fielding saluted the little lady, and apologized for his previous neglect.

"You have undertaken a very heavy task, Miss Fane," he remarked, in a tone which, from the proximity of the audience on the seats, was necessarily low, and thus seemingly confidential.

Thoughtless Liliás! she shook her head and smiled. "It is a dreadful responsible station," chimed in the deacon.

A shade of seriousness flitted over the face of Liliás, and then she smiled again.

"Our school is considered a very difficult one," observed the bachelor.

"I apprehend no difficulty at all," Liliás replied in a tone of gayety.

"But, Miss Fane," persisted the deacon, "it is my duty to undeceive you as to the character of our school."

Still the little lady smiled confidently.

"Very difficult to manage, I can assure you," added the bachelor.

Liliás glanced around the room with a triumphant, incredulous air, as much as to say, "it seems to me just the easiest thing in the world," (the saucy little gipsy); but she did not say it. Her only reply was to beg the privilege of consulting two such able advisers should she chance to meet with unexpected difficulties. The deacon received the compliment graciously, not probably observing a touch of sarcasm more discoverable in the dancing blue eye than in the voice; but Mr. Fielding looked displeased, bowed stiffly, and, after a few formal words, took his leave, followed by the worthy deacon.

"I should n't wonder," remarked Deacon Martin, after they were seated in the sleigh, "I should n't wonder if this little Miss Fane made a pretty good teacher after all. It's wonderful that the children should be so orderly this morning."

Mr. Fielding gave his head a twitch, something between a shake and a nod, and looked knowing. It was evident that he could say a great deal if he chose. This non-committal movement is Wisdom's favorite cloak; and so much in vogue is it, that it sometimes even passes current when the cloak is missing.

For that day at least Liliás Fane was happy. She smiled and was smiled upon. And she began to think it was just the pleasantest thing in the world to be the presiding genius of such a place, exercising uncontrolled power, dispensing smiles and sunshine at will, beloved and loving. But her day of darkness was to come. Scarce a week had passed before there were indications of a revolt among some of her subjects—and she was alarmed to find that there were difficulties which a smile and a loving word could not heal. At home, her dear delightful home, she had been taught to believe them a universal balm—oil for the wildest wave, a hush for the deadliest tempest. But

yet never was school-mistress idolized like darling Liliás Fane. Even the hearts of the Westborns began to melt beneath the glances of her beaming eye, and Alfred Mason was her never-failing friend and champion. Poor Alf. Westborn! Sad was the reputation he bore in the district; and nobody would believe he was in earnest when he behaved properly; but he was in reality more given to mirth than malice, fonder of fun than real mischief—and he could see no fun at all in annoying sweet Miss Fane. But she was annoyed nevertheless, not so much by her pupils, as by remarks which were constantly reaching her concerning her youth, inexperience, and consequent inefficiency. It was said that she was a child among the children, and so she was, but how could she help it—the bright pet Liliás! Scarce sixteen summers had burnished her fair locks, and her heart was full of childish impulses. It was said that she had no dignity of manner, and stood among her pupils as one of them—faults which she was but too conscious of possessing. As well might you look for dignity in a humming-bird or a fawn as in Liliás Fane—the darling! She loved her pupils dearly, and could not but betray her interest. She had too many sympathies in common with them to stand aloof in joy or sorrow; and in the loved and the loving were merged the teacher and the taught. It was even said that her voice had been known to mingle in the merry shout that sometimes arose from the school-room; and there must have been some truth in the report—for her pupils could not have had the heart to laugh when she was serious. In truth, Liliás Fane was a strange teacher; though she may have taught the lore most needed—those heart-lessons richer than all the theories of all the schools united. In her other lessons she was capricious. She taught what she loved and that she made her pupils love; but what was dry and difficult she passed over, as in studying she had been allowed to do by her too indulgent governess. Yet she was unwearied in her efforts, and never thought of self when the good of her pupils was concerned; and so, despite the faults in her system of education, her school made rapid improvement. But no degree of improvement was sufficient to satisfy those who detected these faults; and soon the war of words ran high for and against the poor school-mistress, whose only offences were too much beauty, too immature youth, and a too kind heart. These things could not occur without Miss Fane's knowledge, for her young friends, in their mistaken zeal, repeated every word to her, and she (poor simple-hearted child!) was undignified enough to listen to their representation, and receive their expressions of sympathy. They were all the friends she had. Thus passed one-third of Liliás Fane's term of service, in alternate storm and sunshine, till at last Farmer Westborn took a decided step; and, in spite of young shock-head's remonstrances, removed all of his six children from school. Sad was the face poor Liliás Fane exhibited on this occasion, and all of her flock were sad from sympathy. Looks, some of sorrow and some of indignation, were exchanged among the elder pupils; and the younger ones gazed in silent wonder on the flushed face and

tearful eye of her, who nevertheless would now and then give them a smile, from sheer habit. At last the day ended, and sad, and low, and kinder even than usual, were the *good-nights* of the sympathizing group, as, one by one, they disappeared through the door till the poor little school-mistress was left alone, and then she covered her face with her hands and wept.

"I would n't mind it, Miss Fane," said a timid, but sympathizing voice close by her ear.

"How can I help it, Alfred?" asked weeping Liliás, without raising her head, "Mr. Westborn must have a dreadful opinion of me, or he never—"

"Mr. Westborn is a fool! the meanest man—"

"Alfred!"

"You don't know him, Miss Fane, or you would say so too. But don't cry any more—don't—come over and see Mary—you have true friends, Miss Fane—you—they—" and here Alfred stopped short; for, although particularly anxious to console Miss Fane, he seemed to be suffering under a most painful embarrassment. The gentle, indeed touching tone of voice was not lost on poor Liliás; although there seemed to be some reason why she should not listen to it; for she raised her head, and with more calmness than she could have been expected to command, replied, "You are very kind, Alfred, and I thank you, but—"

"I understand you, Miss Fane," interrupted the youth somewhat proudly, "kindness should not be too obtrusive."

"No, Alfred, you mistake me. I prize the sympathy of my friends but too highly; and it is gratifying to know that all my pupils, if no others, are of the number."

"Yes they all are—yet—Miss—Miss Fane—," and Alfred stammered on, more embarrassed than ever.

"I can assure them that their kindness will be remembered most gratefully, and their friendship warmly returned," added Miss Fane, with a gentle dignity, which prevented familiarity, while it soothed.

Alfred Mason stood for a few moments irresolute, and Liliás resumed. "To you in particular, Alfred, am I deeply indebted. You have defended me in my absence, assisted me in school both by your example and counsel; and have performed the thousand little services which have contributed thus far to make my time here among strangers pass so agreeably. I shall never forget you, kind, generous friend that you are! And Mary too—my own brother and sister could not have watched more carefully over my comfort and happiness. I have much to say to you of this, but not now. To-night I have subjects of thought less pleasant, and must be alone."

"I should n't like to trouble you, Miss Fane, but I came to tell you there is to be a school-meeting to-night. Oh, how I wish I were a man! in influence I mean, for I know that I have a man's soul, a—"

"What is the school-meeting for, Alfred?"

"Oh, Mr. Fielding—cross old bachelor!—but I won't tell you any thing about it—it's too provoking!"

"I should n't expect any good from Mr. Fielding," said Liliás, with an unusual degree of acrimony.

Why so exceedingly indignant at him, when, if he had not sympathized, he surely had done thee no injury, gentle Liliass.

"He! no danger of his doing good anywhere—though he says he 'pities the young lady'—pities! But who do you think he wants to get in your place?"

Liliass stood aghast, for in all her troubles the thought of losing her situation had not occurred to her; and now they had actually planned her removal, and were about appointing a successor. "Who, Alfred?" she gasped tremblingly.

"Would you believe it, Miss Fane—that ugly, cross, vinegar-faced Miss Digby—it is too bad! At any rate they will rue the day they get her here. What is the matter, Miss Fane? you are as pale as death."

"Nothing—go now, Alfred—you shall tell me more to-morrow."

Well might young Liliass Fane turn pale, poor child! at this intelligence; for at that very moment she held her mother's last letter in her bosom; and in that letter had the fond hoping mother rejoiced over the bright prospects of her darling, called her the guardian angel of the family, and hoped that through her efforts comfort might again be restored to their little home. And now to be obliged to return in disgrace, disappoint the expectations of that doting parent, and become a burden where she should be a helper, was too much—more than she could bear. Alfred obeyed her, and retired in sorrowful silence, and poor Liliass, pressing one small hand upon her aching head, paced the floor in a bitterness of spirit that she had never felt before. We may be angels while love makes an Eden for us, but when we go out among the thorns, we find another spirit rising up, and learn, alas! that we are not yet all meekness and purity. The disheartening lesson was embittering still more the spirit of Liliass, as she paced up and down her deserted room. But why should Mr. Fielding be so unkind? how had she offended him? These questions puzzled her most painfully; and then, heavily and hopelessly came thoughts of the future. What should she do? She was sure of the sympathy of good-natured Mary Mason; but such a friend was scarce sufficient for the exigency. There was no one to advise her, no one who, acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, could say what was for the best; no one even who could be made to comprehend her feelings. And she longed to pour out all her troubles in some friendly bosom. Once the thought of Alfred Mason crossed her mind, but she only muttered, blushing even there, "kind, silly boy!" and again recurred to the one grand question—what *should* she do? In the midst of these reflections, a footstep sounded on the threshold, and before she had time to wonder who was there, Mr. Fielding stood before her. The surprise seemed mutual; but Liliass, probably from her sense of injury, was the first to recover her presence of mind. She crushed a whole shower of bright crystals that were in the act of descending, elevated her head, and with a slight courtesy was proceeding to adjust her cloak, when Mr. Fielding approached her.

"Excuse me, Miss Fane, for this intrusion; I did

not expect to find you here, but since I have, perhaps you will favor me with a few moments' conversation."

"With pleasure, sir, in a proper place," said Liliass, keeping down her anger with a strong effort. "I presume Deacon Martin will be happy to see you?"

"It is you that I wish to see, Miss Fane, and for that I shall have no good opportunity at Deacon Martin's."

"Your communication must be of consequence," said Liliass, endeavoring to assume an air of carelessness.

"You are right—it is of some consequence to you, and so of course to your friends."

"Among which I am well aware that I have not the honor to reckon Mr. Fielding," said Liliass, provoked beyond endurance by this seeming duplicity. The bachelor was evidently the most imperturbable of mortals. The little maiden's eye flashed and her cheeks were crimson with indignation, but not a muscle of his face moved; he neither looked confused nor angry, but in his usual tone replied, "I will not contend with you upon that point, Miss Fane, for mere professions are empty things. However, it is my wish to act the part of a friend by you now."

"You will have an opportunity to exhibit your friendship in the school meeting this evening," said Liliass with a curling lip, "and, if I am rightly informed, it is your intention to do so."

Strange to say, Mr. Fielding was not yet demolished, but with increasing *sang froid* he replied, "If you had received less information from injudicious persons it might have been better for you, and most assuredly would have saved you much unhappiness."

The little lady trotted her foot in vexation, for she knew his remark to be true; meantime, muttering something about even injudicious friends being preferable to the most punctilious enemies.

"There I beg leave to dissent," said Mr. Fielding, with perfect coolness; "honorable enemies—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Liliass, losing all patience, "I am not in a mood for discussion to-night, and you—it is almost time for the school-meeting."

"The school-meeting has been deferred."

"Deferred!" Miss Fane's young face brightened, like the sky with an April sun-flash, for what might not a little more time do for her? and she extended her hand involuntarily, while a "forgive me," hovered on her smile-wreathed lips.

"It will not take place till next week; and in the meantime," continued Mr. Fielding, hesitatingly, "it would—if I might—if you would but have confidence in my motives, Miss Fane, I would venture a piece of advice."

"To which I am bound to listen," said Liliass, gayly, and turning upon the adviser a face radiant with happiness, for the week's respite had quite restored her fallen spirits.

"Bound!"

"From choice, I mean," said Liliass, with a smile, which made the bachelor quite forget that she had been angry.

"Then I will talk freely as to a friend—a sister,"

and Mr. Fielding spoke in a low tone, and hurried his words, as though the ice might be beginning to thaw. "Your position must be a very painful one. You have, I know, gained all hearts, but the judgments of many are against you, and the prejudices of more. You have many professed friends, and they do indeed feel kindly toward you; but each has some petty interest to serve, some feeling of rivalry to gratify, and there is not one among them in whom you can place implicit confidence."

"I know it! I have felt it all, only too deeply, too bitterly! but what can I do? Oh, if my mother could be here!" and, overcome by the sudden revulsion of feeling, Lilius burst into tears.

"Then go to her, Miss Fane—go to-morrow—her disinterestedness you cannot doubt."

"Nor is there room for doubt in the case of another individual," retorted Lilius, in a tone of bitterness. "You have, at least, the merit of dealing openly, Mr. Fielding."

"You distrust me without cause, Miss Fane," said the bachelor, warmly; "it is to save you pain that I recommend this course; and it was in the hope of inducing you to withdraw that I persuaded them to defer the meeting. We have coarse natures here, and *you* must not come in contact with them. Allow me to advise you, and do not enter your school again."

Poor Lilius Fane! the net was about her, and flutter as she would, she could not get free. "Then they intend to dismiss me?" she asked despondingly.

"If you give them the opportunity, I fear they will."

"What have I done, Mr. Fielding, to deserve this?"

"Every thing that is good and praiseworthy; but a district school is not the place for one like you. A school-teacher must not be too sensitive—she must know how to endure, to return buffetings."

"Oh, Mr. Fielding, I am sure it is not necessary for a school-teacher to be bad or heartless. I know what unfits me for the place—I have too little character—too little self-dependence—but I should improve—I am sure I should. I *cannot* leave my school until I am obliged to leave it, as perhaps even you will do me the justice to believe, I would have undertaken it only from necessity. Even a week is of importance to me."

"I have not felt at liberty to inquire your motive, Miss Fane, but I have felt assured that it was no unworthy one, and your partial failure is attended with no disgrace. Indeed," and there was so much sincerity in Mr. Fielding's words, that he did not think how warmly he was praising, "I have watched your patience, your industry, your gentleness and sweetness, with admiration; and it is to the very qualities most admirable, that your want of success may be traced."

"And so I must go!" exclaimed Lilius, with a fresh gush of feeling. "My poor, poor mother! Indeed, Mr. Fielding—but you must be my friend, and I will do as you bid me, for there is nobody in the world to say just what I ought to do."

The bachelor was almost as much agitated as poor Lilius Fane. Fresh interest seemed to be gathering

around the little school-mistress, and yet he had too much delicacy to press inquiries, which at any other time would seem impertinent. There was, however, a better understanding between the school-committee-man and the lady-teacher; and so another half hour was passed in conversation without a single angry word, after which the two emerged from the school-house together, and taking a seat in the sleigh, proceeded toward Deacon Martin's.

That night bright young Lilius Fane, for almost the first time in her life, went to her pillow with an aching heart, though caused by a seeming trifle in comparison with her other sources of sorrow. Nurtured in the lap of luxury, made beggars by the death of a husband and father, who was an object of almost idolatry to a loving, helpless group; visited by disappointment, neglect and sickness, the little family had struggled on and been happy. They had stemmed the torrent together. But Mrs. Fane's exertions were wasting life. Lilius was the eldest child and her only dependence. What could the delicate, fragile young girl do to be useful? Plain sewing yielded but slight recompense to fingers too little accustomed to its mysteries, and, in the retirement which Mrs. Fane had chosen, ornamental needle-work found no market. True, Lilius knew something of drawing and music; but she had never thought of either as a profession, and she felt conscious that her knowledge of both was too superficial to turn to account. Little did Mrs. Fane or Lilius know of a district school, particularly in the winter, but they knew that teaching was considered a respectable employment; so the trial was made, and bitter to Lilius was the result.

The next morning the children assembled at the school house as usual, but they were soon dispersed by the sad intelligence that Miss Fane had been called suddenly home; which information caused quite a sensation throughout the district. Alfred Mason kicked over the breakfast table when he heard the news, declared that it was Mr. Fielding's work, and he ought to be hanged, and chopped wood furiously all the rest of the day.

Some people thought it quite strange that Miss Fane did not go home in the stage-coach, as she came, and there was some little gossiping on the subject; but Mrs. Martin said Mr. Fielding had convinced her that his sleigh, with the buffalo robes, was much more comfortable, and warm, and safe, and had talked so much of the inconveniences of stage-coach traveling, that the good dame declared she should "be afeared of the ugly things all the days of her life."

In the meantime the lady and gentleman were pursuing their way very sociably, if not very happily; and Lilius found, to her infinite astonishment, that Mr. Fielding, when he threw off the school-committee-man, and had no unpleasant point to gain, (such as telling a lady she is mistaken in her vocation,) could be vastly agreeable. He even went so far as to draw a picture of her successor, the vinegar-faced Miss Digby, at which Lilius laughed so heartily that she could not help wondering the next moment what had become of her sadness. Looking for sadness, or any other unwelcome visitor, (vide the old adage,) is

the very way to bring it to your presence; and so Mr. Fielding felt himself called upon to play the agreeable to an unusual extent; and Liliás wondered how she could be so happy, until she was obliged to explain the cause of her misery, just for the sake of refreshing her memory. And then Mr. Fielding was sad too—oh, *so* sad! And then he said something in a very low tone—doubtless to let her know how much he pitied her; but it must have been awkwardly done, for Liliás blushed a great deal more than when she was angry with him. Mr. Fielding blushed too, and both looked as though they were quite ready to quarrel again. What a lucky circumstance that they did not arrive at this crisis before, for now Liliás exclaimed, joyously, "Oh, we are home!" and the sleigh drew up before Mrs. Fane's door.

It would be impossible to say whether Mrs. Fane felt more gladness or surprise at sight of Liliás; and the little ones gathered around her, "all clamorous" not "for bread," but kisses.

Mr. Fielding glanced from the noisy, happy group, to the pale, thin face of the mother, and then around upon the scanty furniture; and callous old bachelor as he was, he felt as though his heart was swelling in

his throat, and the moisture in his eye made him ashamed of himself.

Mr. Fielding did not return home that day, for his horse had lost a shoe, which it was necessary should be replaced; and the next day there came a snow-storm, which only a madman would brave; then the third day I do not quite know what detained him, but it must have been something of importance, as he was the last man in the world to exchange the comforts of home for the inconveniences of a village hotel without sufficient reason. On the fourth day, however, toward night, he was so fortunate as to undertake his homeward journey, but before this he was closeted a long time with the again radiant Liliás, and afterward with her mother; and he finally quitted them, with a face so brimming over with happiness, as to show—*perhaps*—how glad he was to get away!

Early the ensuing spring the cottage down by the Maple Grove had a new mistress, and another close by, was purchased and fitted up tastefully, for a pale sweet widow and her bright-eyed children, the eldest of whom Alfred Mason declares a vast deal prettier than her sister Liliás.

TO THE PAST.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Wordy and awful are thy silent halls,

O, kingdom of the past!

There lie the bygone ages in their palls,
Guarded by shadows vast,

There all is hushed and breathless,
Save when some image of old error falls,
Earth worshiped once as deathless.

There sits drear Egypt, 'mid beleaguering sands,
Half woman and half beast,
The burnt-out torch within her mouldering hands
That once lit all the East;
A dotard bleared and hoary,
There Asser crouches o'er the blackened brands
Of Asia's long-quenched glory.

Still as a city buried 'neath the sea
Thy courts and temples stand;
Idle, as forms on wind-waved tapestry
Of saints and heroes grand,
Thy phantasms grope and shiver,
Or watch the loose shores crumbling silently
Into Time's gnawing river.

Titanic shapes with faces blank and dun,
Of their old godhead born,
Gaze on the embers of the sunken sun,
Which they misdeem for morn;
And yet the eternal sorrow
In their unmonarched eyes says day is done
Without the hope of morrow.

O, realm of silence and of swart eclipse,
The shapes that haunt thy gloom
Make signs to us, and move their withered lips
Across the gulf of doom;

Yet all their sound and motion
Bring no more freight to us than wraiths of ships
On the mirage's ocean.

And if sometimes a moaning wanderer
From out thy desolate halls,
If some grim shadow of thy living death
Across our sunshine falls
And scares the world to error,
The eternal life sends forth melodious breath
To chase the misty terror.

Thy mighty clamors, wars, and world-noised deeds
Are silent now in dust,
Gone like a tremble of the huddling reeds
Beneath some sudden gust;
Thy forms and creeds have vanished,
Tossed out to wither like unsightly weeds
From the world's garden banished.

Whatever of true life there was in thee
Leaps in our age's veins;
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,
And shake thine idle chains;—
To thee thy dross is clinging,
For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,
Thy poets still are singing.

Here, 'mid the bleak waves of our strife and care,
Float the green Fortunate Isles
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and share
Our martyrdoms and toils;
The present moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid.

FIELD SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

NO. IV.—THE DEER HUNT.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THE autumnal morning was yet dark as midnight, when Dolph Pierson, arising from his bear-skin, awoke Harry, who ere long had the whole house afoot and stirring. The kitchen clock was striking four when the party assembled in the little parlor where they had supped but a few hours before, yet so smartly had Timothy bestirred himself that not only had all relics of the supper been removed, but a hearty extemporaneous breakfast had replaced it on the large round table.

There was the Yorkshire ham, which had not suffered so deeply by the last night's onslaught but that enough remained to furnish forth sundry meals even for huntamen; there was the huge brown loaf; the dish of golden butter; the wooden bowl full to the brim with new laid eggs, wrapped in a steaming napkin; and last, not least, two mighty tankards smoking with a judicious compound of Guinness's double stout, brown sugar, spice, and toast; for to no womanish delicacies of tea or coffee did the stout hunters seriously incline.

As they entered the room the old hunter, who was busily employed drying a pound of rifle powder on a pewter plate heated in the wood embers, raised his eyes from his occupation and kept them riveted on the figure of Harry Archer, for a far longer period than it was his wont to bestow his attention on any thing of mortal mould.

After gazing at him for some moments thus, he nodded his head approvingly, as who should say not such a bad turn out after all, and then resumed his somewhat perilous occupation of stirring the powder in the plate with the point of his long wood-knife, as he held it an inch or two only above a glowing bed of hickory embers. But neither on Frank Forester, nor on old Tom Draw, did he vouchsafe to bestow one second's observation.

And in truth Harry in his hunting-dress was an object worthy of some consideration, so perfect was every part of its equipment, both in its fashion and its adaptation to its peculiar use.

On his head he wore a cap exactly like that of an English whipper-in or huntsman, with the exception only that it had a projecting rim behind, to shelter the back of his neck from rain or the dew-drops which might fall from the branches, and that in lieu of being black it was of deep umber brown, to correspond with the colors of the scar autumnal leaves.

The black silk handkerchief knotted about his sinewy neck displayed not an inch of white linen above it, and was itself partially concealed by a buckskin hunting-shirt, exquisitely wrought by the hand of some Indian maiden, deep in the forests of the West. Prepared with a skill peculiar to these wild tribes, this garment combined the suppleness, the warmth and durability of leather with the high finish and rich color of the best broadcloth. That color was a nameless hue between brown and purple, approaching nearly to the tints of the copper-beech, or rather to something between that and the cinnamon brown of the buckeyes or horse-chestnut. It was fringed handsomely, and

embroidered in many places with black porcupine quills; and was girt about his waist by a black leathern girdle, with a buckle of blue steel, supporting a pouch of martin-skin, and a hunting-knife with a buckhorn hilt and guard, and a blade, of a foot in length, of the best Sheffield steel. He wore no tomahawk; but his powder-flask, made of a fine buffalo horn mounted with dark blue steel, was slung across his left shoulder by a plaited whip-thong of black leather.

His nether man was clad in a pair of Pike & Elphick's elaborate buckskins, which had bestridden the pig-skin many a day in Leicestershire, and soared in flying leap over the bank-full Whissendine. Not now, however, were they resplendent, as of old, in the glory of white pipe-clay, but wore a more harmonious, if less striking, hue of dull olive green, as did the leggins, of the same material, which reached to his knee and covered the fastenings of his finely wrought Indian moccasins.

Two things only remain to be noticed of all his accoutrements, that in the buckskin garter which secured the buskin of his right leg he had a short strong two-edged dirk, the knee-knife of the Highlander; and that he bore a superb double-barreled ounce-ball rifle, by Purdy, that prince of makers, warranted at a hundred yards, when held in a steady hand, to put both balls through the same bulls-eye, a feat many a time and oft performed by its present owner.

In spite of its weight, which was nearly twenty pounds, it was both a manageable and handy weapon; for not being very long, and the metal being heaviest at the breech, it was so admirably balanced in the hand, as to fatigue the arm far less, whether at a trail or a present, than the much less ponderous but far longer rifle of the Dutch hunter.

The barrels were browned to a nicety, and all the mountings tempered in wood ashes to so deep a blue, that, like all the rest of Harry's dress, there was no fear of a stray sunbeam glinting from any brilliant point, and so betraying his approach to the fearful quarry.

Tom Draw wore as usual his dark homespun suit, with heavy boots, and a dark gray felt hat, which garb, if it possessed no beauty, had at least this advantage, that it was inconspicuous and quiet. His buck-shot cartridges—for he eschewed the rifle—and copper flask were buried in the vast pockets of his voluminous unmentionables, and from a slit in the side of these, like that in which a carpenter carries his wooden rule, peered the stout haft of a gigantic butcher-knife. His other weapon was the huge ten-pound double-barreled shot-gun, of twelve gauge, with which he was wont to exterminate all *genera* of game, from the minute sand-piper to the huge brown bear.

Frank had as usual been exceedingly elaborate, but, as usual also, somewhat unfortunate in his attire; for inclining somewhat at all times to the kiddy in the style of his dress, he had unluckily leaned to it at the very time of all others when it is least admissible, and had mounted a hunting-shirt and cap, the latter adorned with a waving bucktail, of the brightest pea-green plush, with fringes of

the same color. His buckskin breeches were of as fair a white as he would have donned to meet the Quorn at Billesdon Coplow; and his legs were encased in stout russet gaiters and his feet shod in stout ankle-shoes. His knife was silver hilted, his rifle, which was of much smaller calibre and lighter fashion than his friend's, and his powder-horn were silver-mounted, and his whole appearance, in short, much fitter for a fancy ball than for a still hunt in the forest.

Archer knew all this, it is true, quite as well as the hunter, and felt its absurdity quite as keenly; yet, though with Forester he had been for years on terms of more than brothers' intimacy, he had given him no hint on the subject, and as they sat down to the sociable breakfast, suspecting that the hunter might allude to it, he suffered his eye to run over Forester's gay dress, when he knew that Dolph was observing him, and then catching the eye of the latter addressed to him an almost imperceptible motion of the head, which the old hunter understood as well as if a volume had been spoken, although he could not conceive the reason of it.

The fact was simply this, that Harry was so well acquainted with his friend's character that he did not doubt for one moment, that, if Frank should be advised to don a graver garb, his pride of woodcraft would take alarm, and he would swear that deer were attracted by gay colors, and would persist in wearing them as *de rigueur*; whereas, if left to himself, he would probably discover his error in one day's hunting, and learn by his own experience that which he would refuse surely, if urged by another.

All this, at an after period, Harry explained duly to the old hunter, who merely shook his head without reply, and marveled to his heart's content; but at the moment, beyond the glance and slight gesture no sign or word was interchanged between them.

The ham and eggs were speedily despatched, and the tankards drained to the lees, by all but old Pierson, who quietly addressed himself to a bowl of milk, produced by mine host at Dolph's special desire. This done, some sandwiches were prepared, the dram-bottles were filled, the rifles and shot-guns loaded and capped, the contents of powder-flasks and pouches investigated, and then all was pronounced to be ready for a start; and that before they had been half an hour out of their beds, and while the stars were yet shining brightly in the cerulean sky, and ere one flush of dawn had appeared in the farthest east.

"Tim," said his master, "it will be of no use for you to go with us to-day, and it will make too many. So look well to the nags, will you? And see if you cannot get us something eatable for dinner. Did you not say, Dolph, that you had some venison?"

"I told my boy to bring 't down the first thing. He'll be here afore it's light. Yes. It's a prime saddle, two inches fat all over 't."

"Divide it into haunches, Timothy; roast it yourself; You know how, covered with puff paste."

"Aye! I ken brawly. But what o'clock mun I have 't haunch ready. It winna do to keep 't waiting laike."

"No, indeed, it will not. What time shall we be back, Dolph?"

"Not afore seven, if then; there's no saying."

"At eight then we will dine; make some soup if you can get either beef or mutton. And, hark you, I dare say you can catch some yellow bass or pickerel, there are both in the pond there—you can take my tackle. If you cannot, see and buy some eels, and let us have a *maitelote*. With the soup and the haunch that will do; have the champagne *frappé* to-night. And now go and let Smoker loose."

"What's Smoker?" asked the hunter.

"The best deer-hound American eyes ever looked upon.

Fresh from the Highlands—a present from Mr. Scrope, by the way—almost as great a deer-stalker as yourself, Dolph."

"You arn't a goin' to take no hound along, Mr. Archer?" asked Dolph, somewhat uneasily.

"Not if you say 'so.' But if we wound a buck he'll pin him certainly before he has gone a mile."

"I dar say. But his yell will lose us ten for one he catches; beside, the Dutchmen hereaway will shoot him, sartain. They're death on all hounds, and wont have no huntin' here no how, 'less it's still huntin'."

"Smoker never hunted except still in his life. If you catch him speaking once to the hottest scent I'll give the Dutchmen leave to shoot him. If they shoot him without leave, Brown Bess here," and he tapped the breech of his ponderous rifle as he said the words, "will take part in the conversation; and when she barks she is apt to bite, you know."

"I know. But that would n't bring the dog back nuther. Hows'ever if he runs mute, and fights mute, they wont harm him, nor can't nuther. What breed is he?"

"He will run mute, fight mute, and die mute, I'll warrant him; though I hope not the last yet awhile."

"Well, what you says you says, and what you says you knows. So I'm agreeable. But you havn't told me what breed he is."

"You shall see; you shall see. Here, Smoker, Smoker," and at the word, the door, which had been left ajar, flew violently open, and a noble Scottish wire-haired deer greyhound came bounding into the room, and at a gesture from its master reared up erect, laying its shaggy paws upon his shoulders, and gazing into his eyes face to face.

"By thunder! he's a beauty," cried the impassive hunter, for once moved by surprise and admiration out of his wonted quietude. "He could a'most pull down a ox single handed."

"He has done that same! and no deer can stand before him one half mile in the open."

"I dar' be sworn on 't. Great Jehu! what a leg!—my old arm's a fool to it. And for his chest, he outmeasures are-a man here."

"Not forgetting Tom Draw," said Harry, laughing, "who only measures sixty-two inches round his chest, while Smoker is just sixty-seven."

"I niver see sich another."

"Nor I; and I have seen some scores of them. I might almost say hundreds. No, indeed, Smoker is a non-such, and he's as good as he's handsome. Well, shall we take him?"

"T would be sin to have him hurt, I swon. And sartain as death if he hollers on a trail, some of them Dutch fellows will make him smell h—!"

"They may if he hollers."

"Take him, then, sure! I'd give ten dollars to see him pull one down."

"If we wound one you shall see it."

"By thunder! then I'll wound the very first I shoots at this good day."

"Then you wont bring home nauthen," sneered Tom Draw.

"Jest twice what you will, with the tother gentleman, I dare stand treats," cried Dolph.

"Done!" shouted the fat man.

And "done," replied the hunter, confidently; who then added, "but we'll git nothen none of us, if we stays here much longer. Let's up traps, and track it."

No sooner said than done; five minutes more and they were all in the open air, under the calm, cold azure canopy of heaven, with its myriads of bright stars twinkling with that peculiar brilliancy which they at all times derive from a slight touch of frost.

The mountains on either side the narrow glen loomed up, superbly dark, like perpendicular walls of the deepest purple, opaque, solid and earthfast, against the liquid and transparent blackness of the starry firmament. The broad clear mill-pond at their base lay calm and breezeless, with no reflection on its silvery breast, save the faint specks of purer whiteness which mirrored the eternal planets, motionless, sad and silent, yet how beautiful. The dews were still falling heavily, and there was in the air, among the trees, on the waters, that undefinable soft rustling sound, which yet is scarce a sound, which we know not, even when sensible of it, whether we hear or feel; but other sound of man or beast there came none through that deep, narrow valley. Ever near morning, although before the earliest east has paled, the accurate observer will find in nature the deepest stillness.

The shrill cry of the katydid, that cicada of the west, which carols so exultingly all the night long over her goblets of heaven's dew, has lulled itself at last to rest. The owls, that hooted from every dell and dingle so long as the moon rode the heavens, have betaken themselves to their morning slumbers; the night frogs have ceased to croak from their swampy hollow; the fox to yelp from the wooded hill; the very cocks, which have crowed twice, are silent, and the watch-dogs, feeling that their sagacity will be required but a few hours longer, have withdrawn to their cozy kennels.

There is in this stillness something peculiarly grand, solemn and affecting. Involuntarily it reminds of the morning sleep of the young child, which, perturbed and restless during the earlier watches of the night, falls ever into the soundest and most refreshing slumber, when the moment is nearest at which it shall start up reinvigorated and renewed to fresh hope, fresh life, fresh happiness.

And in the mind of Harry, ever alive to thick-coming fancies, thoughts such as these were awakened during their swift walk up the vale on that clear, still, autumnal morning, far more than the keen sportsman's eagerness or the exciting ardor of the chase.

After they had walked, however, some twenty minutes in complete silence, the whole programme of the day's sport having been abandoned to the old hunter's sagacity, Harry became curious to learn what were his arrangements for the contemplated still-hunt.

Withdrawing, therefore, from his mouth the cigar, which he had been sedulously cultivating, he said to the hunter in a low voice—

"Well, Dolph, how is it to be?"

"You goes with me, in course. We will take the birch canoe at the bridge, and follow the crick down, still as death, to Green's Pond. It's like we'll catch 'em as they come down to drink at gray daybreak. Then, when we reach the Pond Edge, we'll round the western end, and so creep up the mountain rill that comes down through the cedars, and work up that to leeward, till we strikes old bald head yander," and, as he spoke, he designated the huge crest of a distant hill, crowned, far above its robe of many-colored foliage, with a gray diadem of everlasting granite. "There's a green feedin' ground jest under yan bare crag, with nothen only a few stunted yellow birches, and a red cedar here and there, where there's a herd a'most always, and if so be we happen on 'em there, they've no chance to wind us, nor to see us neither, unless they have got a sentinel doe posted up the rocks, and then we'll stalk the whole west mountain down to the outlet, where we'll meet the rest on them, and take a bite and a sup at somethin' maybe; and then we'll send the boys with the ponies to fetch up the game, if we have the luck to kill any on 't, and we'll all paddle up the crick agin, and so take a chance of the evenin' drink."

"But what will you do with Draw and Mr. Forester? You must remember that old Draw cannot tramp now—"

"Not as he used to could," replied Dolph, "not as he used to could, I allow. And that green-coated chap, I guess, he ar n't no great shines at travelin' a spell—"

"Ah! there's just where you are out, Dolph, and you are not out very often either. He can travel like a hunted wolf, I tell you; and he's a prime sportsman, and a crack shot at small game, though not much used to work of this kind. But you must send them where they'll get shots, or they'll be mad at us; and it would not be fair either to throw them over."

"In course not; I counts to put them on the best easy ground. Where we take the canoe, three of my boys will meet them with two ponies, so they can ride down to Cobus Vanderbeck's mill, on the outlet, where it's broad and full of islands like and channels.—They'll git canoes there sure, and two boys will paddle them, and the tother, why he'll follow with the ponies. It'll be all they'll do to git to the pond by the time we strike it. Though we've got fourteen miles to walk, not countin' what we beats. Oh! that's prime feedin' ground, them islands, and the boys, they knows every inch on 'em, and they'll come on the deer quartering up wind too, so they wont smell 'em. I would n't wonder, not one mite, if they was to git ten shots this day. But, Lord, heart alive! we'll beat 'em sure."

"Why, how many do you count on our getting?"

"I'll be most mighty onsatisfied, now I tell you, if we do n't git six fair ones."

"Six wont beat ten!"

"You knows better nor that, you and I'll kill five out o' six, sartain."

"So'll Tom, easy."

"Yes. If they stand still and wait for him. Do n't you tell me; if we git six and they ten shots, we'll beat them to eternal smash."

"I hardly think we shall get sixteen shots among us."

"I do. Deers is as plenty this fall as they's been 'scace these six years gone."

"Here we are at the bridge—but I do n't see the boys or ponies."

"Oh! they'll be here to-rights. I'll call 'em." And, putting his forefinger in his mouth, he produced a long, shrieking whistle, which rang through the hills more like the cry of some fierce bird of prey than any sound of the human voice.

Such as it was, however, it found a reply in a second, and directly afterward the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard coming rapidly down the hard road; and in a minute the boys, represented by one white lad of some eighteen years of age, Dolph's second son, and two of what Tom Draw called stinkin' black buck niggers, came in sight, with a pair of rough, hardy-looking, low, round-barreled ponies.

"Here we leave you, Frank. You and Tom go to-day with Dolph's son. You will ride about three miles, and then take the canoes. You have the best ground and the easiest walking—or I should rather say the least walking, for yours will be almost all boat work. Dolph says that you will get ten shots to our six, so look sharp that we do n't beat you."

"I wish to heaven you may git ten and we six, boy," cried Tom, "and then you'd see who'd beat, I reckon. Oh! I am most onmighty glad to see them ponies. You've been comin' too fast for the old man altogether—another mile would have busted me up clean. I am glad, by Gin! to see the pony."

"It's more than the pony is to see you, if he's any nous!" said Archer, and so they parted.

And weary work was before them, ere they met again at

the outlet of the lake at which they were to arrive from two diametrically opposite directions.

Harry stepped lightly into the birch canoe, where it lay moored in very shallow water, and the sagacious hound, accustomed of yore to every variety of field sport, crept into it as gingerly as if he were treading upon eggs, and coiled himself up in the very centre of the frail vessel, as if he knew exactly how to balance it, in a position from which nothing could have disturbed him, short of the absolute command of his master.

Last Dolph the hunter entered, and assumed his place in the stern, Harry occupying the bow, both with their faces toward the head of the canoe, and the grips of their rifles handy to be grasped at the shortest notice.

"Ready?" said Dolph, in that low, guarded tone, peculiar to the forester of North America.

And "Ready!" responded Archer, in the like wary note. And at the word each dipped his paddle in the clear water, and away shot the slight vessel with not the slightest effort of her rowers; and in two or three moments at the farthest they had lost sight of the rustic bridge, and the group assembled on it to watch their departure. The stream in this place was very narrow, in no spot above twelve or fourteen feet across, but it was proportionably deep and rapid, flowing over a bottom of yellow sand and gravel, through a wide, boggy meadow.

"Are there trout here, Dolph?"

"Lots on 'em—clear down to the pond. But no one niver cotched none in the pond, nor no pickerel in the creek, and that seems to me cur'ous."

"Not at all, Dolph. The pond water is too hot for the trout, and this spring brook too cold for pickerel."

"Likely. I ar n't no fishman, no how."

"How far do you call it down to the pond? I have forgotten."

"Six mile."

"And how far to the first chance for deer?"

"That's it!" he answered, pointing forward with his paddle to a low tract of scrubby underwood, at about a mile's distance, into which the brook plunged through a deep arch of emerald alder verdure. "Lay by your paddle and take up the rifle now—and lie down flat on your face. I'll keep her goin' slick as can be."

No sooner had he spoken than Harry did as he was directed, and, making his rifle ready for the most sudden emergency, stretched himself out horizontally on his face, and lay there as quietly as if he had been a statue carved in wood.

A moment more, and the birch canoe shot under the arch of dense umbrage, for the most part still verdant, where it was composed for the greater part of alders, but in places colored by the autumnal frosts with almost every hue of the rainbow, and varying from the deepest crimson to the most brilliant orange and chrome yellow.

By this time the sun had risen, and a pale yellow lustre had crept inch by inch, as it were, over the pale horizon, till the stars were all put out, each after each according to the various degrees of their intensity, and the whole universe was laughing in the glorious sunlight.

Mile after mile they floated on in silence—silence unbroken except by the dash of the mute hunter's paddle—now darting over lonely pools, encircled by tall trees clad in all gorgeous tints, and carpeted with the broad, smooth, green leaves of the water-lily—pools from which the gray summer duck or the blue-winged teal flashed up on sudden wing before their bows; now glancing through swift rapids overarched by bushes so thick that it was difficult to force a way between their tangled masses.

Still no sight nor sound met their eyes, which betokened in any sense the vicinity of the wild cattle of the hills, and

Archer was beginning rapidly to wax impatient and uneasy, when suddenly, bursting from out a thick heavy arbor, the canoe shot into a little pond, as it were, below which was a quick glancing rapid, divided into three channels by a small green island, nearly before the boat's head, and a large block of granite, a huge boulder, which had been swept down in some remote period from the overtopping hills farther to the left. The island was not at the utmost above three yards across, yet on it there grew a tall silver-barked birch, and under the shade of the birch stood two beautiful and graceful deer, one sipping the clear water, and the other gazing down the brook in the direction opposite to that from which the hunters came upon them.

Neither of the three channels of the stream were above twelve feet across, and that to the left was somewhat the deepest; it was through it therefore that the hunter had intended to guide his boat even before he saw the quarry.

No breath of air was stirring in those deep sylvan haunts, so that no taint, telling of man's appalling presence, was borne to the timid nostrils of the wild animals, which were already cut off from the nearer shore, before they perceived the approach of their mortal foes.

The quick eye of Archer caught them upon the instant, and almost simultaneously the hunter had checked the way of the canoe, and laid aside his paddle.

He was already stretching out his hand to grasp the ready rifle, when Archer's piece rose to his shoulder with a steady even motion; the trigger was drawn, and ere the close report had time to reach its ears, the nearer of the two bucks had fallen, with its heart cleft in twain by the unerring bullet, into the glassy ripple out of which it had been drinking, tingling the calm pool far and wide with its life blood.

Quick as light, as the red flash gleamed over the umbrageous spot, long before it had caught the rifle's crack, the second, with a mighty bound, had cleared the intervening channel, and lighted upon the gray granite rock. Not one second's space did it pause there, however, but gathering its agile limbs again, sprang shoreward.

A second more it had been safe in the dark coppice.

But in that very second the nimble finger of the sportsman had cocked the second barrel; and while the gallant beast was suspended in mid air, the second ball was sped.

A dull dead plash, heard by the hunters before the crack, announced that the ball had taken sure effect, and, arrested in its leap, the noble quarry fell.

For one moment's space it struggled in the shallow rapid, then by a mighty effort rising again it dashed forward, feebly fleet, keeping the middle of the channel.

Meanwhile, the boat, swept in by the driving current, had touched upon the gravel shoal, and was motionless.

Feeling this, as it were instinctively, Harry unsheathed his long knife, and with a wild, shrill cheer to Smoker, sprang first ashore and then plunged recklessly into the knee-deep current; but ere he had made three strides the fleet dog passed him. With his white tusks glancing from his black lips, and his eyes glaring like coals of fire, he sped mute and rapid as the wind after the wounded game.

The vieta of the wood through which the brook ran straight was not at most above fifty paces in length, and the hurt buck had ten at least of clear start.

Ere it had gone ten more, however, the fleet dog had him by the throat. There was a stern, short strife, and both went down together into the flashing waters. Then, ere the buck could relieve itself, or harm the noble dog, the keen knife of Archer was in its throat—one sob, and all was over.

"I swon," cried the hunter, "them was too smart shots inyhaw—and that ere dog's hard to beat. Let's liquor."

Liquor they did accordingly—and after that proceeded to encumber the two deer, to fawn the gallant hunter, and then to mount their quarry up into the forks of two lofty maples, where they should be beyond the reach of wild and lawless beasts, or yet more lawless men.

This done, again they paddled onward, and shortly after ten o'clock reached the Green Pond, without obtaining any other shot. An hour more carried them around the head of that sweet forest lake, but without moving any worthier game than a team or two of wild ducks, and two or three large blue-winged herons.

At the lake's head, they moored their little skiff, and thence struggled up the difficult and perilous ciasm of its head-waters, through brakes of tufted cedar, over smooth slippery rocks, up white and foamy ledges to the gray summit of the mighty hill.

Three hours had been consumed in this strong toil, and though every tuft of moss, every bare leaf that might bear a foot-print, had been wistfully examined—though every trunk against which a stag might fray his antlers had been noted, no trail had been found, and their hearts began to wax as faint as their limbs were weary.

Both were toil-worn and broken when they reached the summit, but even so the hunter declined the proffered cup of Fernintosh; and, content with bathing his brow and hands in the cool element of which he dared not drink, so heated was he, and so faint, he soon announced that he was ready to proceed.

A few steps brought them to the very crest of the huge mountain, and there casting himself down on the bare rock, he warmed his way like a serpent to the brink which overhung the valley, and signed Harry to follow his example.

Ten seconds brought them to the brink of a broken and precipitous descent of some forty feet, below which the

green pasture of the wild hill-side swept off two miles or more down toward the lake, studded with a few stunted trees only, and a few ragged bushes.

Gods! what a view was there! miles of dark gray forest, miles of autumnal many-colored woodland, miles of clear lake, isle-dotted, and the whole veiled with this purple haze of America, and lighted by her all-suffused sunshine.

But not on these did the keen hunters gaze, ~~for~~ below them, within easy shot, a noble herd was pasturing: three gallant bucks, one of the first head, and ~~beside~~ their number of slim, graceful does.

This time three rifles cracked—and three bucks went down; two slain outright, one wounded mortally, and soon pulled down by the matchless Highland hound.

The glee of the hunters was unrivaled, and though in five hours more beating no more shots paid their toll, still they were well repaid, for when they joined Frank Forester and old Tom Draw, they found them sick and sorry; and the last venting his sorrow in most unholy imprecations on the pea-green and silver of poor Frank.

Nine shots had they fired, and but two deer had fallen. "Unlucky!" said the hunter, "but still a great day's sport! The best on this pond these ten years."

They lunched, therefore, and tippled moderately, and blew a strenuous cloud, while the ponies were sent up the hill to collect the latest dead, Tom's and Frank's had been sent homeward, and then through the fast closing twilight all hands paddled lustily and gladly homeward.

The moon was up, when they reached the bridge whence they started; the soup was smoking on the board when they entered Jake's sanctum; the venison was very fat; the champagne exquisitely *frappé*; and a right merry night succeeded to that day's still hunting—a day and a night long remembered by Dolph Pierson, the Dutch Deer Hunter.

THE YOUNG CAVALIER.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

Thy fathers fought at Flodden field,
Alas! the fatal fray—
They battled, too, at Bannockburn—
They rued Culloden's day.
On Killecrunkie's conquering morn
Their blood the heather dyed—
With bold Montrose in many a pass
The Southron they defied.

Son of the brave! thy youthful eye
Their glorious impress wears;
Thou hast a spirit even now
That all of peril dares:

And soon thou 'lt climb Ben Lomond's height,
Where high the eagle sails,
Or tempt Dumbarton's craggy sides,
Where the vexed Baltic wails!

Ride on—ride on, the Highland air
Upon thy Highland check!
Bold hearts are bred on mountain-sides,
The Lowlands to the weak!
And when thy childish years are o'er,
Thy father's halls are thine—
Remember, boy, that glorious deeds
Befit a glorious line!

SONNET TO ———.

BY E. J. EAMES.

Art, yes! a fair and beautiful Ideal
Floateth before the Poet's vision ever,
Haunting his lonely heart with shapes that never
Enter upon the harsh and world-worn Real:
Not through this dim earth's cold and common day
Move the bright beings of Imagination;
But in the still unreach'd—the far-away,

Dwells the throned idol of the Soul's creation.
Its secret altar—wrought of radiant dreams—
Is reared within the Heart's still sanctuary:
There the deep homage laid, that silent seems,
Yet scatters high gifts of Infinity.
O yes! the Poet hath one shined spot,
Ever his own, where the world enters not.



THE YOUNG CAVALIER.

Original Copy by the Author's Son

FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, October 20th, 1845.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—Before I venture on any thing literary, allow me to present the readers of the magazine with a little piece of poetry, which struck me the other day when reading an Irish paper from Tipperary. One does not expect to find in a partisan newspaper such gems of thought and feeling; and I hasten, therefore, to preserve it.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past :
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh ! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh, friends ! we are growing old !

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toils and cares—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our buthened memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.
But oh ! the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding way
The graves in our paths that have grown green
And the locks that have grown gray !
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold ;
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
And, friends, we are growing old !

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear,
But where are living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear ?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage ?
Will it come again when the violet wakes
And the woods their youth renew ?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
Where the bloom is deep and blue ;
And our souls might joy in the spring time then,
But the joy was faint and cold ;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old !

I hope you will think this as pretty a piece of poetry, and as natural and easy too, as most of those which are doomed to flourish in annuals. There are a great many gems of that sort, buried in a vast deal of rubbish, to be found in the noisy publications of the day, which would form a tolerably good volume, if one were to take the trouble to assist their resurrection. The fact is, there have been very few poets since the times of the *Iliad* ; but a vast amount of poetic sentiment among all nations. The old alchemists used to maintain that there was gold in every thing, but either in such small quantities as to be scarcely detected, or so much mixed up with other substances that

it could not easily be separated from them. I believe this is pretty much the case with our poetical sentiments. Few men or women there are, who, in the springtime of life, have not felt their hearts swell with something more than the ordinary responses to the affections of the world—who did not, for a time at least, yield to the promptings of a power superior to themselves. Under such an influence, if they possessed the gift of speech, they may have attempted to give utterance to their feelings, and, without knowing it, have written poetry, though it may not always have been verse. A man may not have had more than one such moment in his life ; but that one may be enough to redeem his soul. A man entirely without poetry (or music, which is only poetry in its most universal form—harmony without words) is “ fit for treason, stratagem and spoil.” At the sunset of life, when we are standing at the threshold of another world, this poetical sentiment, or rather presentiment, of that fundamental note which will bring all the discords of this life into everlasting harmony, our soul is again, like an *Æolian harp*, made to vibrate in unison with the pulsations of the all-pervading element. The superstitious mountaineers of Scotland have called this “ second sight,” and ascribe to it strange mystical powers ; but you may depend on it, there is a deep philosophic reason for every popular error. We all go through two species of equinoxes ; one when we pass from youth to manhood—from the imaginative to the real ; the other when we are preparing for our exit—the transition from cold reality to the awfully sublime. The above was evidently written in the autumnal equinox of life, and, whoever be the author, bespeaks for him a cordial shake by the hand.

In other respects this is a dry, or I might, perhaps, with more propriety say a rainy, season of literature. In England they continue *parboiling* their great men, in the shape of publishing their despatches, their correspondence, their sayings and doings. I say they are parboiling them, because they are never *done* with them, and the process appears to be inhuman. I think there is nothing so awkward to a great man, or to a man in a high position, as to see himself, while yet living, either “ monumented ” (I put that word between inverted commas, though I think people will be puzzled to find out from whom I have quoted) by memoir writers and chroniclers, or hewn in stone, and placed on the top of a column. The latter is decidedly apt to make a man dizzy. To meet oneself in a moonlight night—perhaps on horseback, as the Duke of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange—or to find oneself dissected, and the different viscera separately examined by an impertinent author, who writes absolutely for the mere amusement of the public, must be any thing but agreeable, even under the most favorable circumstances, but perfectly intolerable when the artist is unequal to his task or prejudiced against his hero. Fortunately for the great men of England, the last case occurs but seldom ; there being few English writers who would tarnish the national glory by debasing those who have contributed to it. But it is for this very reason that the never ceasing works on the peninsular war—the official despatches of marshals and admirals, the memoirs of statesmen, and the like, which are, for the most

part, presented to the public in a garbled form, leave the general reader indifferent. To those who practice man-worship, such works must be a welcome phenomenon; but history, I imagine, will not be much the gainer by them. All these despatches and official letters may be genuine, and yet others, equally genuine, left out, which would give a different complexion to the whole. When Walter Scott wrote his "History of Napoleon," the British archives were opened to him, yet he has scarcely alluded to or quoted from them in his work. What a negative evidence this against Great Britain! And yet I will do Scott the justice to say that his book is not half so partial to England or so totally regardless of truth, as Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire." The one has as much pretension to "history" as the other; and yet both have probably had the largest circle of readers of any books written in the nineteenth century.

Of "The Despatches and Letters of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson," with notes by Sir Nicholas H. Nichols, the fourth volume has already been published. To an Englishman these despatches may be exceedingly interesting, but to an American I conceive them to be very dull reading. The French, ever ready for the apotheosis of their heroes, have at last provoked a similar effort on the part of their rivals across the Channel; so that England might perhaps outstrip France in heroes and chroniclers of their deeds, if Thiers were not a host by himself, and his pen the most indefatigable on the Continent after that of Alexandre Dumas. I look upon these publications as being the counterpart of the newspaper polemics of the day—certainly not in an abridged form. Each party tries to fortify itself as much as possible in its prejudices, and seems to succeed beyond its most sanguine expectations. Each writer, thus far, has contributed his share to the towering edifice of national vanity—

"And thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain."

Since the introduction of the historical novel by the masterly hands of Scott and Cooper, a thousand insignificant imitators have been employed in acting as boot-blacks, tailors, hair-dressers and armorers to historical skeletons; the best part of the novel—the plot—being already furnished them by the life of the hero. But even this mechanical dressing of historical characters required some taste, or, at least, labor—the editing of memoirs, and the publication of despatches or letters, always with "notes and additions," may even dispense with that. The writer finds the whole subject ready made and dressed for him, so that he need only correct the orthography, or give an additional explanation in a note, to be sure of immortality. When the hero of their story enters the portals of everlasting fame his memoirist cannot fail to be admitted in his suite. These memoir writers and publishers of letters and despatches are no longer tailors, boot-jacks, hair-dressers and armorers—they are merely the *dégraisseurs* of their heroes' wardrobes—strong soap and a sponge are all they need to acquire celebrity.

Among the ephemeral productions of historical literature the quarrel about the Carlists and Cromwellites deserves to be mentioned. England, by the by, would make herself ridiculous by excluding the man who has so much contributed to her glory, after niching the barons who obtained the Magna Charta from King John. A paper, which I do not like to call by name, proposes to get rid of the difficulty in the following manner. Let them try it.

"Shall Cromwell have, or not, a place
Amongst statues of a royal race?
This point arouses much debate,
And *pros* and *cons* have equal weight:

To quell disputes and please beholders,
Put Cromwell's head on Charles' shoulders."

The satire is vulgar, but so is the quarrel, which, besides, is infinitely more absurd.

You remember the allusions, in my former letters, to the literature on the discovery and settlement of our continent. From the Ice and Greenlanders to the Phenicians and Chinese, the old world has been ransacked to account for the population of a new. But while the Celtic and Sanscrit languages were tortured to discover an analogy between them and the different dialects spoken by the American Indians—while Chinese manuscripts were carefully examined, and Scandinavian antiquities studied with a laudable zeal, a work has been preparing which will astonish the world more than it will instruct it. It has just been published, and bears the title, "An Original History of Ancient America, Founded upon the Ruins of Antiquity: *The Identity of the Aborigines with the People of Tyrus and Israel, and the Introduction of Christianity by the Apostle St. Thomas.* By George Jones, R. S. I.," &c. I refrain from all comment, except that the work is evidently the offspring of a laborious imagination.

Next to the warlike, the religious literature of the present day occupies a large space. Foremost in the ranks is Mr. S. Laing, well known by his former sensible and attractive book on Sweden. But his "Notes on the Rise, Progress and Schism from the Church of Rome," rather shows a want of acquaintance with the Germans. Mr. Laing lays too much stress on the new religious movement in Germany, which he mistakes for schismatic. The new "German Catholics" are, properly speaking, not a sect converted by the preachings of Ronge and Czerski, but men who have long ago seceded from the Catholic church, without taking the trouble to come to a confession on the subject, and who merely employ Ronge and Czerski for political purposes, to serve as the exponents of their sentiments. Whoever is acquainted with the political geography of Germany, knows that the provinces in which the two Catholic reformers have hitherto had the most success, are Protestant provinces, and that the position of their followers and their own is that of Protestants in regard to the Catholics, and of sectarians in regard to the Protestants. The Catholic dissenters of Germany, like the Communists, Socialists, Fourierists, &c., together with the whole mass of their prolific literature, are merely so many demonstrations of the enormous anarchy which now exists in the intellectual and political world. Such an intellectual and religious anarchy also preceded the age of Luther and prepared the way for a reformation; but one should be careful not to mistake the throes of labor for the actual birth of the child. In the case before us, Catholic Germany has only made a *fausse couche*. I might adduce arguments for my assertion, but prefer to remain strictly within the limits of the Magazine, and appeal to the future, which will prove me to be in the right. English writers little understand the motion of the German mind. They forget that a people who have been politically and socially compressed may yet have an individual development which may prevent them from being placed among the inert nations; and that a religious movement in Germany is something very different from that which animates the different sects in Great Britain. The moment for a German reformation has not yet come; the present symptoms only show that there are ample materials for such an event; but neither Ronge nor Czerski is the man for the occasion. Neither of them is the man for a new species of dogmatics, and it is rather the absence of all that unites men into a positive belief in Christianity, than any fixed set of doctrines that constitutes thus far their religious creed. I might go on detailing to you the titles of some hundred



THE FINEST OF THE

PARIS, Boulevard de l'Opéra, 61.

*Les deux dames se rencontrent de l'atelier de M^{lle} Chauxy, et M^{lle} Chauxy, qui est
une des plus belles et des plus riches de la ville, se trouve en M^{lle} Chauxy, qui est
une des plus belles et des plus riches de la ville, se trouve en M^{lle} Chauxy, qui est
une des plus belles et des plus riches de la ville, se trouve en M^{lle} Chauxy, qui est*

Graham's Magazine.

new works, for and against the "new reformation," without enlightening the American reader as to the points at issue, and therefore think such a dry account of fruitless publications quite out of place in my correspondence.

The same holds of the Communist, Socialist and Fourierite publications of the present day. Their name is legion, but they have, as yet, produced very little effect on the bulk of the reading and thinking public. These moral quacks are no better than quacks in other sciences. In fact, they are not so good. A thing may not be a panacea, and yet a good specific for one disease or another. It is the universality of the moral remedy which the Communist and Socialist quacks prescribe, that renders them so supremely ridiculous. These so-called philosophers, à la Pangloss of *Candide* memory, forget that their system can only be tried, that is, is only capable of practical illustration, because there is a society beyond them not tinctured with their doctrine, and preserving the freedom of the individual—which they would destroy, and which, thus far, has been the only means of emancipating the masses—to which they may retire, when their dreams are not realized in the institutions of their own creation. They forget that it is the antithesis between them and the world, which lends them a color of reality; and that without this, their system, as such, must fall to the ground. All the writings and preachings on Communism, Socialism and Fourierism, are so many shrieks of anguish of the non-possessing classes of Europe for moral existence; and they will lead to a change of the present system of society; but to a very different one from that which now haunts the excited imaginations of their apostles. I may in a future letter—on a dull winter evening of December—find time to be more explicit on the subject, without proving more than usually tedious to your readers. I may then show the similitude between the modern Utopias and some ancient ones, to which they bear a close analogy.

The Jesuit literature is also becoming frightfully voluminous. The only publication of note, however, is "Pombal and the Jesuits," Hanover, 1845. The work is historical, and merits perusal. It will no doubt be translated.

Among the works which have reference to the phenomena of the present day, I would mention the following: *Les Juifs, Rois de l'époque, histoire de la féodalité financière*. (The Jews, Kings of the present times, history of financial feudalism.) The author's name is Tousseinel, and the work not only readable, but leading to strange reflections. The Jews, no doubt, are masters of France under the Orleans Dynasty, and increasing in power and influence all over the world. But is not this a strange retribution for the unholy persecutions they have suffered—and are in some countries still suffering—on account of their faith? Had they been less persecuted, they might, perhaps, have long ago embraced Christianity. It is not usual, either for children or grown people, to cherish the rod which punishes them.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that the French have just made the important discovery, that the national British anthem, "God Save the King," (or the Queen, as the case may be,) is not English, but French; and that the music is not composed by Handel, as some believed, but by the celebrated French composer, Lully. The anthem was originally—so they say—a French anthem, sung at the time of Louis XIV; but fell into disuse, probably, under the reign of the Encyclopedists who followed, and who, in time, abolished all sorts of religious exercises. The following is the French version of the song:

Grand Dieu sauvez le roy,
Grand Dieu vengez le roy,
Vive le Roy!
Qu' à jamais glorieux

Louis victorieux,
Voyez ses ennemis,
Toujours soumis.
Grand Dieu sauvez le Roy.
Grand Dieu vengez le Roy,
Vive le Roy!

With the exception of the word "Roy" instead of "Roi," there is nothing antique in the whole versification; but I give it you for what it is worth.

To those of your readers who intend making a trip to Europe, and visiting the German watering places, I would recommend a little work just published, as the fruit of last season. It bears the title—*L'été à Bade*, (the Summer in Baden,) by Eugene Guinot, the same person who writes in the *Siccle* under the name of Pierre Durant. It is one of the better guide books, and written in a style which does credit to its author. Persons visiting Baden will find it instructive as well as attractive.

"Letters of a Lady of Honor in Athens to a friend in Germany, in the years 1837-'42," are no doubt interesting to those who find the history of modern Greece itself interesting. The letters are written by a German lady, formerly governess of the Duchess Emily, of Oldembourg, now Queen of Greece. The lady is still in Athens, but her knowledge of Greece does not extend beyond the Court intrigues.

Among the more serious works I would mention—

"*L'Europe depuis l'avènement du Roi Louis Philippe*, par B. H. B. Cassefigue, 10 vols., 1845." (Europe since Louis Philippe.) The author is a legitimatist, and can with the best will not entirely master his predilections in favor of the old dynasty of the Bourbons. He has, however, the merit of being less prejudiced in regard to foreign nations—especially the English and the Germans. The French, generally, are very ignorant about their next door neighbors, which adds not a little to their self-adoration. Mr. Cassefigue has at least earnestly endeavored to amend this national foible. His book forms the counterpart of Louis Blanc's "*L'histoire de dix ans*," (History of ten years,) whose notions are republican, and who is, perhaps, the most gifted writer of the two.

To the "library books"—You know English reviewers have a way of damning a book, by counting it among those "without which no library is complete"—must yet be reckoned the collection of unedited documents about the history of France, (*Collections des Documents inédits sur l'histoire de France*), published under the auspices of the ministry. It will unquestionably add powerfully to the sources from which the history of France may be written; besides rectifying the contents of the volumes already published.

Martial Delpit, an enterprising young literate, whom the French government sent to London to inspect the archives and libraries, in search of historical documents, has just published "*Original Letters of Henry IV., Catharine of Medici, and Cardinal Richelieu*." They are quite worth perusing.

As a picture of the manners of our times—and especially the moral, political and social relations of the French people, I recommend to every American, as well as European reader, the work of Mons. L. Reybaud, "*Jérôme Paturot à la recherche d'une position sociale et politique*," (Jerome Paturot in search of a political and social position.) It depicts the present system of French social and political morals to a T; is written with an infinite deal of wit and sarcasm, and would make a capital little volume in the shape of an English translation. There's a chance for the Messrs. Harpers. Mr. L. Reybaud is well known through the *Feuilleton* of the *National*, and the work is illustrated by drawings from the pencil of Grandville, the inimitable designer of "*Animals Painted by Themselves*."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations, by D. Huntington. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is one of the most splendid volumes ever issued from an American press. The mechanical execution—paper, printing and binding—rivals the workmanship of London publishers. The illustrations consist of eleven engravings, mostly by Cheney and Humphreys, after designs by Huntington: and, unlike most illustrations of American books, they really adorn the volume. The portrait of Longfellow is a capital likeness. The publishers deserve praise for the magnificent manner in which they have "got up" the work. It is very rare to see an American poet in a dress of so much elegance and beauty.

The volume contains the various poems and translations included in the author's previous publications, with eight additional poems. Among others, we notice one called "The Occultation of Orion," as of singular beauty and power. It is a grand hymn to the spirit of love and peace, and has that peculiar purity and felicity of diction so characteristic of Longfellow. We observe in the volume a number of pieces which were first published in this Magazine; and they are among the best in the collection. The poem entitled "Sea Weed," has hardly been excelled, even by its author, for true force of imagination and breadth of feeling. Its grand cadences must linger in the memories of all our readers.

We have not space this month to review the volume. Indeed, its contents are so familiar to the public, and the excellence of most of the poems has been so emphatically decided by readers, that little is left for a reviewer to do. The fine mystical vein of thought that runs through such pieces as "Endymion" and "Maidenhood," has not, we think, had full justice done to it. The last named poems are among the most exquisite of their kind in the language, but their subtle beauty cannot be perceived in every mood of mind, and, in fact, require some refinement of imagination in the reader, to be appreciated. Their import and meaning do not lie on the surface. The "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Gleam of Sunshine," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," are among the most generally popular of the poems included in the collection. Perhaps the richness of the author's mind, and the variety of mental moods he can address, is best evinced in his "Spanish Student," a three-act play, originally published in "Graham," and re-published in the present volume. The imagery of this, is "beautiful exceedingly," and it is poured out with a lavish hand. The depth and delicacy of thought and feeling which characterize the production, represent the best phase of the author's genius.

Lectures on the English Comic Writers. By William Hazlitt. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

Few of Hazlitt's books are more popular than this. The present publication is from the third London edition. Its popularity is partly owing to its subject, for although a good book, on the whole, and bearing on every page the marks of the author's peculiar keenness and strength, it is not equal to some of his other volumes of criticism. We cannot bring to mind, however, any work on the same subject, which is better. It goes over the whole ground of English comic literature, with sharp analytical comments on the

different wits and humorists, in prose and verse, in comedy, novel and essay, from the time of Shakspeare to that of Sheridan. The style is generally bright and forcible, sometimes bending beneath the weight of thought, and sometimes the weight of mere ornament, and enlivened occasionally by those starts of peevish anger, which make Hazlitt's books so fair a mirror of his disposition. There is much searching and exhausting criticism in the volume, and a commonplace book might easily be filled by extracting its striking sentences. The criticism on the metaphysical poets of the times of Charles I. and James I., is, perhaps, better than Dr. Johnson's, for Hazlitt was more profound in his critical principles than the Doctor, and could the easier expose the faults of bad poetry from his vivid sense and appreciation of good. The following observations are pertinent and keen: "The poetry of this period was strictly the poetry, not of ideas, but of *definitions*: it proceeded in mode and figure, by *genus* and *specific difference*; and was the logic of the schools, or an oblique and forced construction of dry, literal matter-of-fact, decked out in a robe of glittering conceits, and clogged with the halting shackles of verse. The imagination of the writers, instead of being conversant with the face of nature, or the secrets of the heart, was lost in the labyrinths of intellectual abstraction, or entangled in the technical quibbles and impertinent intricacies of language." The remarks on Congreve's style are no less striking. "It is the highest model of comic dialogue. Every sentence is replete with sense and satire, conveyed in the most polished and pointed terms. Every page presents a shower of brilliant conceits, is a tissue of epigrams in prose, is a new triumph of wit, a new conquest over dullness. The fire of artful railery is no where else so well kept up."

The publishers really deserve praise for the courageous pertinacity with which they introduce volumes of criticism like this, to the American public. Such works must soon be felt, both among our readers and authors.

Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London. O. Rich & Sons. 1 vol. 16mo..

We have received from Ticknor & Co., Boston, a copy of this London edition of our American Holmes. It contains all his pieces, written during the last eight years, as well as those included in the collection published ten years ago. Holmes is one of our most characteristic poets; subtle, fanciful, brilliant, gifted with great power of expression, and displaying, both in his comic and serious pieces, a bright and piercing intellect. His lyrics are in everybody's mouth. The present edition of his poems is very elegant.

Memoirs of an American Lady. By Mrs. Grant. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the fourth number of Appleton & Co's admirable "Literary Miscellany." The book obtained considerable reputation at the period in which it was originally published; and is an exceedingly clever description of American scenery and manners previous to the revolutionary war. The style has much sweetness and picturesqueness, with a little touch, occasionally, of womanly Johnsonianism of diction.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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LITTLE MOLLY WHITE.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

WE have our excitements at Alderbrook as well as in your great Babel of "brotherly love," (love like that of the first brothers, I have heard it insinuated,) but the doctrine of cause and effect has a slight twist about between the two places, which might puzzle a philosopher. In your great city a great cause produces a small effect: in our small village a small cause produces a great effect. Does a barn or a blacksmith's shop take fire at Alderbrook, the whole village, men, women and children, are up and out; and it furnishes matter for conversation at every tea-party during a year, at least. With you, a whole street may burn down, while you lie quietly snoozing in your beds, or mentally denounce "that noisy engine," between naps; and in less than a week the whole affair passes from the minds of all but the sufferers. You may see a dozen hearses move by in one day, and never be sobered by it: is there a death in our village, the shadow falls on every hearthstone, and a long solemn train of weeping mourners (the mourning town) leave their various avocations and amusements, and go to lay the sleeper in the dust. Oh! let me die in the country, where I shall not fall like the single leaf in the forest, unheeded, where those who love me need not mask their hearts to meet the careless multitude, and strive as a duty to forget. Bury me in the country, amid the prayers of the good and the tears of the loving: not in the dark, damp vault, away from the sweet-scented air and the cheerful sunshine, but in the open field, among the flowers I loved and cherished while living. Then—

"If around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb."

But to return to our contrasts. A ruffian meets a stranger in a dark alley, and stabs him to the heart, for the sake of pelf; another whips his wife to death, or perhaps butchers a whole family. The lawyers and paragrphists are thereby furnished with employ-

ment, for which they are of course thankful, and, except in extreme cases, no one else cares. It is quite different with us. A drunken Indian murdered a white man, at Alderbrook, some twenty years ago, and paid the penalty of his crime near the foot of the slope, at the west end of the village, while thousands on thousands stood gaping at the terrible spectacle. This tale, whispered to me in the dark, furnished one of the gloomy visions which used to haunt my childhood; and I would as soon have taken the trip that Orpheus did as go within a quarter of a mile of "the spot where old Antoine was hung." The same story, in all its horrible and disgusting details, is to this day repeated and re-repeated by many a gossip of our village; while jaws drop, and eyes stand out with terror, and every stirring leaf or quivering shadow causes a start of alarm; for it is said that the troubled ghost of old Antoine still walks up and down the forests of Alderbrook. With you, picked pockets are such every-day and every-hour things, as to excite no attention at all, except perhaps a laugh, now and then, when the feat has been performed with unusual adroitness; but if an axe disappear from a door at Alderbrook, or a couple of yards of linen are taken from the grass in the night-time, the whole village is in commotion, and wonders, and guesses, and sagacious nods and mysterious inuendoes constitute, for a month at least, the staple of social intercourse. You will not think strange then, when I tell you of the wonderful excitement that has fairly swept every other topic under with us, for more than six months past. It has been suspected for a long time that a band of thieves existed somewhere in our quiet county; but such crimes are so unusual here that no one likes to be the first to give them a name; so, though every washer-woman put her wet linen under lock and key at dew-fall, and stables were double-locked, and shops double-guarded, the careful ones only shook their heads mysteriously, as though something lay at the bottom of their knowledge, which they might tell, but that

they were too generous, while others scouted the idea of — county's harboring such rogues. At last, however, some who had lost to an uncomfortable degree, began to speak more plainly, and incredulity wavered. Finally, one night toward the latter end of last May, a farm-house in the neighborhood was fired, obviously (that is, it was obvious when too late) for the purpose of drawing away the villagers, while the principal shop in Alderbrook was despoiled of its most valuable goods. Such a daring deed! said every body. It was now supposed that the villany must have been carried on for years, and many persons, who like a large story, declared that the band must consist of at least fifty men. There had not been such an excitement here since the execution of poor old Antoine. One man was arrested on suspicion, and flattered and threatened by turns, in the hope of bringing him to confess. At last he promised to do this, and betray his associates, provided he could be assured of his own safety. This was the latest news which reached us one evening toward midnight, and so we concluded to pillow our curiosity until morning.

"They have disklivered the robbers, at last," said old Uncle Felix Graw, hurrying all out of breath into our breakfast parlor, and throwing his ungainly figure into one chair, while he stretched his long legs to another. "They have disklivered the robbers, neighbor Forester, every one on 'em."

Down went forks, and up went eye-brows in a twinkling, and old Uncle Felix was the focus of all regards, much to the detriment of the smoking muffins which Nancy had just placed on the table.

"What! now! who are they, Uncle Felix? Nobody belonging to Alderbrook, I hope."

"Not exactly, though the village has just escaped by the skin of the teeth—Jem White is in for it."

"What! that scape-grace of a son of honest Jacky? Poor old fellow! this will be worse for him than digging in the mud, with the 'rheumatis' in his shoulder."

"The old man never has had very comfortable times with Jem," said Uncle Felix. "He is the laziest fellow this side of purgatory, but I never thought he would be caught in such a sorry piece of business as this. They say it will go hard with the rascals—burglary and arson both."

"The old story of idleness and crime. Poor Jacky, I pity him."

"Everybody pities him; and for one, if I could catch Jem White, I'd give him a thrashing that he would n't forget when he was gray, and let him go, the scoundrel! for his father's sake."

"Then he has not been taken?"

"No, but there is no doubt he will be. Dick Holman, (the cringing serpent! I could pound him to pommice-stone, for I have no idee but he druv on the whole lot.) Dick Holman has blabbed, turned state's evidence, to save himself, and exposed the whole of 'em. Great good will the state get from such a rascally knave as he is; and a great honor is it to the laws to pay a premium for such abominable sneaking meanness. I would n't mind to see the rest in iron

wristbands, (barring Jemmy White, for his father's sake,) but Dick Holman, the mean cowardly villain! hanging is too good for him."

"How many have they taken?"

"Three, last night. Dick Holman helped them hide and so betrayed them. One has been traced as far as Albany, and another to Rochester. They will get clear, I dare say; but Jem White has skulked away by himself, and nobody knows where he is. There were only seven on 'em."

"Do you know where White was last seen?"

"He was sneaking about Saturday evening—he even had the barefacedness to go into Willard's grocery and get a glass of grog. Some pretend to be sure that they saw him yesterday, but folks make a thousand mistakes in such cases; but at any rate it is pretty certain he must be somewhere in the neighborhood yet. The old "Sun" press worked hard, I tell you, last night; and, before this time, the hand-bills are scattered far and wide, so that he can't get away. And I would n't give an oat-straw for his hiding-place, with Dick Holman to scent him out. He was prowling about after him before sunrise this morning, and trust him for a blood-hound any day. Ugh! if they should let such a chap as that go scot-free, I, for one, should rather fancy speaking to Judge Lynch about it."

No wonder that honest Sam Graw should be exasperated against the traitorous knave, who, after leading all the idle young fellows that would listen to him, into iniquity, turned deliberately about, and, to save himself, delivered his victims into the hands of justice. Dick Holman had been for years the pest of the neighborhood—one of those dirty, cringing, plausible villains, whom everybody despises, but upon whom it is difficult to fix any crime. When, however, it was discovered that a regular system of robbery had been carried on throughout the county, probably for several years, suspicion busied herself at once with the name of Dick Holman; and before he had time to concoct any plan for escape, before he even knew himself suspected, he was seized and brought by means of threats and promises to divulge all he knew. And a more rotten hearted traitor never existed; for now that his own precious person was in danger there was no indignity to which he would not submit, and no act in which he would not gladly engage, (even to hunting for his most reluctant pupil, poor Jem White,) in order to buy himself consideration. As for young White, he received but little sympathy except on his father's account, but old honest Jacky was, in his way, a great favorite at Alderbrook. There was scarcely a young man in the village for whom he had not conjured whistles out of a slip of base-wood, in days gone by; and scarce an old one but owed him, poverty-stricken as he was, some generous neighborly turn. Then it was from honest Jacky that we always learned where the black-berries grew thickest; and he brought wild-wood plants for our gardens, and supplied the old ladies with wintergreens and sweet flag roots to munch of a Sunday. But it was scarce these little acts which made old Jacky White so universally respected. He was the kindest and simplest of old men,

kind to man and beast; and if but a worm lay in his path he would "tread aside and let the reptile live." Toil, toil, toil, from morning till night, and from year to year—toil, toil, toil was the lot of honest Jacky; but not a word of complaint ever escaped from his lips; he was contented and cheerful, and scrupulously honest. Fortune had treated him most scurvily; for, notwithstanding his patient unremitting industry, he had never known at one breakfast what should serve him for the next. After all, however, I do not know as it is quite becoming for me to rail at fortune, since he never did, and, moreover, it is possible that the artless old man was as much in the fault about the matter as the partial and fickle goddess.

Days went by, and nothing was known of Jemmy White. So confident was everybody of the impossibility of his having made his escape, that parties were still out in search of him—and the zeal of Dick Holman was indefatigable. The village was still in a state of feverish excitement, and the "stores" were thronged with people from the remote parts of the town, who flocked in to trade and hear the news.

I was out in my little back garden one bright morning, spoiling the doings of the wanton summer wind, which had had quite a frolic among my treasures the night before; when old Bridget came to the door on tiptoe, with her finger on her lip, and her gown, scarce full enough or rich enough to make much of a rustle, gathered up in her hand. "Fanny, Fanny! 'st!" Bridget spoke in a suppressed whisper, showing all her teeth in the operation, as though, by drawing her lips far back, she might give the words egress with less noise.

"What now, Bridget?"

"Hush, Fanny, dear! 'st!" and putting the forefinger of one hand to her lip, she beckoned with the other, making a motion with the elbow joint very much like that of a jack-knife with a spring at the back.

Bridget is always having secrets, and shaking her head, and looking solemnly wise, and finding strange mysteries, which to everybody else are as clear as the sunlight; so I may be pardoned if I did wait to tie up a sweet pea, and give three pretty rose-buds a more desirable position among the wet leaves.

"Fanny, darling!" was again breathed from the opened doorway.

"Yes, Bridget!"

"Hush, dear! 'st!" and Bridget beckoned more earnestly than ever. There was no resisting such importunity, so forward Fanny went, fully expecting to find a chicken with two hearts, or a biscuit that had hopped out of the oven mysteriously, or (an every-day occurrence) a churn full of cream that needed a horse-shoe in it.

"Look, Fanny, look! is n't she pretty?"

Pretty! Old Bridget has some taste at any rate. Beautiful as a vision of Paradise! I held in my breath while gazing, as my good old nurse had done, and very probably kept my lips out of its way precisely in her fashion. There is always a shade of gray in the passage leading to the kitchen, and here, in the sober light, sat a little child sleeping. One arm was straight-

ened, showing the pretty dimple at the elbow, the fat little hand supporting her weight upon the floor, while the other grasped, as though by way of a balance, a basket of green lettuce, which had wilted during her long walk in the morning sun. The shoulder of the supporting arm had slipped up from the torn calico frock, and its polished whiteness contrasted beautifully with the sun-embrowned cheek. The light golden hair lay in waves, pushed far back from her round forehead, and was gathered up into a knot, half curls, half tangles, behind, probably to keep it out of her way; but carelessly as it was disposed of, it could scarce have been as beautiful in any other fashion. Dim as the light was, a beam had contrived to find its way to the curve of her head, and left a dash of brightness on it, no ill omen to the wearied little stranger. Long lashes lay against the bright cheek, all sparkling in crystal; for the tear that could not climb over it, had turned the little valley about the eye into a well—a very pretty one for truth to lie in. The child had probably wept herself to sleep; but her little spirit had gone to a land of brighter things now, for the smile that curved her beautiful lips had none of the premature sadness bathing the shut eye-lids. There were broad gaps in the clumsy shoes that lay beside her, for she had relieved herself of the incumbrance, and her chubby little feet, stained with the purple flowers which she had crushed in her morning's ramble, were cooling themselves against the bare floor.

"It is nobody but little Molly White, Miss," said Nancy, coming forward, with the pot-lid in her hand. Nancy's voice is none of the softest, and again Bridget's teeth and tongue were put in requisition, and her lips parted to emit the expostulatory "'st, 'st!"

"And who is little Molly White?"

"Do n't you remember Molly White, who used to go tripping by every day last summer, as merry as a bird, to sell blackberries to the villagers, never seeming tired, though she had to walk three miles across the woods, and pick her berries besides—poor thing! But I remember now it was when you were in the city, at your Uncle Forester's, you know; for you did n't come home till the plums were all gone, and the leaves were pretty much off the trees."

"Does she belong in any way to old Jacky White, who lives in the woods beyond the hill?"

"The very same, Miss. Old Jacky's last wife was a young woman, and sort of delicate like, and she died, poor thing, when Molly was but little more than a baby. She always said though that she did n't suffer nor want for any thing, for the children were all amazing good to her; and Jem, bad as he is now, nursed her almost as carefully as a woman. Poor thing! she would feel sorrowful enough if she knew what a dreadful end he had come to, for she loved him as she did her own blessed child."

"I have seen pretty Molly many a time when she was a baby. She seems heavy-hearted enough now, poor child! we must try to cheer her up."

"It's of no use, Miss; she takes Jem's misfortune to heart terribly."

"Misfortune? But you are right, Nancy. The

vicious, though justice in the shape of legal officers do not hunt them down, are the unfortunate of this world."

Our conversation seemed to disturb the sleeper, for suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eye-lids worked convulsively, her bright lips quivered like a little bird so frightened as scarce to struggle for liberty, and the pretty arm which supported her shook beneath the weight.

"It seems cruel to wake her," said old Bridget, compassionately. "This is a sorry bad world for such as she is, poor innocent!"

The child seemed yet more agitated, and tossed her fat round arms above her head, while a broken sob came struggling forth, and, in a voice laden with heart-ache, she exclaimed, "You shall not take him! it was n't he that did it!"

"Molly! Molly!" exclaimed Nancy.

"Mother said we must love him when her lips were cold, and I will. I *will* love poor Jemmy. You shan't—oh, you shan't take him away!"

"Molly! Molly!" repeated Nancy, more emphatically, and shaking the child's shoulder.

"No, I will not tell; never—never—never!"

"Molly White! Molly!" Nancy raised the child to her feet, who looked about her a few moments, in a kind of bewildered alarm, and then burst into a passion of tears, which nothing could soothe.

Poor suffering little one! that the dregs which usually await a sterner lip, should be upon the brim of thy beaker! that the drop which sparkles on the surface of life's bowl, should be deadened in childhood's tears! the flowers which crown it, concealing the strange mixture for a little time from eyes like thine, fallen, withered, dead! It was a bitter, bitter draught first presented thee by Fate, sweet Molly White. What strange contrasts does this world present? That day so bright, so beautiful, so replete with the everywhere outgushing spirit of joyousness, and that poor little heart aching with such misery as the guilty ever bring to those who love them! No wonder that old Bridget and even Nancy, (blessings on their kind souls!) should be strangely blinded by the gathering tears as they led the child away. Throw me out, wretched and friendless on the wide world, and I am not sure but I should creep to the kitchen rather than the parlor, though I know that generosity, and kindness, and sympathy, are the inheritance of no one condition in life.

It was a glorious day in the beginning of June. Beauty smiled up from the earth—beauty bent to us from the bright sky—beauty, a delicious, all-pervading kind of beauty, which often makes the spirit drunk with happiness, shone out upon us everywhere. It was not a day to be wasted in-doors, when the balmy airs, the warm wet skies, and the quivering life-full foliage, were all wooing without—and we have no hot pavements to flash back the light into our faces, or cramped-up streets, where the air is stifled into sickness before it meets us, at Alderbrook. The broad wavy meadow, spangled all over with bright blossoms, in our magnificent thoroughfare, and when the sun shines too brilliantly the brave old trees rear

for us a rare canopy in the forests. The little wizard stream, leaping and dancing over the rocks, to drop itself into the brook at the foot of the hill, and the long cool shadows lying on the grass beside the trees, each had a magic in them which was quite irresistible. So I went out, and sauntered dreamily adown the meadow, with half shut eyes and a delicious sense of pleasure stealing over me, at each pressure of my foot upon the yielding carpet. Crossing the little log-bridge at the foot of the slope, I picked my way among the alders on the other side, close by the marge of the stream. Myriads of little pearl-white blossoms bent their soft lips to the wave which bounded to meet them; and side by side with them, the double-bladed iris sent up its sword-shaped leaves, as proudly as in its prime, though the bare stalks which grew from its centre were all stripped of their blossoms. The queen of the meadow stood up in its regal beauty, not far from the water's edge; further back the spotted lily nodded gracefully on its curved stem, and the crimson tufts of the balm-flower nestled in clusters of green shrubbery; while the narrow leaf of the willow turned out its silver lining, and the aspen quivered all over, like a loving heart blest with its prayer above. Beyond, tier on tier, rose galleries of green, with but a step between the uppermost and heaven, all radiant in the luxurious garniture of June. How glorious and grand, and full of life was every thing—and how my nature expanded in the midst of it as it would embrace the whole universe. I know there are moments on this side the grave when the shackles of clay do really fall off, and our spirits grow large, as though they had looked into the boundlessness of eternity, and we lift a wing with the angels. But we come back again, dazzled and bewildered—for we are prisoners in a very little cell, and too large a draught of Heaven now would not be good for us. I dallied long about the brook and on the verge of the forest, seeing and dreaming; and then I wandered on, now listening to the joyous song-gushes of the crazy-hearted little Bob-o-link; now laughing at the antic red squirrel, as his tiny brick-colored banner whisked from fence to tree; and now gathering handfuls of the pale sweet-scented wood-violets, which follow the first frail children of the spring. Then there were large banks of moss, of brown, and green, and gold, all richly wrought together, as by the fingers of bright lady-elves, and more elastic than the most gorgeous fabrics of the Persian looms, with now and then a little vine straggling over them, strung with crimson berries; the sun breaking through the closely interlaced branches above in little gushes of light, which quivered as they fell, and vanished and came again, as coquettishly as the bright-throated humming-bird, which frolicked gracefully with the pink blossoms of the azalia, in the hollow beyond. These were interspersed with little patches of winter-green, tender and spicy, of which I of course secured a plentiful supply; and clusters of the snowy monstera appeared at the roots of trees, clear and polished and pearl-like; and green ferns grew beside old logs, half wreathed over with ivy—and every thing there, from the golden moss-cup to the giant tree looking up into heaven, shared my thoughts and love.

Then I went on, next stooping to pull from the dark loose soil the long slim roots of the wild sarsaparilla, and close beside them I discovered the nest of a darling little ground-bird, which flew away and came back again, fluttering about most pleadingly, and so I left the graceful innocent, without even taking a peep at the four speckled eggs, which probably constituted its treasure.

The sun was quite low when I drew near the Sachem's wood, an immense wilderness to the south-east of Alderbrook, better known by sportsmen than any one else. Some pokerish story of the Indian days first gave rise to the name; and so there was a superstition connected with it which kept timid people (children, at least,) aloof. Moreover, old Antoine committed his murder there, and it was more than half suspected that some of Jake Gawsely's gold might be hidden among the jagged rocks and deep gulleys of the Sachem's wood. However that might be, the mysterious proverb that "the Sachem's wood could bring no good," had been quite sufficient to prevent my young feet from tempting the spirits of evil on the other side of the stump fence which walled it in. But I felt some inclination now to take a peep into the banned forest, and so, scaling the fantastical barrier as I best might, I sprang to a bank as mossy and as bright with the sunshine as any we had on the other side. The air was fresh and pure, and there was a scent of wild-flowers on it which made me feel quite safe; for flowers always betray the presence of angels. So I wandered on indolently as before, now plucking a leaf, now watching dreamily the shadows which were fast chasing away the sunlight, until I began to suspect it quite time to return home. It was really twilight, and I had not seen the sun go down. A few steps farther only, and then I would go; but there was a pretty silvery tinkle just ahead, which might lead to the lurking place of a troop of fairies. The sound proceeded from the self-same little stream which trips it over the rocks to the east of Strawberry-hill, and comes dancing and sparkling down to the brook at the foot. It was gurgling along quite gayly at the bottom of a chasm, so dark that, as I knelt on the crag above and leaned over, it was some minutes before I could catch a glimpse of the silver-voiced musician. The ravine was exceedingly narrow, looking as though the Sachem (who was probably a giant) might have split it apart with an immense hatchet; but the feat was evidently performed a long time ago, for it was all mossed over, long wreaths of green flaunted from little clefts on either side, and the pretty blue-bell from the tip of its lithe stem, nodded smilingly to its noisy neighbor among the pebbles. I was rising to go away, when a sound like the tread of some light animal made me pause. It came again, and then followed a scrambling noise and a rustle like the bending of twigs laden with foliage; and I looked carefully about me, for I might not be quite pleased with the company I should meet in the Sachem's wood. This gorge must be very nearly in a line with the haunted saw-mill, which is reported to be tenanted by the wandering spirit of old Jake Gawsely, and who knows but the miser himself may now and then come out at

dew-fall to look after his concealed treasures. My view was partially obstructed by a wild gooseberry bush, and when I raised my head above it I saw, not the troubled spirit of a dead old man, but a beautiful child, standing on the point of a rock, and looking cautiously about her as though fearful of being observed. It was little Molly White, and I was about calling to her, when, as though satisfied with her scrutiny, she swung herself from the rock, clinging by her little fingers to the jagged points, poised for a moment in the air, and then dropped on the platform below. Here she again looked about her, and I drew back my head, for I had had time for a second thought, and I knew that no trifling thing could bring the child to the banned forest alone. Beside, she carried on her arm a basket evidently well-laden, which impeded her progress not a little, and a suspicion far from agreeable crept over me as I again leaned my head over the ledge. The child descended with the agility of a kitten; and when at last she reached the bottom, she looked earnestly up and down the ravine, starting now and then, stretching forward her little head, as though fearful that the moving shadows might deceive her. As soon as she became satisfied that she was not observed, she sent out a low clear sound like a bird-note, which was immediately answered by a suppressed whistle. She sprang forward and was met half-way by a man, who emerged from the shadow of the rock just beneath me.

"Where on earth have you been staying, Moll?" he exclaimed, half angrily. "I have fed on nothing but ground-nuts and beech leaves these two days, and—ha! I hope you have something palatable in your basket. Does your arm ache, chicky? This is a heavy load for such little hands to carry. But where have you been? I did n't know but they had nabbed you for your good deeds, and meant to starve me out. Bless me, Moll, how you tremble!"

"Oh, I have been so frightened, Jemmy. Dick Holman suspects all about it—"

"Curse Dick Holman!"

"Some of the other men have told how I ran to you the night that the officers took them, and he thinks I know where you are now. He said they would hang me, Jemmy, if I would n't tell—will they hang me?"

The beautiful face was upturned, with such sweet anxious meekness, that the well-nigh hardened brother seemed touched, and for a moment he did not reply.

"Will they hang me, Jemmy?"

"No, Molly, no! they will never harm a hair of your head. But let me tell you, chicky, you must n't listen to one word from that devil incarnate—he will be hiring you to betray me yet."

"Dick Holman? Oh no! he can't hire me. He took out a whole handful of dollars, but I would n't look at them, and he said he would give me a new frock and a pretty bonnet, like the village girls, but I did n't answer him a word. It was then he said—and he spoke dreadful, dreadful words, Jemmy—he would have me hanged. Do you think he can? I am sure he will if he can. I was always afraid of him, he

looks at me so out of the corner of his eye, and goes creeping about as lightly as a cat, so that one never knows when he is coming.

"Never fear, Moll, he can't hurt you," replied the brother, still swallowing down the huge slices of meat like a starved hound. "I only wish I had him again in the place he was when I fished him up from the bottom of the horse-pond—he would beg one while for daylight before he should see it."

"Oh, Jemmy—"

"Hang me if he would n't! That's what a man gets by being good natured. Dick Holman always pocketed two-thirds of the money, and never run any danger."

"Jemmy! Jemmy!" exclaimed the child, in a tone of sorrowful reproach, "You told me you did n't do it! You told me you never took any money, and now—"

"And now I hav n't told you any thing different, little Miss sanctimony, so do n't run away from me and leave me to starve."

"But you ought to tell me the truth, Jemmy—you know it would n't make me care the less for you—though—Oh! it is a dreadful thing to be a thief!"

"Well, you are not a thief, nor—nor I either, so save your sermons and—you might have brought me a little brandy, Moll."

The child sat down on the mossed trunk of a fallen tree, and made no answer.

"Why did n't you come yesterday?"

"Dick Holman watched me."

"Blast him! The curses o' Heaven light—"

Truth does not require the oaths and imprecations of bad men to be written down, and if it did I could hardly give the words of poor Jem White; for there in the solemn woods, amid the falling shadows, I will own that the hoarse voice of the miserable man inspired me with so much terror that I could scarcely hear him. But I saw the little girl rise slowly and sorrowfully from her seat.

"Jemmy, I cannot stay here, for I know you are a bad, wicked man, and I am afraid of you."

"Afraid, Moll! ha, ha, ha! that's a good one! you afraid! And you came over to the log barn at midnight, when the officers were out, without flinching a hair. Afraid?"

"You told me then you did n't do it, Jemmy, and I thought you did n't. Oh, it is a dreadful thing to be a thief! Dreadful! dreadful!"

"But Molly, chick, you would n't let them take me, and shut me up in a dark prison—State Prison—Jem White in State's Prison! think on't, Moll!"

The child sank down on the rocks and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while her brother worked more voraciously than ever at the contents of the basket.

"I'll tell 'ee what, Moll," he at last said, "if you could coax up father to take me home—can't you? Nobody would ever mistrust him."

"No, Jemmy; it was father who first made me believe you had not spoken truth to me. He said, too, last night, that if he could find you he would give you up himself, in the hope that it would do you good."

"Good! A — sight of good it would do me! Cuss it, Moll—"

"Jemmy," exclaimed the child, starting to her feet, and standing before him with more dignity than her beautiful bright face gave promise of, "Jemmy, I will not hear another bad word from you. What I have done for you may be wicked, but I could n't help it. Mother told me to love you, when her lips against my cheek were cold; and I will bring you victuals and tell you if I hear you are in danger, but you shall not use those wicked words—I will not hear you."

"Bless me, Moll! I have said nothing to make you take on so, and if you like it, you may go and tell Dick Holman where I am, and get your smart frock and Sunday bonnet, to say your Scripture lessons in. I dare say they will tell you it's a fine thing to send your brother to State Prison—a mighty fine thing, Moll, and you will be a little wonder among 'em."

"You sha n't swear, at any rate, Jemmy; for the great God who sees every thing, will be angry with you, and he will let them find where you are if you are so wicked. You know—"

"I know you are a good little child, Moll—too good for that matter—so cease your blubbering, chicky, and tell me how matters are going in the village, and whether Jesse Swift or Ned Sloman have confessed."

The child sat down and gave a circumstantial account of all that had occurred during the few past days, and then added, "They say that you will be taken before a week's end, Jemmy, for they all seem sure that you hav n't got away."

Aha! they do n't know what a nice little sister I have for a jailor. But you must go now, Moll, for father will be missing you, and then we shall have a pretty how-de-do. Scramble back, chicky-pet, and mind that you keep a sharp look-out on Dick Holman. This is a jewel of a place, but he might track you to it when you had n't a thought of him. Come to-morrow, if you can, for the bread and meat will scarce serve me for breakfast, let alone the lunch that I must take, since I have nothing else to do, before sleeping. You calculated for your own little stomach when you put it up for me."

"I brought all we had, Jemmy, and I went without my own dinner and supper to make it more."

"Well, you are a nice child, Moll, and I wont do any thing to bother you. Come to-morrow, and I wont worry your pretty ears with a word of swearing. You are a darling little jailor, and—there—good-night, Molly."

He pressed his lips to the bright cheek of the little girl, and held her for a moment in his arms, then set her on a platform just by his head, and watched her difficult ascent till she again stood on the verge of the ravine.

"Safe!" shouted little Molly White, almost gleefully, as she leaned for a moment over the chasm. She was answered by a whistle, and the pretty child clapped her hands, as though she now felt at liberty to be happy once more, and bounded away. She went only a few steps, however, and then returned, and kneeling once more on the twisted roots of a tall

elm tree that grew upon the verge of the precipice, peered anxiously down the gorge. My eyes involuntarily turned in the same direction. It seemed to me at first as though the shadows were strangely busy; then I saw them making regular strides up the ravine, and a faint sickly feeling crept over me, so that I drew back my head, and closed my eyes. When I looked again I saw distinctly the figures of three men, one a little in advance of the others, making their way up the dark gully of the Sachem's woods. Would they pass by the hiding-place of Jem White, or had his hour come at last, and must that anxious little watcher at the foot of the elm-tree, look helplessly on a scene that would wring her young heart with agony. Bright Molly seemed suddenly to have made a discovery, for she uttered a piercing shriek, which rang through the gray forest with startling wildness, and catching by the bough which had before assisted her descent, she attempted again to swing herself to the first rocky platform. But, in her fright, the little hand missed its grasp—the spring was made, and the bright-eyed child was precipitated to the bottom of the gorge. Jemmy White had heard the warning shriek, and rushed out in time to see the fall of his sister and catch a glimpse of the traitor, Holman, leading on the officers of justice, but a few rods from his lair. What would he do? He was probably familiar with every secret lurking-place in that immense wilderness, and night was coming on, so that it might be no difficult thing for him to make his escape. At least his long limbs and hardy frame warranted him the victory in a race, for Dick Holman was a short clumsily built man, and his companions would soon weary of clambering over the rocks. Jemmy White's reflections seemed of the precise nature of mine; for, after throwing one glance over his shoulder and another up the ravine, he bounded forward, and sprang across the body of his sister, touching, as he went, her little quivering arm with his foot. Suddenly the man's bold face was blanched, he seemed to waver, and then casting another hurried glance behind him, he made an effort to go on, but his limbs refused their office; a heavy groan, replete with agony, came up from the depths of the gorge, and Jemmy White paused, cowering over the inanimate child as though the two had been alone in the forest. The men came up and laid their hands on his shoulders, but he did not look at them, nor in any way heed their presence; he only chafed the hands of the little girl, and kissed her forehead, and entreated her to open her eyes, for her own brother Jem was there, and it would break his heart if she should not speak to him. The two officers, with the delicacy which the heart teaches to the rudest of men, stood back, but Dick Holman still continued his grasp upon the shoulder of the criminal, as though to assure his companions that he understood this mummerly much better than they did. The scene lasted—how long I cannot say—it seemed to me ages. Finally, one of the officers came forward with a coil of rope in his hand, and intimated his intention to bind the prisoner. Jemmy White rose from his crouching posture to his knees, and looked up as though vainly endeavoring to com-

prehend the movements of the men; then he lifted the precious burden at his feet to his bosom, and clasped his arms about her closely as though afraid she might be forced from him.

"I will go with you," he said meekly, with a dead heart-ache weighing on every word as it dropped painfully and slowly from his lips. "I will go with you, but do n't bind me. I wont get away, I wont try. It do n't matter what becomes of me now, I have killed little Molly. Stand off, Dick Holman! take your hand from my shoulder, and stand away! *You made me do it!* I should have been a decent man if you had kept away from me, and poor Molly—Ay, stand off! it may not be safe for you to come too near!"

"We had better bind him," said one of the men, glancing at his companion for approbation.

"No, no, leave me my arms for Molly's sake, and walk close beside me if you are afraid. I wont try to run away. It's of no use now—no use—no use."

Jemmy White's lips moved mechanically, still repeating the last words, and the officer crammed the coil of rope into his pocket again, and moved on beside the sobered prisoner, notwithstanding the cautionary gestures and meaning glances of Dick Holman.

That night the arrest of Jem White and the dreadful accident which had befallen his little sister, were the subjects of conversation at every fire-side; and much softening of heart was there toward the wretched prisoner, when it was known that he owed his arrest to the humanity which was only stifled, not dead, within him.

When poor little Molly White opened her bright eyes again she was in the cell of a prison, for it would have been death to the agonized brother to have her taken from him, and even honest Jacky, notwithstanding his stern unwavering integrity, and his abhorrence of the slightest deviation from it, had plead earnestly for this indulgence. Besides, Molly White must be taken care of somewhere at the expense of the county, and there was no poor-house, so Jem's prayer was granted.

When she awoke to consciousness she looked earnestly into the face of her brother, who was leaning over her, bathing her temples as tenderly as a mother could have done, and then glanced upon the gloomy walls and scanty furniture of her sick-chamber.

"Where are we? Did they find you, Jemmy?" she inquired—"Dick Holman and those other men?"

The tears rained over the bronzed cheeks of the prisoner in torrents, and the child wiped them away with her little dimpled hands, whispering softly, "I am sorry I called you a bad man, Jemmy."

"Bad, Molly! Oh, I am very, very bad!" sobbed the repentant criminal.

"But you are sorry, Jemmy," and the little round arms were folded over the neck which they had often clasped most lovingly before, but never with such touching tenderness. "And so the angels love you dearly, for the good Bible says that they are gladder for one man who is sorry for being wicked, than for

a great many men that never do wrong. The angels love you, Jemmy, and mother is an angel now."

"She used to love me, and beg me not to get into bad ways; but I almost broke her heart sometimes, Molly."

"Well, she loves you yet—and you are very sorry for what you have done, and so—we shall be happy, oh, so happy!"

The prisoner glanced about his cell, and his brow was contracted with pain.

"I know where we are, Jemmy, for I have looked in here before, and it is better, a great deal better, than hiding in the woods. I am glad they let me be with you—I am not afraid here, for you are good now, and just as sorry for being wicked as ever you can be. We will live here always, Jemmy, if they will let us, and then we shall always be good. Do n't cry, Jemmy. I wish you would fix my head—a little nearer your cheek—there, so—now kiss me and I shall go to sleep."

How different that sleep from the one I had admired a few days earlier! But the child was far happier now.

Perhaps the strong interest excited by the accident to little Molly might have operated in Jem White's favor, quite as much as his own simple unobtrusive penitence, but popular sympathy followed him to his cell, and remained by his side during the trial. So true and heartfelt was this sympathy that there was a general elongation of countenance when he was condemned, and a universal, and, for a moment, uncontrollable burst of applause when he was recommended to mercy. As some palliating circumstances came to

light during the trial, it was not difficult to obtain a pardon for Jem White, and I am sure no one at Alderbrook regrets the exercise of clemency in his behalf. To be sure his trial has been of only six months' duration, but he is so gentle and kind, and withal so sober, and industrious, and contented, that everybody places entire confidence in his reformation. Bold, bad Jem White has become strangely like his father; and the good old man goes about, calling on everybody (for honest Jacky knows that he has a friend in everybody at Alderbrook) to rejoice with him, for he is more blest than any other mortal, while his simple heart swells more than ever with gratitude to God and love to man. As for darling little Molly, she is one of those guileless creatures often doomed—nay, not doomed—so blessed, I should have said, as to live for the good of others. Her bright face has grown thin and pale with suffering, but there is a sweeter smile on it than ever—and when Jemmy carries her in his arms, as he does every Sabbath, to the village church, she tells him how glad she is for the accident which has crippled her, because it has given her such a dear resting-place. Little Molly will probably never be straight again, perhaps she never will walk, but she smiles at the prospect, and talks cheerfully of the wings which will be given her in Heaven.

Dick Holman, alarmed by some rather hostile demonstrations on the part of Felix Graw and a few other determined spirits of the neighborhood, disappeared from among us on the day he was set at liberty, and has never since honored Alderbrook with his presence.

LITTLE BESS.

[INSCRIBED TO MY WIFE.]

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

The subject of the following lines was born one bright day in the month of March. "The color of our lives," says Hazlitt, "is woven into the fatal thread at our births: our original sins and our redeeming graces are infused into us; nor is the bond, that confirms our destiny, ever canceled."

FITFUL gusts, o'ershadowed arch,
And chill rains belong to March;
But relaxed his visage sour—
Shot mild radiance from his eye,
And his lip forgot to sigh
When unclosed our youngest flower.

No wood-nymph, with kirtle green,
Tripping through the woods was seen;
But the landscape's look forlorn
To a golden smile gave place,
Lighting up earth's darkened face,
When my little Bess was born.

Eight brief moons have waxed and waned
Since our flock a fourth one gained
In this fairy of a girl,
With the lily's snow endowed,
Showing, when she laughs aloud,
Through rose-lips a gleam of pearl.

Like a sunbeam breaking through
Winter's pall of sable hue—
Or a moon-flash on the brine
When the blast no longer raves
Racing o'er its waste of waves,
Camest thou, sweet daughter mine!

Not a leaf the forest cheered,
Scarce one grass-blade had appeared,
But so lovely was the day
That the squirrel of the ground
Left his den with frolic bound,
Thinking of the reign of May.

Day of birth so bright and warm,
In a month of cloud and storm,
Augurs that our little Bess
Was in mercy sent to light
Dreary sorrow's coming night
With a ray of happiness.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMBUG.

WHEN we survey society's broad plan,
To note the foibles, follies, crimes of man,
What curious elf seems everywhere to rage,
Boast of the time and spirit of the age?
What subtle essence every thing pervades,
Diffused through science, art, professions, trades?
Deception's spirit, which men Humbug call,
Which sprang to being at the primal fall:
Its author, Satan, and its victim, Eve,
Its field the world, its mission to deceive.
While halting wisdom limps with toil and pain,
In seven-league boots it strides through Folly's plain;
If Reason frown, Religion front the beast,
It turns logician or becomes a priest.
If madden'd Freedom thunder forth her ban,
It bellows loudest for the rights of man.
Monarch of dupees, of rogues the patron saint,
Kings, heroes, creeds, have felt its searching taint.
It ever aims the reins of rule to seize,
And men divide by two distinct degrees—
The cunning humbuggers and happy humbugees!

Some sapient souls illumine these latter days,
Whose new light doctrines outshine Reason's rays;
Deception's dupes, whatever be the shape
The Protean monster may successive ape.
Spare diet theirs, were wisdom all their food,
And few companions but for Folly's brood.
Those crude conceits, which circulate so free
Through addled heads for Reason's currency,
Which, though to wisdom they may make pretence,
Are not redeemable in common sense—
All these their minds with greedy ardor seize;
If ignorance be bliss—what happy people these!

Oh! that a second Butler might arise
To lash our fooleries and expose our lies,
And show Imposture's many-sided face
Mirrored in wit and glittering in disgrace.
And send Sir Hudibras again abroad
To war with Reason and to league with Fraud.
Say, shall I dare to give him shape and hue,
And bring his mazy-running knaveries to view;
From Humbug's minions catch the scattered rays,
That in one focus they may brightly blaze?

I'd give our Yankee knight, before he leaps,
A tireless mind, where naught but Conscience sleeps;
An oily tongue which word should never speak,
To call a blush to Satan's brazen cheek,
With yet a power of lungs, the weak to move,
Which lung-quietcent Bronson might approve;
A changing face, which e'en might Honor feign,
A ton of brass for every ounce of brain.
Then launch him forth, right cunningly to rage
Through the thick shams of this *enlightened* age;
To tell the people they are lords of earth,
And pick their pockets while he lauds their worth;
For each new thing to war and whine and plead,
Our frailties humor, and our fooleries feed;
Drug men with folly, which no clime engrosses,
And sense dole out in homœopathic doses;
And making goodness to his projects bend,
With all right aims an ultra spirit blend.

To Non-resistants, those tongue-fighting men,
Ink-shedding wights, and soldiers of the pen;
Who to encounter strife, like warriors, fly,
Foolscape their standard—Peace! their battle cry;
Who make mild views on fiery logic trot;
Whose thoughts are powder, and whose words are shot;
To these he gives his first conceptions birth,
And to its centre "shakes" the frightened earth.
His constant motto is, "resist not evil,"
And careful be not to "resist" the devil!

Next to some gentle, transcendental souls,
The mysteries of spirit he unrolls,
And to be understood, and surely please,
Spasmodic thoughts he garbs in Carlylese.
He rings the changes on his withered hopes,
In repetitions of as withered tropes;
To view exhibits, as destroyed by Fate,
His crushed affections in their mangled state;
In stuttering speech, where Thought, half-strangled,
squeaks
Some mystic words, as huskily it creaks.
From laboring brains, for quaint no-meanings racked,
He jerks his words, as dentists teeth extract.
And as he brays, in dolorous tone, his fears,
You think his voice must travel from his ears.
His audience listen, wonder, mourn, commend,
And think that deep *they* cannot comprehend.

To Graham taverns then his journey takes,
And o'er the mealy meals wry faces makes.
But soon joins those who, peptic lectures giving,
Starvation preach to get themselves a living.
All hoggish wights he warns from tasting swine,
Complaining tipplers he forbids to whine;
Denies them beef, yet hesitates on calf,
Then thinks its pluck too fiery by half.
Tells them to imitate, not eat, the goose,
And gabble well when they a speech produce.
To keep their vegetable ardor fresh,
Insults an ox to mortify the flesh,
Vows milk and water is the best of food,
For mind and body, for the soul and blood;
Adduces bards in whom this drink divine
Flows with their verse and moistens every line;
The Muses' stream to them a Taunton rill,
Too weak, fame says, to flow adown the hill.
While Hesiod, Homer, Scott, beef-eating men,
Who writ of battles with a kindling pen,—
Whose boiling life-blood, by their diet fired,
Tempestuous thoughts and wordy wrath inspired—
Beneath his rule had sung the charms of peace,
In fleecing dupes had sought the "golden fleece;"
In "right-aim schools" taught young ideas to shoot,
And vegetated on the cubic root;
Had spent long hours in teaching peptic rules,
In making speeches and in making fools;
And dying late, 'mid dietetic moans,
Had left expectant worms a legacy of bones!

Before they dine, he drawls with dubious face,
Some peptic precepts in the lieu of grace,
Then leaving them to sip their soothing slops,
Marches to Brown's, and dines on mutton-chops.

For reckless talk, he gives some hours to men
Whose formal life deludes the common ken:
Grave dignitaries, on whose faces sit
That awful look which chills uprising wit;
Whose solemn pace and guarded words declare
What wisdom lurks in snug retirement there,
Yet when from prying ears their tongues are free,
Witless and shameless in their godless glee!

Next to the Drama turns with pleasant pride,
Sees genius shelved and dullness deified;
Marks mammoth children pigmy minds invite,
And no-haired horses no-brained men delight;
Notes pit and box their choicest plaudits grant
To the hoarse roar of brazen-throated Rant;
Views cambrio kerchiefs mount to tearless eyes
As lovers mouth their maudlin miseries;
Yet sees with pain, that checks his keen delight,
Some glittering stars illumine the drama's night.

But leaving soon the circus-haunted stage,
He shines the great reformer of the age.
With tossing arms and frenzied speech, he fights
For man's inborn, inalienable rights!
Stuns all who hear, till sense and reason reel,
As far and wide his mimic thunders peal.
He is too brave to suffer aught to rule
His inborn right to make himself a fool;
For Woman's rights then *multifies* the strain
And showers his tepid words like April rain.
Alas! why should his tongue so softly preach
The right of woman to the use of speech,—
As if, since Eve had left volition free,
She e'er had lacked that noble quality!
But quickly changing to a tumid style,
In moral suasion vents his bosom's bile.
As if by adder bit or serpent stung,
Fool, felon, rogue, glide glibly from his tongue.
Reviles still more, if choleric men refuse
To be converted by his fierce abuse.
As drunk with zeal as toppers are with wine,
His reeling thoughts veer wide of Reason's line.
If selfish lust on man's improvement frown,
With selfish passion he would beat it down.
Let him, he screams, have undivided sway,
And earth's made holy in a single day.

Then to the bigot's banner bows, and sheds
His heart's hot malice on heresiarch heads;
Leaguings with those who use religion's name
To cover deeds which might an atheist shame;
Who Persecution's fading embers fan
And forge new fetters for the soul of man;
And deem Jove's blasting thunderbolts they hurl
As their small shots round creedless Titans whirl!

Exhausting all *persuasive* means, to light
Our fallen race to Virtue's glorious height,
To Medicine gives his comprehensive mind,
And fills his pockets while he cures mankind.
He scorns M. D.s, at all hard study sneers,
And soon the science of its mystery clears.
His knowledge springs intuitive and plain,
As Pallas issued from the Thunderer's brain.
He takes a patent for some potent pill
Whose cure is certain—for it cures to kill.
Such mighty powers in its materials lurk,
It grows, like Gibbon's Rome, a standard work!
Pill-militant, he storms the forts of pain,
Where grim Disease has long entrenched lain,
Routs fevers, agues, colics, colds and gout,
Nor ends the war till life itself he routs.

If of his skill you wish some pregnant hints,
Peruse the grave-stones, not the public prints!
To aid his work, and fame immortal win,
Brings steam from physics into medicine;
From speeding packets o'er th' Atlantic waste
O'er Styx's stream old Charon's boat to haste.
Proving that steam for double use is fit—
To whirl men *through* the world, and *out* of it!

Then starts a bank, and circulates its bills,
The public take them as they took the pills;
Bill-holders storm—and then our knowing knight,
In Knavery's armor, dares yet dreads the fight;
But soon 'tis found, as Fortune makes him bold,
He has in brass more than he lacks in gold.

Then our sharp hero tries in verse his skill,
And makes Pegasus turn his whirling mill—
With bards who seek ideal good to win
As it looms brightly through the fumes of gin.
Who, to poetic frenzy madly wrought,
From sap-steeped brains wring scanty drops of thought;
Whose crude conceits no thread of reason binds,
Delirious tremens of inebriate minds;
Who build on sandy base the lofty rhyme,
To tower forever through the clouds of Time,
Or in blank verse still blander thoughts dispense,
At once victorious over rhyme and sense;
And, with rejected bathos, fume and tease,
In cursing Griswold and denouncing Keese;
Striving to stem, with oars that gleam and quiver,
Oblivion's murky stream—the luckless bard's Salt River!

But not encouraged by the prosy times,
In saddling coddled thoughts to ragged rhymes,
He then becomes, the world at large to bless,
A pensioned penman for some potent press:
And patiently, for many toilsome years,
Broods o'er the eggs of Thought to hatch ideas.
And as his wee brain-chicks for victory go,
Their life exhales in one mellifluous crow!

To Congress then our worthy humbug wends,
To mark our country's honorable friends
Acting as if by Politics they meant
The art of cheating those they represent.
Spendthrifts of words, but miserly of deeds,
Each flimsy theme a hundred speeches breeds,
A wordy war, where "Party" is the cry,
Speech tugs with speech, and words like bullets fly;
Tongues cut and thrust, with pride and passion fierce,
And poisoned shafts through reputations pierce;
While some bright souls, by martial ardor bit,
In brawls and duels show their native wit,
And deem themselves a brave, chivalric band,
Paid by the people to disgrace the land.
Exchanges fluctuate, and trade decays,
And starving traders furious voices raise,
Still members fight and gabble on, for each
Must kill his man, or make a maiden speech;
One frothy, foaming cataract of talk
All projects flood, and all good measures balk.
When Congress ends, the members then regale
Their furious masters with a specious tale;
Assume their course as right—all blame disown—
Lay all the mischief, with a boding groan,
To those whose stream of talk ran counter to their own!

Say, shall I dare Sir Humbug further trace
In his rogue's tricks upon our cheated race?
Declare his part in that dear patriot band
Who love, and laud, and fleece, and leave the land?

Note the false thoughts which in his cranium meet,
 Conceived in sin and cradled in deceit?
 Show why he makes the coquette sweetly speak,
 Spreads the rich rouge which flushes age's cheek?
 Throbs in the hearts of many gentle girls,
 And parts the lips which hide imported pearls?
 Prompts the smooth words which drop from Scandal's
 tongue,
 And Envy's look when Innocence is stung?
 Checks the warm thoughts which thrill the heart of youth,
 Gives Falsehood's form the radiant robe of Truth?
 In Fashion's kingdom, all the feelings quell
 Of whiskered dandy and of lisping belle?
 Though bards are brave! and men in every clime
 Hate truth in prose, but welcome it in rhyme,
 I dare not touch with Satire's ruthless knife
 The sins and shams which shame our social life.

Our knight at last, his direst tricks to plan
 In knavery's traffic, shines a business man.
 His pliant conscience and his scheming brain
 In speculation their fruition gain;
 The god of gold his worshiped deity—
 The only god which crooks the atheist's knee!
 He leagues with those who number in their trade
 A falsehood told for every sixpence made—
 To Mammon mortgage all they have of heart,
 To keep their wealth with priceless honor part,
 The fear of God the smallest of their fears,
 Rolling in wealth but bankrupt in ideas;
 To save their purse, their souls contented lose,
 And count all right if wordly gain accrues;
 Who, when they die, no memory leave behind,
 But in the curses of their cheated kind!
 With these Sir Humbug riches seeks to gain,
 And feels his way through labyrinth of chicanery.
 Embezzles, swindles, lies, until at last,
 The eye of Justice on his crimes is cast,
 And, drugged with wealth, he leaves our plundered shore,
 And Texas boasts one fiery hero more.

The love of gold! say, is not this the seat
 Of half the infamies which track deceit?
 We all are yoked to Mammon's golden car,
 Whose rattling wheels with life's great duties jar;
 Let it not prove the hearse of death-like gloom,
 Wherein our souls move blindly to the tomb!
 May noble thoughts round our employments flock
 As vernal flowers festoon the rugged rock.
 We know that Nature, by her instinct led,
 Abhors no vacuum like an empty head:
 Let us be careful, when of wealth we dream,
 In gaining that we lose not her esteem.
 What is the price at which we purchase gold,
 When selfish thoughts the mind in fetters hold?
 A withered heart, scathed with the lust of gain,
 Dry as the yellow dust it would obtain!
 Sink not the soul, where fire from Heaven glows,
 To the same dust from which the body rose,
 Nor while with endless life its pulses beat,
 With sordid thoughts weave out its winding-sheet.
 Say, shall the mind which nobler impulse feels,
 Be dragged a slave at Mammon's chariot wheels?
 And shall it seek, with more than blindness cursed,
 In transient streams to slake immortal thirst?
 And, doubly sinking in creation's rank,
 Drag the dull chain, and love its servile clank?
 Wealth is unstable as the morning dew,
 As April skies, or sunset's golden hues;
 In all its forms the canker may intrude,
 And blast the budding hopes of worldly good:
 But Thought and Will—immortal hopes which stray
 In lustrous beauty o'er life's common way—
 No storm can blight, nor earth's mutations sway.
 These are true riches—by the mean unsought,
 Found in the heart's deep cells, and mines of thought;
 And in our course, whate'er of peace or strife,
 May robe in light, or shroud in gloom, our life,
 Still may we be to every ill resigned
 But laden coffers with an empty mind.

THE SUMMER STORM.

'Tis coming fast, 'tis coming fast,
 The cooling summer storm!
 The big black clouds fly fleetly past,
 And the air is murky and warm.
 All still! all still! yet see afar
 How the pine-tops bend and wave,
 And the winds that storm their emerald bar
 In the dim distance rave.
 Creeping, creeping, through the wood,
 O'er the green and unshorn grass,
 With rustling sound and voice subdued,
 Sprites of the tempest pass.
 And lo! afar a silvery veil
 Drops down to earth from heaven;
 With murky edge and tassels pale,
 By lightnings wildly riven.
 The big bright rain comes pattering now
 To the earth through swaying leaves,
 And leaf or flower, with upraised brow,
 God's benison receives.
 There are tiny circles in the brook,
 And its wavelets dance and flash,
 As the boughs, that on its bosom look,
 A mimic shower dash.

There's music where the rain-drops fall,
 On the wet roof pattering thick;
 On the hollow tree, with its mossy pall,
 They are beating loud and quick.
 But see, there gleams a yellow light,
 Faint on the shrouded west,
 And the rain falls soft, as it grows more bright,
 And the rack to the east is pressed.
 And over wood and dripping hill,
 On the low brook's sandy bed,
 Aslant on the waves of the gentle rill,
 A mellow tint is shed.
 And through the lids of the snowy cloud,
 Like the glance of an angel's eye,
 It breaketh out from its airy shroud
 The blue and lovely sky.
 The sunbeams slant in silver bars,
 Down through the flying wreath,
 And bright as the blaze of a million stars
 The rain-drops flash beneath.
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis past and gone,
 The gentle summer rain,
 And bright and warm on his western throne
 The sun smiles down again.

THE ICY VEIL.

OR THE KEYS TO THREE HEARTS THOUGHT COLD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

ON an afternoon of Autumn's tranquilizing and thoughtful sweetness, the public band, in the Rosenthal of Leipsic, chanced upon an air that troubled the tears of a lady among the listeners. The music, which is sometimes stationed at a small garden nearer the town, was, for that day, at the *café*, deeper in the wood; and the small tables scattered around beneath the trees, were, at this hour, covered by the coffee and ices of the crowd, an untouched glass of Sherbet (her apology for occupancy of a chair) standing before the lady to whose heart the music, as it seemed, had an errand. It was an hour every way delicious, and to all there who had not, in their own bosoms, the discontent that dissolved the spell, the gardens of the Rosenthal were, for that evening, enchanted. The shadow under the thick grove was golden with the coming sunset. The gaily painted porticoes of the little *maison de plaisance* looked festal with the addition of the bright colors of shawls and bonnets, students' caps and soldiers' uniforms. The avenues around were thronged with promenaders. Flower-girls curtsied about with baskets of roses.

The lady in the simple straw bonnet was alone, except that a servant, standing at the entrance of the wicket enclosure, unobtrusively kept her in sight. She was dressed with a skill detectable only by those of her own class in life, and, to all eyes, plainly; but the slender wreath of blue and crimson flowers which lay well back between the bonnet and the oval of her cheek, betrayed an unwillingness that the dark hair should be robbed wholly of embellishing contrast, and her movements, though habitual and unthought of, were those of unerring elegance, impressed (indefinitely but effectually) with a singular pride and majesty. Beauty, such as is appreciable by common eyes, she had not. The freshness of youth had departed. But, to the few who know, at first sight, the lustrous up-gleaming from a warm heart deeply covered, she would at this moment have seemed more beautiful than in youth. The morning light throws a glitter upon the surface of the sea, that pleases the thoughtless, but the diver for pearls finds more beauty in the unglittering profoundness of the sea's look at noon.

Betrays by angels (it may be!) of what the pride would wrongfully conceal, are the tears, so little subject to the bidding of the eyes that shed them; and those which the music of the Rosenthal had so unexpectedly called upon to give testimony, were destined to fulfill their mission. A new comer to the crowd had taken his seat at a table under the portico—a young man of remarkable beauty of person—and, at the same moment that, with a start of surprise, he rose to address the lady as a recognized acquaintance,

her suffused eyes arrested his attention, and prevented what would have been, at that moment, an evident intrusion. Resuming his seat, and guarding against recognition by bringing the lattice of the portico between himself and his discovery, he had leisure, during the playing of an overture of Mozart, to marvel at so singular a rencontre in a public garden of Leipsic, and still more, at such a miracle of things out of place, as tears in the cold eyes of a woman he had thought made of marble!

With his fancy weaving cobwebs of conjecture on these points, however, the attention of the stranger was, a second time, arrested. A Tyrolese glove-girl, in the drooping hat and short green petticoat of her country, had approached him with her box suspended over her shoulder, and, with a second glance at her face, he had smilingly removed his ring and extended his hand to be fitted with a specimen of her merchandise; availing himself of the opportunity to study her features with the absorbing gaze of an artist. His mind was pre-occupied, however. Hours after, the peculiar value (artistically speaking) of the physiognomy he thus unconsciously stored away, became for the first time apparent to him, and he wondered that he could have parted, so carelessly, with a face so full of meaning. But his own features—beautiful to a degree seldom seen in the person of a man—were destined to be better remembered.

The music ceased suddenly, and the lady in the straw bonnet, followed at a distance by her servant, took her way along the meadow-path of the Rosenthal. After a few steps she was overtaken by the artist.

"The Countess Isny-Frere, or her apparition, I believe!" he said, removing his hat and addressing her with the deference of a ceremonious acquaintance.

She stopped suddenly, with a look that began in unwelcome surprise, and ended in well-bred carelessness.

"I must rally to think which it is that you see," she replied, "for (I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Tremlet, I believe) the sight of an English face has startled me, soul or body, quite out of Leipsic!"

"And may I ask, meantime, what Leipsic has done to deserve a visit from the Countess Isny-Frere?" he gaily continued—but the next instant he remembered that he had but just now seen tears in the eyes of the stately person he was addressing, and his tone and manner became suddenly thoughtful and subdued. The transition was one of insensible ease, however—the certainty that he was thus ministering to her chance mood giving him a confidence, the key to which she was little aware of having herself furnished; and as they slowly paced the smooth walk of the

Rosenthal, the two, who had never before met but as formal acquaintances, fell gradually far within the limits of ceremonious reserve.

The darkly shaded avenue that alternately touches and reaches from the banks of the Elster, is like a succession of approaches to lovely pictures—so beautiful are the sudden disclosures of the secluded bends of the river, at the openings contrived for the purpose. At each opening there is a seat beneath the trees, the swift water curling its eddies to the bank on which it is placed, and he would be a cold observer of nature who could pass such landscapes without availing himself of the opportunity to loiter. Seated in these successive nooks, and leisurely pacing the winding alleys that intervene, Tremlet and the countess had each the leisure to weigh the expediency of extending acquaintance into friendship; though, in the mind of each, an under-current of wondering reverie kept pace with the conversation—each other's capability of natural and tender thoughtfulness being a mutual and most pleasurable surprise. To Tremlet more particularly, the riddle was inexplicable, for the countess's simple and confiding ingenuousness was wholly irreconcilable with her character as a heartless leader of fashion. Her house, of all resorts of exclusiveness in London, was the one, he believed, the most heartlessly frequented, and she herself known even among her friends, by the appellation of the "cold countess," was esteemed by society at large, as the pre-eminent model of a worldling—proud, cautious and passionless.

Tremlet's errand to Germany was briefly told. He was uniting a partly professional object with a Summer's excursion. The great Fair of Leipsic had drawn him hither from the Rhine, for in no other gathering of the world, perhaps, are there assembled so many varieties of strange costume and physiognomy; and in a week's jostling among the long-robed and bearded Hebrews, the green-jacketed Tyrolese, the mild Hungarians, and the German Mountaineers and Students, he looked to find novel subjects for his pencil. But this was not all. He had been long seeking a model of female beauty for an unfinished picture—one which he designed for the *chef d'œuvre* of his pencil—and the peculiar quality of maiden countenance that was necessary to its completion had evaded, thus far, both his search among the living and his imaginative conception. As the subject of the picture had been suggested by one of the wild legends of Tieck, he thought it more probable that he should find the face also in the neighborhood of the first inspiration.

"And strangely enough," he added, after a moment's pause, "I saw a grove-girl in the garden where I met you, whose countenance impresses me more in remembrance than when I saw it—possibly one of those faces that lack but the heightening of their natural expression to become beautiful."

He stopped abruptly, recalling musingly the singular countenance of the Tyrolese, and mentally resolving to find her on the morrow, and induce her to sit to him for a portrait of careful study. The countess at this moment chose the left of two paths—the

one which she took leading in the direction opposite from the return through the Park.

"It is my turn at the confessional," she said, "and"—(she hesitated, coloring slightly)—"I presume it would be my best policy, if I ~~do not~~ ^{do not} to part from you before going further, to be frank to the 'wherefore' of my summering here in Leipsic. Whole secrets," she added, smilingly, "are better kept than halves, and less dangerous if told."

She resumed after a few steps onward.

"You will be surprised to discover how little mystery there need be, properly, in what looks at first sight so formidably mysterious—my giving up of friends and identity for four months in the year—but my friends in England should be as welcome to the secret as you will be, if they could comprehend it, or would give any credit indeed either to the simplicity of my life here, or its still more incredibly simple motive. You know how I live in London. I lack nothing there that can be given to a woman of wealth and position. But I have another home which is far sweeter to me—a small house in a village adjoining this Park of the Rosenthal. The exterior of this little retreat, which I will presently show you, looks as it did when I first saw it—like the house of a German villager—but the interior is, of course, suited to my taste and liking. The village, by the way, is celebrated as having been the residence of Schiller, who lodged for some time in one of its humble houses, and wrote here his famous 'Song to Joy'—but it is a veritable village at this day, and though a most desirable residence, as standing on the skirt of a Park which alone separates it from Leipsic, it is inhabited only by veritable villagers—myself hardly a noticeable exception. Here I have a faithful household of servants who know me but by the German name of my husband's family—(by-the-bye, remember to address me in conversation as Madame Isnay)—and who serve me without question as a widow who has reasons for being absent a great part of the year. But the sunset is losing its brilliancy. Let us hasten our steps toward this mysterious 'whereabout' of mine. Over a cup of tea, I may, perhaps, tell you its 'why and wherefore.'"

A sudden turn from the graveled walk of the Park brought them to a rude and picturesque bridge over a mill-stream, and a narrow lane led thence to the village. The street upon which they entered was a common thoroughfare, between irregular rows of houses, each with its rough gate and shrubbery, and the humble entrance to one of these, which was in no way distinguished from the rest, was opened by the plainly dressed servant of the countess. A small garden, arranged after the common manner of the country, separated the front door from the neighbor's wall.

The entry was of German simplicity, and a small room on the right, in which the countess first, with mischievous formality, requested Tremlet to be seated, was uncarpeted and furnished with the ill-contrived conveniences of a German parlor—evidently kept as a place of reception for any intrusive visitor whose curiosity might be troublesome. But from the land

ing of the dark staircase leading to the second-story, Tremlet entered an apartment occupying the whole upper floor of the house, and here he recognized at once a fitting home for the luxurious habits of the inmate. It was a boudoir, a dressing-room and library, in which there was more than enough for show but every thing for luxurious and charming abundance of fawn-colored divans, cushions and contrivances for comfort—the mirror panels so multiplying the recesses, and so deceiving the eye as to the space enclosed between the walls, that it seemed a little wilderness of indefinable extent and luxury. The single alteration that had been made in the exterior of the house was in the long window, from the ceiling to the floor, which was of a single plate of glass, so clear that it was difficult to tell whether it was shut or open. This costly change in the humble architecture was on the side opposite from the street, invisible to the passers-by; and as the house stood on the little acclivity of the village, the window commanded a lovely reach over the Rosenthal, with glimpses of the Elster.

An artist of genius is more than half poet, and Tremlet's appreciation of this unsuspected hiding-place of feminine caprice was glowingly complete. Left alone for a few minutes, he smiled as he buried himself in the silken cushions of a divan, remembering how formally he had visited in London the presiding spirit of this living romance, and how mistakingly, from what he thus hastily saw of her, he had pronounced upon her character as cold and ostentatious. As yet, it is true, he was in the dark as to the motive of this singular seclusion; but her conversation in the Rosenthal had been of a thoughtful and unaffected earnestness, that satisfied him completely of the elevation and purity of the heart in which the motive had its source, however singular the whim by which it found its way to development.

A most delicious strain of music commenced suddenly. It was like that of a band stationed at just such a distance that the articulation of the harmony and melody came to the room in which he sat, softened to the most dreamy degree short of indistinctness.

"That is Beethoven's Sonata to Giuletta," said the countess, entering, "and it is one of the most eloquent replies of music to the dumb questioning of a heart-ache that was ever vouchsafed to mortal inspiration. You must not think it theatrical in me to have surprised you with music," she added with a deprecating humility, that sat very gracefully on her proud lips, "for to tell you the truth, you have brought London eyes into my hitherto unseen seclusion, and I cannot resist feeling, for the moment, that the ideal of the spot is a little disenchanted. The music, which is ordinarily my only company, is so associated with my solitude that it will re-conjure, probably, the spirit of the spot—but, meantime, let me dissolve the mystery of its production.

The countess touched a spring which threw open one of the mirror panels of the library, and disclosed a little oratory, or chapel, decorated simply with one female figure, of exquisite sculpture, whose face was hidden in prayer—the cross and the devotee both in

chased silver. This again swung partly open, and showed a closet in the wall, filled with musical cylinders like the barrels of an organ.

"This of course," she said, "is but a musical box on an extended scale, but it has very varied capabilities. It was constructed for me by an ingenious Swiss, who changes or adds to its numerous barrels at my pleasure; but I must own that I am as little fickle in my musical likings as in my fondness for poems, and I can scarce tire of a composition that has once moved me. You are aware that several of the composers of Germany have tried their hands upon 'Songs without words,' in imitation of this touching love-letter in music, which you have just heard, and which Beethoven addressed to the high-born Giuletta. By this—to my apprehension at least—they have advanced one chamber nearer to the inner sanctuary of feeling, of which common music, if I may so express it, fills only the ante-chamber. I have had all these 'Songs without words' added to my little musical oratory, and the barrels are so arranged that I can either select the melodies I want, or let them follow in a chance succession of several hours' continuance. I used to be fond of the harp; but playing requires an effort—and to think luxuriously during music, one should be the listener and not the player. Any trouble with the procuring of music spoils it for me, and if the music is to be used as an habitual accompaniment to reverie, some such obedient automaton as this must be resorted to."

Tremlet begged to listen to it in silence for a while.

"It shall play while we idle over our tea," said the countess, after a few minutes of silent attention—"possibly in that time it may exorcise the English presence out of the room; but you are too new a comer to be admitted at once to the full luxury of silence."

The closet of music, with its costly intricacy of mechanism, was closed and left to play. Its effects, softened with the shutting of the doors, were choral and orchestral, and in wonderful resemblance to the performances of a troop of admirable musicians, it executed the delicious compositions chosen as food for reverie. The twilight had meantime died away, and as the room was flooded with a soft light from lamps unseen, Tremlet felt himself fully subject to the influence of the spot.

"It is indeed a place where one might forget the world," he said at last.

"It is a place in which to rest from the world," replied the countess, "and in that you have the key of the use to which I devote it. You need not be reminded what London is—how wearisome its round of well-bred gayeties—how heartless and cold its fashionable display. Providence, I think, has confined to a comparatively low level, the hearty and joyous sympathies of our nature; and it avenges the humble, that the proud, who rise above them, rise also above the homely material for happiness. An aristocrat I am doomed to be. I am, if I may so express it, irrevocably pampered, and must live and associate with the class in which I have been thrown by accident and education. But how inexpressibly

tedious to me is the round of such a life, the pains I have here taken to procure a respite from it, may perhaps partially convey to you. It is possible—probable indeed—that I entertain at my house people who envy me the splendors I dispense, yet who are themselves happier than I. To young people, for whom it is a novelty—to lovers whose happiness is wholly separable from all around them—to the ambitious who use it as a convenient ladder—gay London life is (what any other life would be with the same additions) charming. But to one who is not young—for whom love is a closed book, and who has no ambition in progress—this mere society without heart or joyousness is a desert of splendor. I walk through my thronged rooms, and hear, night after night, the same ceremonious nothings. I drive in my costly equipage, separated by its very costliness from the sympathy of the human beings who pass me by. There are those who call themselves my intimate friends; but their friendship lacks homeliness and abandonment. Fear of committal, dread of ridicule, policy to please or repel, are like chains worn unseen on the tongues and hearts of all who walk the world at that level."

Tremlet listened without reply, except in looks expressive of assent.

"It has probably passed through your mind," continued the countess, "that I might have found a seclusion as complete as this in a remote part of England. But I chose Germany for several reasons. I was partly educated here, and the language and habits of the people are like those of a native land to me. My husband's relatives, on one side of the descent, are German, and a presumed visit to these connections furnishes the necessary excuse for absenting myself unattended. But above all, the people are different—the pervading magnetism of the common air is as different as that of another planet. I see no society, it is true. My musical oratory and my books are all the companionship I have within doors. But I go into the public gardens of the Rosenthal, (as in Germany a lady may,) not only fearing no intrusion, but receiving, as one of the crowd, my share of its social magnetism. The common enjoyment of the music of the band brings all in the crowd to a temporary common sympathy. Rid thus of the 'fine-lady' separation between me and my kind, which I feel in England like a frozen wall, my heart expands—I cannot express to you how genially and breathingly! And now is all this comprehensible to you?" asked the countess, crushing her handkerchief with both hands upon her eyes, with the natural suddenness of an impassioned child.

The reply was one that gave no check to the expansion of heart on which she had entered.

"This is singular frankness on my part," she continued. "I presume I shall not discover immediately why I am thus unguardedly confiding in one whom I have only known hitherto as an acquaintance. It is an instinctive impulse, however, and I trust it. I was hesitating before trying to express another charm of this seclusion to me—partly because I feared I should find some difficulty in putting my meaning into

language, and more, perhaps, because it will be the disclosure of a feeling which I have, as yet, hardly dared to summon up for my own examination. In this joyous out-of-doors society of Germany—in the general distribution of complaisance and regard, the interchange of kindly salutations between all classes, and the strong expressions of good-will in which ordinary politeness is usually phrased—I find, somehow, a prolonging of the life-time of the affections—a *continuance of verdure, as it were, into the desert of the age past loving*. A wise woman submits, of course, with well-bred outward acquiescence, when the world's manner informs her that the love-summer of her youth is over. But it came upon *me* when my heart was in the most prodigal flowering of its tenderness—when my capacity to *give* love, at least, was growing, it seemed to me, hourly of more value and profoundness. To abandon *then* all hope of loving—and with this unvalished wealth too in the heart—was society's bitter exaction. I submitted. I would not be the ridicule of the world, for pretensions to attractiveness I had outlived, nor would I be a mark for such attentions as are always ready for those who seem approachable through weakness. I was a widow, wealthy and without children; and if I would retain the pride of my position, and particularly if I would defy the malice of the envious, I must either marry a man older than myself or show the seeming of a heart beyond all possible susceptibility. You yourself visited me in this latter character, and you know how unshrinkingly, when in England, I revolve and shine in my icy orbit! Oh, I have a thousand times envied the beggar at my door! But this life must be lived on! Walls within walls—circumstances and feelings I cannot now explain to you—hedge in the necessity of my continuing the maintenance of this conspicuous station in England. Respite, however—breathing time—is indispensable! To escape from those who so relentlessly measured my period of loveableness—to step out from my fixed place among those of mature years, though without a thought of resuming youth—to descend from the cold height of exclusiveness, and claim once a year my common share of common life and sympathy—for these privileges, and to relax tongue and heart in weeks of luxurious silence and self-abandonment—I contrived the retreat you have stumbled upon.

"Did you think," asked the countess, touching the spring of the enchanted closet, and with a gesture compelling silence for the music, by way of obviating reply—"did you think that this formidable mystery had so little in it that was mysterious?"

With luxury, music and complete isolation from the world, love ripens apace. It was one morning, but a fortnight after the chance meeting of the countess and Tremlet, described in the foregoing pages, that the artist found himself, for the first time in his life, wholly unsusceptible of the seductive temptings of his pencil. He could not paint. Something more critical than any ordinary anxiety outweighed his art. There sat Jessonda, the Tyrolese, in the posture in which she was daily placed—for the character her

portrait was to represent)—the half-finished sketch on his easel fairly breathing with a new vision of beauty—but he saw that day neither the sketch nor Jessonda. The living original might well have inspired him, however, for love more intense than was expressed in her face and posture never offered itself to be pictured. So, indeed, the artist had interpreted it, if one might believe his canvas—for her intense gaze of adoration was well copied, though with the addition of a lofty refinement of intellect breathing through the strangely expressive lineaments—but *he had given his imagination credit for the love as well as the intellect portrayed before him.*

With no suspicion of what so distracted his attention for that day, however, Jessonda was troubled. In the usually absorbed devotion of the artist to her portrait—in the flushed cheek and eager eye with which he gazed on the face she saw copied from her own—she had found stuff for dreams that made her capable of jealousy when that picture was neglected. She had half risen to leave him, when a servant entered with a letter. The door closed upon her as he broke the seal, and Jessonda and his picture were at once forgotten in the perusal—

"MY DEAR TREMLET,—In the two days that I have exiled you from my presence I have exiled my happiness also—as you well know without my confessing—but I needed to sleep and wake more than once upon your welcome but unexpected avowal. I fear, indeed, that I need much more time, and that reflection would scarce justify what I am now about to write to you. But my life hitherto has been such a succession of heart-chilled waitings upon Reason, that for once, while I have the power, I am tempted to bound away with Impulse, after happiness.

"Of course you understand in this an acceptance of your offer. But I have conditions to impose. It is possible that you may withdraw your offer when you know them. Yet they are so much of a character with our acquaintance, and with our intercourse, for the month into which we have crowded an age, that I have strong hopes of your not finding them distasteful. Let me preface my exactions by some sort of apology, however—showing you, that is to say, the ground work of the foible (if such you think it) which is to be humored by your acquiescence.

"I have partially expressed to you in conversation how completely my whole life has been a sacrifice of natural preferences to worldly expediency. For my present station, such as it is, I have given gradually the entire provision made by nature for my happiness—my girlish joyfulness, my woman's power of loving, my hopes, my dreams, my sympathies, my person. I was forced to sacrifice an early affection to marry for title and fortune. I have since been unceasingly called upon to choose between my heart's wishes and freedom from humiliation. You will say it was at my own risk if I preferred the latter—but in every important crisis of option, the threatened evils looked appalling, and the happiness comparatively partial. Meantime, (I am quite ready to believe,) my pride has been thus fed to a disease.

"Of course there is something wrong from the

world by these sacrifices. To most victims the worldly advantages are a sufficient consolation. But fortune and title alone would not have continued to tempt me. I could be happy without homage, and with a hundredth part of the luxury I can command. But there is another privilege accompanying high station coldly maintained, and bought by me with these same bitter sacrifices—a *disdainful independence* of the world that has so robbed us! What will you say if I tell you that this is what I am trying to preserve to myself as a *twin happiness with your love!* What will you think of me if I confess to you, that the strongest feeling in my bosom, till you wakened love there, was resentment against society for the cruelties it has sown my life with! Individuals of course are blameless of design against me, but the cruelty lies in the pervading heartlessness of the class. In their mockery of every thing but that which dazzles them—in their polished rejoicing over the downfall of any social superiority—lies the inevitableness of the submissions I resent. Is it strange, then, that I hate the class? Is it strange that *I wish to preserve an ascendancy over it, and remain above its sneer or its pity?* With the glow of tenderness now in my heart, I cannot find the bitter words to express to you how much I value this undeniable power of disdain—but this it is which seems to me the only equivalent I have wrung from the world—this it is which I look on as the true price of the heart sold, pulse by pulse, at the hateful bidding of the opinions of the class I live in! And (for you have already seen my drift) it is this privilege which an open marriage with you would endanger. You are ten years younger than I. Your character and tastes are peculiar. The qualities you love in me ripen only in the meridian of life. We shall be happy in marriage, I have reason to believe. *But the world would not believe it!* Oh no! The first knowledge of the step would be received with a smile, and with that smile, lightly as it would pass around, would fall from me, like a dream, the ascendancy in which lies my power.

"Of course you anticipate what I have to propose. I will but name it to you now, and explain its possibility when we meet. It is to *marry you privately*, here in Germany. After a week more in this sweet retirement, (for my time here is nearly expired,) I will leave you, and resume my apparently heartless life in England. You shall return to England soon yourself, also apparently single, and we will be known to the world but as we were—the "cold Countess" Isny-Frere, and Tremlet, the unimpressible artist. The secret can be kept. More difficult things are done by the simplest people around us. Part of the year we will pass in this retirement or another, and, with means so ample as mine, and a character so little open to suspicion of such a secret, innumerable varieties, in the masquerading part of our life, will always be possible.

"Do you not see, my gifted and beautiful lover, how I thus add to the wealth of your affection, the jewel for which I sold all my happiness till I met you? Do not feel offended that in your love I have not forgotten it. We value what has cost us our heart's

blood, though it be but a worthless trifle to another. Oh, you must let me preserve my icy veil between me and the world—preserve it for my heart to beat behind it in a heaven of every day affection, I plead for it with my whole soul—but—it is yours to decide! I began my letter thinking that I should inflexibly exact it. I could not hesitate, however, now, in a choice between it and you. I will marry you openly if you so require.

“Come to me at sunset. Having once broken my wish to you, I can venture to talk of it. And now—impatient to press my lips upon your beautiful forehead—I record myself yours
EDITH.”

Another fortnight had elapsed. The golden light of another autumnal sunset streamed into the painting-room of Tremlet, at Leipsic. Around, against the walls, stood unfinished sketches, in oil, of the most peculiar faces and costumes that had been seen during the crowded fair just over. A Jew from Poland, with his shaggy fur cap, pelisse and shaggy beard; a Greek from Constantinople, in flowing juk-tanilla and cap of scarlet; peasants and peasant girls, with the sunny hair and strange dresses of mountain Germany; pedlars from the Friuli, and Hungarians swathed in twine and tatters, were here transferred from the street to canvas—material to figure hereafter in groups of historical pictures. But among these rough sketches (that, rude as they were, still showed the hand of the master) there was one subject finished with careful study—a portrait of the *Tyrolean glove-girl*—true to life, yet representing a quality of beauty rare as the second rainbow! It stood now upon the painter's easel—a figure of matchless nobleness and grace—and the colors were fresh about the lips, where he had retouched them within the parting hour.

The original of this “*treasure trove*” (for such was the face of Jessonda to the artist) had just risen from the kneeling posture, in which she had bent herself to his elaborate pencil for an hour of almost every day since their first meeting in the Rosenthal; and she stood looking alternately at her portrait and at him, with compressed lips, and an expression far beyond a gratified curiosity.

With the eye of genius Tremlet had seen in this girl's embryal beauty the look with which it would beam, were it perfected to the utmost capability of its peculiar type; and she saw now, on the easel, a beauty that could only be hers after years of culture, yet of which she still felt as conscious as of the swelling heart under her bodice of green. Her emotions had grown from day to day more tumultuous. While the artist looked on her beauty as on the fitting but cold and shuttered tenement of an unarrived angel of intellect, she looked on his as on something already worthy of the idolatrous worship of that angel. The coupling of the two before her—herself, as made beautiful on canvas, and the artist, as he stood breathingly beautiful in the glowing light of the sunset—was an appreciation of fitness that might well have come to a brain less enamored. Tremlet was as perfect in form and feature as a sculptor's ideal of Antinous. His

personal advantages had (contradictorily enough) increased by undervaluing; for, of the adulation that had been paid him in his first manhood, the greater part, of course, had come from the thoughtless and silly, and he had flung himself, with the reaction of disgust, upon the cultivation of qualities less open to common appreciation. Absorbed in his art, he had half lost the remembrance of his beauty; and nature, thus left to herself, in one of her most felicitous combinations, added one grace more—that of a noble unconsciousness. After a few years of seclusion, his eminent promise in the art brought him back by a new gate to society, and it was as Tremlet the distinguished artist that he had been a formal visiter at the house of the Countess Isny-Frere. His early shrinking from superficial admiration, however, had left a habit in his manners that acted like an instinctive avoidance of the gay and youthful, and he passed for a dreamy man, as marble cold as he was splendidly handsome. The countess had exchanged with him the politenesses of society without suspicion of his true nature. In the masked procession of London life, spirits the most congenial may walk side by side for years without recognition.

Upon Jessonda, the glove-girl, Tremlet had made an indelible impression the day she fitted his hand from her glove-case in the garden of the Rosenthal. His manner to her was soft and winning, without the forwardness against which she was habitually armed; and, possessed herself of mental superiority in the rough, she had recognized his nobleness without being able to define it. Vivid as was her admiration, however, she would probably have parted from him without the aspiring venture of loving him, if she had not seen disclosed, in the daily progress of her picture, an angel's ladder by which the heaven of an equality with him might be reached. She felt within her a vague consciousness of the character he had drawn in the elevated beauty of her portrait. She was capable, she thought, to become like to this heightened semblance of herself. It explained her waking dreams. Her heart declared itself interpreted in the picture's expression. But *prophetic flattery more bewildering was never addressed to mortal*—and it was little wonder that the heart of Jessonda sprang to its interpreter. As she looked now upon the pictured foreshadowing of what she *might be*, and from that to the noble form that stood beside it, she saw, with a glowing soul, that were it the picture of his wife, it would be a picture of his mate by nature. The chasm between her present self and her arrival at the lofty reach of this pictured equality, she shrank from measuring. Hope threw before it its glittering veil. Ah, poor Jessonda!

She took up from the floor her tall hat with its gold tassel. The band of Tyrolese merchants were already on their way southward, and she was waited for by her kinsmen at the gate of Leipsic.

“When shall we meet again?” asked Tremlet, taking her two hands kindly for a farewell.

She raised his hands hurriedly to her lips, choked back her emotion with a strong effort, and pointed to the picture.

"Remember me by that," she said, "not by what I am! When you see me again I shall be like it!"

Another instant and she was gone.

Her voice lingered on the painter's ear, and, after a few minutes of musing, he started to recall her, for her words suddenly assumed a new meaning to him; but another thought checked him, and he returned to his studio oppressed with an embarrassing sadness. He lighted his lamp and sat down to write to *his bride*, who, a few days before, had preceded him on her way to England.

It was five years after the acting of this chance romance at Leipsic, when Europe became filled with the murmur of a new renown, and, from her *début* at Vienna, the great songstress, —, made her way through adoring capitals toward London. Report spoke in wonder of the intellect that beamed through her expressive beauty, but with still more emphatic wonder at such passionate fervor in the acting of one whose heart seemed invulnerable to love; and while articles of agreement were concluding at Brussels for her appearance at the Queen's Opera, the exclusives of London were delighted to know that they should first have a privileged sight of the unsusceptible enchantress, for the "cold countess" had sent over a messenger to engage her for a private concert.

A few days wore on, and her arrival in England was announced; and on the morning of the day on which she was to sing at the concert of the Countess Isny-Frere, Tremlet the artist received, at his studio, the following brief letter:

"I promised to return to you when I should resemble my picture. It is possible that exile from your presence has marred more beauty than mental culture has developed—but the soul you drew in por-

trait has, at least, found its way to my features—for the world acknowledges what you alone read prophetically at Leipsic. I have kept myself advised of your movements, with a woman's anxiety. You are still toiling at the art which made us acquainted, and (thank God!) *unmarried*. To-night, at the concert of the Countess Isny-Frere, I shall sing to you, for I have taken pains to know that you will be there. Do not speak to me till you can see me alone—but hear me in my art before I abandon myself to the joy, long deferred, of throwing myself at your feet, with the fortune and fame it is now mine to offer you.

"Only yours, JESSONDA."

But Jessonda did not sing for the countess that night. The guests were assembled, and the leading performers of the opera were there, to accompany the new *prima donna*, when a note arrived, written apparently by her *dame de compagnie*, and announcing her sudden and unaccountable illness. As she had been seen driving in the Park that afternoon, apparently in perfect health, it was put down as one of the inexplicable caprices common to those intoxicated with sudden fame, and paragraphed upon accordingly in the morning papers. The disappointment to the countess was less than to her guests—for she had lived, now five years, in a world of happiness little suspected by the gay world about her—but, slight as it was, she chanced long to remember it by a coincidence. In her private journal, under the same date with the record of so comparative a trifle as a public singer's failure to appear at her concert, was recorded, with a trembling hand, the first cloud upon her life of secret happiness—her husband, Tremlet, having come to her, after the departure of her guests that night, with a gloom upon his spirits, over which her caresses, for the first time, had no power!

THE CLOUDS.

BY A. M. C. EDMOND.

THE summer clouds! the summer clouds!
How beautiful they rise,
And float in white and fleecy crowds
Across the sunny skies.

Upon the lake their shadows lie,
And in its depths serene
Seems mirrored soft another sky,
With but the clouds between.

They float in grandeur o'er the sea
Before the freshening wind,
And like the billows rolling free
They leave no trace behind.

On, on, a mighty host they sweep,
An army wild and grand,
Whose march is o'er the troubled deep
And o'er the quiet land.

And when the fruitful field and plain
With summer's heat are brown,

They pour a pearly wealth of rain
In glad abundance down.

Of o'er the moon's sweet pensive face
A silver veil they spread,
As if to hide the queenly grace
Of her enchanting head.

When morn unlocks the eastern gate
With light, and joyful song,
Around the rosy portals wait
The clouds, a crimson throng.

When day with all its cares is done,
And night steals o'er the land,
They cluster round the setting sun,
A bright and beautiful band.

Wide o'er the azure depth profound
In gorgeous hues they spread—
So hopes of glory cluster round
The Christian's dying bed.

THE INDIAN MOUND NEAR ALBANY.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A soft yet bright September day; the sky
Of deep and delicate blue, displays rich spots
Of pearly cloud; the air is pure and sweet;
The wind is downy; Nature laughs with joy.
A silver mist—the mantle that the moon
Had left upon the grass and flowers, as wan
She sought the dusk depths of the western sky,
Before the steps of morning—hath away
Just melted from the landscape, and the light
Banks fresh upon it. Haste, and let us leave
The sights and sounds of man for those of God.
I trace a forest-path; upon the leaves
Glow the first touches, few yet beautiful,
Of the rich painter, Autumn; the tall oak
Is sprinkled with deep red; the lowlier beech
Shows scattered golden hues; the mercury
Twining around its silver-spotted trunk
Brushes in vivid crimson, whilst beneath
The sumach riots in the same bright tint.
All else is green, yet paler than the pomp
Of summer's emerald. Through the pasture-grass
Are scattered blades, transparent from the frost,
Shedding a tinge of yellow in the sun.
A ceaseless glimmering near the earth betrays
The gossamers that stretch their filmy threads
From myriad grass-tips. On its airy path,
Rising and sinking, the rich yellow-bird,
As if on billows, darts around and chirps,
Seeking the tiny seed; the thistle's tuft
Is purple, and the goldenrod hangs out
Its powdered plume round my wandering steps.

The mound towers up before me, smooth and green,
Without a tree or bush. With quickening breath
I climb the steep acclivity; the sheep,
Affrighted from their nibblings, scamper off,
Then turn and gaze and bleat; the crown I win,
And the rich landscape smiles upon my view,
A sweep of vast horizon all around.
Those misty summits breaking up the sky
Proclaim the Kaatskills; thence the Hilderbergs,
A long, soft azure ridge, lead on the sight;
Outlines of woods and chimneys sharply traced
Upon the air, the swelling breasts of hills,
And tracts of hazy green, complete the ring.
The lowered eye, across the tops of trees
And belts of sloping upland, next alights
Upon the city's domes and bristling spires;
The river, like a long-drawn stripe of air,
Succeeds, and then a rich and varied scene—
Roofs—crossing lines of fences—scattered trees—
Red buckwheat-stubbles—withered stacks of corn—
Orchards—hay-barracks—grassy lanes—gray roads—
Spread to the mound; a picture beautiful.

Hark! a low clatter shakes upon my ear,
A moving cloud of smoke arrests my eye,
And, pushing round a wood-embosomed point,

The long and narrow steamboat swiftly glides
Along the mirrored river; from its stern
Tosses a streak of foam, and to the shore
The swell comes dancing; lapsing slowly on
Next the tall sloop, its great white main-sail spread
To catch the softly creeping wind, I view.
And then a skiff, with oars at every dip
That flash, moves past. Whilst gazing at the scene,
My mind goes back upon the tide of years,
And lo! a vision. On its upward path
The Half-Moon glides; the crowded forests lean
Their foliage in the waters from the banks,
And stretch, one vast and gorgeous sea of leaves,
To the horizon upon every side,
Save where the vista of the river spreads,
In front and rear, and here and there a glade,
Grassy and sweet, upon the sloping bank,
Or some green arch that tells where pours the creek
Its vassal-waters. As the vessel steals
Upon its track, upon its deck I see
The daring Hudson, gazing round with looks
Of wonder at the various scenes that spread
Successive to his view; the sloping hill,
Majestic mountain-top, and nestling vale,
All plumed with woods in unshorn loveliness.
As the white sail goes gleaming up the stream,
Off the bald-eagle from the pine-top sweeps,
With angry scream, and melts within the sky;
And as the tiller creaks beside the marge,
The brown bear leaves his covert with a snort,
And paces swift into the thicket's depth.
Now, as along a reach the vessel glides,
Within some narrow creek the bark canoe
Quick vanishes; as points the prow in shore.
The Indian hunter, with half-shrinking form,
Stands gazing, holding idly his long bow;
And as the yacht around some headland turns,
Midst the low rounded wigwams near the brink
Are movements of tumultuous tawny life,
Men, women, children scrambling, grouping round
With startled gestures, pointing, gazing wild.
Still on the Half-Moon journeys; round her sport
Great swarms of water-fowl; the sturgeon leaps
Bright from the waters, and then falls with splash
That echoes from the shore; as slow she threads
Green island-channels, glittering in the light,
The gorgeous sheldrake skims midst sedge and reeds,
Or whizzes in the wood, and now and then
Quick moving antlers, with a slender head,
Just o'er the rippling surface of the flood,
Proclaim the swimming deer. But now the sun
Slants low, and, gliding near an islet-bank,
The anchor plunges down, and with the sound
I start and wake. The busy river-scene
Breaks once more on my eye—the landscape rich
Glows in the sun—I hear sweet rural sounds,
And, treading slowly down the grassy mound,
Seek the walled, peopled spot where lies my home.

THE DEATH OF CORDOVA.

A SOUTH AMERICAN STORY.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

IN the veranda of a beautiful villa, overlooking the Rio Cauca, was seated a young man in the undress uniform of a military officer. Certain insignia upon his dress indicated the rank of a general, and his air and bearing evinced a man accustomed to receive prompt obedience.

In his handsome, though bronzed, countenance might be traced those lines that indicate noble and generous sentiment, and in the quick flash of his dark eye there was something that spoke the true soldier of liberty.

We have introduced the young general, Jose Maria Cordova—the gallant Cordova—whose fame at this time filled the hearts of his countrymen, and whose valiant conduct on the fields of Junin and Ayacucho had won for him a reputation, that promised to be yet as bright and far more enviable than that of the “Liberator” himself.

He was at this time (1829) the military commandant of his native province, Antioquia, and beloved by the people of every *caste* and color.

On a small table of braziletto, lay a number of open despatches, in the perusal of which the young general seemed deeply engaged. It was still early in the day. The sun had shown his golden orb over the central cordillera, and was pouring his rays into the fertile valley of the Cauca. Birds of brilliant plumage fluttered through the lemon groves around the villa, and time and again flashed their bright wings into the veranda itself, while their musical notes mingled with the *patriota* song of the muleteer as he wound his way up the distant mountain, or the chorus of the Chino slave, whose wild and melancholy voice came quivering over the far fields of cacao and coffee. Far down the river the cross and spire of Santa Fé, shooting up from the glowing embrace of a tropical forest, flung their shadows out upon the quiet bosom of the stream, and the whole scene, earth, sky, and forest, breathed forth the assurance of tranquillity and pleasure.

Cordova seemed insensible to the beauties around, and was evidently engaged with matters of importance, for he did not notice the entrance of as lovely a being as ever came forth to breathe the soft air of a southern morning. Casting a look at the young officer, the lady perceived that he was busy, and, silently gliding across the veranda, she bent over the balustrade and gazed upon the river. She was exceedingly beautiful, with the dark complexion of her clime, and she wore that fixed and half ma-

tronly expression that distinguishes the young wife. And such she was—the lately wedded bride of the gallant Cordova.

In this case, if ever,

“Mated hearts were mutual bound.”

Both natives of this fair valley, they had long loved each other. The handsome person and generous mind, but above all the growing fame of the young soldier, had early won the heart of the beauteous Madelina, and she too was the heroine of her own circle, and the proud beauty of many a brilliant ball-room.

It was thus when Cordova departed for Peru to assist in expelling the tyrant from his last foothold on the soil of liberty, and when he returned, crowned with glory, and his name was echoed from lip to lip, the richest reward of his toils and triumph, and that which he most prized, was the hand of her who had so long been the idol of his heart.

The spot where the links of love had been riveted was the villa in which we have first found the wedded lovers—the residence of Madelina’s father—and here, with his young bride, was Cordova for the present remaining.

Half leaning over the balustrade, through the leaves of the orange-trees, Madelina looked out upon the river. The mighty Cauca, bearing on its waters rich grains of gold, rolled silently toward the sea—flocks of water-fowl, with bright plumage, either floated along on its bosom, or were winging their way to some far shore—and round a distant bend the *barco chato*, laden with the fruits of the soil, and freighted for the ports of the Magdalena, came sweeping along on the quivering current, while the blade of the boga’s oar flashed brightly against the sunbeam.

But the young wife heeded not these things, her thoughts were otherwise engaged; for at intervals she would steal a glance at the countenance of Cordova, and when she perceived the cloud gathering upon his brow her own looks grew sympathetic and sad.

Several minutes had passed in this way when Cordova, seemingly actuated by some disagreeable intelligence conveyed in the despatch, suddenly sprang from his seat, and, with a look and action that evinced a high degree of anger, tore the paper in fragments and flung them upon the piazza; then, striding to the end of the veranda, he looked steadily in the direction of the town.

He had not perceived Madelina, who now glided up, placed her hand gently upon his shoulder, and, like an angel of peace, softly inquired,

"Cordova?"

"Ah, Madelina! I did not perceive you—sweet girl, why do you look so serious? it is a smiling day, is it not?"

She made no reply, but pointed to the fragments of the torn despatch, on one of which was legible the word "Bolívar."

"True, Madelina, it is the signature of the tyrant."

"The *tyrant*, Cordova?"

"Aye, Madelina, the *tyrant*—it is time he was known by his proper title, and sorry am I that he has done so much to merit it."

"But what has he done, Cordova?"

"Done! every thing that a despot dares—but you, Madelina, in common with most of your countrywomen, have been accustomed to look upon the Liberator as a true patriot, a soldier of liberty, and so does the world at large—hitherto he has played the tyrant under a mask—his fame, like a vast but luminous cloud, overshadows the land, and under the halo of that glory has he hidden his true heart—the friends of liberty have long been jealous of this mighty soldier, and they who have dared to question his course have been marked as fit victims for exile and execution."

"Is he not our Liberator—the achiever of our independence?"

"A thousand others would have guided the ship to its destined port, and not have asked one hundredth part the reward which he now exacts from a too grateful people."

"And what does he exact, Cordova?"

"Nothing less than absolute submission to his will,—you, Madelina, can know little of his actions, concealed as they always are under the most specious pretexts—but listen, he has trampled upon the old constitution—his satellite minions have prevented the Congress of Ocaña from forming another—he has banished tried patriots on the most frivolous pretence, and by this despatch, the fragments of which are at my feet, I read that Santander, the brave and true friend of liberty, has been condemned to death!"

"Santander condemned! and on what pretence, Cordova?"

"He is charged with being privy to a conspiracy, that had for its object the assassination of the tyrant."

"His assassination?"

"Aye, and well had it been for poor Colombia that it had succeeded—but these brave sons of freedom have bled for this attempt to rid their country of her enslaver—look here, Madelina," said the young husband, picking up one of the fragments of the torn despatch, "these are men whose aim was high and noble, else they never would have stooped to use the knife of the bravo—these names have never yet been associated with worthlessness or guilt."

Madelina took the paper and read over the names of fourteen young men who had been shot in the *Plaza de Bogotá* on the charge of conspiracy. Most of them were distinguished in the history of

their country's revolution, or belonged to families of distinction in Colombia. When she had finished reading, she turned toward her husband, who had gone to the entrance of the piazza and stood gazing intently upward.

"See, Madelina!" cried he beckoning her to the spot and pointing toward the summit of a neighboring mountain, "there is the fit emblem of this native tyrant."

The young wife looked in the direction indicated. A huge vulture, the Condor of the Andes, had sprung from his eyrie on a steep crag of porphyry, and was sweeping down toward the valley. On the opposite bank of the river a flock of small merinos were quietly browsing on the side of a green hillock. Perceiving their well-known enemy, that was now wheeling above them at a rapidly diminishing elevation, the terrified little animals ran to and fro around the hillock, while a few more wary than the rest scampered off to conceal themselves in the thick underwood of a neighboring forest. The younger ones of the flock, however, still dashed madly and headlong from place to place, uttering wild bleatings at each nearer swoop of the rapacious bird, and dreading every moment to feel his talons in their flesh. The Condor had now reached within less than a hundred feet of the earth, his huge body and raven-black wings covering the whole hillock with their shadow. Several of the little creatures, exhausted with running and weakened by the intensity of their terror, had fallen fainting upon the grass, and the vulture was just stretching forth his bare and horrid neck to seize upon a victim, when the report of a musket, followed by a cloud of blue smoke, rose from a small clump of tagua-trees on the right, and a man, in the dress of a peasant cazadore, suddenly stepped out from the leaves. But the monster bird did not fall, as the hunter had evidently expected. He had been struck by the shot, however, for at the report he had dropped at least ten feet from his elevation, and then, with an effort which danger had produced, stretching forth his broad wings in tremulous and feeble flight, he betook himself to the nearest crag, there to perish from the wound which he had received.

Cordova and Madelina had watched the whole scene with intense interest. When the vulture disappeared from their view, the young officer turned and for a moment gazed tenderly on the face of his beautiful wife, then, as if nerved by some deep resolution, he clutched his sword, and, striding into the piazza, muttered firmly to himself,

"It must be done!"

But the ear of an anxious wife was not distant, and he was overheard. Quick as thought the face of Madelina, beautifully imploring, was at his shoulder.

"What must be done, Cordova?"

"The tyrant, Madelina—the tyrant must be struck!"

"Dearest Cordova, your looks almost terrify me!"

"Fear not, sweet girl, but listen—it is time you should know what by to-morrow's sunrise will be no secret in Antioquia—your brother, myself, and our friends throughout the province, have sworn to restore

the old constitution, or die in its defence; to-night is fixed for the rising, and, should we succeed, the friends of liberty over all Colombia will flock to our standard, and the tyrant's power will be speedily prostrated; but should our enterprise fail, the omen of this foul bird tells me that still the despot shall be bereft of the power to enact further ill. To-night, Madelina, at the hour of—Ha! what means this? Soldiers and not of my battalion! and that villain, Lara, at their head. Good heavens! can we be betrayed? Go in, Madelina, go in!"

The young wife, with a look of deepest anxiety, disappeared within the door.

The clear notes of a cavalry bugle sounded through the trees, and a troop of dragoons, headed by an officer, in the uniform of an aid-de-camp of Bolivar, galloped up to the gate. The officer dismounted, and, walking into the veranda, presented General Cordova with a sealed packet, which the latter opened and read.

When he had finished reading, he drew his sword, and, turning the hilt forward, presented it to the aid-de-camp, acknowledging himself under arrest, at the same time requesting a moment to take leave of his wife. The officer took the sword, muttering some hypocritical phrase about "disagreeable duty," for he was one of Cordova's bitterest enemies, while the latter withdrew to take leave of his beautiful wife.

We will not lift the curtain from the scene of their parting—we shall not describe the anguish that accompanied that woebreaking word, *farewell*. Suffice it that Cordova in a few minutes returned, and, mounting a horse provided for him, rode off along with the dragoons in the direction of Santa Fé.

After they were gone, a lovely female leaned from the veranda, and, with tearful eyes, watched the windings of the road leading to the town. The loud beating of her heart prevented her from hearing the tramp of the retreating cavalry. When they had passed the last visible point on the road, the weeping wife knelt down upon the piazza, and, holding a crucifix to her lips, wafted to Heaven a prayer for her husband's safety. God was her only comforter! . . .

It was still early in the day when the troops that attended Cordova entered the suburbs of Santa Fé de Antioquia. They were here joined by a regiment of soldiers just arrived from Bogota. As they neared the piazza, loud shouts and acclamations were heard, as though coming from a vast crowd of people, and at intervals, above the din, cries of "*viva el Libertador!*" "*viva Bolivar!*" The inhabitants of Santa Fé had just received the news of the attempted assassination of the supreme chief, and, knowing nothing of the merits of the case and caring little, were publicly rejoicing for his deliverance. The piazza was filled with people, with here and there groups of soldiers, who, released from duty, were enjoying themselves among the citizens.

When the troops from Bogota entered the square, among the foremost of which rode General Cordova, the cries and acclamations were redoubled, and "*viva el Libertador!*" "*viva el Cordova!*" filled the air, mingled with loud and enthusiastic cheers. All

at once several officers were seen hurrying away to the main barrack, and, after a short interval, a trumpet in the same direction called the straggling troops to their quarters. In five minutes the provincial soldiers had disappeared, and the square now held the regiment of Bogota, surrounded by a dense multitude of people. The regiment halted, and for several minutes there was a deep and ominous silence, broken only by the low murmur of inquiry, when all at once a strong voice called out from the crowd,

"Cordova is a prisoner!—rescue—to the rescue!"

A wild burst of indignation broke forth, as though a new mind had entered into that moving throng—the cries of "rescue—rescue!" arose on every side, and a rush was made to the houses for weapons. Already missiles had been thrown at the regiment of Bogota, when a trumpet sounded from the Calle del Rio, and a party of Cordova's own cavalry galloped into the square; they were soon followed by a large body of infantry, who had suddenly organized at the barracks, calling out "*Viva el Cordova!*" "*Muerte al tyranno Bolivar!*" Cordova, taking advantage of these movements in his favor, suddenly wrested his sword from one of the dragoons who guarded him, and, putting spurs to his horse, galloped to the head of his troops. The action was followed instantaneously by an attack upon the regiment of Bogota, who were soon routed, many being killed, while the remainder were taken prisoners. Cordova then addressed his troops and the assembled citizens, exposing the conduct of Bolivar, and ended by declaring for the constitution, which the dictator had abolished. He was answered by deafening shouts and cries of "*Viva la constitucion!*"—"Muerte al tyranno!" and the effigy of Bolivar was publicly burned on that same pavement, that but an hour before had resounded with the tread of thousands triumphing on account of his safety.

On the evening of that same day, Cordova sat with his young wife in the veranda of her father's mansion. He had come to bid her farewell ere he should put himself at the head of his, now revolutionary, army. The troops of the dictator would soon be in the field to oppose him, and it was necessary that no time should be wasted. It was his last interview with Madelina. They knew not this, though both felt a strange foreboding for the future. But he was a soldier, and she a soldier's wife, and the parting words that mingled with her tears were,

"Go forth, and may the God of battles watch over you!"

One last kiss—one last wild look, and the young soldier, springing into his saddle, was soon lost in the fading twilight. It was his last look indeed. He never saw that lovely form again!

Three weeks after, and on a plateau of the Andes, two armies were marshaled in battle array. The soldiers of both wore the uniform of the republic of Colombia, but far different were the causes for which they were about to contend. Along the lines of one army passed the shouts of "*Viva la constitucion!*"—"Viva la libertad!" while on the other side rose the solitary war-cry of "*El Libertador!*"

On one side were the soldiers of liberty fighting for the charter which guaranteed that liberty, and which had been so basely wrested from them; on the other side, but unfortunately far the stronger, were the hired minions of a tyrant fighting for *his* glory alone.

The leader of the republican army, as the reader will have guessed, was the gallant Cordova. Opposed to him was a brave man fighting in a bad cause.

We will not describe an engagement that, for its numbers, was one of the most desperate ever fought, but pass at once to the closing scene.

The republican army, inferior both in numbers and discipline, were totally defeated. Cordova, with a few brave patriots, took refuge within the walls of a ruined house where they were surrounded by the troops of Bolivar, and summoned to surrender at discretion.

"Never!" was the determined reply that came from the ruin, uttered by Cordova himself, and echoed by his brave comrades; and quickly followed the discharge of about fifty muskets, dealing dreadful havoc among the close column of soldiers.

For three hours an incessant firing was kept up against the devoted house, until the few fragments of wall hardly sheltered the desperate men who still continued to hold out against superior numbers.

Again and again was the Spartan band summoned to surrender, but they well knew it would be death at the best, and they had resolved to avenge that death, and perish with arms in their hands.

"Never!" was the resolute reply, accompanied by shots, and cries of "Viva la libertad!"

At last the shouts and the firing ceased, and a company of grenadiers were ordered to take possession of the ruin.

At the head of the company was the villain Lara—a tool of the tyrant Bolivar. Entering over the rubbish, he perceived Cordova lying upon a heap of dead bodies, covered with wounds and blood, but still living. As he approached, with his sword drawn, Cordova raised himself on his knees, and, feebly ejaculating "La libertad!" received the sword of the subordinate through his heart. Thus perished General Cordova, one of the bravest patriots that ever unsheathed his sword in the cause of liberty, and long afterward did his country weep for his untimely end, while she decreed high honors to his memory. But there was one whose weeping was wilder than all—she the loved and widowed. The pure proud spirit of Madelina was broken by her bereavement, and the grave alone brought solace to her sorrow.

CAPRICE.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

REPROVE me not, that still I change
With every changing hour,
For glorious Nature gives me leave,
In wave and cloud and flower!

And you and all the world would do—
If all but dared—the same.
True to myself—if false to you—
Why should I reck your blame?

Then cease your carping, cousin mine,
Your vain reproaches cease;
I revel in my right divine,
I glory in Caprice!

Yon soft, light cloud, at morning hour,
Looked dark and full of tears;
At noon it seemed a gold flower;
Now, gorgeous gossamer appears.

So yield I to the deepening light
That dawns around my way,
Because you linger with the night,
Shall I my noon delay?

No! cease your carping, cousin mine,
Your cold reproaches cease;
The chariot of the cloud be mine,
Take *thou* the reins, Caprice!

'Tis true you played, on Feeling's lyre,
A pleasant tune or two;
And oft beneath your minstrel fire
The hours in music flew:

But when a hand more skilled to sweep
The harp its *soul* allures,

Shall it in sullen silence sleep,
Because not touched by yours?

Oh! there are rapturous tones in mine
That mutely pray release;
They wait the *master*-hand divine—
So tune the chords, Caprice!

Go! strive the sea wave to control—
Or, wouldst thou keep me thine,
Be thou *all* being to my soul,
And fill each want divine!

Play *every* string in Love's sweet lyre!
Set *all* its music flowing!
Be air and dew and light and fire,
To keep the soul-flower growing!

Be less—thou art no love of mine—
So leave my love in peace!
'Tis helpless woman's right divine,
Her only right, Caprice!

And I will mount her opal ear,
And draw the rainbow reins,
And gaily go from star to star,
Till not a ray remains.

And we will find all fairy flowers
That are to mortals given,
And wreath the radiant changing hours
With those "sweet hints" of Heaven.

Her humming-birds are harnessed there!
Oh! leave their wings in peace!
Like flying gems, they glance in air:
We'll chase the *light*! Caprice!

REMINISCENCES OF A VOYAGE.

BY STELLA LEE.

Oberon. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music?

Puck. I remember!

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SITTING upon deck one afternoon, in a musing mood, watching the glorious waves as they came dancing on toward the ship, I could not refrain from wishing that it was in the power of mortals to penetrate the hidden mysteries of the ocean—to plunge to the bottom of the “*deep deep sea*!” No sooner had this wish birth, than I suddenly found myself gently lifted from the deck, and wafted over the side of the ship. To my surprise I now discovered myself transformed into a little flying-fish, darting gaily along with hundreds of little shining playful creatures of the same kind.

On we went, lightly skimming the crested waves—anon darting beneath them, we would frolic a moment amid the waters, and then soar again to the bright sunny surface. For my own part, I soon grew tired of this *bo-peep* with air and water; so leaving it to the little shining horde to wing their playful gambols over the curling billows, or through the foaming spray, I kept darting down, down, down through the blue waters. The huge leviathan swam past me in sullen dignity—the shark, with his ravenous jaws distended, was rushing above me in search of prey—the unwieldy porpoise, the playful dolphin, each sought to bury me in a living tomb—but swift as an arrow I shot past them—down—down—down I sped—then thousands, nay millions, of beautiful things, replete with life, were darting and frolicking through the mighty mass of waters. Strains of delicious harmony

“Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground
be heard elsewhere!”

were breathing around me, and a cluster of sea-nymphs came gayly sporting along—their beautiful hair wreathed with gems and pearls, such as alone “the unfathomed caves of ocean bear.” Aloft they raised their sounding harps, and their sweet voices mingling with the strains, were as the zephyr-kissing notes of the Æolian. In grace and beauty their forms floated past me—fainter and fainter faded the harmonious sounds, dying away like the music of a dream. Again, down, down I sped, until I found myself on the bed of the ocean, with my own form restored to me! High above me, like a second firmament, rolled the glorious sea—and around me were rocks of diamonds, plains and valleys of gold and precious stones—my feet were pressing upon pearls

and jewels, to whose brilliancy the diamond's blaze is but dim. There were groves of coral, through which sea-nymphs were sporting, and mermaids were seated, combing their long green hair and twining it with sea-shells, while here and there some beautiful Peri wandered sad and alone, warbling strains of most sweet and mournful cadence. Troops of sea-horses and sea-elephants came rushing past me like the wind, and huge sea-serpents were twisting and twining their long bodies, “in linked” deformity, over beds of shuddering pearls.

Suddenly a burst of warlike music reverberated around, “a louder yet, and yet a louder strain.” Directing my steps in the direction from which the sounds seemed to issue, I soon found myself within the courts of a palace, to whose splendor the far-famed “golden house” of Nero would have sunk into insignificance! My eyes were dazzled by the blaze of magnificence. The walls were formed of solid pearl—and each column which supported the massive golden gates was of one pure diamond, while the pavement was of jewels, each worth the treasury of an emperor.

This was the palace of Neptune!

There stood his splendid chariot, to which were harnessed two fiery steeds, pawing the rich pavement beneath them, and snorting in eagerness to bear their master to the realms above. Passing through a long line of sea-gods and sea-monsters, guarding the palace, I entered. Seated on a throne composed of one single shell, such as eye hath never seen, of the most brilliant and ever-changing hues, casting around a halo like the rainbow, was great Neptune, Ocean's King! A crown, sparkling as the stars, was on his brow, while in his hand he wielded the trident, symbol of his power. On his left hand was seated Amphitrite, and around the throne the Neriads clustered, forming a *tableau* of such beauty and loveliness as could the sculptor of the Venus de Medicis have but seen, he would have cast by the marble in despair. At the right hand of Neptune stood his son, the hideous giant Polyphemus, whose *one* eye glared a thousand deaths, and near him Triton.

But there was one figure which seemed to me, if possible, even more hideous than Polyphemus himself. A giant in stature, but of the most lank and meagre proportions. His complexion was of a sea-green hue, and his features sharp and cadaverous—

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LOUIE MACIVOR'S threatening shade!

Ravenwood, as on the morn
When he rode to meet his foe,
And the pitying sands engulfed
All his pride and all his wo!

Comes the laughing Scottish maid,
But in velvet cap and cloak,
Like a jaunty page arrayed!
Thus in lonely Abbotsford—
'Trav'lers so the legend bring—
When the shades of midnight fall,
Sits the mighty wizard king!



his long, bony arms were ever extended, as if to seize upon some object—while his great red eyes were rolling and twisting about, accompanied by the most horrible contortions of visage, and

“His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.”

To my surprise, this *shape* seemed to be an object of respect among the gods—and even Neptune addressed him with more than common suavity:

“Well, my stanch ally, hast thou punished as they deserve those base intruders on my realms—those that think to pass over my dominions with impunity—who build to themselves ships and boldly venture on my waters?”

“I have, most mighty Neptune.”

“Hast thou with retchings inconceivable, with gripes and throes of more than mortal agony, well attested *thy* power and *my* displeasure?”

“Most mighty king, I have.”

“Hast chosen a time when preparing to feast and make merry, when the board has been decked, and the wine goblets replenished—hast thou then suddenly seized upon and borne them off captive to thy will?”

“Sole sovereign of the deep, I have.”

I now found this frightful, cadaverous being was Sea-Sickness!

“Ah, avault, thou fiend,” I inwardly exclaimed, while a hoarse murmur of applause at his prowess, which sounded like the roaring of the waves, echoed through the assembly.

There were various doors leading from this saloon

of splendor, each bearing different inscriptions, and each guarded by a mighty sea-monster. But there was one which, in particular, attracted my attention. It was formed of black marble, and over the portal floated flags of every nation upon which the sun of heaven sheds its beams—and beneath them was written in characters of flame, “Davy Jones’ Locker!”

“*This*, then,” thought I, “is the *home* of the shipwrecked mariner! *This* the spot for which so many have unwittingly embarked!”

But while I stood regarding with sorrow this *tomb of many earthly hopes*, a great noise and bustle suddenly attracted my notice, and forthwith a crowd of human beings made their appearance, driven and forced along with shouts and horrid yells by the lesser gods and monsters! Then Neptune spake—

“He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
And questioned every gust of rugged wings.”

A noble ship had foundered—and here were all her gallant crew—her unhappy passengers—gray-haired men, lovely women, and tender babes! On—on they were driven—Neptune frowning upon them as they passed, and the marble door slowly yielding on its death-shrieking hinges, prepared to issue them into the presence of Davy Jones!

I pressed forward, that if possible I might obtain a view of the interior, when I suddenly found myself caught in the fangs of Sea-Sickness! In my struggle to escape from the demon I fainted—the rest is a blank! *How* and *when* I again returned to upper air is a mystery even to myself!

CATHARINE SEYTON.

(WITH AN ACCOMPANYING ENGRAVING.)

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

In his hall at Abbotsford—

Trav’lers so the legend bring—

When the shades of midnight fall,

Sits the mighty wizard king!

Dark and weird the shadows lie

On the gothic tracery there;

Suddenly a noiseless train

Enters on the haunted air!

Vague they come, with spectral forms,

Answering to the wizard spell,

Marmion in coat of steel,

Constance from her stifled cell,

Balfour hot with prelate’s blood,

Judah’s meek, forgiving maid,

Richard in his mail of black,

Dark Melvor’s threatening shade!

Ravenswood, as on the morn

When he rode to meet his foe,

And the pitying sands engulfed

All his pride and all his wo!

Amy! poor, deluded wife,

When she flew to meet her lord,

Clay’rhouse, with the blood of saints

Reeking on his brutal sword!

Mary, melancholy queen,

Not with haughty step and eye,

But as on the sorrowing morn

When they led her forth to die!

Catharine, too, her friend, is there,

She of Seyton’s lordly line,

Rarest creature of them all,

Half of earth, and half divine!

Not in kirtle, nor in snood,

Comes the laughing Scottish maid,

But in velvet cap and cloak,

Like a jaunty page arrayed!

Thus in lonely Abbotsford—

Trav’lers so the legend bring—

When the shades of midnight fall,

Sits the mighty wizard king!

THE WATERMAN'S ARMS.

A TALE OF DOVER.

BY EDWARD F. WELD.

It was a dark dreary afternoon in the winter season, and the driving sleet as it struck the casement, together with the rattling of the window sash, the creaking of the sign-board, as it swung on its rusty hinges, the rude howl of the blast without, and its subdued moan in the chimney, lent but a cheerless aspect to the faces of the inmates of the Waterman's Arms. Bustling, babbling Meg, the hostess, was herself no less gloomy; and the pretty maid of the bar, taking her cue from her mistress, neither cast an occasional glance at the mirror, nor allowed a coquettish smile to light her countenance.

The common room of the Waterman's Arms was the rendezvous of the pilots. Here they met to smoke, drink, transact business, receive their pay, hear their sailing orders, have their jollifications, and hold condolence. Sou'westers, pea-jackets, overhauls, speaking trumpets, portraits of hard-faced old sea dogs, paintings of ships on lee-shores, models of life-boats, medals, certifying bravery and skill, and diplomas, from the Court of Admiralty, literally covered the walls.

Of the guests assembled there were now some dozen, and as you surveyed the group you could but feel assured that they were at home in the Pilots' room. Here were muscular frames and brawny arms, whose very dress coats were storm-jackets, and who aspired to no other—men born, nursed and reared amid danger, who from their calling and daring imbibed courage, and breathed humanity. They were rough and uncouth, but noble of heart, charitable and kind to extravagance.

The party were met for no idle purpose—it was their turn at sea. Husbands and fathers, at home they were men of tender hearts, and as such each had for the while bid adieu to all he held dearest. But here assembled they were BOATMEN—daring pilots, and in that character, they spoke only of shoals, quicksands, reefs, spare anchors and heavy gales; and no trace of a finer or more domestic feeling, or a weaker affection, could you find in their bronzed and weather-beaten faces.

W-h-e-w! came the blast, with a violence that shook the building, and away on the wings of the tempest was borne the gallant ship, which, as the well known sign of the house, had rode out a series of gales year after year. The pride and promise of the Waterman's Arms now floated in the muddy water which flooded the streets.

"Do you mind that, my lads—I wish the master's glass had not been out of the becket the day. For do you know as the gale blows for us to hear and face

to-night, the calm of to-morrow will hear the sobs of the widow and fatherless; and may I perish if I would not rather face storms till I'm beached, than that poor Jeanette and her youngsters should face the overseers of the poor! To be sure I know we have a widow's fund, but what would that be if we were all lost? I am as stout at heart as any of you, and older than most, and again I say I wish the master's glass was in the becket; for if he war n't at the look-out we should n't launch a boat to-night before hearing a signal gun," said one of the party.

"Poor ballast that, my good fellow, to put to sea with. Pitch it overboard at once. I'll be bound Meg has a better," rejoined another.

"Bestir yourself, Alice," spoke the hostess—"bring the old brandy, you shall drink my brandy and my toast—'May you forget your own wives to save the husbands of others!' Bear that in mind and there will be the fewer widows. Why, you foolish man, see what you've done—Alice, the hussey, with tears in her eyes!"

"Come, come—a tear with you must be rare, my pretty one; we believe it is a false shore yet, and I for one will know sure;" and suiting action to the word, the speaker would have removed the apron which concealed her face, had he not been rudely thrust aside by the hand of the youngest of the party, who was the master's son.

Alice found full vent for her tears now, and her position surprised all; for while the arm of her defender encircled her waist, her head had a resting place, and her blushes a cover.

"You audacious!" shrieked Meg, the hostess—"ain't you ashamed—to go to do the likes of that now, afore folks!"

"No! I am not!" sobbed the girl.

"I'll!"—and her mistress might perhaps have carried out her unuttered threat if it had required more than one arm of the master's son to have supported Alice—but if the one arm spoke of affection, the other said as much for muscular strength, as with it he kept the landlady at bay.

"How!—all in a drunken row?" asked the master, who at this moment entered. "A pretty boat's crew surely, and the tide a serving—and my son instead of being foremost at his duty—first in a brawl!"

"You may well say that," was the response of the sailor who had been thrust aside from Alice by the young man.

"I'll see!" said the hostess, again at liberty—"I never was so mortified in my life," and she busied herself in smoothing her dress and adjusting her frills.

"I don't wonder you are ashamed, Miss Alice—I don't wonder you can't say a word—but I should wonder if ever you held up your head again—*there!*"

There was an immediate call for her surprise, for Alice raised her head, and her gaze met her supporter's, who seemed no way anxious to release his hold. Pretty ever, Alice was beautiful now.

"Oh—but you can 'nt say one word!—Ugh—you—you *thing!*" exclaimed Meg, as she bounced behind the bar, looking things unutterable.

"Do n't try, Alice, nor break your heart, my dear girl, a sobbing. You have not been *my wife* so long that I am not proud of you. Let them say as they will, I'll speak for you—or do more either," said her protector, bestowing a threatening look upon him whose rudeness had brought about the scene.

"No, no," she entreatingly exclaimed, as she saw the purport of the threat. "He was ever kind—he meant no ill—nor will he be offended."

"Alice, you are right; and if your husband do n't forgive me he is no man, though Dover knows no better. Aye, but I knew it," and as he spoke, his extended hand met the friendly grasp of her husband.

"What shall a father say to this?" asked the master—now, like the rest, first apprised of a private marriage.

"Say!" said Meg, as she came forward, tenderly embracing the bride. "Say?—why give them your blessing! what else can you say?" But without waiting for a speech she expressed her own kind feelings, regardless of the presence of others; now drawing Alice toward her, clasping her as though she never would release her, again holding her at arms' length, and looking upon her as though doubtful of her identity—kissing, laughing, crying, talking, all in a breath, while the recipient of all these kind attentions, amid her blushes, looked far from being one who ever did or ever could smile coquettishly. 'Twas heaven's own smile she wore now; and, as for Meg, she was not now the landlady of the Waterman's Arms—her "occupation was gone," she was mere woman. Her heart was touched as she felt the girl she had reared, scolded, petted and loved, was now no longer hers. Like thousands of her sex she seldom troubled her own heart, till from laying idle it had rusted, or acquired, as it were, an incrustation. But the work of years was dissolved in a moment, and the crust removed—there was the kernel as warm, as pure, as kind as ever.

However, she recovered, that is to say she awoke from this heavenly trance to feel she was mortal, and that mortals were present to witness these bursts of affection.

"Why Alice! only think of it, before the men!" But Alice did not flee their presence. Her ordeal was not over, and she quietly remained by the side of her husband to receive a father's blessing, or wither beneath his frown.

Who could be present at a scene like this and not feel awkward? The old man stood with his glass under his arm, with a face as stern as Nelson's quartermaster, and as speechless as a mummy, chilling all except Meg, who, with her warm heart and

happy feelings, would have melted an ice-berg. There was no keeping her still, for her curiosity was aroused, and as she said she meant to know all about it—"when, where, how, and who married them?" and in her joy, she emulated a kitten in antics, running from one to the other, and returned only to consciousness upon receiving a hearty smack from the lips of the bridegroom, tendered in exchange for a gift similar, though only a mere shade more delicate, which, the moment before, she had unconsciously bestowed on him.

"Put a stop to this foolery! I tell you the tide serves! and away with you to the boat," said the stern old man.

"But, father, one kind word first—I ask it for my wife."

"Aye!" said all present.

"Well, well—it can't be helped, so God bless you both; and now, boy, say good-bye to your wife, and be lively in getting afloat."

"No, let him stay and take my next chance—I'll take his now. I owe them both a good turn, for my ill manners awhile ago," interrupted the one whose rudeness had brought about the eclairsissement.

"You have all said good-bye to your wives—a pilot's *turn* is his *turn*, married or single; and in the boat my son goes!"

CHAPTER II.

The harbor of Dover, one of the Cinque-ports, owes its safety more to art than nature; and in storms, like the one we have described, is inaccessible, though once within its docks, the weather-bound mariner may rest in security. Two long piers, half a cable's length apart, stretch into the sea; these form the harbor's mouth, and to be in harbor there, is to be in dock, as stout walls, with massive gates, are built from pier to pier, forming basins, much like those we see in the construction of our own canals. Upon the end of one of these piers stood a frame light house, containing an illuminated clock, which in addition to telling the hour told the time of high water. At the period these piers were constructed there was clean bottom and deep water at their outer extremities, but now, from the repeated force of storms, there was accumulated a sand bank, which rendered access, except in smooth weather and at high water, a matter attended with danger and difficulty—though not a whit less so would be the attempt at egress.

At this time the sea literally broke over the pier heads, and from pier to pier, and as far as the eye could penetrate in the gloom, rolled one confused mass of breakers. Huge overgrown seas came rolling in, heaving their snowy crests aloft, as if conscious and proud of their might, while their approach was heralded by a deafening roar. As they dashed against the pier head the light-house would become veiled from view for the moment, while in the next its sickly glare fell on a sea of whitened foam.

But here are the boat's crew we were so lately with at the Waterman's Arms. The transition from day to night has been but apparently the work of a moment, and the men lighting their way by lanterns

as they bear their boat are those employed by the Humane Society. She seems but a tiny shell to gain an offing through the breakers we have described, and to live in the sea beyond; so light as to be carried with ease. Upon their reaching the outer sea wall she was launched, and, though a good pull from the pier head, and in comparatively smooth water, her motion here, if never to be augmented, might deter one from attempting what is to be their task when they reach the end of the pier. One by one her crew embark, each has his oar, and as he takes his place secures himself by a stout strap to his seat. A glance tells the steersman that all is ready, and as his eye turns from his crew seaward he gives the word of command, and with a steady stroke they "give her way."

With firm though rapid stride the master walks toward the pier head, speaking-trumpet in hand, which ever and anon he raises to his mouth to issue words of command, commendation and encouragement. Steadily onward moves the boat, though slowly, for, light as she is, arduous is the task of the rowers to impel her against the sea which now threatens to engulf her. Word from shore has now become to them inaudible. She nears the light, and right bravely she stems the wave. With breathless anxiety the group now regard her. All seems lost! No! Nobly done! She rides head to it. "Well behaved!" was the cry from the spectators. From impulse they cheered—and as the sea broke its spray, hiding the light, they wondered at their own audacity.

The light shone again and there the boat was, like a speck amid the waste of waters, her gallant crew acting up to the most sanguine hopes of their friends on shore. No shout is heard—fear benumbs the anxious spectators, and with feelings of silent horror they await the moment that she meets the next threatening wave, which if she safely rides, it would seem to be through Heaven's own agency.

One man's eye alone saw her safe over it; fear had closed all others—it was that of the master's—and his stern voice was heard by those about him above the tempest, as he gave cheering though useless mandates. Again she was visible, now more distant. The master felt he was a father—but the next moment bade fair to leave him childless.

"Keep an eye to her, some one, my eyes are sightless!" he cried; "God see her safe over the third sea and I am a father yet!"

The dimmed eye of the old man was fixed seaward, and in the agony of his thoughts he stood alone unseeing, and unconscious of every thing except the danger of his boy. The last wave had shattered the pier, and the light-house had rocked upon its foundation. Those that were about him had retreated for safety, together with the keeper of the light. Had they known his situation they would have dragged him with them. The brightness of the light fully painted the horrors of a scene beyond description. Each sea had been but a pigmy compared with the one fast approaching—and still at his dangerous post stood the master, issuing words of cheer lost in the tempest, to the last.

The sea broke, and with its roar was heard the cracking of timber. No light shone upon its returning path—for light-house, pier head, and master were swept away by its fury; and just then was heard the faint boom of the signal gun at sea, as if in requiem of him who had oft obeyed its summons. "But his hour was not yet."

The agents of the Humane Society who had lighted the path of the boatmen had not left the pier. The dread tale was spread as if by magic, and they were joined by others, and the energies of all were directed to the saving of life, as more than one was supposed to be in jeopardy. For some moments it bade fair to be a fruitless search, and when all were dependant a shout of joy relieved all hearts. Next to dead, and sadly bruised, the master was found entangled in the drifting wreck of the light-house frame, his right hand still retaining the trumpet. So powerful had been his grasp that the metal had yielded to the clutch of his fingers.

Restoratives were resorted to with success, and in one short hour he that left the Waterman's Arms, and braved the storm as though nerved with iron, was carried thither a fitting type of mortality and its weakness. The voice that mocked the din of the tempest breathed but a dying man's whisper, its tone of stern command becoming a babe's entreaty—whose only utterance was "my boy—my boy!"

To those who assumed the task of watchers, the hours of that night passed but slowly away. The gale had subsided, and the faint blast, with subdued moan, seemed to steal through the air as if wearied with its past violence.

Stretched upon a field-bed before the fire lay the body of the master, in a feverish slumber, but the sudden start, convulsive grasp, disturbed breathing, broken and faint exclamation, spoke of the toil and agony of a mind that knew no rest. The hand dropped, the lip was still, and the convulsive twitching of the countenance ceased, and as the pale light flickered over the pallid face the anxious attendant knelt in awfully still anxiety to ascertain whether the master were breathing or dead. It was *sleep*—the rest so long denied, and so much needed, was his. Oblivion again yielded to busy imaginations, and happy thoughts and pleasing delusions portrayed themselves in smiles on his face like those of infancy. "God bless thee both," he muttered, "you were ever my only child, my own dear boy, will she be the old man's daughter? God bless her!" and the hands were clasped, and the lips moved in prayer.

Nor did he pray alone. The hour, the scene, the monotonous tick of the clock, the faint sob of the heart broken wife in the room adjoining, combined to awake feelings in the heart of the rude sailors that prayer alone could soothe, and orisons as devout as sinful man may utter, arose from them that knelt by that bedside.

The outward form of visible devotion was at an end, yet their thoughts of themselves were silent prayers, and grouped around the sick man's couch, in superstitious dread they regarded the hands of the clock, which were fast drawing toward the hour

when the tide would be at its lowest ebb; an hour, as they supposed, which would bring death or recovery to their comrade.

Long as had seemed each moment, the dread hour was past, and their fellow laborer, friend, and leader slept soundly and calmly. Nature herself was at rest, and the moon forced her way through the broken clouds, and her light stole through the casement and decked the floor with shadows. The expiring candle was replaced, the fire renewed, and hope again reigned in the breasts of all.

Poor Alice! what a change for her. Sleep was hers at last: sleep from pure exhaustion. Her cheek rivaled the pillow whereon it lay in whiteness, hours had been years, and each had left its trace with her. The band that so gracefully rested upon her breast held a lover's memento, a braided lock of his hair. Secretly they had loved, and in secret they had pledged themselves to each other; and this token had been hidden near her heart for months. The bridal ring graced her finger. Now, as she wore the one she dared to show the other. Every warm and tender feeling that woman may or does know had been nourished and treasured, to lavish on him whom she had barely time to claim ere he was lost to her.

Her kind friend the hostess, as she sat by her bedside, slept also. The Bible lay open upon the stand near by, and recorded upon its blank leaf was her marriage, the ink barely dry, and the page bearing evidence in its stain of recent tears. They were not idly shed, for in the same moment she had been pronounced a wife she became a widow.

CHAPTER III.

The boat's crew, whose perilous feat we attempted to describe, escaped but one danger to be exposed to another. They gained an offing in safety, and while laboring to reach those in distress, their boat came in contact with a storm driven barque; the shock staving and upsetting her. But, though broken, from her peculiar construction she righted still buoyant, and but one of her crew—that one the master's son—was missing. The survivors succeeded in preserving their distance from the shore untill daylight authorized them in the attempt at landing, which was effected with safety. To the father and wife the tale they bore was indeed heart rending. The former became bereft of reason—the latter but barely escaped death. Upon her recovery her care and time were wholly devoted to the father of her husband.

Months sped. The tale of woe, from being oft narrated, in a measure lost its horrors by familiarity, and time was fast erasing it from the minds of many. Not so with Alice; with the devotion of her sex she was to be seen in sunshine and storm, robed in the habiliments of the widow, guiding the footsteps and supporting the tottering frame of a childish old man, who daily climbed to the look-out upon the cliffs, where, in pleasant weather, he would sit for hours watching with his glass the motion of passing vessels.

Nearly a year had transpired since the occurrence of the melancholy event, and merry Christmas was at hand, with its joys and festivities. The afternoon

of the day before was as mild and pleasant as though winter was but a mere nominal matter. If it was, the party at the Waterman's Arms did not mean that Christmas eve should be regarded as merely a name. The deal floor had been scrubbed as deal floor never was before, and it seemed almost a pity that the snow white boards should be chalked all over with representations of mermaids, sailors, ships, and every thing else, even to a picture, large as life and full as feeling, of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Lord High Admiral of the Cinque Ports; to whom the artist had given a nose much like the flue of an anchor, and certainly not much smaller. And there was Meg, bustling about behind the bar, the most prominent of all; for the range of pewter mugs, polished like mirrors, reflected her person in a dozen spots at once. Her voice was everywhere, and upon the whole, it was a most admirable scene of confusion. Here were boughs of verdant trees, piles of evergreens, poultry, baskets of cakes, lots of chubby faced children, all perfectly at home. The fixtures of the bar, sides of the room, and the coiling overhead, promised to rival even the floor in their decorations.

Busied as all were, each found time to address a few kind words to Alice, who had entered in company with the old man. The latter leaned upon his staff, and slowly he turned his vacant eye from floor to ceiling, till it rested upon some of the men who were busy festooning the wall.

"Foolery!—foolery! I say!" he exclaimed, and struck the floor with his oaken staff. "I tell you, you are like children! Stop this mummery and man the boat! I never knew a Dover man to want telling of his duty before; and here now's a ship in the offing with his main royal yard a cockbill for a pilot, and no boat off!"

"Our boats are out," said one in a respectful tone.

"Aye, aye," he muttered, "it was n't so once. I remember—I once had a boy! it was n't so *then*—yes, yes, I remember now;" and his voice became choked with emotion. The allusion had called the tear to Alice's cheek, which observing, he gently laid his hand upon her shoulder, and kindly said, "nay—cry not, my daughter—he 'll come back—surely he 'll stay no longer! Yes, now I see—we are to celebrate your wedding! I'm getting old; do n't think hard of it, they are right—let them dress the room—he deserves it."

Meg, with ready woman's wit, succeeded in persuading the old man to enter another room, and, interrupted, the preparations were resumed.

If Dover has brave boatmen, it has no less beautiful women; and this evening, judging from their smiling faces, happiness was theirs. The fiddler drew his bow, and to the merry strain of "Money musk," away they went in the good old fashioned "contradance," Meg leading off with a smile, grace, step and partner, many a younger belle might have felt proud of. Oh, but it was a glorious scene, and when many merry feet were busy, the very panes of glass, and pictures on the wall, seemed to have become animated to join in the gala.

There was one sad one there. Poor Alice, who

could not persuade the old man to leave the house, and who now sat by his side, her head resting upon her hand, and her thoughts fixed on the loved and lost. The last Christmas dance at the Waterman's Arms, how different was it to her! Then she was the blithest of the gay—*he* was her partner, and as she dwelt upon his memory, her tears fell thick and fast.

"Tush, my daughter, this is no time for tears! I tell thee he'll be here soon," and then a faint glimpse of reason flashed across his mind, and they wept in unison. Their grief was theirs alone, for no one witnessed it, so absorbed were the others in their amusement.

"Holloa, here!" cried a sunburnt stranger, suddenly appearing in the open door. "*Holloa, I say!* How's this? is n't it enough for one to back and fill off your harbor's mouth for half a day, with a signal set for a pilot, but he must pull ashore for one, and find none short of a frolic, and all hands at that?"

Unobserved by Alice, the old man had stole from her side, and advanced a few paces, regarding the stranger. "Aye, aye," said he, "it was n't so once. *I* had a boy then, and we said 'Dover again Deal!'—let *these* fool—*he*'ll soon be here, and all will be right *then*. *He's* the man for you; *these* are children, ha! ha!" He would have said more, but the stranger had sunk into a chair, and Alice was in a swoon.

The dancers had stopped, and while some were bearing Alice into the air, a shout of joy arose from those about the fainting man. The cry awoke her senses, and springing from the arms of her supporters, she pushed the bystanders aside, exclaiming, "My husband! my lost husband!" and tears of joy shone in the light on every cheek.

The old man leaned over them both and said, "Did I not tell thee right? Yes, yes—I knew he'd be back—Dover again Deal!" and so saying, he gave way like a child, and wept freely. When he dried his eyes, reason had resumed her throne, and the extravagant emotion of the other parties had become subdued.

Seated between his wife and father, in a few words

the returned husband related his story. The boat was swamped by striking the wreck of a ship's foretopmast, recently carried away and towing by her side. When thrown out of the boat he caught hold of some of the floating wreck, and so gained the deck of an American ship, bound from Holland for India. They fell in with no vessel which they could put him on board of, and he had performed the voyage thus far, she being again bound for Holland. But leaking badly, she was desirous of making a harbor to repair, and now waited a pilot.

"There could not be a better time, there's now an hour's flood, and there is three fathoms water on the bar," said one of the hearers.

"I shall take her in myself!" said the old master, "and it is now high time to be off!"

He did board the ship, though pilots enough went off to man her, and stout men to relieve the sailors at the pumps. And the old master did bring her in, no one questioning his right, yet they were ready, should *he* fail, to take his place.

"They are docking the ship quick, are they not, Alice?" asked the husband, as the wild song of the sailor was distinctly heard as they sat in the best room. "It seems but a minute that I have been with you."

Upon their return the party brought a share of the ship's company with them. They had also pressed a band of music into their service, which threw the humble fiddler into the shade. Discarded as Apollo, he took the place of Ganymede, which he resigned only to personate Bacchus in his last stages. Oh but that was a night of merry making, and the oldest frequenters of the house declared that it never was the Waterman's Arms till then.

It is the Waterman's Arms still, though Meg has resigned the reign to Alice, who rules over all, save her husband, being too good a wife to think even of such a thing; and every sunny afternoon you may see an old man leaving its door, with a happy boy by his side, wending their way to the cliffs, to keep the lookout, which has never ceased to be his daily habit.

CONSOLATIONS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

In the lonely passage through the world which I till now have made,
I've seen more storms than sunshine, and less of light than shade;

Yet sometimes a new planet has sweetly shone for me,
And sometimes a green island has risen from the sea.

My childhood knew misfortune of a strange and weary kind,
And I have always worn a chain, though not upon my mind,
And I render thanks to thee, oh God! from my prison, that I live

Unborn of that best privilege which thou alone canst give!

I mean a soul to apprehend the beauty that is spread
Above me and around me and beneath my feeble tread.
And though I may not climb the mount or thread the winding vale,

Yet mount and vale to me impart delights that never fail.

The dewy springtime comes to me with melody of birds,
Familiar as my sister's song, and tender as her words.
I love the summer's scented blooms and autumn's bright decay,

And winter's frozen jewels, made like hopes to melt away.

My heart is like a river in the leafy month of June,
With a never-ceasing gush of waves that chime a merry tune;

Though its surface may be broken when the gale of sorrow blows,

A living fount supplies it, and it always sings and flows.

Great cause have I for gratitude to the Giver of my life,
For love is still my talisman in danger, toil and strife;
And though bereft of freedom in the body, I can fly
As high as Heaven on wings of thought, like an eagle to the sky.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

It was late at night, between eleven and twelve, when the circuit judge stepped from the hackney-coach, which had conveyed him from the City Hall, and mounted the steps of his dwelling. Though muffled in fur and encased in a thickly quilted wrapper, he shuddered with the cold while striving to fit his key in the night latch, for the side walks were white with snow and hail, which the sharp winds whirled into the air again, and left in piles and ridges around the door steps and area railings.

After some difficulty the judge succeeded in letting himself into the hall. He only paused to shake the frost from his outer garments, and deposit his umbrella with others that were dripping in the stand, amid a little pool of half frozen water—for the lamp burned dimly and the hall fire was out, making the passage more than usually gloomy. It was a cheering contrast when the judge turned the lock of the door leading to a little snuggerly, that opened from one end of the cold, dark hall. The little grate of German silver was heaped with anthracite coal all in a glow, rendering the apartment warm and luminous enough, without the aid of two wax candles that shed their milder light over a girandole of frosted silver, that stood on the mantel-piece, and gave a flickering tinge of the rainbow to its pendants of slender glass, which seemed like icicles melting away in the warm atmosphere.

With a sigh of relief, the judge threw his wrappers into a corner, pulled off his damp boots, and drawing forth a well-worn dressing gown and a pair of faded slippers, from a closet behind the door, prepared to make himself warm and comfortable, after a day of unusual anxiety and fatigue.

"Well," he muttered, rubbing his hands softly together, as he sunk into the crimson easy chair, whose cushions closed around him with a soft and moss-like clasp, "thank Heaven, I am home at last. Poor fellow—poor fellow, I am afraid it will go hard with him!"

Here the judge paused, and sunk into a train of thought, which seemed both deep and painful. He was yet scarcely a middle aged man, and scenes of terror and death had not hardened his naturally kind nature. As his large brown eyes dwelt upon the fire, their changing expression was that of pity, mingled now and then with a sterner flash, as if he were striving to master the gentler emotions that crowded upon him. At length, he started upright in his chair, thrust his foot into the well trodden slipper, which in his soliloquy had fallen to the hearth-rug, and heaving another deep breath, seemed to cast off the painful thoughts that had oppressed him. Stooping for-

ward, he softly raised the cover from a little china tureen that stood within the fender, and lifting the spoon, broke the golden surface that had creamed over the oyster soup which it contained. Then closing the cover again, he drew a nest-table closer to his chair, cut the leaves of a new magazine which lay upon it, pushed an old law book and a pile of papers, so far on one side that some of them rolled over the carpet; and then lifting the tureen to the corner he had cleared, he began to regale himself with the rich soup, while he read the magazine by snatches, now and then pausing to knock aside a cracker which would keep dodging up and down, here and there, in the delicious compound, and was sure to get over his spoon every time he attempted to fill it.

He had just succeeded in crushing his tormentor, and was smiling over the fragments as they floated softly into his spoon, when the door bell rung with a violence that made him drop the spoon and start half up from his chair.

"Nonsense! it was accident. Something has touched the bell, no one can be coming here at this time of night!" he muttered, sinking back to his cushions, but another peal from the bell, basty and sharp, as if some agitated hand had pulled it with unconscious violence, deprived him of all doubt on the subject. He pushed back his chair, folded his dressing gown around him, and taking a light from the mantel-piece, went out, but though he walked fast, another loud peal from the bell hastened his footsteps. A gust of wind blew out his candle as he opened the door, but there was enough light to reveal the form of a female, who stood on the door step, muffled in a cloth cloak, and with a crimson lined hood drawn over her face. In the misty darkness beyond, he could just discern the outline of a carriage; one of the lamps was out, but there was a faint light in the other, and the judge afterwards remembered that it was of cut glass, too rich for a hackney coach, and without the number, which should mark those vehicles. Beside, there was a faint gleam of gold embroidery from that end of hammer-cloth next the light, but so faint that it might have been mistaken for a handful of illuminated sleet drifting by the lamp.

Without speaking a word, the woman entered the hall and walked forward, for the study door was open and she had nearly reached it before the judge could close the street door against the storm, which was beating full in his face.

"Are you alone, quite alone?" said the strange visitor, as he overtook her; the voice sounded unnaturally calm, but it was clear and sweet.

The judge was overwhelmed with astonishment; but he answered that he was quite alone, and entered the study, followed by his singular guest. If his surprise was great while she was half concealed in darkness, it was tenfold when she stood within the glowing light which filled the room. She was young, perhaps three or four and twenty, and but for the marble-like paleness of her features, and the glitter of her large blue eyes, would have been transcendently beautiful. She stood motionless, gazing in the fire till the hail upon her silk mantle melted, and hung in quivering water-drops among its black and glossy folds. Two or three heavy drops running down from her hood, and falling on the ungloved hand which held her cloak together, seemed to arouse her. She lifted her large eyes toward the judge, who had not yet shook off his astonishment, and gazed fixedly in his face, till his eyes sunk under her wild and intense look.

"You seem calm," she said at last. "Can you sit on the bench all day, watching the law hounds hunt a human being to the gallows, and at night sink into that chair, quite comfortable and at ease, as if nothing had happened?"

A tinge of red shot over the judge's temple, but he saw that the young creature before him was no object of resentment, and answered her mildly.

"I am not without feeling," he said. "It would be better for me if I were. The judge who condemns is sometimes almost as much to be pitied as the victim. After a day like this, he should not be reproached for seeking a moment's relief from the pain of his duties."

"You did feel for him, then!" exclaimed the girl, while a gleam of light shot to her eye. "Cold and calm as you seemed, there was yet a throb of human pity under it all."

"Heaven only knows how deeply I have felt for that unhappy man. His crime is terrible, but he does not seem born for evil!"

"Born for evil!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly—"he—oh no, he is noble, good, generous!"

She broke off suddenly, dropped her clasped hands, and drawing close to the judge, said to him in a changed and low voice, "They will not find him guilty. You do not think they will?"

The judge shook his head. "The evidence is strong—terribly strong."

"I know—I know," said the strange girl, with a sort of breathless eagerness. "But there is nothing positive—you can save him—you *will* save him. Did you not say just now that he was not born for evil? Stop, stop, do not speak yet, I have something to say—my heart has been so full that I must speak or it will break."

"Poor girl, what is the wretched man to you?" said the judge, deeply moved.

"What is he to me? true, true, everybody will ask that question; you are the first, and I am here only to answer it. Listen, sir, listen—since I was old enough to know what love was I have loved that man—you understand—the man whom you are trying for the murder of his wife. He loved me too, and

though poverty kept down his secret, and wealth pampered my pride, love such as ours could not be hushed or smothered by such base nurses. Those who love passionately act passionately. I was ardent, impulsive, sometimes arrogant. He would not endure these things in me, because I was said to have intellect, and was rich; had I been poor like himself, and selfishly weak, he would have yielded up his pride to my great love. We quarreled. It matters not how or wherefore, and he went away. For months I never wrote. He shall make the first advances I said week after week till my pride was quenched in keen anxiety. I wrote then, and his answer was that *he was married!* He thought that I did not love him—that my exactions and haughty will arose from lack of affection. He should never love any woman as he *had* loved me, his letter said, but I had cast him from my heart, and while his soul was thirsting for sympathy and tenderness, *she*, the woman he married, was thrown in his way. He was in the whirl of society, and fancying that excitement was a second birth of love, that his first passion had perished, when it was only in resentful sleep, he pledged himself irrevocably to another.

"Oh, how I had loved that man! how truly I suffered! but no human creature dreamed of it; why should they? I had nothing but my pride left, and that shielded me from pity, though it could not from the anguish which sympathy would have made more bitter. This was two years ago. He did not return to the city for months, and when he did come back, with his bride, it was long before we met. I saw her often, though, for she was frequently in public, but it was always with a burning at the heart, and something of haughty scorn, that one who had loved *me* could love *her*, for she was an inferior woman in intellect and person—my pride, as well as my affection, was outraged in his choice.

"We met at length—oh how changed he was—the whole truth had not yet reached his heart, but his energies were broken, his self-respect was diminished; he was that most pitiable of all objects, a man of strong energies suddenly rendered hopeless. Jealous affection made me keen sighted, and I knew all this before we had spoken a word together. It was a bitter joy to me when I was first convinced that he did not love the woman he had married. My pride was appeased by this knowledge, but as that gave way the passionate love so long held in check grew into strength again. It was unpremeditated—we never should have sought each other—but after two years' separation we were thrown together accidentally, and alone. It was a terrible meeting for us both—terrible in itself, most terrible in its consequences. For the first time in our lives we poured out our whole hearts each to the other. All thoughts of pride or prudence were swept away by the strong feelings of the moment. I cannot tell you all that was said in that last interview. The expressions of sorrow and bitter regret on both sides. You have seen him in the court, and know that even in this terrible trial he seems calm and unimpassioned. It is only the curb of a strong will on a burning nature.

That day he seemed equally calm, equally immovable, and this made my grief more eloquent. I did not dream of the struggle that was going on under that cold exterior, and thinking that he did not suffer equally with myself, abandoned myself to reproaches and expressions of regret that goaded his already frenzied feelings on to madness.

"Oh, if she were but dead!" I remember saying this more than once. It was wild, sinful, but only an expression of agony. Heaven is my judge I had no deeper meaning. The last time I uttered this fatal wish my hands were both clasped within his, and as he bent over me I saw that his features were convulsed and dreadfully pale. He wrung my knitted hands and laughed—laughed! I say. You are a judge, used to the tortured passions of men—the throes of a breaking heart—the wild cries of an uprooted intellect, are your study—tell me if this man would have laughed if my words had not maddened him; if he had not been insane! 'Oh that she were dead!' I uttered in the anguish of my heart. I had my evil wish—the next morning *she was dead!*"

The stranger sunk to a chair as she ceased speaking, covered her face and shuddered, but when the small hands were removed from over her eyes they were dry and painfully brilliant as before.

"What can I do for you? How can I help you?" said the judge, deeply moved by her tearless agony.

"Tell me," she said, "was he not insane?" Her lips partly opened, and her breath was held back with intense anxiety for his answer.

"It is but charity to believe that all great crimes are committed in a species of insanity," said the kind judge, anxious to soothe her.

"Then you *do* think that he was insane?" she cried, while a gleam of hope shot to her eyes. "God bless you for saying that. God be praised that it was my story that convinced you of it. Tell me, if I go into the court to-morrow and repeat what I have just said, word for word, will it be evidence for a jury—will it convince *them* that he was driven wild by my wicked frenzy?"

The judge hesitated—he could not bear to crush the last hope to which the wretched girl was clinging.

"Speak," she said, "tell me, I beseech you!"

"I am afraid it would but prove a new motive for the mur—for the crime charged upon him!" he said at length, but in a voice that bespoke pity and reluctance.

She fell back in her chair for an instant, as if struck helpless by his words, but instantly rallying again, she said—

"Then you think I had better not appear?"

"It could do no good, but might supply the only link wanting in a chain of evidence against the unhappy man. That is, a motive for the crime."

"Still you believe him to have been insane? You have heard all, and in your charge to-morrow every word that I have said will be remembered."

The judge was deeply embarrassed, and it was with difficulty that he found words to undeceive her.

"I cannot, as an honest man, I dare not, as a sworn judge, make a charge on any evidence not brought

forward at the trial," he said firmly, but with deep commiseration.

"Oh Heaven, great Heaven! You cannot deny me this—and so much depends on it. If you could but say that there was any thing in the evidence to prove him insane, it would save him. A human life! think how sweet a thing it must be to save a man like that from death—and such a death! The jury will be guided by your charge. I have studied their faces, one by one, ever since the trial commenced. I know that they are men to be guided into the path of mercy—only show them the way—only take a little of the responsibility. You will—you will—for did you not admit only a few minutes since that he must have been insane? Only say *that to-morrow*—I ask nothing more!"

The earnestness with which the poor girl pleaded was agonizing; her eyes grew moist, her hands were convulsively clasped, and in the energy of her appeal she sunk unconsciously to her knees, and clinging to his dressing-gown with both hands wildly urged her suit.

The judge raised her, and even in her distress she felt that his hands trembled in performing this office; "Be comforted, my poor young lady, be more composed; this is very distressing to me, I assure you," he said, while tears actually stood in his eyes.

"God bless you for those tears. I knew they were wrong who said you had no feeling. How do you think that lawyer advised me to act? See, I was to have brought this money to offer you, and these, and these!" She drew from the folds of her dress a large double purse crowded full of bank notes, and with it a heavy diamond bracelet, with other female ornaments of great value. "I have given the lawyer almost as much to plead his cause; gold can purchase his eloquence, but I dare not offer it to you. My heart rose against his advice the moment I entered this room!"

"It was well," replied the judge, crimsoning to the temples with indignation that any man could have advised a bribe to him, "It was well that you judged more honorably of me than your adviser. If any thing could win me to forgetfulness of a stern duty it would be your evident distress—not your gold."

"I know it—I know it—and the blessings of a broken heart will follow you to the grave for every merciful word uttered in to-morrow's charge. Oh, the clock is striking. Is it twelve? I will go home now. They think I am at a party, and so I was two hours ago—see how brilliant they made me!" and with a mingled laugh and shudder the strange girl threw open her cloak, and revealed a dress of rose-colored satin and rich blond, in the folds of which a few white roses were crushed. "Would you believe it," she said with touching earnestness, and folding the cloak over her person again, "would you think it possible, no creature in my father's house dreams of this, not even my own mother? They think that late hours and fashionable follies are rendering me so pale. To-night they will be all asleep when I get home, and I—oh Heaven, shall I ever sleep again!"

The wretched girl covered her face with both

hands, and, for the first time during the interview, burst into tears. After weeping with unrestrained violence for a few moments, she uncovered her face with a sad smile, and suddenly taking the judge's hand between both hers, kissed it, and left the room sobbing bitterly. Before the judge could overtake her, or offer her any of those civilities which her beauty and evident station seemed to demand, she had opened the hall door and hurried out into the dark night. He caught one glimpse of her garments as she entered the carriage, and then, but for the muffled roll of wheels passing through the storm, all that had passed within the last half hour might have been a dream.

The next day, when the judge took his place on the bench, the spectators remarked that his eyes were more heavy than usual, and that his face was pale almost as that of the prisoner. He cast a searching look, ever and anon, toward a group of female witnesses that sat near, but among the quiet and commonplace features exhibited there he found nothing to remind him of his midnight visitor. The business of the trial went on, and deep as his interest had always been in the fate of the prisoner, he now listened with keener interest to the proceedings. Toward the close, when the evidence grew more and more decided against the prisoner, the judge became painfully restless, the color came and went on his cheek, and there was an expression in his fine eyes which no man remembered to have seen there before.

The prisoner, too, seemed less collected and indifferent than he had hitherto been during the trial. Instead of keeping his dark eyes fixed with a sort of mournful earnestness on the jury, as he had done the day before, he cast wistful glances toward the group of females. His eyes grew troubled and brilliant, while, now and then, as his hand was raised to wipe the drops from his forehead, those who looked closely saw that it trembled. This was altogether at variance with his former cold and impassioned demeanor, and people whispered to each other, that now as his case grew more and more hopeless, his courage was giving way.

Once or twice he turned and cast a searching look over the multitude of human faces with which the room was crowded. The last time, some one in the crowd seemed to rivet his attention. Fire flashed to his eye, and his cheeks were blood-red. He half started to his feet, dropped again as if a bullet had cleft his heart, and after one brief shudder, sat motionless as before, gazing not upon either judge or jury, but pale and marble like, on his own clasped hands.

Among that sea of human faces no one could tell which it was that had so moved the prisoner, and a boy, muffled in a cloak, and with a seal-skin cap drawn over his forehead, pressed so eagerly onward just after, that it served to draw attention from the

unhappy man. Though the crowd was so dense that it seemed impossible for any one to advance a single step, the lad forced his way till he reached those who stood nearest the prisoner, and gathering his cloak about him, stood within a few paces of the heart-stricken man, pale and motionless also.

At length the judge stood up to deliver his charge; he was paler than usual in such cases, while an expression of stern sorrow lay upon his features, and gave depth and solemn pathos to his voice. Still, though he seemed more agitated than any one had ever seen him before, his intellect was calm and clear. The evidence was against the prisoner, there was no clue, not a single thread upon which an honest mind might fix a doubt.

The prisoner never lifted his face, but the boy behind him stood immovable, with his large eyes riveted on the judge, and hardly seeming to breathe. As the summing up grew more and more against the prisoner, the boy began to waver. He reached forth one hand, and grasping the arm of a stranger that stood next, thus prevented himself from falling to the floor.

In the midst of an opinion, bearing decidedly against the prisoner, the judge caught the glance fixed on him by this singular boy. The blood rushed to his cheek—he stammered—put his hand to his forehead, and went on; but his voice was more subdued, and more than once tears were seen to flood his eyes.

Night came on—the jury had been out three hours, and all that time the crowd remained immovable, and in the front, with his eyes bent on the stooping head of the prisoner, was that pale and trembling boy. They came in at last, those twelve pallid men, with the unspoken destiny of a human being imprinted on their mournful faces. The boy looked upon them as they ranged themselves in the jury box; from one to the other his shrinking eyes were turned, and then, with one wild struggle, he forced a passage into the crowd.

GUILTY!—That fearful word has sealed the death sentence of two human beings. Three weeks after the trial the prisoner was found dead in his cell. A paper of powdered opium, which was found in his bosom, was all the explanation of his death that ever reached the public. A week after, the judge received a funeral card, which surprised him not a little, for the bereaved family, though wealthy and in high standing, were total strangers to him. But a private note which followed the card, informed him that after she was taken with the brain fever, that terminated her life, the young creature who had so suddenly left her home desolate, had earnestly requested that he might be present at her funeral.

He went, and there, whiter than the satin which lined her coffin, lay his midnight visitor—the seeming boy, whose mournful face had troubled him in the court room, and whose cold, pale beauty haunted him many an hour in his after life.

THE MOTHER'S TRAGEDY.

BY JAMES K. FAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

IN a sequestered valley, embosomed among the mountains of New England, there lately resided a family of the name of Ardell, belonging to the class of respectable farmers, over which none other has a right to claim precedence in this working-day world. Yet, notwithstanding this legitimate claim to an equality with the rest of their fellow creatures, they were accustomed to boast of having seen better days, since the father of the present Mr. Ardell had been a man of some note in the Revolutionary war, in the course of which he had received honorable wounds, and been despoiled of a great portion of his property, by an arrogant invader, who paid little attention to the modes and practices of honorable warfare. At the close of the struggle, finding himself greatly reduced in circumstances, he retired, with his wife and an only son, to the valley of which we have spoken, and settled himself down on a tract of wild land, which he had long owned, but hitherto considered of little value.

He found it as nature made it, rich and beautiful, but requiring years of toil and privations to bring it into a state to supply the wants of man. There was not a house within fifteen or twenty miles; no man could hear his neighbor's dog bark; no bell had ever tolled to church; no woodman's axe or fowler's gun was heard to echo among the surrounding mountains; and that most musical and inspiring of all sounds, the cheerful voice of man, seldom, if ever, broke in upon the silence of the lonely valley. But industry and perseverance conquer all obstacles, save those of fate. Every succeeding year diminished the space between them and the rest of the world. The wave of population, like that of the ocean at its flood, gradually advanced over the land, and by degrees reached even the recesses of the mountains, carrying with it the pioneers of that restless, pale-faced race whose destiny it seems never to stop while there remains any thing to be accomplished. By the time the son became a young man, and the father an old one, the bell had begun to toll on Sabbath days, and at funerals; the mill-wheel turned; the deep-mouthed fox-hound was often heard waking the distant echoes, and groups of children might be seen plying their listless way to school of a morning. A new creation had succeeded that of nature—or rather the efforts of man had been rewarded by partaking in her bounty.

A few—a very few—more years, and the aged couple were called from the scene of their sufferings and enjoyments. It would sometimes almost seem that the old legends which feign that the lives of certain persons are spun of one thread, which, when cut, puts an end to the existence of both, were true. The old man led the way to the other world, and his

good helpmate lingered only a little while after him, wandering about the house as if looking for something she had lost; or sitting by the fireside contemplating the old chair in which he had been accustomed to sit. She neither fretted, complained, nor repined, nor could it be perceived that she labored under any peculiar depression. Certain it is, however, that she in a few months followed her husband, and that the physician was sadly puzzled to know of what disease she died. They had weathered the storms of life in one bottom for many a year, and it seemed natural they should reach the same port together.

The son found his home very solitary after the death of his parents, for though there were many families settled around, they were not sufficiently near for an evening walk, and that last resource of listless country solitude, a tavern, was happily wanting in this sequestered region. The nearest approach to it was a log cabin at the road-side, tenanted by a gentleman of color, against whose door was stuck a piece of shingle, on which was daubed, with primitive skill, a red bottle, spouting its contents into a glass of the same color, with such exquisite precision that not a single drop was lost in the transition. No Paixhan gun, so alarming to our great politicians, could equal it in describing a parabola, or in discharging those tremendous shot, which, like the great marble balls at the Dardanelles, will certainly do great execution provided they only hit the mark. Young Ardell was therefore often at a loss how to dispose of those leisure hours, between working and sleeping, which constitute the most critical periods of existence, and the proper disposal of which is so essential to human happiness. Men require amusement of mind, as well as relaxation of body; and those who cannot find innocent ones will, in all probability, either resort to those that are not so, or become gloomy fanatics, seeking in the contemplation of frightful horrors that excitement they cannot elsewhere obtain.

Fortunately, however, the young man had a better string to his bow. He could seek a companion for his solitude, and set about it accordingly, as soon as decency would permit. He went to the little white church, distant only a pleasant morning ride, to look for a wife, which is a much better mart than a ball-room or a watering-place. Here he made acquaintance with more than one blooming rural damsel, who, like himself, was heavily oppressed by solitude, and very much in want of excitement. Our tale is not one of love, and it is only necessary to apprise the reader that young Mr. Ardell, being a well-looking lad, with a fine farm, and a double frame house, so white that

it almost blinded one to look at it in a clear sunshiny day, soon threw the handkerchief, which was caught by a clever, well-conditioned, rosy-checked maiden, belonging to the sect of the seekers. In a few weeks he brought her home in a new wagon, and installed her in the tabernacle of his heart and his household.

The marriage, though somewhat hasty, did not verify the old proverb about repenting at leisure. It turned out well, and why should it not, seeing that every body allows matrimony is a lottery, and if so, where is the use of exercising a blind sagacity in selecting a fortunate ticket? People of the greatest wisdom and experience are of opinion that marriages are made in Heaven, and that a considerable portion of rewards and punishments are dealt out through that medium. It is therefore a matter of destiny, and there is no use in troubling ourselves in the attempt to change it. Our young adventurer drew a prize. His wife was a judicious, careful, industrious, good tempered woman, as free from pride, selfishness, willfulness and vanity, as from that tumultuous, noisy vivacity which always makes a sensible man melancholy. The truth is, that she was rather inclined to seriousness, owing, probably, to the loneliness in which her childhood had been passed, aided by the remembrance of a succession of domestic calamities, which, though they occurred in her childhood, had left a deep impression on her mind, and disposed it at times to serious, if not gloomy, contemplations.

In the course of years they had several children, all of whom died young except the eldest, a daughter called Judith, whose earliest recollections were of the funerals of her little brothers and sisters, and the sorrows of her parents. Year after year she missed some one of her little playmates, whom she saw borne to the grave, and found herself left in lonely solitude to lament the loss. They lived only long enough to entwine themselves with the fibres of the heart, and then disappeared as if they had never been, leaving behind them only the sad remembrance of their smiles, their lisplings, their sufferings and their death, as memorials of having once existed.

The continued succession of severe calamities, either hardens or subdues the heart, by rendering it incapable of hope and fear, or of enjoying present blessings, from the conviction that they are only given to be speedily taken away. It was thus with the bereaved mother, who finding herself, one by one, bereft of her offspring, only wept more bitterly over every new-born child, and finally ceased to enjoy those transports of the maternal bosom, which sad experience had taught her were so soon to end in misery and despair. The husband consoled her the best he could, and Judith, when she grew old enough, mingled her tears with those of her mother. But the staff of hope was broken. The treasure she had lost rendered her insensible to that which she retained, and if it had not been so, she would have said, as she had often said to herself before, in reference to her other children—"Why should I fix my heart on these, since they are only given to be taken away." Had she sought refuge from her blighted hopes on earth, in the brighter hope of future happiness, she might

have found resignation instead of despair. But the shepherd of the flock lived at a distance, and only occasionally paid a visit of formal condolence, so evidently destitute of all genuine sympathy, as to outrage the keen sensitiveness of genuine grief, while his topics of consolation were so commonplace, so ill chosen, or so feebly enforced, as to answer no other purpose but to convince the poor mourner that her hopes were irretrievable, and her sorrows without alleviation. She gradually sunk under these repeated inflictions, and died in giving birth to a last child, who accompanied its mother, and found refuge in the same grave.

Judith was at this period about sixteen years of age, tall, and rather striking in her appearance, though one could scarcely tell why. She was by no means beautiful, unless there is beauty in a strong deep expression of melancholy. Her hair was of a glossy black, her features extremely regular, and a little inclined to masculine, and the expression of her face, though not exactly stern or severe, was so fixed, solemn, and often even lofty, as to excite sensations which those who experienced them could never satisfactorily explain. Her eyes were large and of the color of her hair, but so intensely brilliant when excited, so heavy, one might almost say lifeless, in repose, that the contrast was like that between the black thunder cloud and the flash of lightning engendered in its bosom. Though she sometimes smiled, with most expressive sweetness, no one ever remembered to have seen her laugh since the days of her infancy, and her general habit was that of silence, except in moments of excitement, when her words, tones and gestures seemed to breathe of inspiration. One peculiarity was most especially remarked in Judith. Under no excitement or provocation, nor in the heat of employment or labor, was any color seen to mantle her cheek. Morning, noon, and night, it was always pale as a marble statue. Generally speaking, she was quiet, inattentive, and indifferent to what was passing around her; but there were times and occasions, when she would almost frighten her father and his friends, by the flashes that burst forth from the dark cloud that overshadowed her. It was specially remarked, that whenever she heard the bell tolling the funeral service of the dead, a sound which in the lonely silence of the country is inexpressibly melancholy, a shudder passed through her frame, and she eagerly sought to escape observation, by retreating to the solitudes of the mountains. She never wept, but the expression of her face on these occasions was far more painful than tears. Altogether, she was so totally different from the people around, that they did not know what to make of her, and rather shunned than sought her society.

Her father, though not a man of keen sensibility, was somewhat stunned by these repeated calamities, and during the period that elapsed between the death of his wife and his own, seemed not to take his usual interest in the common affairs of life, though he continued to pursue his daily avocations, partly from habit, partly from necessity. He, however, became indifferent to those little domestic cares that occupy

so much of the attention of minds at ease, and seldom interfered with the amusements or occupations of his daughter. The succession of sorrows experienced by the mother, prevented her from exerting that watchful vigilance, which, more than any other influence, shapes the future fortunes of the child, and the neighboring school was one in which only the most ordinary branches of education were taught. The mind of Judith expanded, therefore, with little culture and less restraint; and she grew up a wild luxuriant plant in the wilderness—the child of sorrow, nurtured by the waters of affliction.

The dwelling of Mr. Ardell, though it became gradually surrounded by a straggling neighborhood, was yet, from its peculiar situation, almost a perfect solitude. The farm entirely occupied a circular basin environed on every side by high mountains. The only approach was through a deep ravine, caused by a little brawling river, or brook, as it was called, which, issuing from a gorge in the hills, and winding around three-fourths of the little valley, escaped through a chasm, faced on either side by perpendicular rocks, more than a hundred feet high. There was but one entrance, and no exit, except by crossing the mountains or returning the same way; consequently no public road passed through the vale, and seldom, if ever, was it visited by a stranger. From the rustic piazza of Mr. Ardell's house, neither the place whence the brook emerged, nor that where it escaped, could be seen, and nothing was visible but the fore-ground of rich meadow, the shadowy mountains, and the blue sky above. The intercourse with the surrounding neighbors, beyond this barrier, was of that desultory kind, which leads to no intimacy, and Judith, though she had a few acquaintances, possessed no friends.

Her mind was her kingdom, and she might be said to dwell in a world of her own. Nursed by solitude, and with little to remember but scenes of sorrow; living in a daily routine of never varying sameness, producing neither hope nor disappointment, imagination became the master spirit of her mind, and furnished almost its only vivifying principle. In the intervals of domestic occupation, she was accustomed to roam about the valley, listening to the murmurings of the little river; or to sit down by its side in the shade of the mountain, weaving a web of future destiny from materials of her own creation. At summer evenings she sometimes sat on the piazza, contemplating the stars, and wondering if, as she had somewhere read, these thousand winking sentinels of heaven were associated with the destinies of man, and the arbiters of his fortunes. Her reading had been almost exclusively confined to those cheap little books hawked about the country by wandering pedlars, such as interpretations of dreams, presentiments, omens, ghost stories, and all the light artillery of superstition. These, aided by solitude, and reinforced by the memory of past sorrows, gave a melancholy tinge to her mind, which became strongly visionary and superstitious.

She had now reached her nineteenth year, when one summer afternoon, as she sat by the side of the

little river, in her accustomed seat at the foot of an old tree, whose branches overshadowed the stream, she was startled by the approach of a stranger, who emerged from the ravine, with something like a knapsack on his back, and bearing a paper in his hand. He came up with a fresh open countenance, and in words and tones altogether different from the rough salutations of her rustic neighbors, begged pardon for his intrusion, adding that he believed he had lost his way, was very tired and very hungry, and wished to know where he might find rest and refreshment. There is no part of our hospitable plentiful country, where such an appeal would not be answered with a welcome, except perhaps on some high roads or thoroughfares, where they are so often made and abused, that the most open heart becomes at length locked up in suspicion. It is the nature of men to be hospitable, and nothing but that insatiate love of gain which seems to be inseparable from civilization and refinement, prevents the universal exercise of this noble virtue. Judith had seen too little of the world to be timid, and did not know enough of man to be suspicious. She led the stranger to her father's house, where he rested from his fatigue, and satisfied his hunger with plain food, seasoned by an honest welcome.

Although curiosity is one of the besetting sins of those who live a life destitute of excitement and variety, yet it is doing Mr. Ardell but justice to say, that he waited with most exemplary patience for the stranger to finish his meal before he commenced his catechism. He then made his approaches obliquely and cautiously, but was met at the very first advance by a full disclosure on the part of the stranger. "Sir," said he, "I am by profession an artist—my name is Thornley—Horace Thornley—I dare say you may have heard of me."

"I can't say I have," replied the good man, after some consideration. "I know one Job Thornbeck, but I do n't remember ever to have heard your name before."

"Hem—well that is not surprising. Fame must blow a good blast of her trumpet, to be heard in the recesses of these mountains. Well, sir, I reside in Boston, and being somewhat tired of painting ugly faces, as well as a little the worse for long confinement and indifferent air, I buckled on my knapsack, containing a change of linen and my implements of war, and sallied forth to study nature and taste the fresh air of the mountains. I have been wandering some days in this neighborhood, and this morning, following the course of yonder stream, found my way into your little paradise here, where I think I could be content to pass my life in catching trout, and studying lights and shades, while inhaling health and buoyant spirits from every breath of air that blows. The first living thing I saw was this young lady, whom I mistook for one of the wood-nymphs, and expected every moment she would flee into the mountains; but, finding she did not observe me, and sat perfectly quiet, I took out my pencil and sketched her and the scene, as you see here."

Saying this, he took from a small port-folio a sketch

of Judith and the surrounding landscape, so skilfully and faithfully drawn, that father and daughter recognized it at once, and expressed equal surprise and pleasure. There is nothing which more insidiously appeals to our self-love than a picture, in which we see ourselves, our house, or our land, delineated to advantage, and Judith, who had never seen any specimen of this charming art, beyond the rude caricatures in those mischievous books we have mentioned, at once discovered that she possessed perceptions, now for the first time appealed to successfully. She gazed at the little sketch with animated pleasure, not only from seeing herself there, but from an innate taste for the imitative arts, which is one of the universal characteristics of mankind, in every stage of society.

This little picture did more to produce a community of good feeling, than a much longer acquaintance would have accomplished; and when he offered it to Judith as a keepsake, she experienced a feeling which had never been awakened before, except in her imagination and her dreams. The gentle sisterhood of the fine arts, find friends and a welcome everywhere, among savage or social beings, with the single exception of those whose souls are either absorbed in the greedy pursuit of gain, or seared with the hot iron of guilt and remorse. In the rough iron age of chivalry the minstrel roved from court to camp at will, safe from all the perils of war, the barbarous violence of conflicting despots, and the licentious ferocity of bandits and outlaws. The musician is always sure of a welcome in the country, and the doors will fly open at the sound of his flute, his fiddle, or his hurdy gurdy; and the painter carries in his pencil a key to every unsophisticated heart. Who shall say that the miracles of Ophieus and Orion are fables, when they see the serpent disarmed of his poison, the timid mouse divested of his fears, and the savage Indian of his ferocity, by the magic of sound?

Thornley having expressed his admiration of the scenery around, and his intention of taking sketches from it, was frankly invited to make the house his head-quarters, by Mr. Ardell's lips and Judith's bright black eyes. It was then that the solitary girl commenced a new existence, and what had only been a dream before, now became reality. After a few days had dispelled the clouds which obscure the brightness of a first acquaintance between kindred spirits, she would, with the consent of her father, accompany Thornley in his excursions around, in search of the picturesque, and when he wanted a figure to animate his landscape, he would place her in the proper attitude and situation, and sketch her to the life. To his equal surprise and delight, he soon discovered that the mind of this untutored girl was a rich and fertile soil that only required cultivation to bring forth the finest and most delicate fruits, and felt a pleasure for which he could not account, in opening the mine, without any wish or expectation of sharing the treasure. He was himself a man of genius, and held that divining rod, by which hidden springs are detected, though they flow ever so deep beneath the surface. When lighted up by a kindred spark from his mind

her face became expressive, intellectual—more than beautiful; and when under the influence of some strong conception of the tender, the beautiful, or the sublime, she forgot her timidity, and there flowed from her lips ideas that poets might covet, clothed in words that orators might envy. Thornley was, as is often the case with the sister-arts, a musician as well as a painter. He carried his flute with him wherever he went, and now in the quiet, calm summer evenings, awakened the echoes of the little valley, with many of those delightful old airs, whose melody touches the inmost heart, and which in spite of the sneers of fashionable insensibility, will live forever, though their authors are forgotten.

Thus passed away a good portion of the merry month of June—the May of happier climes—and in less time than this strong feelings take deep root in a fertile soil. They had never talked of love, but there are other organs gifted with speech beside the tongue. Judith had never seen, though she had often dreamed of a kindred spirit, and Thornley, who was, like all persons of genius, somewhat of an enthusiast, who had lived in the great world, in which his profession gave him a near and intimate view of the freaks and vanities of fashionable women, and who could easily transfer his love of natural scenery to the beauties of a natural character, found himself all at once in a predicament where it behooves a man of honor and integrity to make up his mind irrevocably. He accordingly asked himself, "Shall I woo this wild doe of the mountains, and will she respond to my wooing? Can I be content to sit down here quietly, and pass the rest of my life without the excitement of fame, and amuse myself with painting landscapes, catching trout, playing the flute, raising pumpkins, and gamboling with children?" When he had satisfactorily answered these questions, he asked himself if Judith would accept the sacrifice he was willing to offer. "I will put her to the test," thought he, "without asking the question, and thus save myself the mortification of a refusal."

Taking his pencil he sketched a parting scene between Judith, himself and Mr. Ardell, and that very evening announced his intention of leaving them next day. As he did so, he watched the countenance of Judith, where he detected nothing but a slight quivering of her lip. She neither turned pale, nor red, for, as before observed, her color never changed. Thornley inwardly denounced her as an insensible block, and resolved to be off bright and early on the morrow. Before taking leave, however, he addressed the father and daughter as follows:

"I have already taken your likenesses, as some trifling acknowledgment of your kind hospitality, and now wish to leave with you some little memorial of our parting hour, to remind you of one you may never see again, but who will never forget the cheerful happy hours he spent in this little valley, and least of all, its kind-hearted tenants." He then presented Judith with the sketch, in which he had exerted all his fancy, and all his art, to give force and expression to the parting about to take place. He had represented himself as shaking hands for the last

time with Mr. Ardell, at the same time that he cast a look at his daughter, so full of love, regret, and anguish, that Judith, after contemplating it a few moments, dropped the picture from her hand, and rushed out of the room in an agony of tears.

"What under the sun has got into Judith?" exclaimed the simple Mr. Ardell; "this is the first time I have seen her weep since she left off mourning for her poor mother."

He was right. Judith had wept so often, and so bitterly, in her early life, that the fountain was almost dry, and nothing less than a new and powerful emotion could replenish it again. Thornley was now satisfied, and astonished the worthy old man by addressing him as follows:

"My dear sir, will you give me your daughter for a wife? I love her with all my soul, and, from what has just happened, have reason to hope I am not indifferent to her. I have saved a few thousand dollars by my profession, which will prevent my becoming a burthen to you. I am fond of the country, for I was brought up there; I believe Judith will ensure my happiness, and hope I may be able to contribute to hers. Of my connections, fortune, and character, I carry testimonials about me, and I now ask you whether, if they prove satisfactory, you will bestow your daughter on me for a wife?"

"Why, bless my heart, my son," exclaimed the good man, "if she likes you, take her and welcome. Judith is a little odd sometimes, but I warrant she will make a good wife, for she has been a good daughter to me. You say you will come and live with us. I am glad of that, for I could not bear to part with the only one of all my children Providence in its mercy has left to my age. I hope I shall yet live to see my grandchildren supply the place of those I have lost, and seat them on my knee, as I used to do my own little lost ones. You need not show me your papers, for it is hardly worth while for any one to come here to play the rogue, and cheat an old man out of his only remaining blessing. I have read of such things in the newspaper, though I can hardly believe them. But, as I was saying—Hey! what the plague has become of the man? I believe I am talking to nobody."

The worthy man was right, for Thornley having heard all he thought to the purpose, took the opportunity of his turning his eyes upward toward the ceiling, as he always did when speechifying, to depart without ceremony. He sought Judith, and found her sitting on the spot where he had first seen her, and her face seemed paler than ever in the moonlight. She seemed unaware of his approach, and when he sat down by her side, started with a scream of surprise, apprehension and agony. His tale was soon told; and the first embrace, the first kiss, sealed the compact which united their destinies.

"I love you, my dear Thornley," said Judith, with frank simplicity—"I never loved any other man but my father, for I have seen none to love. I will do

all I can to make you happy, but I have a presentiment I shall live to plant daggers in your heart."

Thornley scouted the presentiment. "I trust, my dearest Judith," said he, "that we shall live to enjoy many years of quiet bliss in this sequestered abode, where there are no allurements for vice to intrude; and the absence of temptation is the best security against transgression."

He lived, however, to learn from sad experience that misery has many fathers, and that though, most generally, it is the offspring of guilt, it sometimes traces its pedigree from the purest fountains of piety and virtue. Either of these carried to the utmost excess of excitement, becomes a fruitful source of suffering both to ourselves and others; and, as the opposite lines meet in the self same circle, so do the extremes of virtue and vice, when one is unrestrained by reason, the other by conscience, too often prove fatal to human happiness. Even fanaticism and superstition, among the most deadly enemies of man, are emanations from the highest of all sources. The fountain is undefiled, and is only polluted in the stream, as it flows through the secret uncleaned sewers of the human heart.

Judith, though she had centered every affection of her heart, but filial love, in her husband, married with a dreary presentiment of undefinable misery. Her mind had been so often smitten to the earth, that, like the shrub too frequently bent, it seemed to have become incapable of rising again. Its decided tendency was toward melancholy anticipations, and if she ever rejoiced it was with a fearful joy. Instead of turning her face to the sunshine, like the sun-flower, she resembled the morning-glory, which ever shuts its blooms to the inspiring warmth of the summer ray. The night preceding her wedding, her visions, no doubt influenced by her waking thoughts, presented a terrible picture. She dreamed she heard the dismal bell tolling for a funeral, and saw a long procession of little coffins, followed by one of larger size, moving slowly toward the little church where her mother, sisters and brothers were buried side by side. She heard the heavy clods of earth fall hollowly on the houses of death beneath, thus placing an everlasting barrier between the quick and the dead, and when all was over, a voice seemed to issue from the skies above, exclaiming "Thus shall it be with thee and thine!" She awoke in trembling horror, the words still ringing in her ears, and though all else had vanished, the impression was so deep and vivid that she could never afterward decide whether she had really heard the fearful denunciation, or whether it was only a dream. It clouded the latent sunshine of her mind, strengthened her gloomy presentiment, and marred all her anticipations of the future. She pronounced the marriage vow with the warning of the preceding night still ringing in her ears, and the long procession of coffins moving before her eyes.

[Conclusion in our next.]

FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, December 1, 1845.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—Speaking of French manners of the present day, I cannot forbear mentioning an Album, in the possession of Mons. Doussé d'Armanon, a young tourist, which contains autographs of the most distinguished men and women in all parts of the globe. Diplomacy, science, literature, and jockey-clubs, have volunteered their heroes to swell its pages. Viennet, Ballanche, George Sand and Victor Hugo, have contributed their share of readable matter; but the following inscriptions on three consecutive leaves show, in a striking manner, the intellectual anarchy of the French metropolis. On the first of these leaves we behold a commonplace Communist phrase, of Eugene Sue:

"To soften the misery of the poor laboring classes is, without doubt, praiseworthy . . . but it would be much better to prevent it. (Signed) EUGENE SUE."

The second is rather more naïve, and reads thus:

"Honor to whom honor is due. My device is: 'Love and Polka.' (Signed) ELIZABETH, QUEEN POMARE, (Of the Ball Mabille.)"

The third is serious:

"The head in which the Iliad was born is now but a grain of dust. (Signed) CHATEAUBRIAND."

These transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous, and *vice versa*, are quite characteristic of the taste of that wonderful people.

Among the latest publications of biographies, I will this time speak of that of the German tragedian Seydelmann, the John Kemble, if not the Garrick, of that country. You know that Shakspeare and the whole legitimate British drama, is as familiar on the German boards as on the English, and that German writers have written the best commentaries on the works of the immortal bard, whom they emphatically called "*the great evangelist of the world*," and, under these circumstances, the notions of a German actor of distinction may not be read without some interest. I will not trouble you or your readers with the man's parentage, birth, or death. I only transcribe some of his rather respectable ideas. They are quaint and curious, but striking.

"A man who plays comedy," observed Seydelmann to his son, "and does not understand the art of interesting people by his own agreeable personality, is always disagreeable to the public. Look on the whole host of actors, who is there among them that can affect you agreeably and lastingly if you do not deem him worthy of your respect off the stage? Why are there so few great actors? Because there are few whole soul men. Is it not the innate wealth or poverty which we men of the boards exhibit in every look—in every gesture—in our very accent? Every thing in us becomes a mirror of the soul—*hinc illa lacryma!* The best way to appear noble is to be so in reality."

"A poor piano will sooner reproduce a melody than a foolish actor a refined, sensible word."

"The empire of art is a battle field in which blind rage or despair but too often run after the wreath of victory. But the hot, feverish blood of the man in danger is the very opposite of the artist. The latter requires the flame of enthusiasm, purified by moral feelings, and enlightened by reason."

"Actors ought never to be fools on the stage. That which they perform, the act itself, must produce laughter. The more earnest and natural they perform, the nothingness of the every-day pursuits of life, the truer their gestures, the greater is the pleasure produced by their acting. Think of some popular scene you have witnessed that is laughable. What was it that made you laugh? Was it not the seriousness with which people acted their part? Be everywhere true and natural, and the comical effect will be produced spontaneously."

To a friend he writes—"I play Schiller's Wallenstein, (so beautifully translated by Coleridge,) who assists me in assuaging the sorrows of my heart. I wrap myself in the rich heritage left us by our divinely gifted bard! If all hopes do not deceive me, I shall be a different Wallenstein from all the rest, but perhaps not popular on that very account. After what common model is this Wallenstein not usually formed? with extended frame of body, stiff covered with leather from head to foot—the automaton mouth full of honeyed words—uttered while performing military parade steps—without blood or brains—that they call Wallenstein! And I, poor mortal, should venture to swim against the current! I shall be hissed; but then I have one great ally—the soul of the poet!"

Of the arrogance of modern poets he speaks thus—

"Ah what stuff one has to digest—all modest 'master works of art;' and if they do not please the public, Garrick is covered with dirt."

"The poorest devil of an author is sometimes still a prince of reviewers, and mimicry remembers it, only *litera scripta manet*."

A certain actor in Berlin he describes thus characteristically—"Mr. P. looks still like an anchovy placed on its tail, and his intonation sounds as an anchovy looks—thin, very thin, and cracked. In addition to this he has the flexibility of limbs of a French hair-dresser, so that words, looks and gestures are thrown together in the merriest confusion. In spite of his black court dress, and his glass, of which he makes constant use, he always appears to me to be in an antechamber, aping the gentleman in the parlor."

And to a poet he says—"A. W. Schlegel was right in saying, 'there is nothing more rare than a good actor.' . . . Artistical repose is a warm hearth, gladdening the heart and the mind; but the quiet of most actors is but a painted chimney."

To a German dramatic writer, Gutzkow, he observes about the stage, "the narrow place where ideality and reality are locked in a sad embrace—thither life has pushed me back—there alone I am myself—everywhere else only a part of my being—distrustful, cold, mutilated! But I will not complain. Happy he who has found a place of refuge—who knows the home of his soul—the place where all his faculties have full sway—where they are permitted to act free from fetters. Oh, I feel I am happy—through pain!"

Seydelmann was one of the most philosophical actors of modern times, and probably as deeply versed in Shakspeare's characters as any who has lately flourished on the British stage. He has found several biographers; the one from whom I have quoted is that of a professor of literature.



If actors were to take their proper stand in society we should have more of the legitimate drama, and less buffoonery on the stage than now disgraces it, and renders it unfit for the resort of persons of taste and cultivation.

I read in one of the five hundred periodicals of Europe an account of a character *sui generis*—to whom nothing similar is found either in the old or new world. It is that of a Spanish bookseller. These gentlemen being for the most part no publishers, but mere antiquaries, have a singular mode of doing business. When a stranger calls, it is usual first to smoke a cigar, and talk of any thing except books. At last, after the parties feel somewhat acquainted, the purchaser may venture on mentioning the name of the author whose works he would like to peruse. Upon this the man in the shop will smile, but seldom give a direct answer—books, like alchemical recipes, being not easily talked about with the profane. If the purchaser, after having succeeded in putting the vender in a tolerable state of good humor, repeats his request, the good natured answer is "*Tengo que guardar la tienda. Vmd está corriendo los calles*," (I have to attend shop here. Your honor has nothing to do but walk the streets.) Here follows another dialogue on indifferent subjects, after which the persevering purchaser having again pressed his demand, will be consoled with a condescending "*Veremos*—call again in a couple of days." When, after the lapse of that time, the purchaser again makes his appearance, he is received by the man of books with a smiling countenance, which forebodes the realization of all his wishes. "*No le hace; lo mismo tiene, son siempre antigüedades*," (I have not got it; but I have something precisely similar and equally old.) With the Spaniards as with the Roman logicians, the principle holds that *omne simile est idem*. Should you conclude to purchase, the bargaining commences. It will cost you dear; it is the only copy on hand—an exceedingly rare book, &c. In fact you imagine yourself in an oriental bazaar, and not in a library; buying curiosities and not books. Should you obtain the confidence of the bookseller, he may, perhaps, after the fourth or fifth visit, show you a stray volume of Voltaire or Rousseau; which he will exhibit to you as a Jew would unlock his treasure to a friend—half closing it again under your eyes. If you do not evince the utmost craving after these rare volumes, you must be a man wholly unacquainted with the latest productions in literature. He will then ask you whether you are English or acquainted with English writers? Should you give him an affirmative answer, he will not fail to treat you to an old French translation of the works of "*Chespire, que les Anglais écrivent Schakspir*," which, observes the Correspondent, "is like all French transla-

tions of the great British bard, an attempt to pass the Niagara falls through a filter."

Let me recommend warmly to your perusal, and to a republication in America, the second edition of "*Sonnets*, written strictly in the Italian style," by William Pulling. The author really is the English Petrarch; not only in form but also in sentiment, and contrasts quite favorably with the poetical productions of English literature of the present day. The author, for whose success I cannot but cherish the warmest solicitude, says of himself—

"But yet I England's Petrarch fain would be;
Would o'er her language shed a softening grace,
And nature sing and God melodiously;
And when my eyes no longer earth can see,
Fain would I hold in memory's book a place,
Like thee, approved for rich chaste poetry."

Shall he not be gratified?

Very different from the modern Petrarch is the work of a British Materialist Philosopher, (God save the mark!) who has presented the London book market with a work, which I am afraid will but too soon find its way to the United States. It is a most impious, and, at the same time, absurd and superficial publication, and, on that very account, calculated to do a vast deal of mischief. It bears the inscription—"Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," London, 1845. It labors to establish the theory of Cosmogonies—as old as the hills—but notwithstanding its age, never seriously believed in by any rational mind, and at variance with all human observations or sound philosophy. The author, evidently a man of very little depth of learning, makes occasionally an attempt at pathos, which, however, never rises above solemn nonsense. His feelings are spurious, and the *tout ensemble* a mixture which cannot sit well on any stomach.

I have, in a previous letter, alluded to the second edition of Professor Gfroerer's "*Gustavus Adolphus and his Time*." The work is now completed, and published in a large octavo volume, and is probably the best history of the war of the Reformation now extant. The first part of it—that which treats of the causes of the war—throws a new light on the history of those days, which diminishes the halo which has hitherto surrounded the King of Sweden, showing that his wars were not purely religious, but occasioned, in part at least, by the desire of conquest. It is but recently—since the mediatizing of the smaller states of Germany and many of its former free towns, that the archives of those towns, in which the history of Germany was for the most part buried, have been thrown open to the study of the historian, and the author of the present volume, the learned librarian of Stuttgart, and professor of Lutheran Theology, has made good use of the 'documentary evidence.'

THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

Art! ask the deathless stars, my boy,
The secret of their power
To chain the soul in silent awe,
At evening's lonely hour!
For since the eastern magi watched
On Chaldea's midnight plain,
Full many a pagan priest and seer
Have asked them, all in vain!
Far up they roll their silent course,
With calm and steady light,
Still looking on the deeds of earth,
Lone watchers of the night!

They saw Assyria's rise and fall—
They saw the might of Rome—
And these are fled, yet still the stars
Watch from their deathless home!

And ages more shall pass away,
And empires come and go,
Yet still the stars shall keep their watch,
With faces wan with wo.
I'll tell thee, child, what subtle power
Is theirs, as thus they roll—
It is the voice of God, through them,
That whispers to thy soul!

"COME, COME AWAY."

A SOCIAL GLEE OR CHORUS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WORDS ADAPTED BY W. E. HICKSON.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN.

1st Tenore. *mf* Oh come, come, a - way, from la - bor now re - po - sing, Let *p stac.*
3d Tenore. *mf* Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - po - sing, Let *p stac.*
Alto. *mf* Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - po - sing, Let *p stac.*
Soprano. *mf* Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - po - sing, Let *p stac.*
Piano. *mf* Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - po - sing, Let *p stac.*
Bass. *mf* Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - po - sing, Let *p stac.*

bu - sy care a - while for - bear, Oh come, come a - - way. Come *f*
bu - sy care a - while for - bear, Oh come, come a - - way. Come *f*
bu - sy care a - while for - bear, Oh come, come a - - way. Come *f*
bu - sy care a - while for - bear, Oh come, come a - - way. Come *f*

come, our so - cial joys re - new, And there where Trust and Friend ship grew, Let

come, our so - cial joys re - new, And there where Trust and Friend ship grew, Let

come, our so - cial joys re - new, And there where Trust and Friend ship grew, Let

come, our so - cial joys re - new, And there where Trust and Friend ship grew, Let

true hearts wel - come you, Oh come, come a - - way.

true hearts wel - come you, Oh come, come a - - way.

true hearts wel - come you, Oh come, come a - - way.

true hearts wel - come you, Oh come, come a - - way.

From toil and cares, on which the day is closing,
 The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve,
 Oh come, come away :
 Oh come, where love will smile on thee,
 And round its hearth will gladness be,
 And time fly merrily. Oh come, come away.

While sweet Philomel, the weary trav'ler cheering
 With evening songs, her note prolongs ;
 Oh come, come away.
 In answering songs of sympathy,
 We 'll sing in tuneful harmony,
 Of Hope, Joy, Liberty. Oh come, come away.

The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
 With silver light, illumine the night ;
 Oh come, come away.
 Come, join your prayers with ours—address
 Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless
 With Health, Hope, Happiness. Oh come, come away.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Biographical and Critical Miscellanies. By William H. Prescott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Prescott's fame as an historian has eclipsed his reputation as an essayist and reviewer. The present volume is a most agreeable remembrancer of the latter. It consists of a life of Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist, originally written for "Sparks's American Biography," and also of a series of twelve articles, originally contributed to the North American Review. These are marked by Mr. Prescott's usual richness, elegance and insinuating ease of diction, and contain much valuable information, and sensible and genial criticism. The papers on Cervantes, Scott, Italian Narrative Poetry, Poetry and Romance of the Italians, Moliere, Scottish Song, Chateaubriand, and Irving's Conquest of Granada, are the best in the volume, and make most delightful and instructive reading. The peculiarity of Mr. Prescott's manner of composition is the flowing felicity of style in which he communicates his thoughts or facts. There is an absence of all strain and restraint in his diction; it is eminently fluid; and seems to come from his pen like a "genial current of the soul." The present volume is full of fine things, said with the quietest grace of manner; of valuable thoughts and generalizations, the product of much earnest reflection and patient investigation, thrown off as though they were the commonplaces of conversation. Before we read this volume we were not aware of Mr. Prescott's attainments in polite literature—with his extensive knowledge of the great poets and miscellaneous writers of France, Spain and Italy, and his insight, not merely into the mental constitution of individual authors, but also into the philosophy of literature, as discerned by the thoughtful student of its history. We had supposed that the course of historical study, necessary to produce such works as "Ferdinand and Isabella" and "The Conquest of Mexico," would have precluded him from so thorough an acquaintance with general literature as this volume indicates. We are glad that it is published, as it must increase his reputation, by evidencing the range of his studies and the variety of his powers. Mr. Prescott's fame has gone forth into many lands, and materially assisted in giving a character to American literature. In the present work he has not compromised that fame or lowered that character.

The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell. With Elucidations, by Thomas Carlyle. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 16mo.

It would be useless to deny that this work is one of great merit; that it places many equivocal acts of Cromwell in a truer light than that through which they have formerly been viewed—that there is an attempt, at least, to represent the subject dramatically, from the "heart outward," and not from the "skin inward,"—and that the whole representation blazes with that stern, rough, but intense and fiery eloquence which flows through the other writings of the author—but still no reader, with a grain of moral sense, or common sense, can fail to see that Carlyle's zeal for Cromwell has completely blinded him to all the bad qualities in his character, and that, in the remarks on the Irish war at least, he has compromised every principle of

morals, and every instinct of humanity, in his eagerness to make out a case for his hero. In his contempt for what he is pleased to call the "rose-colored" sentimentality of those who love peace, and shrink with horror from rapine and murder, he hardly seems aware that, under the influence of a morbid sentimentality of another kind, he himself has come forward to whitewash Oliver Cromwell. We may judge of his love for his subject, by his willingness to sacrifice to him justice, mercy and truth. In his justification of Cromwell's wholesale massacres in Ireland—in echoing the bigoted or crafty religious phrases under which Cromwell himself veiled their enormity—in that perversion of sympathy by which he would try to make us honor, not the heroic men who fought for their cause against hope, but for their cold-blooded murderer—and, finally, for attempting to give the sanction of religion to the whole—Carlyle appears as a sort of compound historian, made up of Machiavelli, Sir Harry Vane, Jack Ketch and Mr. Squeers. It would be just as easy to justify the master of "Dotheboys Hall," and make him out a philanthropist, as to give any character of religion or mercy to Cromwell's cruelties in Ireland. Besides, the great Protector needs none of this puffing. His fame can afford to be stained with some crimes, as well as that of many other great men of action. But the mode pursued by Carlyle would make history and biography more immoral and detestable than the most licentious fictions. It would canonize all guilt which had been accompanied by energy; it would hold up bigotry, tyranny, hypocrisy, murder, as things noble and great; it would make Hampden and Washington give way to Danton and Mirabeau. Besides, it destroys all discrimination in judging character, and daubs vices and crimes with the same eulogy it scatters upon virtues and ability. The thing would appear ridiculous in any other mode of representation than that adopted by Carlyle, but he possesses a singular power of corrupting the moral sense, through appeals to the senses and the imagination, and for making the reader ashamed of the axioms of morals and religion, by stigmatizing those who abide by them as superficial, incapable, and deficient in insight.

Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare. With Notes. By Charles Lamb. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 16mo.

Every body who knows any thing of Charles Lamb, knows that his love of the dramatic authors of the time of Elizabeth and Charles I., was with him a feeling "passing the love of women." The present volumes were the result of years of reading and reflection, in their delightful company, and were originally published more than thirty years ago. This is the first American edition—why the first, it would be difficult to tell, for few works seem better fitted for general circulation in every place where the English language is the mother tongue. Leaving out the value of Lamb's notes—among the most acute, profound and genial contributions to the criticism of the nineteenth century—the extracts from a whole army of dramatic poets would appear to present a sufficient temptation to readers of any taste. The original works are almost out of the reach of Americans, and to nineteen-twentieths of our population

there are few passages in the whole two volumes, which will not have the recommendation of novelty, as well as beauty, sweetness and power. We have extracts from Peele, Marlowe, Decker, Webster, Marston, Chapman, Heywood, Middleton, Rowley, Ford, Massinger, Greville, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, and a number of others among their cotemporaries—all of them men of mark in the greatest age of English letters, and some of them displaying genius of the highest order. The age of Shakspeare was replete with authors, who evinced, in delineating the strongest and deepest passions, as they flamed out in practical life, a power which has not since been equalled. Lamb's Selections are full of examples. Reading them is like turning over a new leaf in the book of human nature. They give us new and positive knowledge of man and woman. A book which is thus, in some degree, a mirror of one of the greatest and most characteristic periods in the history of literature, cannot fail to succeed in the United States. Our American publishers, in not issuing it years ago, must have adopted a line of reasoning in which a sneer was implied at their countrymen's taste.

Poems of Many Years. By Richard Moncton Milnes. Boston. Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Milnes is highly esteemed in England, both as a man and a poet; and the present elegant edition of his best volume, is an indication that his reputation has crossed the Atlantic. The poems included in the collection are very fair exponents of his personal and poetical character. They are not characterized by much passion or spontaneous imagination, but are replete with fancy and sentiment, pure, gentle, full of affection, and pervaded by a tone of meditation, often exquisitely fine and beautiful. There is an air of purity and holiness around his poetry, a reverential love for the sanctities and humanities of life; a deep sympathy with whatever in man and nature addresses the sense of moral beauty, and often a keenness of insight into the heart's affections and the mind's subtler laws, which give to his works an abiding charm, that it is difficult to analyze. His poems often suggest more than they directly convey, and their chief excellence is in their power to call up thoughts and feelings which sleep in the buzz and jar of actual life. Ticknor & Co's edition is equal to the London, in beauty of mechanical execution. We like to see American publishers have the daring to issue such elegant specimens of typography. Milnes is a poet who would be out of his element in blurred type and brown paper.

Poems. By Frances S. Osgood. New York. Clark & Austin. 1 vol. 16mo.

The readers of "Graham" are too well acquainted with the poetry of Mrs. Osgood, to need an editorial recommendation of its beauty and facile grace of diction. The present volume is "got up" with exceeding neatness and elegance, and will doubtless have a pleasant journey into every quarter of the land. It is well worthy of a cordial recognition whithersoever it goes, especially from the countrywomen of the accomplished authoress. Mrs. Osgood has that flexibility of mind which is the guarantee of continual improvement; her power deepens and strengthens with exercise. Within the last year her poetry has been more glowing and graceful than ever before. The present volume is replete with pieces, varying from those which are merely ingenious and felicitous specimens of fancy, to those which are informed and "o'er informed" with passion and imagination. The richness, fullness and harmony of her diction, lend it a peculiar fascination, to which the dullest reader cannot be insensible. The senti-

ment is fine and feminine, with an occasional dash of the morbid and the eccentric, but still ever womanly. We are glad that her popularity is so steadily growing, and that her volume starts in the race of fame with the good wishes of all who delight to see poetic power blended with womanly feeling.

The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. By Edward Holmes. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This volume forms Number 4, of "Harper's New Miscellany," an enterprise which promises well for cheap literature. The present is probably the best life of Mozart extant. The materials for it were extensive but scattered, and the author has shown skill in their collection and arrangement. He has made a most interesting and well written book, enabling the reader to obtain a clear view of Mozart's inward and outward life, from his boyhood to his death, and leaving the correspondence to tell its own story, when it could do so without interpretation. Subjoined to the volume is a complete list of Mozart's works, arranged chronologically, and specimens of his compositions when only six years old. The whole biography is a most interesting record of one who, in the words of Mr. Holmes, "excelled in every species of composition, from the impassioned elevation of the tragic opera, to the familiar melody of the birth-day song; nor will they cease to command universal admiration while music retains its power as the exponent of sentiment and passion."

Selections from the Works of Taylor, Latimer, Hall, Milton, Barrow, South, Brown, Fuller and Bacon. By Basil Montague. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

A most delightful book, and one which should be on every man's table, for constant reference. It is a string of pearls from the old English prose writers, and by no means strung at random. The editor is well known in England as a most profound admirer of the glorious old noblemen of letters, from whose works he makes his felicitous selections. The task bears on every page the marks of having been a labor of love. The volume is crammed with thought and imagery; and contains texts for a library. It brings forcibly to the reader's mind the couplet of Roscommon:

"The sterling bullion of one English line,
Drawn thro' French wire, would thro' whole pages shine."

The Genius and Character of Burns. By Professor Wilson. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is the most complete work on Burns that we have seen. It is inferior to Carlyle's eloquent essay, in depth and impressiveness, but fuller of the details of Burns' character and poems. The selections are very numerous, and the comments on them display sympathy and acuteness. The circulation of the volume will give the public an increased interest in its subject. It is written in Wilson's best style, and bears little evidence of the bad qualities which deform so much of his brilliant prose.

The Book of Christmas. By Thomas R. Hervey. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a delightful book, descriptive of the customs, ceremonies, traditions, superstitions, fun, feeling and festivities of the Christmas Season. The style is rich and genial. Hervey, of late years, has rather faded from the public eye, and we are glad to be reminded of him by so fine a book as the present.

Poems. By Amelia. 1 vol. Boston. A. Tompkins. 1845.

We have here the poems of that delightful poet, Amelia B. Welby, published in an elegant form, worthy of their great beauty. We have always been an admirer of her rich and gorgeous genius. Mrs. Welby is certainly superior to all her sister poets, of America, in luxuriance of language, as well as in that full and glowing fancy which so intoxicates us in the perusal. To read her poems after some of the tamer ones from other hands, reminds us of what some travelers describe of the sudden changes in temperature at sea—one moment the ship is in the midst of chill winds, the next, amid the warm and glowing skies of summer. Mrs. Welby seems to write "currente calamo," with all the impulsiveness of true genius. Occasionally pruning would improve her poems, and sometimes her metaphors are worn till they are thread-bare; but the general effect of her poems could scarcely be improved by the most rigid correction. Nature, in her case, seems to have supplied the place of art, reminding us of that fine passage in the *Religio Medici*—"For art is nature, and nature is the art of God."

Another characteristic of Mrs. Welby's genius is its feminine delicacy. There is a refinement about her writings which would convince a stranger, reading her poems anonymously, that they were written by a woman. She also possesses a graphic power of language, which is the more remarkable from her verbal luxuriance. Her poetry is generally that of the heart, gushing with tender memories, and full of undying affection. The themes she selects are those that most interest woman. To exalt and dignify her sex her writings have done much—her many accomplishments, if report speaks true, do even more.

One of the best poems in the volume before us, is "The Rainbow," a rich and glowing poem, full of luxuriant fancy. "Musings" is in a different vein, being simple and artless as the song of a child; but it also glitters in every line with imagination. "To a Sea-Shell" is more subdued and classic. "Oh! Had We Only Met" breathes all the fervor and passion of Moore's Irish melodies. "The Dying Mother" is sad and plaintive, but, like all the rest, exquisitely beautiful. But to refer to the many fine poems in this volume would consume more space than we can spare; the inferior ones are comparatively few.

The Pilgrim's Progress. With a Life of John Bunyan. By Robert Southey, LL. D. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an excellent edition of a great work,—second, we believe, only to the Bible, in the number of copies circulated among English readers,—and taking a high rank in English letters as well as theology. It is illustrated with fifty cuts, by Adams, after designs by Chapman, Harvey, and others. These are graphic and well executed. Of the work itself, Macaulay, in a splendid article on Bunyan, remarks—"though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the 17th century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Written by himself. Translated by Thomas Roscoe. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 10mo.

These volumes constitute Nos. 1 and 2 of "Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Library," a publication in which it is intended to issue a series of foreign standard works, accurately translated, in a form of cheapness and elegance. The auto-biography of Cellini, with which the enterprise is commenced, is one of the most singular and fascinating

books in literature; interesting as biography, and valuable as delineating a mind of most peculiar cast and character. It is a book known and appreciated by the scholars of all countries. We are glad that it is now issued in a form which ensures its circulation among the humblest readers of our own.

Reports of Criminal Cases, Tried in the Municipal Court of the City of Boston, before Peter Orenbridge Thacher, Judge of that Court from 1823 to 1843. Edited by Horatio Woodman, of the Suffolk Bar. Boston. Little & Brown. 1 vol. 8vo.

Judge Thacher's deserved reputation as a criminal judge is well sustained in this volume. The work is edited with great care and thoroughness; every thing is well sifted and digested. The marginal notes evince judgment, as well as labor and learning; and great vigor of understanding is shown in the tasks of selection, arrangement and compression. The volume, as it now stands, is an important one to all students of criminal law, while it contains a great deal that is interesting to the general reader. The trial of Abner Kneeland, for blasphemy, is one of the most important in the volume.

The Philosophy of Mystery. By Walter Cooper Dendy. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a very entertaining, instructive, and well written book, forming Number 3 of Harper's New Miscellany. It is laden with curious anecdotes and recondite information, with acute running comments. It is one of those works which feed the sense of the marvelous, at the same time they convey important knowledge.

The Life of Friedrich Schiller. By Thomas Carlyle. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We are delighted to see an elegant edition of this fine biography of Schiller. It is one of the best portraits of intellectual and moral character in the whole compass of biographical works. It gives us the soul of Schiller as well as the details of his life. A most intense sympathy with the subject is apparent throughout the volume. The heroism proper to the true man of letters, is grandly portrayed. There is a great deal of what Shelly calls "solemn agony," in the description of the trials and temptations which beset the author in practical life; and a certain uniform nobility of sentiment pervades the style. Though, from the change that has come over Carlyle himself, he does not seem to view the book with much paternal love, we still think that the general class of readers esteem it more than any of his other productions.

The Life of Louis, Prince of Conde, Surnamed the Great. By Lord Mahon. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 16mo.

Lord Mahon originally wrote this work in French, for private circulation. The present is a translation, executed under the superintendence and revision of the author. Lord Mahon's historical reputation, and the attractive nature of the subject, will ensure the circulation of the book.

History of Wyoming. By Charles Miner. Philadelphia: J. Crissy.

Mr. Miner has done good service to Pennsylvania in thus rescuing the history of Wyoming from oblivion. No man is better qualified than Mr. Miner to write a work of this kind, and we owe him thanks for the manner in which he has performed his promise.

Poems. By Amelia. 1 vol. Boston. A. Tomkins. 1845. | books in literature; interesting as biography, and valuable
 We have here the poems of the poetess, as called forth by the spirit of the age.

the auto-biography of Cellini, with which the enterprize | this kind, and we owe him thanks for the manner in which
 commenced, is one of the most singular and fascinating | he has performed his promise.

The Florentine Histories. By Niccolò Machiavelli. In 2 vols. Translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester. New York. Paine & Burgess. 1845.

The eminent success of the *Challenge of Barletta*, issued from the press of Paine and Burgess, by the same able and accomplished hand, must have created in the minds of all who have seen it, a desire to obtain the whole series, of which it was announced as the pioneer. Replete with interest, historical and romantic, glowing with the passionate love and high wrought chivalry of that exciting period, and reeking with the shameless crimes of those who filled the high places of temporal and spiritual power, it presents with all the graphic effect of a masterly painting, or a *tableau vivant*, the deeply dramatic incidents of its well chosen tale. If there had been less of tragedy in its closing scenes, it would probably be more acceptable to the common readers of romance. But it must be remembered that it would not be true to history nor to nature, if, when the infamous Cæsar Borgia's hand was made to appear in it, the story should be otherwise than horrible, or its finale otherwise than tragic.

The Florentine Histories of Machiavelli are full of deep and stirring interest. The name of Machiavelli alone is a sufficient guaranty for a great work. The theatre of the history, Florence, is not only one of the most beautiful places in the world, but as full of romance in its tale, as of beauty and wealth in its marble palaces; and it is as full of instruction as it is of interest, particularly to us, who, like the Florentines, profess to be able to govern ourselves and aim to do so. There is perhaps no chapter in all the voluminous tomes of history, which the people of the United States could "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" to better advantage, than that which is contained in these two volumes. If they would learn the true worth of the liberty of which they boast—if they would know in what points it is most vulnerable and most easily assailed—if they would understand how to detect the insidious beginnings of despotism—if they would appreciate the value of union and harmony, of mutual concession, forbearance and confidence, and comprehend the suicidal madness of faction, sectional jealousy and party broils—let them study with care and diligence, and with a disposition to attend to the solemn warning, the Florentine Histories.

The Citizen of a Republic. By Ansaldo Ceba. Translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester. New York. Paine & Burgess. 1845.

This is another of the series of Mr. Lester's admirable translations, and a worthy companion to the Florentine Histories. It is full of political wisdom, drawn from the rich experience and profound reflections of a stern old republican of the past—the ripe golden harvest of a mind born to liberty, and bred amid her noble struggles with ambitious despotism on the one hand, and faction, corruption and discord on the other. It is, as the translator remarks, "the child of the old age of the author," an epitome of the lessons of a long life devoted to the sacred cause of human rights and self-government. We commend it heartily to all true republicans.

Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men. By George Gilfillan. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Appletons have done well in reprinting this work in their "Literary Miscellany." It contains a series of critical and biographical essays, the subjects of which are among the most prominent writers of the century. Lord Jeffrey, Godwin, Hazlitt, Robert Hall, Macaulay, Carlyle,

De Quincey, Landor, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Campbell, Southey, Wilson, are treated at some length. The author is evidently thoroughly read in the literature of the time, and the glowing and brilliant style of his composition indicates how warmly he sympathizes with its great authors. Occasionally his praise rises into extravagance, and passes beyond critical truth, but it is generally genial and eloquent. He tells a number of personal anecdotes, which will be new in the United States. Though we could not assent to all his opinions, we still think that the criticism is done remarkably well, considering the variety of his subjects, and the necessity imposed upon him of frequently changing his point of view. The book is much better than Horne's "Spirit of the Age," and in some respects, better than Hazlitt's.

A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies, and to Every Department of the Legal Profession, Civil, Criminal, and Ecclesiastical, with an Account of the State of Law in Ireland and Scotland, and Occasional Illustrations from American Law. By Samuel Warren, Esq. F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

In this work the popular author of "Ten Thousand a Year," and "The Diary of a Physician," appears in his real character, as a learned and eloquent lawyer. The book has been highly rated in Great Britain; and the present edition is from the second London edition, with an introduction and appendix by the American editor, Thos. W. Clerke. To a lawyer we should think the work would be invaluable; and at the same time the vigor and general richness of the composition, and the amount of useful knowledge it conveys, recommend it to the general reader.

Trifles in Verse. By L. J. Cist. Robinson & Jones: Cincinnati.

The publishers have issued in very elegant style this collection of the writings of Mr. Cist. The volume is graced with a portrait. Most of the articles are fugitive pieces which have appeared in the various periodicals of the country, and are consequently well known to the American reader.

The Christmas Book. Philadelphia: Thomas, Connerthwaite & Co.

This is one of the very best and handsomest of the smaller gift books of the season. For the purpose of a holiday present to youth, it is just the kind to give satisfaction. It should have been noticed by us earlier.

Writings of G. W. Burnap. Baltimore: John Murphy. Philadelphia: Kay & Brother.

This is a collection of the writings of Mr. Burnap, author of *Lectures to Young Men*, *Lectures on the Sphere of Woman*, etc., printed in very good style, in a bold type. The topics it discusses are all well handled, and the book is one that can be commended.

The Diadem for 1846. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is, to our taste, the handsomest of all the American annuals for the year. It is filled with original mezzotints by Sartain, the subjects selected with great care, and finished in the very best manner of that admirable artist. There is an original portrait of Mr. Carey, the late friend and patron of the arts, that is worth the price of the annual.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. First complete American Edition. With some Remarks on the Poetical Faculty and Its Influence on Human Destiny: Embracing a Biographical and Critical Notice, by G. G. Foster. 1 vol. 16mo. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1845.

This is a very elegant edition of Shelley's poems. The typography and paper are such as we do not usually find in volumes of this size. The book, indeed, might readily be mistaken for an English one.

For this edition we are indebted to the enthusiasm of G. G. Foster, one of the most fervent admirers of Shelley in America. He has come to his work as to a labor of love. We have rarely read an essay more glowing than the one on the genius of Shelley, which is prefixed to this edition. In a great measure Mr. Foster has even imbibed the peculiar doctrines of his poet, and devotes some pages to a consideration of the vast moral reform which his poetry is to produce. But, unlike Mr. Foster, we are no Fourierists. Moreover, we regret to see the subject introduced into the preface of a volume of poems, where it can do but little good, and may be a means of prejudicing many against both editor and poet. This we say in all kindness to Mr. Foster, whose talents we esteem, and whose lofty and generous nature we have so often heard extolled. Nor do we wish to be understood as differing from him in his estimate of a poet's vocation. Nothing that is mean, nothing that is selfish, nothing that is groveling, should have part in the bosom of the true poet: he is, or should be, a prophet to the people, for as his soul is more finely attuned than that of others, so there lingers on it longer the beauty and harmony of God. Poetry, in its legitimate sense, is the offspring of all that is high and holy in our natures; and to it belongs the glorious mission to cheer, and spiritualize, and elevate mankind.

In the abstract, therefore, we coincide with much of what Mr. Foster says. But we cannot see that Shelley was altogether a fair representative of what a true poet should be. His speculative belief did irreparable mischief; and not all the kindness of his nature, nor the comparative purity of his conduct can remove the evil which his doctrines taught, and a few inconsiderate acts of his life upheld. In a word, Shelley was a freethinker. It is moreover undeniable that he married in a moment of youthful passion—that he afterward deserted his wife—that he married again while that wife was living—and that, in a short time, she committed suicide, not a little driven thereto, it is believed, by this conduct on the part of her husband. We should not have alluded to these facts had not Mr. Foster, in his enthusiasm for Shelley's poetry, said more of the poet's principles and life than justice warrants.

Having entered this protest against what our position forced us to take notice of, we join with Mr. Foster in his warm testimony to the beauty of Shelley's poetry. The writings of Shelley, in truth, are just beginning to be appreciated. His glowing language—his exuberant fancy—his lofty ideality—and the graphic power of description he wields, have had no superiors, in many points no equal, during the nineteenth century. There is not in our language a poem of equal length which is finer than "The Sensitive Plant." His "Lines to an Indian Air" have never been surpassed. His tragedy of "Cenci" is a masterpiece, in spite of the repulsive nature of the subject. Where, in the works of any of his cotemporaries, are gleams of a genius superior to that which shines in every page of the "Prometheus Unbound?" His "Revolt of Islam" is a noble poem; and the number and beauty of his lyrics are unsurpassed. The reader of taste lingers long over these delightful productions, and returns to them again, as the traveler in the tropics looks and looks once more on the magic beauty of the Southern Cross!

But there is a characteristic about Shelley's poetry which will always render it a "sealed book" to the mass. It is too obscure. Instead of illustrating his sentiments by references to external life, he illustrates even external objects by comparing them with his inward sensations. This gives a vague and mystic aspect to his writings. Four persons out of five on first reading Shelley's poetry will put down the book, wondering what the author means, and retaining no clear conception of the idea, but only a confused remembrance of glittering imagery and seductive rhythm. Compare Homer with Shelley. The one is all directness; clear, fiery, impetuous, no man can hesitate a moment to understand his meaning: the other is lofty, spiritual, lost in clouds, a being above human sympathy; out of the pale of our love. It is only the few who can enjoy Shelley. Before we can appreciate him we must be accustomed to his manner; but then our love for him becomes extravagant, and we wonder how we could have so long overlooked his beauties.

The Whip-Poor-Will, by G. P. Morris, has been reissued in very elegant style by E. Ferrett & Co., of this city. It is very handsomely illustrated and adorned.

"*I will be a Lady*"—"I will be a Gentleman"—"*Onward, right Onward*"—are the titles of three very neat little volumes, published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston, designed especially for the young. We commend them to the notice of our readers.

The same publishers have sent us "*Lays for the Sabbath*," by Emily Taylor, edited by Rev. John Pierpont. This work is sufficiently guaranteed by the names of the author and the editor.

Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM has left with us a very handsomely printed volume, from the press of E. Dunnigan, New York, entitled "*The Pilgrim Convert*," by Rev. Dr. Pise.

T. B. PETERSON has sent us "*Rambles by Land and Water, or Notes in Cuba and Mexico*," by the author of "*Yucatan*." The volume is from the press of Messrs. Paine & Burgess, who have recently issued some very fine volumes by Mr. Lester, a notice of which will be found on another page. We have also from the same house "*The Artist, Merchant and Statesman*," and the "*Songs and Ballads*," by Gen. Geo. P. Morris, a name familiar as a "household word" in every parlor in the land.

HARPER & BROTHERS.—We have received since our last from these publishers, Dr. Durbin's "*Observations in the East*." These volumes need no commendation. All who have read the first series will be anxious to see the opinions of so profound a scholar and eminent divine upon the Holy Land.

"*Dr. Blair's Sermons*" have been issued by the publishers in a very perfect manner, from the last London edition. The Life and Character of the Author is prefixed, by James Finlayson, D.D. The Sermons of Dr. Blair have been so long regarded as among the most finished of all sermons, that we need only announce their publication.

The Pictorial Bible has reached the forty-fifth number. It is still continued in the same magnificent style with which it was started.

The Wandering Jew is recommenced in a very superior style by the same house.

Among the serials issued by them, we have "*The Dictionary of Practical Medicine*," "*The Illustrated Shakespeare*," and "*The Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy*," all progressing rapidly toward completion.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ROBT. KIRKWOOD.

BY P. BENSON DE LANY, M. D.

History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. *Cooper's Task.*

THE history of the American Revolution and its heroes is yet imperfect. Not only have many important events connected with that glorious struggle been unduly estimated, but the very men by whose activity and skill a downward impulse was given to regal power in the Colonies, have been, in not a few instances, forgotten, and their worth and deeds suffered to rest with them in the grave. The pen of the annalist, it is true, has made us intimately acquainted with most of the progressive and stirring incidents which produced our political divorcement from Great Britain, and placed us as "a bright particular star" in the brilliant galaxy of nations; but it has strangely failed to recount, with precision, the eminent services of many of those brave and chivalric spirits, whose splendid talents, untiring energy, and daring exploits stamped a deep impress upon the troublous times in which they lived. The lofty deeds and sterling virtues of the great and prominent leaders of the Revolution—men who fearlessly pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in the protracted contest for human rights and human freedom, who, by their firm example, gave a decided tone to the morals of their country, framed its laws, and fought its battles—have, indeed, become as familiar to our ears as household words; whilst a few less illustrious names that should have been wedded to eternal fame, have been cursorily passed over by the historian, and thus left to be obscured by the gathering mists of time.

It is much to be regretted that biography is not more discriminative. Sometimes its lustre, like the golden shower upon Danæ, falls copiously upon unworthy objects; and frequently fails altogether to descend upon those whose virtue and good deeds peculiarly

make them its proper and legitimate recipients. He who, by a combination of fortunate circumstances, boldly steps forth from among his lowly but less ambitious compeers, and, snatching up the sword, cuts his bloody way to imperial eminence and power, becomes the great captain of his age, and his name and his deeds are henceforth conspicuously inscribed on the proudest annals of his country, and monuments, more durable than brass, arise to perpetuate his memory. The specious orator, too, unfitted, as well by want of energy as of talent, to shine in hall or senate, forsaking the sober counsels of his better judgment, ultimately merges into the notorious and blustering demagogue, well pleased to hear his *patriotism* loudly echoed from mouth to mouth, and to see his name blazoned forth on the pages of partisan history. And even the grave and dignified gownman, forgetful of the spiritual offices with which he has been most solemnly intrusted, impiously exchanges the crosier for the sword, heads his zealous and frenzied hosts, "terrible as an army with banners," gains the world's applause, and a high niche in the temple of Fame. It is with such names and such achievements as these that the eloquent pen of biography has been too frequently busy, to the utter neglect, in many instances, of the fair fame of the few truly great men, who devoted their best energies to the accomplishment of infinitely worthier objects than annihilating conquests, or the boisterous plaudits of the million.

We possess, as a nation, no richer treasure than the unfading fame of those who, in the "time which tried men's souls," demonstrated to the world an entire ability successfully to resist oppression and its minions, and protect their own rights without infringe-

ment upon the rights of others. If any generous and abiding award be due to patriotism and well earned distinction, those men were and are justly entitled to it. In their conduct and acts we can trace no motive of self-advancement, or a desire to live in the praises of coming ages. Promptly obeying the pleading and persuasive voice of freedom, they cheerfully left their household altars and the warm endearments there concentrated, and banishing "all trivial fond regards," knew and sought nothing save the glory of their country and the welfare of their race. The deep gratitude which we owe to this matchless brotherhood of patriots and heroes, should of itself prompt us to snatch from the oblivion of the past their names and worth, and hand them down to coming generations as bright examples of virtue and bravery, worthy of all respect and consideration. Many of them were men distinguished by their compeers for loftiness of principle and unflinching courage; yet not possessing the advantage of contemporaneous biographers to impart a value to their worth, they have descended to the tomb unhonored, and their very names are now scarcely known beyond the limits of their native state! There is one, among this peerless and neglected band, whose name and brilliant services, however much esteemed and lauded in Delaware, deserve a wider fame than they have heretofore enjoyed. His unflinching firmness under trials and difficulties the most depressing; his words of comfort and encouragement in the darkest hours of discomfiture and distress, proclaimed with an eloquence—

"Truer far than oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod ever spoke,"

how justly his name is entitled to be enrolled among those whose memory and worth a grateful after-age will not willingly let die.

The subject of this sketch, Robert Kirkwood, was born in White Clay Creek Hundred, New Castle County, Delaware, in the year 1756. The house in which he first saw the light, stood upon a farm now in the possession of Andrew Gray, Esq., situate about two miles north of the village of Newark. His father, whose name was likewise Robert, was an Irishman by birth, universally respected for his high moral principles and worth. He came to the Colonies in childhood, and in reduced circumstances; but by his perseverance and industry he greatly improved his condition, and ultimately purchased the property on which he resided at the birth of his son. Kirkwood's mother, whose maiden name was Sarah McDowell, was born in England, and was a member of the religious society of Friends. This worthy couple had nine children, of whom Robert was the only son. He early manifested a decided taste for reading, which circumstance induced his father to give him a good education. At the age of twelve years, he entered him as a student, at the "old academy," in the village of Newark, where he studied with success the dead languages, and soon became distinguished for his application and abilities. His father intended him for the church, and with this view continued him at the academy, until the Revolution suddenly put an end to his long-cherished hopes.

Some time previous to his leaving his studies, Robert had taken a lively interest in the great political questions which agitated the colonies; and, on more occasions than one, publicly proclaimed his determination to espouse, in the event of a war, the interests of his country, and even take up arms in her defence. Eventually the battle of Lexington was fought, and hostilities between Great Britain and the Colonies declared. This was the fearful signal note for which he had been so long and patiently listening. The flowery and alluring paths of literature, into which he had recently entered with enthusiasm and pleasure, were forsaken; Homer and Virgil thrown to the dust and mould, and Euclid, with his angles and triangles, left upon his desk, to puzzle less ardent and ambitious intellects.

Upon joining the regiment furnished by Delaware to the army of the Revolution, Kirkwood was made a lieutenant. Immediately afterwards, he accompanied his regiment, which was commanded by Col. Hazlett, to New York, where it joined the main army under Washington. He continued with the army in the disastrous campaign of Long Island, and was a principal sharer in the trials and hardships which resulted to the troops. When Washington returned to the Jerseys, he accompanied him, and participated in the American triumphs at Princeton and Trenton. In the engagement at Princeton, Colonel Hazlett fell, pierced with a musket-ball in the forehead, whilst cheering his men onward in the conflict. With the death of their brave and lamented colonel, the term of the regiment's enlistment expired, and the men were not fully reorganized until the month of May, 1777, when Colonel David Hall was appointed to the command. In one of the journals* of Captain Kirkwood, kept throughout the whole of the war, is a muster-roll of his company, prefixed to which is the date of his commission as Captain—"December the 1st, 1776." This company, which consisted of sixty-seven Delawareans, appears, from a note written by Captain Kirkwood, not to have been fully equipped and mustered until May 5th, 1777.

Captain Kirkwood was present at all the battles fought by the army of Washington during the memorable campaign of 1777. He has noted, with singular minuteness, every incident connected with the constant movements of the Continental forces, and frequently alludes to the various and futile attempts of the British general, whilst in the Jerseys, to induce Washington to leave his strongholds along Middle Brook and give him battle.

After Sir William Howe became convinced that it would be wholly impossible to induce Gen. Washington to quit his strong position, and hazard an engagement on equal terms, he planned his expedition against Philadelphia. Withdrawing his army suddenly from the Jerseys, he sailed south, and entering the Chesapeake Bay, in a short time landed at the head of Elk. He vainly imagined that he would by this movement thoroughly deceive Washington as to the point of his

* Very kindly put into my hands by his only daughter, Mrs. Mary Boyer, now residing in the village of Newark, Delaware.

attack. In the journal already alluded to, Kirkwood narrates the rapidity of movement observed by the Continental army, and their *direct* advance toward Red Clay creek. From thence they pushed detachments forward to occupy difficult posts in the woods, and to interrupt the march of the British by continual skirmishes.

I will here transcribe what he says of the movements of the army immediately prior, at and subsequent to the battle of Brandywine. "Monday, September 8th, 1777. (Camp near Newport.) Struck tents and went to work in the lines. We lay there until 3 o'clock, Tuesday morning, then marched about ten miles to Chad's Ford, passed over and there encamped. Wednesday, 10th, marched* to Gordon's Ford, being about four miles, and lay there all night. Thursday, 11th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., marched about one and a half miles to the field of action, near Jeffries', at Brandywine. Our regiment was sent as a flanking party on the enemy's left wing. During the engagement we were several times exposed to the fire of the enemy's cannon and small arms. About sun-set we retreated to Chester, being fifteen miles. Friday, 12th, marched through Darby to the Schuylkill, and encamped near the bridge, on this side the river. Head Quarters, Sept. 12th, 1777. General Orders.—The commanding officer of each brigade is immediately to send off as many officers as he shall think necessary, on the roads leading to the place of action yesterday, (and on any other roads where the stragglers may be found, and particularly to Wilmington,) to pick up all stragglers from the army, and bring them on. In doing this they should proceed as far toward the enemy as shall be convenient to their own safety—and examine every house. In the mean time the troops are to march on, in good order, through Darby to the bridge, toward Schuylkill and Germantown, and there pitch their tents. General Greene's division will move last and cover the baggage stores. A gill of rum or whiskey is to be served out to each man who has not already that allowance. General Smallwood's light troops will remain at Chester to collect the stragglers as they come in, and to-morrow morning follow the army. The directors of the hospitals will see that all the sick and wounded are sent to Trenton; in doing this, General Maxwell will give them all necessary assistance. The General expects each officer, commanding brigades, will immediately make the most exact returns of the killed, wounded, and missing. After Orders.—The officers are, without loss of time, to see that they are completed with ammunition; that their arms are in the best order, the inside of them washed clean, and well dried, the touch-holes picked, and a good flint in each gun. The strictest attention, it is expected, will be paid to this order, as the officers must be sensible that their own honor, the safety of the soldiers, and success of the cause depend absolutely upon a careful execution of it. The commanding officer of each regiment is to endeavor to procure such necessities as are wanting for his men. An exact return of the state of each regiment to be made immediately. Major General

* The Delaware regiment.

for to-morrow—Stevens. Brigadier—Conway. Field Officers—Colonel Lewis, Major Ball."

The following general orders, dated Germantown, Sept. 13th, 1777, were issued by the commander in chief, which I will transcribe from the journal, inasmuch as they contain several matters of interest. "General Orders.—Parole, Concord; C. Sign, Carlisle. The General, with particular satisfaction, thanks those gallant officers and soldiers who, on the 11th inst., bravely fought in their country's cause. If there be any whose conduct reflects dishonor upon soldiership, (and their names are not pointed out to him,) he must for the present leave them to reflect how much they have injured their country, and how unfaithful they have proved to their fellow-soldiers. He hopes with this exhortation, that they will embrace the first opportunity which may offer, to do justice both to themselves and the profession of a soldier. Although the event of the day, from some unfortunate circumstances, was not so favorable as could be wished, the General has the satisfaction to inform the troops that, from every account that has been obtained, the enemy's loss far exceeds our own. He has full confidence that in another appeal to Heaven, with the blessing of Providence, (which it becomes every officer and soldier humbly to supplicate,) we shall prove successful. The honorable Congress, in consideration of the gallant behavior of the troops on Thursday last, their fatigue since, and from a full conviction that on every future occasion they will manifest a bravery worthy of the cause they have undertaken to defend, have been pleased to order thirty hogsheads of rum to be distributed among them in such a manner as the commander-in-chief shall direct. He, therefore, orders the commissary general of issues to deliver to each officer and soldier, one gill *per diem*, whilst it lasts."

This grant of thirty hogsheads of rum to the Continental army by Congress, proved a source of no little merriment and satire throughout the whole British forces. Much caustic wit was expended and dull epigrams written on the subject, by the officers of the Royal army, relative to *ardent spirits* and *Dutch courage*.

The battle of Germantown, Kirkwood thus notes—"Friday, 3d October, 1777, marched about 7 o'clock in the evening, down to the enemy's lines at Germantown, being about thirteen miles. Attacked their picket Saturday morning, between daylight and sunrise, and drove them in; upon which a general engagement ensued on our right wing. We caused their left wing to retreat three miles through their own encampments; but upon their receiving a strong reinforcement, and our ammunition being almost spent, and not being supported sufficiently by the reserve, were obliged to retreat. We returned to our encampment, thirteen miles."

In this action, the Delaware regiment had three rank and file, *killed*; one colonel, one captain, three lieutenants, two sergeants, and nineteen rank and file *wounded*; total twenty-six; two sergeants and seven rank and file *missing*; total nine. Whole number killed, wounded and missing, thirty-eight. Col. David

Hall, commander of the regiment, was wounded. Captain Holland was also wounded, and died shortly afterward.

The movements of the main army under the personal command of Washington, I will, for the want of space in a sketch like the present, pass over. The division of which the Delaware regiment was a part, marched from Dilworthtown, Chester county, Pa., to Wilmington, Del., on Monday the 21st of December, 1777, under the command of Brig. Gen. Smallwood, where they went into quarters for the rest of the winter.

On the last page of Captain Kirkwood's journal is a list of marches, with their distances, performed by the Delaware regiment, during the campaign of 1777. It embraces the period between May 17th and Dec. 21st, and I find the whole distance, by very careful computation, to be seven hundred and ninety-six miles, exclusive of scouts and marches to and from the enemy's lines. During this campaign, it was chiefly under the division commands of Generals Sullivan and Smallwood.

Throughout the years 1778-9, Captain Kirkwood remained constantly with the Delaware troops, fighting in every battle of importance that occurred. His patriotism, courage and sleepless devotion to the struggling cause of freedom, soon attracted the notice and admiration of Washington, between whom and himself there eventually sprung up a strong and abiding friendship. The refinement of his manners, together with his gentlemanly conduct on all occasions, drew toward him many of the most accomplished men of the Continental army. His youth and amiability rendered him peculiarly attractive, both as a pleasant companion and a warm friend. He gained early in the war a high reputation for bravery and skill in arms, and repeatedly received the thanks of his general for the many perilous and valuable services he rendered his country.

In the early part of 1780, Gen. Gates took with him to South Carolina, the Maryland line and Delaware regiment, where they were actively employed immediately, under the command of Lt. Col. Vaughan and Major Patton, until the battle of Camden, where these estimable officers were taken prisoners. The regiment then went under Col. Morgan's command. Kirkwood, in his journal for this year, says—"I left Morristown, April 13th, four days before the Maryland line and Delaware regiment, and shortly arrived at Newark, Del. From thence I went to Lewistown and returned again to Newark. On the 8th May set sail from the head of Elk in company with fifty sail of vessels, bearing the second brigade of the Maryland line, destined for Petersburg, Va., at which port the vessel I was in arrived on the 23d." He narrates with great exactness the progress of the army southward. The battle of "Rudgley's* Mill," which was fought on the 18th of August, he recounts in the following language—"About one o'clock in the morning, we met with the British army at Black Swamp, and drove in their advanced guards. We then halted and formed

the line of battle: the second brigade on the right, the first in the centre, and the militia on the left. We lay on our arms till break of day, when the British advanced and attacked our left flank, where the militia lay, who, giving way, gave the enemy's horse an opportunity to gain our rear. Their infantry at the same time gaining our flank, and their line advancing on our front, caused the action to become *very desperate*, which lasted for the space of half an hour. In this action, Lieut. Col. Vaughan, Major Patton, six officers and seventy rank and file of our regiment were taken prisoners, with all the cannon and baggage of the army. The army in its retreat arrived at Salisbury on the 21st."

This action is usually styled in the various histories of the Revolution, the "battle of Camden," and its narration brings with it melancholy but proud feelings to the heart of every Delawarean. It was here that the Delaware regiment gained immortal honor; and, though wounded and bleeding, the "Blue Hen's Chickens" crowed defiance and vengeance into the very ears of Britain's boldest soldiers! The proudest and most glorious fields of martial Europe never witnessed better fighting or more daring courage, than were displayed by the Delaware and Maryland troops on the plains of Camden. The Delaware regiment was reduced from eight to two companies, containing but 195 men, under the command of Captains Kirkwood and Jacquett. On that memorable morning the Continental troops of Delaware and Maryland formed the reserve. They were inured to war, says Botia, and upon *their* valor rested the chief hope of success. They were commanded by Gen. Smallwood. After the Virginia and Carolina militia had turned their backs upon the advancing enemy, the *regulars* of Carolina, Delaware and Maryland were most furiously attacked both in front and flank. They defended themselves with the utmost gallantry, and *repeatedly recovered lost ground* when led to the charge by the brave and lamented baron De Kalb; and if it was beyond the ability of these courageous troops to retrieve the fortune of the day, they most assuredly preserved the honor and reputation of the republican standard. It is narrated that De Kalb, who was mortally wounded in this engagement, and died in the power of the victors, spent his last breath in dictating a letter, expressive of the warmest affection for the Americans, and containing the highest encomiums on the valor of the regular troops, the satisfaction he felt in having been a partaker of their fortune, and having fallen in their cause.

On the 7th of the following October, Capt. Kirkwood's company, together with one from Virginia and one from Maryland, was put under the command of Colonel Morgan, who, acting in concert with Colonel William Washington's cavalry, spread destruction and dismay among the Tories and the advanced posts of the British. Kirkwood relates the now well known *ruse de guerre* of Col. Washington, "who," he says, "marched down to Col. Rudgley's, and with the deception of a *pine knot*, took the garrison, consisting of one colonel, one major, and one hundred and seven privates!"

* Thus written by Kirkwood—the usual orthography is *Rugley*, sometimes *Ruggles*.

The battle of the Cowpens, he notices in this laconic style—"Jan. 16, 1781. Marched to the Cowpens, and on the 17th defeated Tarleton."* At this battle Kirkwood had one man killed, and thirteen wounded, five of whom died shortly after they left the field.

He thus alludes to the engagement at Guilford Court-house—"March 15th, 1781. This day commenced the action at Guilford Court-house, between Generals Greene and Cornwallis, in which many were killed and wounded on both sides. General Greene drew off his army with the loss of his artillery." Here again Kirkwood's company was still further reduced, having had three men killed and six wounded.

On the 19th of April, the following entry is made in his journal—"Marched within four miles of Camden, and took eleven of the enemy prisoners. This evening General Greene gave me orders to take, if possible, possession of Logtown, which is in full view of Camden: and if I succeeded, to maintain it until further orders. Leaving camp about 8 o'clock at night, I arrived before the town between nine and ten, and about 12 o'clock, got full possession of the place. A scattering fire was kept up all night, and at sunrise next morning, had a smart skirmish, and beat in the enemy. About two hours afterward I had the very agreeable sight of the advance of the army." The next day Captain Kirkwood's company, attached to Col. Washington's horse, marched in a westerly direction round Camden, *burnt a house in one of the redoubts of the enemy*, on the Wateree river, took forty horses, and fifty head of cattle, and returned safely to camp. On the 4th of May, the same troops marched to the ferry on the Wateree, and took the redoubt and burnt the block-house on the south side of the river. On the 21st of the same month, the commander-in-chief instructed Kirkwood to accompany Col. Washington's cavalry on an expedition to surprise a large party of tories under the command of a Col. Young. Upon coming up to the place where the enemy had strongly fortified themselves, and finding it evacuated, the horse left Kirkwood to follow on at his leisure, whilst they pushed rapidly forward after the retreating foe. A party of tories taking Kirkwood's men for a portion of their own, came out of the swamps in his rear and made toward him, and did not discover their mistake until they received a heavy and destructive fire. A number were killed and six taken prisoners. Continuing his scout, the next day he crossed the Saluda river, and surprised a party of tories within sight of the garrison of "Ninety-Six," four of whom were killed.

At the siege of Ninety-Six, which continued from the 22d of May to June 20th, Kirkwood was in every attempt made against the works, and had one man killed, eight wounded, and one taken prisoner.

The 8th of September ushered in the gallant attack of the American army on the English lines at Eutaw. Thus runs Captain Kirkwood's account of this engagement—"Sept. 8, 1781. This morning our army was in motion before daybreak, with a determination

* Col. Tarleton was particularly odious to the republicans on account, chiefly, of his savage conduct. When a soldier was cut down, after having begged for protection, it was styled "Tarleton's quarter."

of fighting the British. We marched in the following order of battle, viz.—the North and South Carolina militia in front, commanded by Generals Marion and Pickens, having Col. Lee's horse and infantry on their right flank, and the state horse and mounted infantry on their left. The second line was composed of North Carolina regulars, Virginians and Marylanders, having two three-pounders between the North Carolinians and Virginians, and two six-pounders between the Virginians and Marylanders. Col. Washington's horse and my infantry were the *corps de reserve*. In this order we marched down to action. Coming within three miles of the enemy's encampment, we overtook a *rooting party* of sixty men, coming in with *potatoes*, most of whom were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. We met with no further opposition until we arrived within one mile of their encampment, where we encountered their front line, which soon brought on a general action. We drove their first and second lines, and took upward of 500 prisoners. The enemy immediately took shelter in a large brick house and in a hollow in the rear of the house. By this time our men were so far spent for want of water, and our Continental officers suffering much in the action, that it became advisable for Gen. Greene to draw off his army; which he did with the loss of two six-pounders. Major Edmund, of the Virginians, with a small party of men, joined me in the British encampment, keeping up the fire for a short space of time. Finding our army had withdrawn from the field made it necessary for us to withdraw likewise. We brought off one of the enemy's three-pounders, which was performed with much difficulty through a thick wood, for near four miles, with the assistance of but one horse. We arrived at the encamping ground about two o'clock in the evening. A few weeks subsequent to the battle of Eutaw Springs General Greene marched his army to the high hills of the Santee, where it went into encampment for the purpose of relaxation and improvement of its health. On the first of January, 1782, Kirkwood proceeded to head quarters and obtained permission to return to Delaware on furlough. He set out for his native state on the fourth. In his journey northward, he relates the following little incident of an unpleasant character—"The next morning I crossed the Roanoake, and stopped at a Mr. D——'s, who is termed a colonel in that county, and no doubt thinks himself a gentleman: but, as regards this, I shall leave my readers to judge, when they are informed that after General St. Clair had remained at his house one night, the next morning he had to pay three guineas—and that, too, after having been invited there by the proprietor. A few weeks after, Colonel O. H. Williams called at the same house, but could not get quarters: and some days subsequent to this visit I called there, and not knowing his character, shared the same fate with those before me. Indeed, he turned my wagon off his plantation without my knowledge. I requested only the floor to lie on, which was refused me. Rather than quarrel with one of the *first rank* in the famous state of Virginia, I chose to lie in the woods."

During this journey Captain Kirkwood was taken prisoner, with several of his brother officers, in the vessel in which he embarked at Petersburg, by a small armed schooner from New York. He found means, however—as did also his companions—to elude the vigilance of his captors, and arrived safely at Lochley's ferry on the Rappahanock. On the 4th of April he reached Annapolis. Three days after, he took passage in a packet-boat, and landing at the head of Elk, "arrived at the village of Newark, Del., on the seventh of the same month, about eight o'clock in the evening." Thus ended his brilliant and successful career in the war of the Revolution.

Kirkwood kept a journal of marches performed by him from the 13th of April, 1780, to the 7th of April, 1782, which embraces the enormous distance of *five thousand and six miles!*

About two years after the termination of the war, Kirkwood married a Miss Sarah England. She was born, and resided up to the period of her marriage, on the farm adjoining that in the occupancy of his father. He subsequently moved to the village of Cantwell's Bridge, Del., where he entered into mercantile pursuits. In the course of the following year, however, he removed thence, and settled in St. Georges, (a village situated a few miles north of his late residence) where his wife died in 1787. They had three children—Robert, Joseph and Mary, the first of whom died in infancy. Joseph and Mary still survive, and to the latter I am indebted for much important information relative to the subject of this sketch.

Kirkwood having come into the possession of an extensive tract of land in the Indian country, on the Ohio, both by grant and purchase from the United States, removed thither in the year 1790. It is said he was the only white man settled on the western side of the river. With his usual resolution and energy he immediately set to work rearing a log cabin in the dusky wilderness. Before he had quite completed his rude tenement, he was suddenly attacked at night by a small band of Indians. Having discovered his enemy during the day, and suspecting foul play, he immediately crossed the river at Wheeling, opposite to which place he had settled, and obtained the assistance of an officer and a few soldiers. About dark the Indians stealthily approached the building, as had been anticipated. Finding it closed and strongly barricaded they resorted to bundles of burning flax, which they threw upon the roof. The officer and his soldiers becoming alarmed, essayed to open the windows, in order to fire upon the savages. Kirkwood strenuously opposed the measure, when an altercation ensued. "The first man," said Kirkwood, "who attempts to unbar a window until ordered by me, shall forfeit his life at my hands!" They knew his character, and promptly and silently fell back to the places assigned them. In a few moments the roof began to blaze, when Kirkwood ordered the men to knock off the shingles with the butts of their muskets. The red men, perceiving their attempts about to prove futile, advanced boldly from behind the trees, where they had ensconced themselves, to force the door and windows. Kirkwood observing their movements through

a small loop-hole, with his own hands unbarred the windows, and commanded the soldiers to open a well directed fire upon them. Most of the Indians were killed and wounded, and the rest, with terrific yells, fled precipitately to the echoing depths of the forest.

Kirkwood was soon appointed a justice of the peace in this new country. Among his papers I find a copy of the civil and military laws, "established north-west of the river Ohio," signed by Arthur St. Clair, governor and commander-in-chief; Samuel Holden Parsons and James Mitchel Varnum, Esqrs., Judges. A list of civil suits is entered upon his justice's docket, and the date prefixed to the last entry shows that up to a short time prior to his demise, he continued to discharge his civil duties.

In 1791 Kirkwood, being a major by brevet, served under the unfortunate and accomplished St. Clair, who was ordered by government to repel the Indians on the western frontiers, after Harmar's defeat. His force marched to the Miami villages, near which it encamped on the third of November, 1791. The army consisted of about fourteen hundred men, the first regiment having been detached to cover a convoy of provisions, supposed to be in danger from a body of Kentucky militia which had deserted—and to prevent further desertions. The Indians attacked the army about half an hour before sunrise on the fourth of November, and in a few minutes it was entirely surrounded by them. The assault was made upon the militia, then in advance, who, after firing a few ineffective shots, broke and fled precipitately through the main body. This disgraceful and cowardly conduct threw the troops into some confusion, from which they never entirely recovered during the action, which continued about four hours. Portions of the army behaved remarkably well, and several charges were made with the bayonet, which compelled the enemy to give way, but no permanent good effect was produced. In spite of the active and intrepid conduct of the officers generally, and the cool and deliberate bravery of the commander-in-chief, who was in very feeble health, and who had eight balls through his clothes, the troops began a very disorderly retreat, during which time their officers lost all control over them, and which was not arrested until they reached fort Washington. Kirkwood, the oldest captain of the oldest regiment in the country, fell in this battle, fighting with ardor, as was his wont, at the head of his detachment. *This was the thirty-third time he had been in the midst of battle and death.*

I will here avail myself of a letter written by Col. Jacob Slough, of Lancaster, Pa., (who was Kirkwood's intimate associate and brother officer in St. Clair's army,) to his friend, a representative in Congress from the state of Maryland, dated May, 1824. Col. Slough says—"I have received the letter you honored me with, on the subject of the services and virtues of my much lamented friend, Kirkwood, and will, with pleasure, narrate them. Having heard many of the officers of the Revolution, who knew him when he belonged to Smallwood's, afterward Howard's regiment, speak of him in the most exalted terms, I became much prepossessed in his favor long

before I knew him; and I took pains to become acquainted with him. I soon discovered that this desire was mutual, and in a little time we became fast friends; so much so, that, when not on duty, we were generally together. I passed many nights with him on guard, and benefitted greatly from his experience, as a man of honor, a soldier, and a police officer. Captain Kirkwood had been sick for several days previous to the fourth of November, but was always ready for duty. At the dawn of day that morning, after the advanced guard was attacked and driven in, I saw him cheering his men, and by his example inspiring confidence in all who saw him. When he received the wound I cannot say; I was some distance from him, and busily engaged in attending to my own duty. About eight o'clock, I received a severe wound in my right arm, just above the elbow. As it bled very much, and our surgeon was in the rear, I was advised to go and have it dressed. On my way to rejoin my company, I found my friend Kirkwood lying against the root of a tree, shot through the abdomen, and in great pain. After calling to the surgeon, and commending him to his care, I saw no more of him until the retreat was ordered. I then ran to him, and proposed having him carried off. He said, 'No, I am dying; save yourself if you can, and leave me to my fate; but, as the last act of friendship you can confer on me, blow my brains out. I see the Indians coming, and God knows how they will treat me!' You can better judge of my feelings than I can describe them. I shook him by the hand, and left him to his fate."

Thus fell, by the hands of the savages, Robert Kirkwood, a man who had passed through unscathed the fiercest conflicts of the Revolution, and who had faced danger and death in a thousand shapes.

Kirkwood was the pride of his native state; and his memory and worth are still dear to every Delawarean. No man in the great and glorious struggle which resulted in our independence, possessed more enthusiasm, or displayed more cool and determined courage than he. Among the very first to take up arms in his country's defence, and vindicate her deep and accumulating wrongs, so was he among those who were the very last to resign them. At an age when most youths, timid and undecided, shrink from the fiercer struggles of life, he

"Put on
Courage and faith and generous constancy,
Even as a breastplate, and went serenely forth"

to mingle in the strife of arms, and to pour his young blood upon his country's altar.

It has been a matter of some surprise, to those not acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of his case, that Kirkwood, with all his gallantry, zeal and uniform devotion to the cause of liberty, was not promoted to a more conspicuous rank than that of captain. The state of Delaware, it will be recollected, had but one regiment in the army, which was placed (after the disability of Col. Hall, who was severely wounded at Germantown,) under the command of Lieut. Col. Vaughan and Major Patton, both of whom were taken prisoners at the battle of Camden. It was

constantly believed that these officers would be exchanged, and, hence, Kirkwood could not possibly be promoted in the line of his state; and in the lines of other states promotions took place among themselves. Furthermore, the regiment was so reduced in numbers, at the conflict at Camden, as not to require an officer of higher rank than captain. At the close of the war, however, through the influence of Washington, he was breveted a major.

Capt. Kirkwood was enthusiastically beloved, not only by the members of his own company, but by the whole regiment. They justly esteemed him as their warmest friend, and, indeed, many of his own command were upon terms of considerable familiarity with him. Kirkwood was somewhat facetious, and, like most young men, was fond of a good *joke*. The following little anecdote he was accustomed to narrate with much point and humor: Standing one day upon the front steps of "Brinton's Hotel," Wilmington, Del., conversing with Colonel Hazlett, Captain Jacquett and several other officers attached to the regiment, Kirkwood, on noticing one of his own soldiers approaching, (an eccentric creature by the name of Conner, but as brave as Agamemnon,) jocosely remarked—"Now, gentlemen, speaking of good soldiery, there comes a private belonging to my command, who, though esteemed a good soldier, has, nevertheless, upon going into action, an irresistible propensity to *joke*."* The man heard the remark, as was intended. Respectfully touching his cap to his officers he passed by, and proceeded on down the street toward his quarters. At no very great distance of time, after the uttering of this remark, the battle of Princeton was fought. On leading his company to the charge on that occasion, Kirkwood's foot slipping, he receded a few inches behind the column, when Conner, who was in the first platoon, cried out—"Who's a juking now, Captain Bob?"†

The following occurred at the battle of Eutaw Springs. Kirkwood was ordered by Gen. Greene to take post in a dense wood on the bank of the little stream of Eutaw, and wait for further orders. The fighting soon becoming severe along the line, the captain, as well as his soldiers, grew exceedingly impatient. At length, however, a field-officer rode up, and ordered him to keep in check a portion of the enemy's force about to cross the ford. Gaining the destined point, and disposing his command in such a position as to be entirely screened from the enemy, Kirkwood demanded, in a loud tone of voice, of a British officer whom he saw advancing with his force, "What troops are those?" The officer not seeing the person of the speaker, supposed he was addressed by a British aid-de-camp, and immediately replied, "The Queen's Buffs." "By Mars! we'll *rebuff* you!" cried Kirkwood, and charging upon them, cut the surprised Englishmen to pieces. The enemy retreated, and threw themselves into a large and very strong house, where they resolved to make a desperate defence. Some, however, took shelter

* A cant term expressive of timidity.

† For this anecdote, as well as some others, I am indebted to Mr. John Harlan, of Milltown, Del.

in a thick and almost impenetrable brushwood, and some in a garden fenced with palisades. Here the action recommenced with more obstinacy than at first. The Americans did all that was to be expected of valiant soldiers to dislodge the English from their new posts. The house was vigorously battered by four pieces of artillery. Colonel Washington, on the right, endeavored to penetrate into the wood, and Col. Lee to force the garden. Their efforts were vain; and General Greene ordered, at length, a retreat. As the Americans began to give ground, a British officer stepped out upon a small porch in front of the building, bidding his soldiers follow him. At this moment a part of the Continental troops filed suddenly round the wing of the house, when Kirkwood, perceiving the boldness of the Englishman, sprang forward and caught him by the coat, and dragged him headlong to the ground, when he was instantly carried off a prisoner among the retreating troops!

Kirkwood was an exceedingly moral man, from his youth upward. It was a remark of Capt. Jacquett, (his friend and companion throughout the war,) that he never heard him utter but one oath, and that was at the battle of Camden, when the second platoon of his company, being somewhat intimidated at the slaughter around them, made a slight effort to "hang back" when they were being led to the charge. Kirkwood, perceiving this, stepped directly in front of them, and, raising his sword menacingly, said, "By the living God, the first man who falters shall receive this weapon in his craven heart!"*

Capt. Kirkwood, like his immortal commander, early became an exemplary Christian, and made it a pleasing duty to read his Bible through yearly. Among his papers I find a well written essay, styled "Thoughts upon Duelling," in which he expresses many admirable ideas in relation to this false and flimsy "code of honor." It is much too lengthy for a sketch like this, else I would gladly transcribe it for the especial benefit of the Sir Andrew Aguecheeks and Corporal Nym, who, in "holding out their irons," would fain be esteemed "cunning of fence."

* This anecdote is well authenticated—I had it from a lady to whom it was told by Capt. Jacquett.

The subject of this paper was a frequenter of the groves of Parnassus. I have lying before me several of his poems, in which occur many stanzas of strength and beauty. They were evidently composed previous to his joining the Continental army. He wrote music also with considerable taste, as his manuscripts attest; and performed most sweetly upon the flute, with which he was wont to beguile many an hour of its silence and its cares. His talents and accomplishments were freely acknowledged and admired by all who possessed his friendship—his patriotism and bravery none ever dared impugn. To his individual exertions was wholly attributed the peculiar and lasting renown of what remained of the Delaware regiment. This regiment was habited in sky-blue cloth, which, together with their promptness and daring in almost every battle that was fought during the southern campaign, gave them throughout the army the sobriquet of the "Blue Hen's Chickens." To illustrate their dauntless spirit, and utter freedom from care, even when the army was greatly depressed and fatigued by constant forced marches, I will relate the following incident, which is literally true. One night, during his celebrated retreat from before the eager arms of Cornwallis, Gen. Greene was attracted by a number of soldiers belonging to the Delaware regiment dancing before a large watch-fire, to the rude melody of a violin, upon which one of their number, seated upon a half-charred pine log, discoursed, as they imagined, "most eloquent music." Turning to Kirkwood, who was also an observer of their mirth, the general remarked, "I like to witness a scene like this, captain, for it prevents the spirit of the army from flagging. Ha! your soldiers are singular fellows, *they fight all day and dance all night!*"

In the foregoing sketch we have endeavored to snatch from comparative obscurity the services and virtues of one of the master-spirits of the Revolution. May his example and well merited fame long exist for the imitation of those who now enjoy the freedom for which he so nobly fought; for, truly, his were

"Deeds which should not pass away,
A name that must not wither!"

THE DUENNA.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE blue eyes of the north have charms—
But give me Seville's daughters!
With glances sweet as angels' smiles,
And eyes like shaded waters.
But as the gold the dragon watched,
Each has her grim duenna,
A withered, sulky atomy,
As hideous as Gehenna!

A northern maid is coy, yet free,
No perils cross the lover;
He sues in form—there is a blush—
A "yes!" and all is over.

But when a Spanish maid is wooed,
Full many a danger greets you—
And if you seek a *tête à tête*
Her old duenna meets you!

You scale the walls at dead of night,
Those Argus eyes have seen you—
You fling a flower through the grate,
Her finger shakes between you!
If now and then you win a glance
From eyes as dark as henna;
Alas! when next you look for one,
You see the grim duenna!



DESIGNED BY H. GUTHRIE & SONS

ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN

THE DUENNA.

as sung by the Italian Duetto



THE LAST PAGE IN A HEART'S BOOK.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

IDA RAVELIN was still young, but not beautiful. It is said that the spirit's beauty cannot be shut within, as you would shut the diamond in the casket, hiding all its light; but that the radiance illuminating the inner temple *will* spread itself over the face, proclaiming to all who come near, "here dwells an angel." I know that sometimes the angel in the bosom looks out through human eyes, and puts its own impress on human lips, but this earth has sadly changed since the ladder of the old patriarch's dream was let down from Heaven, and there are things enow in it to make the beautiful spirit oftener veil its sorrowful face with its own pinion, as though thus to wait for the final release. The radiance which would be dazzling to a mortal eye in Heaven is subdued by the sin-heavy atmosphere of this world into a feeble glimmer; but it is all there, and waiting only the call homeward to become glorious. But what if the beauty of the spirit *should* come out before the world and sit upon the brow? The angel would still be unrecognized, for men are not gifted with a pure vision, and the gross eye cannot see beyond the handsome shape and the brilliant coloring. When the crowd bows to personal ugliness, made beautiful by soul, the fallen Zareph and his fair Nama may spread their wings—they are very near to Heaven.

Ida Ravelin was not beautiful; even those who loved her most did not attempt to say it, and strangers passed her by without a glance. It is true that her slight, delicately moulded figure was very nearly faultless; but there was a shrinking timidity in her step and manner which effectually shaded this beauty. Her eye had a clear light, but that was timid too. At times there was a soft, dove-like expression in it, and again there burned from its centre a deep, soul-fraught brilliancy, and its vision seemed prolonged far into eternity, but it was too full of thought. Her full, round forehead was too severely intellectual, and the rich, heavy braids which bound her magnificently formed head could not compensate for its singularly lofty developments. The lower part of the face was of a different mould. Ida had never possessed regular features, although in childhood she was strikingly beautiful. Her mouth had been made lovely by the sweet smiles which habitually clustered round it, rather than by the chiseling of the architect; but now the character of the smile was changed. Like the one centered in the eye, it was heavily laden with thought. Ida had a bosom full of light and love; and in rich, heavy clusters lay upon her heart the closely folded blossoms of genius. *Upon her heart.* That genius would ever build its altar there! But Ida had her hand closely on her bosom's door, lest these treasures should escape. She had placed it there at the

first stirring of the swelling buds, and, as they gradually struggled more and more for freedom, she pressed her hand down more and more closely, and whispered to herself—"Never—never—never, but in Heaven!" And this struggle made itself visible upon her face. The smile was there, but it was thoughtful; the sweetness had not vanished, but it was usually overshadowed by reserve; sometimes there was a soft lovingness flitted to her lip, but it could scarce be recognized before it retreated, as though chilled or scared back by the cold world it looked out upon. It would not have been singular for a stranger to imagine her a gloomy ascetic; common acquaintances considered her merely uninteresting; but, despite the prisoned genius, with all its swellings and with all its strugglings, her friends, those who knew her best, took her to their hearts, and *felt* that there was an angel there, although they did not *see* beyond the wires of the cage. Ida was not morose, nor misanthropic, nor sad, nor an enemy to mirth; she was only too thoughtful and too much reserved. It did not materially affect her intercourse with those she really loved, for love covers a multitude of shortcomings, and Ida had enough to satisfy common friendship without encroaching upon her sacred treasures. Few would believe that Ida was happy; for though she looked with an interested eye on mirthful doings she never mingled in them. She had seen but little of the outer world; and though she had studied closely the few pages within her reach, she was but slightly under its influence either for joy or sorrow. However dense the clouds above her, the rainbow always spanned her heart. Her world was within; and, as it was too sacred to be looked upon by other eyes, she shut up with it the bliss it brought, and carried everywhere her Eden with her. Oh! Ida was deeply, purely, silently happy. Misery is *not*, as worldlings have declared, and the puling sentimentalist labored to establish, the twin gift of genius. It is not so—it cannot be! Let the whole world frown; let Fate work her deadliest ban: the fires of adversity will burn away only the dross, and in the midst of all will walk unseen the white-winged angel. And that holy angel spreads its shield over the sensitive bosom, and holds always to the thirsty lips the cup of bliss. Are my true words doubted, because there are so many examples of a different seeming? Oh! there are men drunk with vain-glory and with ambition, and other earth-distilled draughts, whose lips never touched the cup of inspiration. Men sometimes hear a voice in the air and mistake its tone. There are many false angels abroad, and they deceive many. Some, too, have filled their bosoms up with defilements, and from such the angel

turns away to weep, casting her protecting shield at her feet, while the shafts of misery fly thick and fast. Genius cannot dwell apart from purity, and when her temple grows dark with earthliness she flies away—thank God, not forever! Repentance comes now and then to every human bosom—oftener to that blessed one which has sheltered an angel. Repentance brings another sweeter guest, and genius nestles in the arms of meekness, and love encircles both. Oh! the gifted, the God-gifted, are the little children of this world; and little children have received at the hands of a Holy One a peculiar blessing. So the thoughtful-eyed, sober-lipped Ida was supremely happy.

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Their voices—those of Ida and the brother-spirit that she had so early recognized—had met each other in the upper air, and mingled tones. Long since had the twain linked themselves in a relationship unlike the common ties of earth—a holy relationship which only the blessed little children gifted with spirit-pulses can understand. Why could not this be enough? Ida thought it was; and yet, lovers in spirit, in person strangers, they met.

It was a cold, dark, dismal, cloud-curtained morning when Ida Ravelin was called to confide her heart-worship to the less romantic eye. She had been conscious of a strange shadow hanging over her head for days, and now she whispered with white lips, "it is falling—it is falling!" and arose to obey the summons.

Ugh! how chillingly the hurrying wind swept around the corner; and what a dismal tone it had, like the midnight howl which comes to tell to the invalid tales of the noisome grave. Heavy was the slow dragging step of Ida Ravelin, and heavier still her heart. She knew that the eye of curiosity, the earth-taught tongue, could not link closer together two spirits which had no need of such mediums. One by one, stair after stair, her steps slowly counted; finally, she poised for one agitating moment on the last, with a foot thrust tremblingly and doubtfully forward, again descended, moved onward mechanically and laid her hand upon the door. Hast thou but been dreaming, Ida; and is the vapor which thy heart's censor has caused to envelop thee, to pass off like a smoke curl in the clear air, leaving thee all disrobed of thy enchantment? Not so. Ida Ravelin would have known her poet, for the angel of genius had a glorious temple. But she did not spring forward to meet him, she did not smile, even the usual light of her eye was clouded in: she would have known her poet, but *she was not recognized*.

Slowly and chillingly the shadow settled down upon her heart; and then came a cold smile, and words as cold; and the twain sat together, like strangers of different lands, without any common sympathies, and spoke of that which interested neither, and mocked each other with hollow compliments; and then, with a cold clasp of the hand and a formal bow, they parted. Ida's heart had never beat so sluggishly as at that moment, and her lip might have been moulded of iron.

They met again, and yet again, and again, and still Ida's voice seemed chilling, her lip severe, and her manner almost repellant. She felt that she was unknown; and the entire sunshine and beauty of years of dreamy bliss seemed to her darkened in a moment. Finally, however, the smile upon her lip began to beam with soul, a dewiness crept to her eye, a softness gathered about her heart, and words were spoken which could never have been addressed to any other. She knew, though he did not say it, that her poet-friend had begun to recognize his beautiful invisible, and the broken spirit-link was melting into itself and conjoining. There was something, too, in his voice, which went down into her heart, and touched a chord that had never before vibrated. On a sudden, all the hoarded wealth of her nature was stirred. The angel sprang up and spread a pair of wings gloriously beautiful. The swelling buds burst into full blossom, raising a cloud of perfume. A thousand little harps were tuned, and, at every breath she drew, her bosom quivered with the rich gush of melody. And her hand, and her lip too, quivered, and her voice grew tremulous with strange emotion. The hour of release had come. A finger from without had touched the hidden spring, and the long prisoned spirit of Ida Ravelin was free. But it did not leap forth from its cage exultingly. The atmosphere of earth was an untried element to it; and there was still a hand striving to hold it back. But Ida Ravelin was no longer mistress of her own nature. The weak hand trembled—the tumult increased—and the wild flood bounded past the slight barrier. The angel was triumphant. No wonder that Ida was perplexed, and overcome with doubt and dread, trembling at the present, and refusing to look on the future. The low, melodious tones of her poet-friend were full of encouragement and hope, but his eye was earthly. He could not see down into the depths of spirit which his voice had stirred, and understand the cause of the quickened breath and the tremulous lip. Gently, and with patient kindness, hour after hour, he strove with poor Ida's weak timidity, until his words became, for the time, strength to her; and, at last, most confidently she placed her hand in his to be taught and guided.

The noble poet and his Ida (his before Heaven, though only the pure above would know how to recognize the tie that bound them) stood in the night air, with clasped hands and clasped spirits. The stars up in heaven looked kindly upon them, and the wind swept by, kissing warm lips, and dallying with curls, and touching with soft wing a brow which bore the Deity's own impress. Far before them stretched the still waters of the most beautiful lake in the wide world, with the lights from the opposite shore twinkling through the trees, and flashing out upon it in sudden gushes, which broke and departed, leaving their places to others; and behind them were the swelling tones of cunning instruments, bearing on their wings of melody the soul-laden voice of a woman. The full moon was far up in heaven, and cast upon the water a broad stream of golden light. A little boat would now and then shoot across this moon-gift, the oars flashing with diamonds as it went, dragging far after

it a long glittering train; and then it would steal silently along the shore, and the rough boatmen would rest on their oars and feast their eyes on beauty and their ears on melody, and perhaps dream of holier things than had ever found a place in their thoughts before.

"The angels have paved a pathway of light—our path of life, dear Ida."

In a moment a cloud passed over it, a shadow fell and the path was broken. Ida raised her dark pensive eyes to the poet's face, but her voice was shut in her heart.

"It is only for a moment. Some steps must be taken in darkness. We are yet on earth, and earth is a place of shadows. But mark the brilliance beyond, as though the portal to Paradise were already thrown open, and its glory lighted up our way as we draw near our haven of rest. It is a beautiful path, my Ida."

"Beautiful."

Ida Ravelin responded mechanically, but she rested her cheek in her palm, and silently traced her own steps all along the emblematic path. It was narrow, at first, and broken. Dark waves came up and parted the light, and then it would rush together again, the bright ripples kissing and commingling. Further on were other little breaks, but the brilliance grew broader and stronger as she went on, until she came to the shadow.

"It has been a heavy one," thought Ida, "this disappointment and this struggle, but—why struggle? 'Unlike others!'—it was whispered in my infancy—it steals up from the sod every time I kneel beside her grave. My mother! my angel mother! I can 'keep my treasures for the eye of Heaven,' as thou badest me, but I must be true to my better nature."

The spirit in her bosom arose and asserted its might. A serene smile sat upon her lip; a steady light came to her eye; and her quivering pulse calmed itself and beat with slow triumphant earnestness. Her companion looked at her and wondered at the change.

"It has been a heavy one, but now, now *I am free!*" The words passed from her lips in a low murmur, which the ear could not catch, but she felt her heart grow strong, and, as she looked again, the shadow was lifted from the water.

The next day Ida and her poet-friend parted; and, though she did not say it, she knew their next meeting would be in Heaven. They had not loved as others do: it had been a peculiar affection, coined in the innermost recesses of two spirits which had been melted into each other long before a thought had been given to the caskets which contained them—pure, and holy, and elevated—without a particle of earthliness commingling—a beautiful and a hallowed thing. And they had been brought no nearer by the meeting. The clay was a hindrance to them, and now Ida longed to cast it off. The chain which linked them together could only gather strength in Heaven. And yet it was a sorrowful thing to part, with all the sweet remembrances encircling those few blessed days lying in their fresh, pure beauty upon the heart. The tears rushed to the eyes of Ida, but they were

shut back again resolutely; her voice became even more tremulous than on the day previous, and her pale lip quivered with strong emotion. Poor Ida! The cloud had not yet wholly vanished.

"If he could but know that the parting is for time," whispered the heart of Ida; and she shaded her eyes with her hand, for the tears would be kept back no longer. For the first time she was guilty of a murmur, and that against the beloved.

"His heart could not be aching so, and mine not recognize the pain."

She felt the touch of a hand, the pressure of lips on her bowed forehead, a low, sweet word of farewell that might never be forgotten, a step in the passage that fell on her ear like the toll of a muffled bell, the closing of a door, and she was alone with Heaven. Poor Ida! How she sobbed, and wore out the lagging hours with weeping!

Envious Ida! She was awake. The angel in her bosom fluttered no longer behind the prisoning bars; and on the broad earth not a human heart so blest as hers. Intense, earnest thought still made its home in her eye, but beside it was the light of conscious inner power, and purity, and love, all commingling—a self-acknowledged affinity to the invisible ones which hovered over her. The harp in her bosom had been attuned to those above, and not an earthly finger had power to produce a discord. Now was Ida Ravelin prepared for the world, and prepared for Heaven, for, strangely enough, both require the same preparation. The robe that can be soiled by contact with things below is not the one to glitter among the stars.

Ida Ravelin was not beautiful, but she had no further need of beauty. The angel which had always been shut within her bosom came out and hovered round her, and men sought, as though there had been some strange witchery there, the shadow of its wings. The touch of her finger thrilled; the glance of her eye melted; the sound of her voice enchanted. It was the magnetism of genius. Now was the path of Ida Ravelin strewn with flowers, and their perfume was grateful to her. The altar of her glorious nature was thronged with worshipers, and, with a child-like trustfulness, Ida gave love for what seemed love. What is there in the world which God has made to look upon with indifference? What in the nature God has moulded, marred and soiled though they be by the clay they are prisoned in, to regard with coldness? Oh, a brother's heart, however pitiable its setting, is a holy thing, and we be to the foot which dares to rest upon it. A brother's hand! it may be stained, but there is a pulse in it which is an echo to the stirrings of the soul, and the soul is the breath of God. Who dare refuse the love-clasp to a brother's hand?

Ida gave love for love, and many reveled in its pure sunlight, but her soul had an inner chamber, a veiled temple, to which the world was not admitted. It was the trysting place of two spirits which waited to keep a yet holier tryst in Heaven.

The world had stepped between the two friends, and they could meet only in heart.

There were gray hairs on the temples of Ida Ravelin, but the flowers were yet fresh within, and still fond ones gathered near to taste their perfume.

Away in a strange land, an old man was dying. Tears wetted his pillow, and warm lips strove with kisses to melt the gathering ice of death. Soft fingers lay upon his temples, an anxious hand pressed against his heart, trembling as its pulsations grew fainter, and mingled voices, made sharp with anguished feeling, went up to Heaven most pleadingly; but the spirit had looked over the bounds of time, and it could not be won back again. The old man smiled, and raised an eye to Heaven, and died.

Ida Ravelin sat in the midst of a wrapt circle, scattering her buds of thought and feeling with a lavish hand. Suddenly that veiled inner temple was strangely illuminated. A glorious radiance beamed out upon her—meltingly it circled round, bathing all within

with bliss, and she felt the enfolding clasp of wings invisible. Oh! that her soul should remain the longest prisoner! A soft whisper stole down into her heart, and its answer was a struggle. She must be free! A deep burning brilliancy sprang to her eye; the crimson gathered hurriedly on her cheek; the fevered pulse bounded and staggered; the thousand silver cords which had kept the heavenly prisoner so long in its earth-worn cell, stretched themselves to their utmost tension, and closed over it with a mad, determined energy, then snapped asunder and shriveled in their uselessness; and the angel planted a foot upon the shattered fabric, and, raising its white wings heavenward, rose from the earth never to return again.

They made a sweet pillow among flowers, and streams, and beautiful singing-birds, and laid a head upon it, and wept long over this mouldering image of clay. But the stone they reared in that beautiful valley spoke falsely. Ida Ravelin was not there—she had joined the loved in Paradise!

FOR THEE!—A SONG.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

As the bud lingers
And looks for the Spring
For her light fingers
To open its wing;

Folding up proudly
Its fresh dew and bloom;
Wistfully hoarding
Its holy perfume;

All unelated
By sunbeam or bee—
So my heart waited
Looking for thee.

As the waves darkle
Till dawning of day,
Then with its sparkle
Go dancing away—

Silent in sorrow,
Or reckless in glee,
So my wild spirit watched,
Darling! for thee.

As the bird hushes
Its love-heaving breast
Till Summer blushes
About its warm nest—

Dreaming and sleeping
'Neath Winter's control—
Timidly keeping
Its song in its soul—

So have I kept, dear,
My heart-music free—
So love has slept, dear,
Waiting for thee.

As the bark breathlessly
Floats for the gale
That shall give life to
Its languishing sail,

So my heart panted
Thy bark, love, to be—
So it lay idle,
Asking for thee.

As the star listens
For night stealing up,
Ere the fire glistens
Within its gold cup,

Hiding till then in
The air's azure sea,
So my heart listened
For thee, love—thee!

HALF A LOAF WORSE THAN NO BREAD.

SAYS frolicsome Kate, in her light, laughing way,
Half a loaf is much better than no bread, they say;
So prithee, my precious, do n't make such a pother,
But take half my heart now, and leave me the other.
No indeed, I replied, no, my sweet little Kate,
I have played for the whole, and will nothing abate:
Know a heart, like a house, when divided must fall,
So take back your half-heart, or else give me all.

Then quick, with a life-giving kiss, she replied,
Much good may it do you, there, take it and bide
What may come, for, to tell you the plain honest truth,
'Tis a palfrey I never could guide from my youth;
You may try it, my love, but i'faith if you can,
You will do what would puzzle a much wiser man.
I accepted the gift—and now swear by Dan Cupid,
That never on earth was a man half so stupid. *ONOMAN.*

DEACON WINSLOW.

BY BLANCHE.

THERE is, somewhere this side of the disputed territory, a pretty little valley, named the Glen, with a row of handsome houses in it, a brook that goes purling, leaping and sparkling, gay as a butterfly, until it pauses, more like the industrious ant, to turn a mill-wheel, rocks mossed over, trees all tricked out in green, and other furniture, which nature and art conspire to bring together, when they construct a village. The richest man in this village, ay, in all the country round, is good old Deacon Winslow—the tall straight man, with compressed lips, and high square forehead, which you may see on any Sabbath, occupying the velvet cushioned pew just before the pulpit. Deacon Winslow is not only rich, but he has a most agreeable way of exhibiting his riches: he cultivates the finest farm in all that region, with immense orchards of the most delicious fruit upon it, which make the eyes of many a poor family brighten; he moreover drives the best horses, and gives the best dinners of any man in the Glen, (not to say in the county,) and, consequently, he is a very important personage there. As the direct result of this importance, the deacon's wife (his *lady*, I should say,) is everywhere allowed to be a most notable housewife—his sons the very perfection of grace and gallantry, and his daughters incomparably beautiful, accomplished, and witty. I have said that this is the result of the old gentleman's importance in the eyes of his neighbors, because the delicious flavor of Mistress Winslow's pies, and puddings, and cakes, and jellies would be all insufficient of themselves to exert such an influence on public opinion—and her nicely done meats, her gravies, sauces, mangoes that nobody else could make, and jellies, that nobody would think of making, after they had partaken of hers, would speak in vain in her behalf; and in vain would her polished andirons and candlesticks dazzle the eyes, and the strip of floor bounding her handsomest of all handsome good English carpets, vie with her fleecy muslin window curtains in whiteness, were she any other than the *lady* of the richest, and consequently the wisest and best man in the Glen. Then the sons and daughters—I have not said but the former are as gallant as knights of chivalry, and the latter as beautiful as Venus in her robe of foam—indeed, brave enough and handsome enough to make a *parent's* heart bound, are the “olive-plants” of the good deacon; but I am pretty well convinced, it never would have been so generally discovered, if they had called Joshua Jones, the poor blacksmith, father.

Well, I have told you that Deacon Winslow is an important man, and his family an important family; and so I shall not attempt to introduce you to the

crowd of satellites which revolve around this star of the Glen—all for love, of course, drawing nearer and evincing more affection at especial seasons, and particularly the season of holyday gifts and good dinners. Just consent to pass by all these, and I will introduce you at once to my story and Deacon Winslow's big east-room.

It was Christmas day, and such fun and frolicking! The young people were mad with merriment, and the old and sad grew young again, warming their weary hearts at the dear altar of old customs, till the generous blood flowed with renewed vigor. A crowd had assembled in Deacon Winslow's large east-room, relatives, some of the dozenth remove, all happy, laughing, and hungry. The heavily laden table groaned beneath its load of substantial dishes, while a side-table might, with equal propriety, be said to echo back the groan, piled as it was with what the farmer considered *fanciful nick-nacks*, viz.—pumpkin pies, plumb puddings and—oh! who would think of enumerating the variety which made up Mistress Winslow's dessert on Christmas day?

The guests were gathering around the board—and the farmer's ‘hired man’ having rolled half of a maple tree into the huge kitchen fire-place, and once more cut a path through the drifts of snow, which were constantly piling themselves before the door, stood ready to act the part of chief waiter. My readers must none of them imagine that “hired men” or “helps,” of either sex, demean themselves to stand before their master's chair; but they must know that on the present occasion this was a station of honor; and Mr. Thomas Tomlinson was the greatest beau of the company. It was, indeed, the place occupied by Master Dudley, the farmer's second son, on all great occasions, except Christmas—a day on which the good old gentleman loved to see all his children seated around the board. After some little crowding and shuffling, and a great many bows and excuses, silence was at last restored; and the deep-toned voice of the pious deacon ascended to heaven, in a simple petition for future blessings, and thanks for those already enjoyed. The old man raised his head, and cast an eye on the opposite side of the table, where his sons and daughters were arranged, in the order of their respective ages; and his animated eye drooped, as though abashed for a moment, and then, suddenly the lid was thrown up, and an angry light flashed out from the keen orb beneath. At the head of the table, close by his own right hand, was the empty chair which, the year before, had been occupied by his eldest and favorite son.

“I could n't bear,” said the wife, in a whisper, at once comprehending his emotion, “I could n't bear

to take that away—it would seem as though we thought the poor boy dead.”

“Away with it,” thundered the farmer, maddened by the implied reproach of his wife. “We do think it! he is dead to us!—the ingrate!”

“Oh no, oh no!” murmured the fond mother, tearfully; while the children sighed, and the guests shrugged their shoulders, looked at each other, and shook their heads. The truth was, within a few months, some persons had seemed to doubt the deacon’s infallibility; and one bold man had even gone so far as to wonder how he could pray so fervently, when the guilt of cursing his own son was resting upon his head.

The unlucky chair was instantly removed from its place, but there was the bare corner still; and it brought to the old man’s mind a painful consciousness of having done wrong. Catharine, the third daughter, and her father’s pet, was the only one who dared move on this occasion; but, motioning to the temporary waiter to have the chair restored to its place, she glided from one to another, making now and then a gay remark; then whispering something in the deacon’s ear, which brought a smile to his stern lip, she slipped into the chair intended for her brother, declaring that no one could serve her father so well as “his own Kate.” By Catharine’s management partial good humor was restored; but a cloud seemed to rest upon the party, which no effort could remove.

Deacon Winslow was a lion-hearted man, with more sternness and stubborn self-will than generally falls to the lot of kind fathers—but bold, brave, generous, and impulsive. No human being had the power to make the good deacon do wrong, however, with all his impulsiveness; and when once wrong, which was very seldom the case, it was quite as difficult to guide him back to right again. Indeed, the deacon was a leader himself, not one to submit to any man’s guidance. He had an imperious temper, which, in his family and among his neighbors, was never thwarted; and having so long been accustomed to absolute sway it is no wonder that open disobedience, and that on the part of his favorite son, should exasperate him.

Lorin Winslow inherited his father’s faults of temper in no small degree—but at the same time he inherited his virtues also; and the old man was justly proud of him. He had secretly resolved that in the event of marriage, Lorin should possess the old homestead, and succeed to his father’s various honors, while the family should remove to a building as comfortable, but less elegant, close at hand; and he had already devoted the contents of more than one leather bag to its improvement. Lorin had always been bold but obedient—and although Deacon Winslow loved to boast of his son’s independence, he never for a moment doubted his own power to bow him to his will.

The school-mistress of the Glen (little school-mistresses are shockingly mischievous creatures) was an orphan girl, in whom Deacon Winslow, with his usual benevolence, had taken a strong interest—and

who looked upon the farm house almost as her home. The worthy deacon had always exhorted his children to be kind to Jessie Walter; but they did not need this exhortation to make them love her even as a sister. Nor did they (as their father) love her because she was an orphan; because she needed kindness and sympathy—it was because they could not help it, for sweet Jessie, the gentle bird! possessed more love-inspiring qualities, than all the other fair damsels of the Glen. And Lorin, the son of his father’s heart in more respects than one, in an excess of obedience, went even beyond the good man’s wishes, and taught the lone heart of the orphan girl a love yet stronger than that she bore to his sister, Catharine. Deacon Winslow was for a long time blind to his son’s partiality—and indeed he was the last one to take cognizance of the fact, that Jessie Walter’s quiet, unobtrusive smile, (oh, the mischief-laden innocence of that smile, the gipsy!) was more highly prized by Lorin than the Bedell’s practiced airs or the Rutherford’s stereotyped refinement. He did, however, at last observe it, and, although not particularly displeased, he resolved to point out to the mistaken boy his error; not doubting but he should receive thanks for his parental kindness, and save his son from a world of inconvenience. Nay, reader mine, do not think too ill of good Deacon Winslow, or imagine his benevolence affected—just remember his plans for Lorin, think how his heart was wrapped up in the youth’s welfare—successor as he was to his own honors. And it must be owned that Jessie Walter had but little to recommend her—nothing but beauty and a sweet temper, and an affectionate heart. The deacon reasoned with his son, but the son was the better logician of the two, and, strange to say, he seemed to consider that he had rights which should be respected—as well as those of his father. The old man finally became exasperated, but this did no good, for Lorin was but little behind him in losing his temper. One word led to another, until many past recalls were spoken; and finally, Lorin, breaking from the presence of his father, and flinging back a look of defiance, hurried to the little village school-house.

Miss Walter had just dismissed her charge, and, weary with the day’s labor, was leaning her head upon her hand, and wondering if Catharine would not come to spend a few moments with her, and perhaps take her to the farm-house. She raised her head at the sound of a footstep, and with a blush and smile of pleasure, sprang to her lover’s side, and laid her hand in his.

“I was thinking of Kate, Lorin, but I am just as glad to see you.”

“You may well be, Jessie, for I came at some expense,” and drawing the gentle girl to his bosom, he bent his ear to her lip in an earnest whisper.

“Go to—leave the Glen to-night! I don’t understand you, Lorin.”

“There is something at work to separate us, Jessie, and—don’t be alarmed, dear—nothing, nothing can do it.” Jessie’s cheek had blanched, and her arms closed convulsively over shoulders which they now for the first time clasped. “We will not be separated

—our happiness is in our own hands, and no one shall take it from us.”

Jessie had been taken by surprise, but she had given one moment to thought, and now she was all herself again. Disentangling herself, she answered in a low tone—

“Our happiness is in the hands of Heaven, Lorin; tell me what has come to mar it.”

“My father.”

“Your father!”

“He has commanded me never to look upon you again.”

“Commanded you!—me—what—what do you mean, Lorin?”

“He has ordered me never to see you, and thus it is that I obey him!” exclaimed the bold youth, attempting again to possess himself of the small hand, which now trembled like a live bird.

“He! your father! your dear, dear father!—oh, what have I done? He has always been very kind to me, Lorin?”

“It was a false kindness—a mean, detestable—”

“Lorin! Lorin! for the love of Heaven, turn your eye from me! you cannot be rational. What does all this mean? What has your father done? How have I offended him? What makes you look so angry? Oh, he used to love me, and he is so good!”

“Good! Jessie, he is a tyrant, a—”

“Hush, Lorin! that I will not hear. I honor and respect—I love your kind father.”

“Then you do not love *me*.”

Jessie was silent—she thought it was of no use to waste words upon a madman.

“You look upon me with horror,” said Lorin, “but when you know all, you will join with me—”

“Not in speaking ill of your father,” interrupted Jessie. “But tell me the worst, and all at once. I can bear any thing but the sight of your pale lip and angry eye.”

Lorin’s story was soon told, with many passionate embellishments; and Jessie was obliged to acknowledge to herself that Deacon Winslow had been somewhat unjust; but she saw, too, what few in her place would have discovered, that her lover had erred sadly.

“We must part, then,” said Jessie, mournfully, and drawing her bonnet so closely about her face as to conceal her agitated features. “I did not know that your father had any objection to—to—but he is right. I know but little of the world, and better remain in my present situation.”

“Jessie, you are not going?” exclaimed her lover, planting himself in the path before her.

“Yes, and you must not detain me. I cannot be the cause of misery beneath a roof that has sheltered me in my destitution. Let me pass, Lorin, you have already disobeyed in coming to tell me this, and further error must be prevented.”

“You never loved me, Jessie.”

“That matters not now—it is henceforth the duty of both to forget.”

“Forget! ah it is little *you* have to forget, if you can talk now so coldly of parting. Fool that I have

been! I, that hoped at least, when my own father cursed me, to find a friend in you.”

“Cursed you, Lorin! not your father!”

“He did; and he said if I looked upon you again his door would be forever closed against me.”

“Oh, go back to him, Lorin, go back and tell him we have parted forever; and tell him I will go away where he shall never hear from me again—anywhere—anywhere that he bids me.”

“My Jessie,” said Lorin Winslow, struggling to regain his composure, “we are neither of us calm—you are too generous, and I perhaps too vindictive, but listen to me. Three years ago I might have left my father, for the law then proclaimed me free, but I was willing to forego the advantages which I might reap abroad, because he preferred having me remain at home—and to me his slightest wish has ever been a law. But he has overstepped the bounds of his power; he has attempted to control my heart as he has ever done my intellect. He has cast indignity upon you, my sweet Jessie, and the bond between us is broken. He has no legal, no moral right to govern me in this, and I will not brook his interference. I told him so to-day, and you know the result. Now spurn me if you will, but I leave the Glen to-night, and you alone of all its inhabitants have power to bring me back.”

“Do your family—does Catharine know of this?”

“No—but they will know only too soon.”

“Oh, Lorin! your mother—”

“Nay, Jessie, do not talk of her—I know all you would say—I feel it all—but it must not be so. And yet, Jessie, my mother loves you, and I am sure if she never saw me more, she would rather know that you were with me than to think of me as a friendless wanderer.”

“It must not be, Lorin—I have already most innocently been the cause of bitter evil; but now my duty is plain and I must not swerve from it. It is not yet too late for you to become reconciled to your father—”

“It is too late—I would spurn such reconciliation—his curse is on me, but it sits lightly—I have earned it well since I have placed confidence in women. I go; but, Jessie Walter, you need never boast that your coldness has crushed a true spirit. It has not crushed, it has only chilled, turned it to iron—and henceforth I shall be as passive, as philosophic as you can be. Nay, do not interrupt me—you have my resolution, and now *farewell*.”

“Lorin, Lorin!” shrieked the poor girl, but Lorin had gone, and Jessie Walter, returning to the darkest corner of her school-room, sobbed aloud and without restraint.

The little school-house in the Glen remained closed for a few days, and it was said that Miss Walter was ill; but she soon resumed her duties, and all seemed as before. True, she did not go to the farm-house now, but she and Catharine appeared to be on terms of the closest intimacy, and no one ever dreamed that the humble school-mistress had any share in the quarrel between Deacon Winslow and his son. It was afterward ascertained that Lorin had converted

all his personal property into ready money, and left his other affairs to be settled at some more convenient time. Weeks and months passed away and nothing was heard of Lorin, while his name, which was seldom pronounced by those who loved him, was never mentioned in the presence of his father. The first intimation which the deacon had that the lost son was remembered, was at the Christmas dinner—and this was sufficient to cloud his brow for the remainder of the day. So the guests, who had formerly loved to linger there for a long time, dropped away, one by one, till at last the family was left entirely alone.

The hour of sunset came, and it was evident that every member of the family longed for the close of evening, but no one ventured to declare it. Catharine stood by the window, watching the flashes of sunlight on the far-off hills, for the snow which had been falling all day had now ceased, and the loud wind-blasts had died away into a low moan. At length her eye seemed to meet some unusually interesting object, for she gazed a long time very intently, then went to the door, and shading her eyes with her hand, peered anxiously down the far-off road. And now the object that had attracted her attention became distinctly visible. It was a single horseman, completely enveloped in a cloak, hung with a coating of frost and ice; and Catharine thought, as the gallant steed went floundering through the drifted heaps of snow, now pausing for a moment's breath, and then plunging onward with renewed energy, that there was but one horse in the world so perseveringly courageous, and that belonged to her brother Lorin. Catharine's heart beat quick and quicker as the horseman drew near, but he did not stop nor turn his eye toward the farm-house, and the rising hope died within her. Some singular idea, however, seemed to have taken possession of her mind; for she again sought the door, and watched the stranger till he reached the Liberty House, as the little inn at the Glen is named, and dismounted. She saw the landlord shake him cordially by the hand, and the neighbors gather around with a strange mixture of good will and curiosity, and she could hardly prevent herself from exclaiming aloud, "It is, it is Lorin!" She did not speak, however, and the violent trembling, which could not escape observation, was attributed to the chill air.

Jessie had told Catharine all the particulars of her brother's departure, and she too well understood his nature to have any well-defined hope of a reconciliation—but yet she could not bear the thought of his being so near to her and unseen. She became unusually thoughtful, and thus added not a little to the gloom of the family party. At last she seemed to have come to some decision, for she watched an opportunity when she was unobserved, to throw her cloak over her shoulders, and then, drawing the hood closely about her face, slipped, unobserved, out of the door. She had to wade through deep drifts of snow, but the object was worthy of the greatest exertion—and hope, together with a sister's love, lent her strength. In a few moments she was at the inn and learned that the horseman was indeed her brother Lorin. She tapped lightly at the door, and heard the well remembered

voice bidding her enter. Why should she hesitate? why tremble? He had never wronged her, and she knew he loved her dearly, but she could not summon courage to raise the latch. In a moment, however, her brother, her dear long lost brother, opened the door, and she could only throw her arms about his neck and sob upon his shoulder.

"Why did you come here, Catharine?" he said, after a long pause, and shaking the snow-wreaths from her cloak, he led her to the fire. "This is a wretched night for you to be out, dear Kate, and as soon as you are warm you must go back. I will take you through the heaviest drifts—but you do n't answer me. This has been too much for you."

"Oh no, I'm only—only sorry for you."

"Sorry for me, Kate! There is no need of that. I am well and happy, very. I have engaged in excellent business, and have only come to the Glen to settle up my affairs. I shall go early in the morning. Ahem! you had a—a Christmas dinner to-day, I suppose?"

"Oh don't talk so, Lorin, do n't—you cannot say these careless things, and feel as careless as you would have me believe—your voice betrays you, and I know that you have suffered a great deal, for you look thin and pale. Tell me all about it—your own sister Kate."

"It was nothing—nothing at all—a slight cold or so, but I am well now. Never trouble yourself about me, I shall do well, and—and—I think you had better go home now, Kate."

"Oh, Lorin, you would not have me go and leave you so; you would not send your own dear sister Kate from you when you so much need her love. I know your heart is aching now with its burthen of loneliness, and you are longing to ask me of our kind good mother, and the others you love at the farm-house; and you would sacrifice any thing—any thing but this foolish pride, to know that your name is still a cherished thing among us, and that we never breathe a prayer but 'the absent' is remembered. Tell me, dear Lorin, is it not so?"

"Catharine, you make a child of me—you must leave me, or I shall be unfit for business. Go tell my mother that I love her—tell them all, all the dear ones who remember me with kindness, that my heart is ever with them."

"No, Lorin, you must go with me and seek a reconciliation with our father."

"Never!"

"And you my brother!"

"You do not know how he treated me, Kate."

"Nor you how he has suffered."

"Ha! suffered! I thought the curse would recoil on his own head."

"And when it has borne him to the earth, and laid his gray hairs in the grave, then will it fall with a crushing weight on you, my brother."

"Kate! Kate!"

"I know truth is painful."

"Ay, it is—it is painful; but listen, Catharine—you will not tell them what I say?"

"They do not even know that you are here."

"Thank you—you are a good girl—always thoughtful—but I have something to tell you. It is not merely the curse of my father that I have to bear. O, Kate, Kate! I have been—I am utterly wretched. There, take my head between your hands as you used to hold it, for it is almost bursting, and let me tell you all. And yet it is better not. I could not bear to have you blame me with the rest—and perhaps—perhaps you would."

The young man was answered only by a closer clasp of the arm which encircled his neck.

"Do—do you ever see Jessie Walter, Kate?"

"Almost every day. You can tell me no news of her, Lorin. I know all."

"Has my father then—"

"No, he has said nothing, though I suppose the whole family guess the cause of the difficulty, as Jessie never visits us, and they never invite her. She told me all about it herself."

"And did she tell you how harshly I talked, and how angrily I left her?"

"Yes, she said something about it, but she never seemed to blame you, for she said it was natural enough for you to think she did n't care for you when she forced herself to speak such cold words."

"And do you believe she cares for me, Catharine?"

"She loves you better than her own soul—how could you doubt it?"

"She seemed cold-hearted."

"Dear Jessie! how unlike her to have a cold heart."

But Jessie knows her duty, Lorin—she carries a perfect system of morals in her little head, and she *will do right*. You can hope to win her only by reconciliation with our father."

"Then she will never be won."

"Oh, Lorin!"

"Never! I have crouched, I have bowed, I have licked the dust long enough—and if Jessie Walter would love me better, humbled and stripped of my manliness, a thing to despise rather than respect, she is not the being I supposed. Besides, this mean submission would do no good. Her love would be of little worth to me, if, in the act of gaining, I should barter it for family peace. No, Catharine, she may still stand by her point of cold duty, and guard it by all her cold moralizing sophistry. My father may still bend beneath the weight of his own curse; and (I have bared my heart to you, and so could dissimulate no longer, even if I wished it) I will bear my miserable lot as best I may, but the world shall never dream of its wretchedness."

"Oh, Lorin! and this—all this, for pride!"

"It is not pride," the young man was about to answer, but Catharine had vanished with her last sentence, and he uttered a deep groan as he asked himself, "if not pride, what can it be?"

Catharine felt really distressed for her wayward brother. She saw that he was miserable, that his heart still yearned toward his former friends, but he was encased in an armor of pride, which it seemed nothing could penetrate. She knew there was but one person whom she could consult on this occasion, who would act in unison with herself, and with

judgment—and that was Jessie Walter. At first Jessie refused to accompany her friend, for she felt all a maiden's pride and delicacy—but at length, regarding herself as the cause of all this trouble, she thought that she could not do too much to repair the injury, however innocently committed.

"He used to listen to me," she said, as they wended their difficult way toward the hotel; "he used to listen to me, but he doubts me now, and I fear I have lost much of my former influence. Catharine, why did I ever come to the Glen?"

"You have been happy here, Jessie."

"Yes, I have been happy, but I never shall be again—I have introduced discord among those I best loved."

"Oh no, you must not say that—you must not think it, Jessie. You bade Lorin do right, but he disregarded you—your counsels would have brought peace, and your kindness would have worn out my father's prejudices."

"Oh no, dear Kate, I could not reasonably hope that—but I would have gone away, and then perhaps he would have remembered me with kindness."

Lorin Winslow had spent the intervening moments somewhat profitably, and the sight of Jessie revived all his former tenderness.

"You have not wholly forsaken me, then?" he said as soon as the first greetings were over, "and our good Kate is not *the* heroine of the Glen, inasmuch as she must divide her honors with one quite as courageous, and quite as fair."

"Nay, Lorin Winslow," said Jessie, struggling with her emotion, "you mistake if you think any thing but duty could lead me here to-night; and indeed, I cannot trifle. Light words ill become you too, for your heart is sad, and ours can but be sad also."

"Thank you, Miss Walter, for your sympathy, but—" Lorin paused and walked the room in silence, while Jessie leaned her head upon her hand and wept. She had thought before she came there of a thousand things she might say, but now they all seemed useless, and her powers of persuasion utterly failed her.

"Oh, why did you make me come?" she said to Catharine.

The low sad tone arrested the attention of Lorin, and he said softly, "Forgive me, Jessie; I may sometimes appear harsh—indeed I do not know what I say—but I do know that you are all that is good and gentle, and are wholly unselfish in all you do."

"Then listen to me, Lorin."

"No, Jessie, that is a point of honor, and I cannot listen."

"Lorin Winslow, did you ever love me?"

"*Love you!* that you should ask it! *Love you!* but 'it matters not now,' as you once said—your own cold words, Jessie."

"And bitter ones too, Lorin—I did not know the sting they bore, or I could never—"

"Thank you—my own Jessie still! your question needs no answer."

"Then by that love I conjure you grant me one request. It is my first, it will undoubtedly be my last,

for if I could only see those I love happy, I should have no wish ungratified, and could die in peace even among strangers."

"You talk of dying, Jessie!"

"And why not? this world has never given me a home, and I have brought wretchedness to the hearts of all that ever loved me."

"One heart would have shielded yours from wretchedness, Jessie, but you spurned it."

"There you wrong me, Lorin—I would not barter rectitude for even, that, but you—no one can know how highly I valued it."

"I will do as you bid me, Jessie, but only *for your sake*—I shall never feel myself a man again."

"Oh, do not say so," exclaimed Catharine; "Jessie and I love you too well to counsel dishonor. Come, go with us to the farm-house—"

"Even you and Jessie have no power to take me there—I have orders never to enter the door again."

"But my poor father will be glad to see his order disobeyed, and he is more sad and soft-hearted than usual to-night. If he will recall the order?"

"For your sakes I will go, but not for my own. But let me warn you, if you widen the breach you are attempting to close, or rather, if you become witnesses to a very painful scene, the fault will not be mine."

"You will not say unkind things to our father—oh, promise me you will not?"

"I have no reason to believe he will say very gentle ones to me, and I have but little confidence in my own forbearance."

"You go for our sakes," entreated Jessie, "then for our sakes forbear to answer harshly."

"I will be as passive as I can." Exceedingly foolish felt Lorin, the independent, led off between two girls, to make a confession of matters which he did not repent—he thought his manliness must have oozed out at his fingers, and he seemed to suspect that his captors would next supply him with scissors and thimble. "I will be as passive as I can," he repeated, and then added in a more energetic tone, as if to show that he was not yet quite womanized, "but I will take good care that all shall know this to be but a momentary submission."

This momentary submission was all that the young ladies hoped at present to gain, and they made no reply to the last observation.

Jessie Walter, as we have already stated, had once been a great favorite with Deacon Winslow, but since the unlucky occurrence with his son he had never spoken with her; and he had somehow gained the idea that she was the instigator of his son's disobedience. It was not, therefore, to be expected that her presence would be very welcome—but Catharine declared that the whole plan would fail without her.

When the little party came in front of the farm-house, the scene revealed through the uncurtained window made them pause. The fire burned dimly, the candles had so long been unnoticed, that their long wicks almost obscured their light, and the basket of fruit upon the table seemed to have been untouched.

More saddening still was the appearance of the once happy group. Some sat like statues in their places, others were whispering together in a low tone, as though they feared to break the death-like stillness of the scene; while Mistress Winslow, mechanically laboring at her knitting-work, sat, the picture of maternal grief, the big drops chasing each other down her wrinkled cheeks. The deacon, however, was the most prominent figure of the group. He sat before the table, his face buried in his folded arms, and as motionless as the chair on which he rested. Poor Lorin comprehended the scene at a glance, and the voice of pride was silenced by that of affection. He had been his father's favorite, and there had been a time when every hair of the fond old man's head was as dear to him as his own life.

"This for me!" he exclaimed, as he rushed forward and laid his hand upon the latch. In a moment he was in his father's arms. Not a word was spoken on either side, but there were tears a-plenty, and a close clasping of arms, and a swelling of hearts worth more than words.

"It is enough!" said Jessie Walter, as she saw the overjoyed family gathering around the restored son. "You promised that this was all you would ask of me, and now I go to leave the Glen forever."

"Not now, a moment more, dear Jessie." Catharine's arm was about her waist, and she held her firmly.

"You are a noble boy!" said the deacon, gazing affectionately upon his son, "and have taught my old heart a lesson. It is I, Lorin, who have been most to blame, and if you can forgive me, if you can remove the weight of that curse which has rested on me instead of you—if you can!"

"I deserve no credit for this act, my father; I have been full of bitterness, and it was very unwillingly that I consented to appear here to-night. But when I saw you from the window my heart was touched, and my stubborn nature yielded."

"Thank God, that any thing has led you back!"

"I came to the Glen to-night to settle my affairs, and Catharine—"

"Ay, Kate, the puss, she is always devising good."

"Catharine and Jessie Walter persuaded me to come back to you."

"*Jessie Walter!*" The deacon's eye just lighted on the trembling school-mistress; his brow lowered suddenly, and his face became almost black with rage, for at the moment he thought the whole scene was purposely planned to insult him.

"Forgive me, sir!" exclaimed Jessie, darting forward and seizing the uplifted hand. "For one moment listen, and then I go forever. I was the cause—innocently, it is true, but no matter for that—I was the cause of an almost deadly quarrel in a family that has never shown me any thing but kindness, and to whom I am indebted for all the prosperity I have ever known, and I felt that I never could enjoy another moment's peace until a reconciliation could be effected. If then, dear sir, this reconciliation is a blessing, oh, do not fling it from you, because you receive it

at the hands of one who, notwithstanding she has incurred your displeasure, would never intentionally give you a moment's pain."

The old man seemed moved, and Jessie continued, "I will leave the Glen in a few days, in a few hours, if you wish it—"

"And where will you go?" asked Catharine.

"I know not—the God in whom I trust will lead me."

"Nay, Jessie, you must not go," said Lorin; "if either be an exile it must be I, for I alone have erred. But for *her* firmness, father, and considera-

tion for you, we should have been wedded long ago."

"You are a head-strong boy," said the old man, attempting a laugh, though a strange moisture clouded in his usually piercing eyes. "You are a head-strong boy, Lorin, and Jessie, poor thing! makes but a bad bargain. Yet, as we cannot do without you, nor you without Jessie—why, give me your hands."

And Deacon Winslow, joining the hand of his son with that of the surprised and blushing school-mistress, placed one of his own on the head of each, and blessed them both, calling them *his children*.

LAKE WYALUSING.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSEMER.

This lake lies in a circular basin, on the top of a wooded mountain in Susquehannah county, Pa. Nothing in water scenery surpasses it, in features of the picturesque.

A BRIDLE path we long pursued,
That up the misty mountain led,
And weeping birch and hemlock rude
The gloom of twilight round us shed;
And to our saddle bows we stooped,
So low the trailing branches drooped.

A fair one of the party cried,
"This lake is but a poet's dream—
In chase of it why further ride?
No waters on the summit gleam!"—
Then checked her horse, for at his feet
Lay Wyalusing's glittering sheet.

Joy, like a wave, o'erflowed my soul
While looking on its basin round,
That fancy named a sparkling bowl,
By hoop of fadeless emerald bound,
From which boon Nature's holy hand
Baptized the nymphs of mountain land.

It blushes in the morning's glow,
And glitters in the sunset ray,
When brooks that run far, far below
Have murmured out farewell to day—
The moonlight on its placid breast,
When dark the valley, loves to rest.

Wheeling in circles overhead,
The feathered king a war-scream gave;
His form, with pinion wide outspread,
Was traced so clearly on the wave,
That, seemingly, its glass was stirred
By flappings of the gallant bird.

Not far away were rocky shelves,
With the soft moss of ages lined,
And seated there a row of elves
By moonlight would the poet find,
Fairies, from slumber in the shade,
Waking with soft voiced serenade.

The waters slept, by wind uncurled,
Encircled by a zone of green;
The reflex of some purer world
Within their radiant blue was seen—
I felt, while musing on the shore,
As if strong wings my soul upbore.

Lake! flashing in the mountain's crown.
Thought pictured thee some diamond bright
That dawn had welcomed—fallen down
From the starred canopy of night;
Or chrysolite by thunder rent
From heaven's eternal battlement.

SONNET.

TO MY MOTHER.

EARTH has thy dust—and with my natural eye
No more shall I behold thy face, my sweet
Mother! Thy grave is here—even at my feet—
But wide as limitless eternity
Are we divided—even when I lie
In death beside thee, there shall live no sense
Of neighborhood, nor shall we nearer be

Than if between our ashes rolled the sea
Yet brightly have our spirits interviews,
Absolved from mortal, fleshly influence,
And thou, *celestial shade*, art visible to me.
The loved die not *in soul*—and sleep renews
With them our intercourse. So get we gleams
Of Heaven and its angels in our dreams.

MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. FOX.

THE effect derivable from well-managed rhyme is very imperfectly understood. Conventionally "rhyme" implies merely close similarity of sound at the ends of verse, and it is really curious to observe how long mankind have been content with their limitation of the idea. What, in rhyme, first and principally pleases, may be referred to the human sense or appreciation of *equality*—the common element, as might be easily shown, of all the gratification we derive from music in its most extended sense—very especially in its modifications of metre and rhythm. We see, for example, a crystal, and are immediately interested by the equality between the sides and angles of one of its faces—but on bringing to view a second face, in all respects similar to the first, our pleasure seems to be *squared*—on bringing to view a third, it appears to be *cubed*, and so on: I have no doubt, indeed, that the delight experienced, if measurable, would be found to have exact mathematical relations, such, or nearly such, as I suggest—that is to say, as far as a certain point, beyond which there would be a decrease, in similar relations. Now here, as the ultimate result of analysis, we reach the sense of mere *equality*, or rather the human delight in this sense; and it was an instinct, rather than a clear comprehension of this delight as a principle, which, in the first instance, led the poet to attempt an increase of the effect arising from the mere similarity (that is to say equality) between two sounds—led him, I say, to attempt increasing this effect by making a secondary equalization, in placing the rhymes at equal distances—that is, at the ends of lines of equal length. In this manner, rhyme and the termination of the line grew connected in men's thoughts—grew into a conventionalism—the principle being lost sight of altogether. And it was simply because Pindaric verses had, before this epoch, existed—*i. e.* verses of unequal length—that rhymes were subsequently found at unequal distances. It was for this reason solely, I say—for none more profound—rhyme had come to be regarded as of right appertaining to the *end* of verse—and here we complain that the matter has finally rested.

But it is clear that there was much more to be considered. So far, the sense of *equality* alone, entered the effect; or, if this equality was slightly varied, it was varied only through an accident—the accident of the existence of Pindaric metres. It will be seen that the rhymes were always *anticipated*. The eye, catching the end of a verse, whether long or short, expected, for the ear, a rhyme. The great element of unexpectedness was not dreamed of—that is to say,

of novelty—of originality. "But," says Lord Bacon, (how justly!) "there is no exquisite beauty without some *strangeness* in the proportions." Take away this element of strangeness—of unexpectedness—of novelty—of originality—call it what we will—and all that is *ethereal* in loveliness is lost at once. We lose—we miss the *unknown*—the vague—the uncomprehended, because offered before we have time to examine and comprehend. We lose, in short, all that assimilates the beauty of earth with what we dream of the beauty of Heaven.

Perfection of rhyme is attainable only in the combination of the two elements, Equality and Unexpectedness. But as evil cannot exist without good, so unexpectedness must arise from expectedness. We do not contend for mere *arbitrariness* of rhyme. In the first place, we must have equi-distant or regularly recurring rhymes, to form the basis, expectedness, out of which arises the element, unexpectedness, by the introduction of rhymes, not arbitrarily, but with an eye to the greatest amount of unexpectedness. We should not introduce them, for example, at such points that the entire line is a multiple of the syllables preceding the points. When, for instance, I write—

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain,

I produce more, to be sure, but not remarkably more than the ordinary effect of rhymes regularly recurring at the ends of lines; for the number of syllables in the whole verse is merely a multiple of the number of syllables preceding the rhyme introduced at the middle, and there is still left, therefore, a certain degree of expectedness. What there is of the element, unexpectedness, is addressed, in fact, to the eye only—for the ear divides the verse into two ordinary lines, thus:

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain.

I obtain, however, the whole effect of unexpectedness, when I write—

Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before.

N. B. It is very commonly supposed that rhyme, as it now ordinarily exists, is of modern invention—but see the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. Hebrew verse, however, did *not* include it—the terminations of the lines, where most distinct, never showing any thing of the kind.

Talking of inscriptions—how admirable was the one circulated at Paris, for the equestrian statue of

Louis XV., done by Pigal and Bouchardon—"Statua Statuæ."

In the way of original, striking, and well-sustained metaphor, we can call to mind few finer things than this—to be found in James Puckle's "Gray Cap for a Green Head:" "In speaking of the dead so fold up your discourse that their virtues may be outwardly shown, while their vices are wrapped up in silence."

Some Frenchman—possibly Montaigne—says: "People talk about thinking, but for my part I never think, except when I sit down to write." It is this never thinking, unless when we sit down to write, which is the cause of so much indifferent composition. But perhaps there is something more involved in the Frenchman's observation than meets the eye. It is certain that the mere act of inditing, tends, in a great degree, to the logicalization of thought. Whenever, on account of its vagueness, I am dissatisfied with a conception of the brain, I resort forthwith to the pen, for the purpose of obtaining, through its aid, the necessary form, consequence and precision.

How very commonly we hear it remarked, that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words! I do not believe that any thought, properly so called, is out of the reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced, there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of deliberateness or of method. For my own part, I have never had a thought which I could not set down in words, with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it:—as I have before observed, the thought is logicalized by the effort at (written) expression.

There is, however, a class of fancies, of exquisite delicacy, which are *not* thoughts, and to which, *as yet*, I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt language. I use the word *fancies* at random, and merely because I must use *some* word; but the idea commonly attached to the term is not even remotely applicable to the shadows of shadows in question. They seem to me rather psychal than intellectual. They arise in the soul (alas, how rarely!) only at its epochs of most intense tranquillity—when the bodily and mental health are in perfection—and at those mere points of time where the confines of the waking world blend with those of the world of dreams. I am aware of these "fancies" only when I am upon the very brink of sleep, with the consciousness that I am so. I have satisfied myself that this condition exists but for an inappreciable *point* of time—yet it is crowded with these "shadows of shadows;" and for absolute *thought* there is demanded time's *endurance*.

These "fancies" have in them a pleasurable ecstasy as far beyond the most pleasurable of the world of wakefulness, or of dreams, as the Heaven of the Northman theology is beyond its Hell. I regard the visions, even as they arise, with an awe which, in some measure, moderates or tranquilizes the ecstasy—I so regard them, through a conviction (which seems a portion of the ecstasy itself) that this ecstasy, in itself, is of a character supernal to the Human

Nature—is a glimpse of the spirit's outer world; and I arrive at this conclusion—if this term is at all applicable to instantaneous intuition—by a perception that the delight experienced has, as its element, but *the absoluteness of novelty*. I say the absoluteness—for in these fancies—let me now term them psychal impressions—there is really nothing even approximate in character to impressions ordinarily received. It is as if the five senses were supplanted by five myriad others alien to mortality.

Now, so entire is my faith in the *power of words*, that, at times, I have believed it possible to embody even the evanescence of fancies such as I have attempted to describe. In experiments with this end in view, I have proceeded so far as, first, to control (when the bodily and mental health are good) the existence of the condition:—that is to say, I can now (unless when ill) be sure that the condition will supervene, if I so wish it, at the point of time already described:—of its supervention, until lately, I could never be certain, even under the most favorable circumstances. I mean to say, merely, that now I can be sure, when all circumstances are favorable, of the supervention of the condition, and feel even the capacity of inducing or compelling it:—the favorable circumstances, however, are not the less rare—else had I compelled, already, the Heaven into the Earth.

I have proceeded so far, secondly, as to prevent the lapse from *the point* of which I speak—the point of blending between wakefulness and sleep—as to prevent at will, I say, the lapse from this border-ground into the dominion of sleep. Not that I can *continue* the condition—not that I can render the point more than a point—but that I can startle myself from the point into wakefulness—and *thus transfer the point itself into the realm of Memory*—convey its impressions, or more properly their recollections, to a situation where (although still for a very brief period) I can survey them with the eye of analysis.

For these reasons—that is to say, because I have been enabled to accomplish thus much—I do not altogether despair of embodying in words at least enough of the fancies in question to convey, to certain classes of intellect, a shadowy conception of their character.

In saying this I am not to be understood as supposing that the fancies, or psychal impressions, to which I allude, are confined to my individual self—are not, in a word, common to all mankind—for on this point it is quite impossible that I should form an opinion—but nothing can be more certain than that even a partial record of the impressions would startle the universal intellect of mankind, by the *supremeness of the novelty* of the material employed, and of its consequent suggestions. In a word—should I ever write a paper on this topic, the world will be compelled to acknowledge that, at last, I have done an original thing.

Mr. Hudson, among innumerable blunders, attributes to Sir Thomas Browne, the paradox of Tertullian in his *De Carne Christi*—"Mortuus est Dei filius, credibile est quia ineptum est; et sepultus resurrexit, certum est quia impossibile est."

Bielfeld, the author of "*Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle*," defines poetry as "*l'art d'exprimer les pensées par la fiction*." The Germans have two words in full accordance with this definition, absurd as it is—the terms *Dichtkunst*, the art of fiction, and *Dichten*, to feign—which are generally used for poetry and to make verses.

Diana's Temple at Ephesus having been burnt on the night in which Alexander was born, some person

observed that "it was no wonder, since, at the period of the conflagration, she was gossiping at Pella." Cicero commends this as a witty conceit—Plutarch condemns it as senseless—and this is the one point in which I agree with the biographer.

Brown, in his "Amusements," speaks of having transfused the blood of an ass into the veins of an astrological quack—and there can be no doubt that one of Hague's progenitors was the man.

SUNLIGHT ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

DEAR Mary, I remember yet
The day when first we rode together,
Through groves where grew the violet,
For it was in the Maying weather.

And I remember how the woods
Were thrilled with love's delightful chorus;
How in the scented air the buds,
Like our young hearts, were swelling o'er us.

The little birds, in tuneful play,
Along the fence before us fluttered;
The robin hopped across the way,
Then turned to hear the words we uttered:

We stopped beside the willow-brook,
That trickled through its bed of rushes;
While timidly the reins you took,
I gathered blooms from brier bushes:

And one I placed, with fingers meek,
Within your little airy bonnet;
But then I looked and saw your cheek—
Another rose was blooming on it!

Some miles away the village laid,
Where pleasures were in wait to wreath us;
The hours flew swiftly overhead,
And swiftly flew the road beneath us.

How gladly we beheld arise,
Across the hill, the village steeple!
Then met the urchin's wondering eyes,
And gaze of window-peering people:

The dusty coach that brought the mail
Before the office door was standing;

Beyond, the blacksmith, gray and hale,
With burning tire the wheel was banding.

We passed some fruit-trees—after these
A bedded garden lying sunward;
Then saw, beneath three aged trees,
The parsonage a little onward.

A modest building, somewhat gray,
Escaped from time, from storm, disaster;
The very threshold worn away
With feet of those who'd sought the pastor.

And standing on the threshold there,
We saw a child of angel lightness,
Her soul-lit face—her form of air,
Outshone the sunlight with their brightness!

As then she stood I see her now—
In years perchance a half a dozen—
And, Mary, you remember how
She ran to you and called you "cousin?"

As then, I see her slender size,
Her flowing locks upon her shoulder—
A six years' loss to Paradise,
And ne'er on earth the child grew older!

Three times the flowers have dropped away,
Three winters glided gaily o'er us,
Since here upon that morn in May
The little maiden stood before us.

These are the elms, and this the door,
With trailing woodbine overshadowed;
But from the step, forevermore,
The sunlight of that child has faded!

SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

Why, oh my heart! this yearning sadness
Breathing forth in sigh and moan,
This foreign land is bright with gladness,
Why, my heart, thus dark and lone?

Why am I sad? Oh! lonely ever,
Mourn I all afar from me;
The foreign land is fair, but never
Like my mountain home can be.

There's no such fond love to endear me—
None so warmly grasp the hand—
E'en prattling childhood fails to cheer me
As at home in Switzerland.

Peace, my heart, though lone and dreary,
Patient bear thy lot, and then
He who comforteth the weary
Soon shall bring thee home again.

THE MOTHER'S TRAGEDY.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

(Concluded from page 87.)

Two years of quiet happiness, with a cheerful, kind, affectionate husband, in some degree restored her confidence in the future, and when she gave birth to her first-born, and nourished it at her bosom, the feelings of a mother seemed to triumph over her dreams and presentiments. Still the plant had too long been bent in one direction to be all at once reinstated, and the bias of her mind might be detected in the ever watchful solicitude, the incessant and painful anxiety with which she perpetually hovered over the infant nursling. Though she loved her husband with a warm, sincere and abiding affection, there were times when he felt tempted to complain that the cares of the mother had made her neglectful of the duties of a wife. But his mortification lasted not long. By degrees the little stranger formed a new and yet dearer tie between them, and gradually entwined the parents in a stronger bond even than that of first love. Thornley soon shared in the cares and anxieties of the mother, and ceased to be jealous of his infant rival. They had scarcely any other object of solicitude, no other pains or pleasures to intrude on this all-absorbing sentiment of parental love, and by the time the little boy began to walk, and lisp those two words so dear to the heart of the parent, he had monopolized all their hearts. Even the gray-headed grandfather, now bending under the weight of years, seemed to grow young again as he sported with, humored, and did his best to spoil his little namesake.

The second summer, the most critical stage in the journey of life, the child fell ill of one of those long, tedious, harassing complaints which baffle human skill and maternal care, while they give birth to a perpetual conflict of hopes and fears in the hearts of those who love them. We will not follow Judith step by step through this dreary, trying time, nor trace her feelings to the sad catastrophe. The beloved of her heart faded, faded slowly and gradually away, every moment becoming more endeared to the heart of the mother by its sufferings, and by the time the autumnal leaves began to fall he died. As Judith hung over the crushed flower in agony, she remembered how her little brothers and sisters had gone the road before; she recalled her dream, and the conviction came over her mind more strongly than ever, that, like her mother, she was destined to a succession of bereavements, and a life of sorrows. It is in seasons like these, when this world presents one dreary prospect of desolation, and the cherished hopes of this life are blasted forever, that mankind,

unwilling to resign all chance of happiness, turn for support and consolation to a higher source. Misery thus becomes hallowed, as the parent of lasting happiness, and eternal bliss the reward of temporary suffering.

In the extremity of her agony, Judith turned toward God, and, hopeless of all consolation here, sought it in the safe sanctuary of the world to come. She became sincerely pious. Yet her piety was deeply tinged with superstition, as well as sublimated by a warm imagination, nurtured in solitude to a rank luxuriance. Had she at this period been blessed with a mild and rational instructor, who, while he nourished the seeds of piety in her heart, would have chastened the errors of her head, and led her wandering steps aright, she might, and probably would, have found the haven of rest which she sought. But, unfortunately, it was ordered otherwise.

The little straggling flock dispersed about this sequestered region were at this time without a shepherd, the clergyman who formerly officiated at the little church having been called away—not to a better world, but a better living. All the religious instruction they now received was from occasional itinerants, of whose labors, we are sorry to say, we cannot always speak with approbation, but whose motives it would perhaps be rash to judge unfavorably. It happened, while Judith was thus floating on the confines of fanaticism, that the neighborhood was visited by one of those strange, not to say extraordinary, beings, who, ignorant and unlettered as they are, sometimes produce such unaccountable results, by their loud, boisterous, undisciplined eloquence, as almost to tempt us to the belief that they are really inspired by some superior influence.

He was gifted with a powerful voice, capable of every variety of inflection, and he railed and raved with senseless impetuosity against all those worldly ties, duties and affections, without whose conservative influence neither religion nor morality could find a sphere for their exercise. Animated alone by a real or pretended fanaticism, he could infuse no other feeling into the human heart; and some of the deepest tragedies ever represented on the great theatre of life might be traced to his pernicious doctrines, which, being carried to extremes, too often produced those melancholy consequences of which every species of excess is so fruitful. He never inculcated the love of God, but invariably appealed to the selfish and abject principle of fear. He divested the Divinity of mercy, and clothed him alone in the attributes of

unrelenting vengeance. He allured not the sinner from the paths of transgression by painting the rewards of virtue and piety, but frightened him to repentance by declaiming on the sufferings of hell. Death-bed scenes, depicted with every circumstance of exaggerated horror; threatening denunciations of awful calamities; earthquakes, comets, and every operation of natural laws, were brought to bear on the apprehension of the timid or weak minded, and not a few were the wretched victims of his unhalloved eloquence, who sought refuge from the horrors into which he had plunged them in self destruction. As to human reason, he placed it below the instinct of brutes, when employed in the investigation of points of faith; as if that religion which is alone propounded to rational beings was not to be judged of by reason. He was probably sincere in his hostility to the social and domestic relations of life, for nothing we believe is more certain than that the great enemy of mankind sometimes selects his chosen instruments of evil from among those who sincerely believe themselves among the benefactors of the human race. There is no incendiary so dangerous as one who considers it his duty to set the house on fire.

This man professed to belong to no particular denomination of Christians, but aspired to be the founder and head of a sect of his own forming, whose doctrines consisted in vague, indefinable abstractions, which the most subtle were incapable of comprehending, and which confounded the ignorant. In the course of his desultory wanderings, he had found his way into this sequestered neighborhood, and it was betimes announced that on a certain afternoon he would preach in the little valley, which was indeed a fit spot from which to offer up incense to the throne of Heaven.

On the appointed day, which was the Sabbath, the people poured forth from the recesses of the mountains, and a congregation of hundreds was gathered together, some seated on the greensward, others on the rocks jutting out from the mountain-side, others on chairs they had brought with them in their wagons. It was in truth an imposing and majestic spectacle. The summer air was calm, and scarcely moved the poplar leaves; the sun had so far declined toward the west as to throw the entire valley under the shadow of the mountain, when the preacher ascended a rock that projected over the stream, and placed himself in full view of the audience whom he addressed.

He began by denouncing, in tones that echoed back from the mountain-side, the diabolical influence of worldly ties and duties, as interfering with that entire and exclusive devotion to the welfare of the immortal soul which is indispensable to its salvation; he affirmed that filial piety, parental love, the cares of domestic life, and all the obligations of nature and the social state, were nothing, as he expressed it in his strong figurative language, but the devil's links, with which he bound down his wretched slaves, and kept them forever chained to this worthless earth. The innocent enjoyments of life, the natural and endearing ties of kindred affection and connubial

love, were stigmatized with vehement denunciation; and without attempting to discriminate between the use and abuse of the gifts of a beneficent Being to his creatures, or endeavoring to reconcile our duties to our fellow men, with those we owe their Maker, he involved the former in one sweeping condemnation.

He then proceeded to depict the housewife, so absorbed in domestic occupation that she had no time to say her prayers; the husbandman taken up with reaping the fruits of his labors, while he sowed the seeds of his own damnation; and the mother so devoted to her children that she forgot her Heavenly Father, and perhaps compelled him to offer them up as sacrifices at the shrine of her own salvation. He insisted that the calamities of this world were either blessings in disguise, as leading to a dependence on higher sources of happiness, or terrible chastisements to punish mankind for placing an inordinate value on that which was in reality worth nothing. Finally, he resorted to the common and vulgar appeal to the fears of the audience, which is the jaw-bone with which these Samsons slay their thousands. He opened his magazine of horrors; he painted in colors of fire the guilty sinner writhing on the bed of death, with his conscience smiting him on one side, his disease gnawing him on the other, enduring at one and the same time the wrath of Heaven and the torments of Hell. He appealed to the apprehensions of his simple hearers, by summoning the elements of nature to his aid, and depicting their mighty Master launching forth the lightnings of heaven at his guilty creatures; commissioning earthquakes, whirlwinds, famine and pestilence to go forth as ministers of his wrath, and instruments of his justice. In conclusion, he referred to various prophecies and indications in the moral and physical world, which distinctly presaged the time was close at hand when the earth, and all the starry hemispheres above, would be wrapt in flames, and all that breathe the breath of life die here a death of tortures, only to revive again to endure an eternity of torment.

The peaceful valley echoed with these denunciations; the hardened reprobate trembled; the good man, who had hitherto believed himself traveling in the true path toward Heaven, became involved in a sea of doubts and apprehensions; and the hearts of the females, always most susceptible to terrible impressions, sunk into the abyss of hopeless despondency. The preacher had made it impossible to climb the steep to Heaven, and painted the horrors of the place of punishment designed for those who failed in the attempt, in colors that overpowered reason, and appalled the imagination. The audience departed so completely subdued by a horror of the vengeance of the Almighty, they forgot that among his attributes were mercy and forgiveness. Instead of a Heavenly Father punishing his wayward children only for their good, the preacher had conjured up a sort of omnipotent monster, banqueting on human suffering, thirsting for blood, and denouncing everlasting torments on those who ventured to follow the impulses he had implanted in their nature, or who indulged even moderately in those enjoyments he had everywhere

scattered before them. The gloom of fanaticism for a time obscured the sunshine of the surrounding neighborhood: the music of cheerful hearts no longer awakened the echoes of the mountains; and shattered intellect, or black despair, in a little time caused two suicides, which gave melancholy testimony to the triumph of the preacher of terrors, the denouncer of all sublunary duties, affections, ties, obligations and enjoyments.

It was observed that Judith was deeply affected by the strange, undisciplined, yet eloquent and powerful declamation of the fiery zealot, who might almost have challenged the gift of inspiration, had not his extravagant doctrines forbid the supposition of such a prostitution of the divine spirit. She became from that hour steeped in gloomy meditation, followed by bitter tears or unresisting depression; and it is scarcely doubtful what would have been the speedy result, had not the birth of twins opportunely awakened once more the maternal feeling in her bosom. This event gave rise, however, only to new anxieties and new anticipations of evil. She remembered what the preacher had said of the wickedness of the devotion of a mother to her children, with its dreadful consequences, and trembled at every yearning of her heart toward her little nurslings. She would sit for hours watching their cradle, and then suddenly start away in an agony of conflicting emotions, that gradually undermined her health, while they weakened her reason.

Thus passed away the autumn and the long winter of that northern clime, during which the disciple of horrors, who had been invited to officiate in the little neighboring church, often visited her, much against the will of Thornley, who plainly perceived that his presence was always followed by additional weeping and depression on the part of his wife. On one of these occasions the preacher had a much longer conference than usual with Judith, in which, instead of soothing, he only aggravated the horrors of the diseased mind of his victim. He repeated and enforced his denunciation of all natural and social ties, all kindred affections, and pointing to her two infants in the cradle, exclaimed—"There—there lie the great barriers between you and Heaven. These are the insuperable obstacles to your eternal happiness, and to them you are sacrificing your precious soul. Better they were dead—better they had never been born, than that they should thus wean you from the bosom of that great Being who is so jealous of your affections that he scorns to share them with parents, husbands, children, the world, the flesh and the devil. Banish them from your eyes—tear them from your bosom—yea! imitate the patriarch Abraham, who was willing to apply the knife to the throat of his eldest born at the bidding of the heavenly messenger."

After this conference Judith wept no more. A horrid calm, a dread serenity came over her, and she seemed to have wrought her mind to the accomplishment of some settled, determined purpose. She was often seen bending over the little twins, whom she would contemplate for awhile in fixed and gloomy silence, then cast her eyes upward, clasp her

hands reverently, and murmur, "Thy will be done!" Thornley watched her with affectionate solicitude, fearing that the citadel of her mind was about to sustain a total overthrow, and often sought by his endearments to awaken former feelings in her bosom. But she turned from him with shuddering, and on one occasion murmured—"Tempt not my soul—it is forbidden." Whenever he caressed his children, she watched him with uneasy impatience, and on one occasion snatched them from his arms with an unnatural violence, that almost generated a feeling of mingled disgust and horror.

It happened about this time that his business called him so far from home that he was necessarily absent all night. That night there occurred one of the most terrible storms that had been known in the neighborhood for many years. The livid lightnings flashed, and the thunder bellowed almost incessantly among the clouds and in the recesses of the mountains; the rain fell in torrents, and the overcharged river added its ravings to the dread concert of the furious elements. Judith rose from her bed, for it was now past midnight, and looked out on the dreary scene. As she contemplated the awful and tremendous theatre on which the elements were playing their most sublime parts, and called to mind the assertion of the preacher that these were the great scourges of Heaven, there came a flash of zigzag lightning, tracking its course athwart the heavens in living fire, and a crash of thunder, as if heralding the dissolution of nature itself. Judith stood gazing upward with fixed eye for a few moments, and then suddenly cried out—"I am commanded—I have seen it written in the black clouds with letters of fire—I have heard it in the voice of the Omnipotent, speaking in thunder—I am bidden and I obey!" She passed slowly and majestically into the chamber of the sleeping infants, and without a shudder offered them up victims at the bloody shrine of fanaticism.

The morning dawned in brightness and joy; the air, purified by the conflict of the elements, was blithe and inspiring; the grass glittered with the relics of the midnight shower, and the warblers of the woodlands sung sweetly to their mates. Judith had not stirred from the bedside of the little innocents whom she had just given a passport to Heaven. She was found standing like a fixed and bloodless statue, her eyes flashing in triumph, a second Medea, fulfilling, as she believed, the will of Providence. Thornley returned early, and the first object he encountered was Judith at the bedside of the murdered children.

"In the name of God! who has done this?" cried he, when recovered from his speechless horror.

"I," replied Judith, in a voice of horrid and unnatural triumph—"I was commanded last night by the lightning, the thunder and the tempest. They stood between me and Heaven, and I slew them!"

Thornley rushed out in unutterable agony, and buried himself for awhile in the recesses of the mountain, where he underwent that fearful agony which can only be felt once in all its keenness, and which acts as a cautery on the mind, at the same time healing the wound and destroying its susceptibility.

It so chanced that the mischievous fanatic, who had mainly contributed to produce this dismal tragedy, rode up to the house shortly after, on a visit of comfort and consolation to his wretched disciple. Exercising the freedom of his cloth, he made his way without ceremony into the interior, where he saw Judith with her white cheek and stern, fiery eye. The moment she perceived him she exclaimed—

"Ah! you have come to reproach my cowardice, and hasten my delay! But see! I have obeyed your precepts, and done your bidding!"

"My bidding!" answered he, shuddering as he caught sight of the pale cheeks and blood-stained bed-clothes of the little victims, and comprehended the whole scene—"God forbid that I should stand convicted of such a bidding! Whose work is this?"

"Mine. I followed your precepts, and broke my heart to save my soul. You told me they were the devil's links that chained my immortal spirit to the earth, and arrested its flight to Heaven. I have dashed them to pieces. See! I have saved them from sin, and atoned for my own transgressions!"

The humbled fanatic—humbled only for a moment, for, arrogating as he did the sanction of Heaven to his wildest extravagances, he seldom felt the chidings of humility—the humbled fanatic stood bitterly rebuked. He felt the guilt of a double infanticide on his soul, and his startled conscience whispered him that he himself was in a great measure responsible for this perversion of the holy precepts of the gospel, which had wrought the dismal scene before him. His arrogant spirit cowered within him, and his first attempt was to clear himself of the charge of having either bidden or sanctioned this unnatural deed.

"Woman!" exclaimed he, recovering his usual self-sufficiency—"Woman, it is false; I bade you not do this. It is the devil's doing, not mine."

Judith started as if treading on a serpent, and almost shrieked—"Not bid me? Did you not tell me my children had better never have been born, better be dead, than stand between me and Heaven? Did you not hold up to me the example of the patriarch Abraham, and tell me that—that—Alas! I fear I have been dreaming or am going mad! Tell me, I conjure you, by the doctrines you teach, by the Being you worship, by the Savior whose atonement you promise—tell me, did you not say to me all I have just repeated?"

"Yes—but—but—I did not mean you should understand me literally—I—"

"Not literally! what then, in the name of Heaven, did you mean?" cried Judith fiercely.

The ignorant usurper of holy functions was incapable of drawing nice distinctions. He dealt altogether in wholesale declamation, arrogant denunciations and indiscriminate assertion. He attempted to explain away his doctrines, and to reconcile earthly with heavenly duties, but his intellect was too dull for splitting hairs. He could rail and rave, and appeal successfully to the nervous system, but he could neither enlighten the understanding, soothe the broken spirit, nor calm the troubled mind. Judith gazed on him at first with fearful apprehension; but when, by slow degrees, she discerned through the dim mists of his obscure and muddy intellect, that she had been misled by the wild ravings of this infuriated fanatic, she gasped for breath, her frame began gradually to relax, her knees trembled, her flashing eye became cold and dim, and the lofty superstructure of enthusiasm suddenly crumbled into fragments, burying the reason and the intellect of the wretched mother forever under its ruins. The excitement of fanaticism at once subsided, leaving nothing in its room but a hopeless, helpless imbecility of mind and body, from which she was in a few months released by death.

Thornley followed her to the grave, where she rested by the side of the innocent victims of her sad delusion; but he returned to his home no more. What became of him was never known. The old man speedily found a resting place in the churchyard, and the little glen is now lonely and desolate. No one will reside in the haunted house which was the scene of such a dismal drama, and few choose to pass by it after dark. The ignorant, mischievous fanatic, the main author of the Mother's Tragedy, continues still to deal out horrors by wholesale, and to denounce the devil's links; and such is the miserable perversion of his furious zeal, that he actually triumphs in those wrecks of human intellect which are ever and anon ascribed, and no doubt justly, to his agency; viewing them as fresh evidences of the truth of his dogmas, and the eloquence with which he enforces them. None can overrate the blessings of rational piety, but that cannot be the true religion which produces consequences more deplorable than even the most hardened unbelief.

SONG.—BIRD OF MY MORNING.

HASTE while the dew drop
Is fresh on the rose,
While the daylight is flushing
The vale-lily's snows,
While the sun o'er the heavens
Slow wheeleth his car,
And the mists of the morning
Are speeding afar,
Come, come, earth is smiling,
Day laugheth in glee;
Thou morn of my heaven,
Oh smile thou for me!

There's a whispering sound,
There's a murmuring voice,
Day rouses earth's children
To bid them rejoice;
The wind's in the moist leaves,
The bee's on the wing,
And the young vines are raising
Their brows to the Spring;
The birds are awaking
Their songs on the tree;
Come, bird of my morning,
Wake music for me!

A. D.

BERTHA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"Now remember, Bertha, I wish you to look your loveliest this evening—there is nothing like a first impression—for I am quite determined that you shall subdue this consequential gentleman, who considers himself the peculiar patent of American aristocracy."

"And yet you say he is so very rich?"

"A *millionaire*!"

"And very talented?"

"A second Daniel!"

"Also handsome?"

"As Apollo!"

"And a perfect aristocrat?"

"Decidedly so!"

"Then my dear Lara, how can you for one moment suppose that the Honorable George Augustus Melville will deign even to look upon your humble friend, poor little me—*me*, Bertha Vaughan—positively *no-body* but a *farmer's daughter*—with not even a parson, a lawyer, or a doctor in the family! One whose days have been passed amid pigs, poultry and ploughshares! O, Lara, Lara, what inconsistency!"

"Nay, stranger things have happened, Bertha, dear—now while you are fastening that drapery, just cast one look in the glass—there, you need not blush so, like a little country girl as you are; now tell me candidly, is not that a face to make the Honorable Melville forget all but *love*? Indeed I shall expect to see him on his knees to you before the week is ended!"

While this light badinage was passing, Mrs. Hazard and her friend, Bertha Vaughan, were busily engaged arranging a delightful apartment in the wing of an old fashioned country house. The front windows looked out upon a beautiful lawn, bordered by noble trees of a century's growth, with a river shimmering through the leafy interstices—beyond, stretched a lovely country of hill and dale, now adorned with all the varied beauty of May, and shut in as it were from the world without by a range of lofty mountains. Another window, reaching down to the floor of a small recess on the opposite side of the apartment, opened into a beautiful grove of maples—this grove, cleared from all underbrush, and carpeted with moss and wild flowers, presented a range of leafy colonnades, shadowy and dim—

"Framed fit
To allure frail mind to careless ease."

"There, Bertha, that will do," continued Mrs. Hazard, tossing over the flowers in a little basket which the former handed her—"stay, one more narcissus, just to relieve the bright glow of its neighbor tulip—there, is it not beautiful?" and placing a little vase of hyacinths, narcissuses and tulips upon the snowy toilet, she stepped back as if to admire the effect.

"Yes, you have arranged them with exquisite taste,

Lara," replied Bertha; "now if you will help me one moment to festoon this curtain, I think we have done."

"And just in time too—for look, look, Bertha, yonder comes the carriage winding round the hill. I must hasten to receive them, for if I am not upon the spot I shall be forced to listen to a long homily from my good husband—so remember, Bertha, call up smiles to your lip, and light to your eyes, and with one glance attest the power of beauty!"

So saying, Mrs. Hazard repaired to the drawing-room, and Bertha, taking one more survey of the apartment to see that all was in order, retired to her chamber.

Dear Bertha Vaughan! She was the loveliest and merriest maiden that ever tripped over the green-sward. Describe her I cannot. As well might I attempt to paint the brilliant tints of the tiny humming bird, as he glances like a winged jewel, from flower to flower—or the showering opals of oceans curling sunbright wave! for it was *expression* which lent her countenance that peculiar charm! When her features were in repose you would have passed her by, certainly *not unnoticed*—but with the impression that she was merely a very pretty girl—had you perchance seen her a moment later, a smile parting her full red lips disclosing the small pearly teeth—had you met the glance of those dark blue eyes—

"Kindled above at the Heavenly Maker's light,"

and watched the play of soul lighting up her features, you would have turned again and again to look upon her, each time pronouncing her still lovelier than the last!

"By the way, I had forgotten to tell you, George, that just at present we are not alone—a young lady, a friend of my wife, is staying with us. However, I hope you may find her society rather an acquisition than otherwise."

This was said by Mr. Hazard to the young *millionaire*, as the carriage turned into the little lane leading up to the house.

"It is of very little consequence to me, Fred," replied the other indifferently. "Do I know the lady?"

"O no. She was a school-mate of Lara's some two or three years since. You may perhaps remember that Lara once passed a few months at a country boarding school, more for the improvement of her health, however, than her mind, and there she became acquainted with this Miss Vaughan, to whom she has ever continued warmly attached."

"O, a *country girl*!" exclaimed Melville, slightly elevating his shoulders, *à la Française*. "It is no matter, to be sure, but as there *is* to be a lady in the

case, the society of one more companionable than this Miss—Miss—

"Vaughan."

"Yes, Miss Vaughan can possibly prove, would have been equally agreeable. I suppose she is the squire's daughter—or may-be the parson's?"

"Neither—her father is a farmer."

"A farmer—worse and worse!" cried the aristocratic young gentleman. "How can your elegant Lara find pleasure in such company!"

"O the girl is well enough," replied Hazard, a mischievous smile lurking around his mouth.

"Good looking, Fred?"

"Only so-so!"

"Any mind?"

"I never could discover any except a knowledge for healing bruises and the best method of rearing ducks."

"She *will* prove an acquisition with a vengeance!" replied Melville; "preserve me from such walking recipes, Fred! But here we are, and there comes your charming wife to meet us." So saying, the Honorable George Augustus Melville sprang from the carriage, and was the next moment shaking hands with his fair hostess.

Mrs. Hazard has already pronounced this young gentleman to be rich, aristocratic, talented and handsome. To sustain these assertions I need only assure the reader that young Melville was from one of the oldest and proudest families in our country—one of those few still left, whose honor and respectability, as is too often the case, Time has not deteriorated. Fortune, too, had added her potent favors, and wealth poured in unceasingly. There are so many who *without* a right set up to be aristocrats, that it is not singular if Melville, possessing a claim to be really so, should have asserted it by the most proud and haughty bearing! He called none his superiors—his equals few—his inferiors many. To the *few* he was courteous, and to them alone were his good traits of character made manifest. By the many he was regarded with dislike, and from the almost insolence which often characterized his manners, had fewer sycophantic friends than persons of his standing in life are generally doomed to bear with—therein was he more fortunate. His talents were good, and improved by education and travel, for much of his time had been passed in the courts of Europe. In person he had but few compeers. Such was George Melville, whom the giddy young wife had selected as the husband of her old school-mate and friend.

But that *he* should ever condescend to be more than merely civil to this young girl—this farmer's daughter, did not once disturb his dignity—he had already voted her to be a great annoyance, and as destined to shock his refined ideas by the continual solecisms she would commit upon the rules of etiquette. When, therefore, Bertha entered the room, (as indifferent by-the-bye as himself,) he scarcely looked at her, but bowing in the coldest manner as he was introduced, continued his conversation with Hazard.

Once or twice to be sure in the course of the evening he caught himself listening to the mellow tones of

Bertha's voice, and once, as her merry laugh rang on his ear, he actually turned his head to look at her—but her face was from him, he could only observe that her figure, as she sat slightly inclined toward her friend, was graceful and delicate, and that she had a redundancy of dark brown tresses. Music was proposed, and Hazard requested Bertha to sing a favorite song. Poor Melville, who was both a musician and an amateur, felt his nerves already excruciated with the coming discord—a squeaking hand-organ, with never a note in unison, could be no less so he *knew*, than the *uncultivated* sounds about to meet his ear! He gave one imploring look at his friend—but Hazard was blind—and he was just about to plead fatigue, and retire from the scene, when the full rich tones of Bertha's voice, as she commenced a plaintive Scotch air, arrested his attention. His nerves regained their equilibrium astonishingly, and he was enabled to remain in the room until the song was finished. More dignified than poor little Oliver Twist, he could not ask for "more," but he felt quite reconciled to his fate when his wishes were anticipated by his friend!

The next day Melville made up his mind that Miss Vaughan was fortunately *rather* an acquisition to the little circle at Maple Grove—indeed he was not certain but he might have felt *amusi* in that retired mansion otherwise!

The next he discovered that Miss Vaughan was quite pretty, with a natural ease and grace of manner uncommonly pleasing!

The third day he decided that Miss Vaughan was really the most beautiful girl he had ever met!

The fourth, he found himself no where so happy as by her side, and unless she made one of the little excursions planned for his amusement he found them all "dull, stale, unprofitable!"

The fifth day he caught himself actually sketching the graceful figure of the farmer's daughter as she stood on tip-toe upon a little bench in the portico assisting Mrs. Hazard to train a luxuriant creeper around one of the columns.

And the next, he was overwhelmed with astonishment to find what a predicament he was in—for he discovered himself to be *in love*! He, the elegant, the aristocratic Melville, whose obdurate heart the dark-eyed beauties of Spain and Italy could not subdue—who had resisted all the sprightly graces of *la belle Française*, and looked coldly upon England's lovely daughters, now capitulated at once to the artless graces and unpretending loveliness of a *country maiden*! No wonder he was astonished!

"I say, George," said Hazard one morning about a fortnight after this astounding discovery, "what a pity it is that girl is here!"

"*What* girl?" demanded Melville, looking up with some surprise.

"Why that Miss—Miss—Vaughan—for as there is a lady in the case, it would be better, as you said, to have the society of one more agreeable than this country girl!" replied the mischievous Hazard.

"O she is an angel, Fred!"

"But only think, George—a *farmer's daughter*!"

"Frederick, I tell you she would grace a throne!"

"Well, well," continued Hazard, "it is astonishing to me, how a woman of Lara's elegant manners can derive any pleasure from such company!"

"O prithee have done, Fred!" interrupted Melville, "I acknowledge my error and my folly—and when I tell you that I fondly, truly love her, you will admit I am sincere! Tell me, my dear friend, do you think her affections are engaged?"

"Well, I am almost afraid, my dear George, that they are," replied Hazard, looking very solemn.

"O heavens! do n't distract me!" cried Melville, going off in heroics. "*Who—who* has gained that inestimable treasure—her heart?"

"I am not quite at liberty to say. I have found her exceedingly sensitive whenever a certain name has been mentioned—I have noticed her blushes, and Lara, moreover, who is a pretty correct judge of such matters, assures me she fears her affections are no longer her own!"

"But you *must* know who the person is—you surely can tell me *who* you suspect has won her love. O Frederick, what an unhappy wretch I am!" exclaimed the lover.

"Well, this morning in the little summer-house, where the foolish girl had been sketching, I picked up this—if a likeness of the fellow I cannot say much for her taste. What say *you*?" answered Hazard, at the same time placing a paper in the hands of the excited Melville.

"O rapture, can I believe my eyes! am I indeed so blest!" exclaimed the lover, as his eye rested upon a well executed drawing of himself. O my dear fellow, give me joy—I am the happiest man alive! But what are you looking at?"

"O nothing—I *thought* I caught a glimpse of Miss Vaughan's blue dress through the trees yonder."

Darting from the side of his friend like an arrow through the green-wood, young Melville disappeared.

From the moment that he decided Miss Vaughan to be "rather an acquisition," Melville, throwing aside the reserve and hauteur which had marked their first acquaintance, exerted all his powers of pleasing, and it is not to be wondered at that the heart of the unsophisticated Bertha was soon won!

However interesting the intermediate hours may have been to the parties themselves, and we have the authentic register of all lovers to prove they were so, we will pass on to the period when, with the consent of her parents, Bertha was betrothed to Melville.

The flight of Time is never so rapid as when the little god Cupid keeps him company, and thus under his guidance the days and weeks glided on at Maple Grove almost imperceptibly, although strengthening hour by hour the chain which linked the hearts of the lovers in such sweet companionship. Those were happy moments—one thing alone had power to sadden the bright face of Bertha, or cause her heart a sigh. It was when Melville would speak of his intention of taking her to Europe, as soon as the happy moment arrived when he might call her his own—then her thoughts would revert to the dear old homestead by the side of the placid river, which had

sheltered her childhood, and to those beloved ones still dwelling beneath the old roof-tree.

Before their acquaintance began Bertha had never heard the name of her lover mentioned without some allusion to his aristocratic ideas, and his arrogant bearing toward those whom he considered inferior to himself in the scale of creation—ideas which poor Bertha, in her simplicity, could not understand, but of which she was unhappily soon to behold an illustration.

Now Melville was undoubtedly a very sincere lover, and Bertha, in his eyes, the most lovely and amiable of her sex, while her artless manners and

"Wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,"

charmed him even more than her graces of person, but the ruling passion, *Pride*, still held sway. When the idea recurred to him, as it too often did, even in the presence of the unconscious Bertha, that she was of humble origin, nor could claim a higher descent than many of the tenants upon his estates, he was weak enough to feel shamed and humiliated at the fact! *This* was the unworthy motive which had determined him upon taking his fair bride to Europe, where her unpretending genealogy could not be known!

One balmy morning while the dew still danced upon the bright lipped flowers, and silvered each leaflet and quivering blade, Bertha and her lover set forth to visit a romantic glen a few miles distant from the "Grove." Leaving the shady wild-wood they had just emerged upon the open plain, when a one horse wagon, containing two plainly dressed persons, rattled past them. A glance was sufficient for Bertha—with an exclamation of pleasure she reined in her palfrey, saying:—

"O stop, George, stop—there go dear old Mr. and Mrs. Jones. O I am so glad that we have met them."

"Why Bertha, you surely do not mean to speak with such common looking persons as those," cried Melville, placing his hand upon the check-rein.

There was a contempt in the tone of voice as well as the words, and in the haughty curl of the lip, which went to the heart of Bertha.

"Not speak to them! not speak to dear Mrs. Jones! why they are our nearest neighbors at home—I have known them from infancy!" so saying she touched the neck of the beautiful little animal she rode with the tip of her riding whip, and ere Melville could prevent, she had turned and was galloping after the wagon, now slowly toiling up a hill. He could do no less than follow, though it must be admitted with a very bad grace, and to complete his discomfiture he only overtook her just at the moment when springing lightly down from her palfrey, she was exchanging the most affectionate greetings with the old couple in the wagon, who on their part seemed as much delighted at the meeting as Bertha herself.

"And you were going to Mr. Hazard's?" said Bertha.

"Why yes, child—for you see we promised neighbor Vaughan we'd just call and see how you got along, and tell you all about the folks our way—but

look here, Bertha," (in a low voice,) "is that your beau? Well, I must say he is a pretty nice looking chap. *How do do sir—fine day,*" nodded the good man familiarly, as Melville drew up by the side of the wagon.

The imagination of the reader can supply the look and manner with which this friendly greeting was received—nor did either pass unnoticed by Bertha, and a feeling, such as she had never before known, sent the blood rushing to cheek and brow.

"My friends are on their way to Mr. Hazard's," she said, striving to conceal her agitation; "if you please we will escort them thither."

"By no means—we can pursue our original plan without regard to these persons!" replied Melville, in a low voice.

"O no, George," cried Bertha, while tears filled her beautiful eyes; "let us defer our excursion for the present—for I have so many questions to ask about all at home, that I cannot part with them so easily."

"Very well—you can do as you please, Miss Vaughan," answered Melville, "I shall proceed to the glen," and bowing coldly, he turned and rode off in the opposite direction.

Bertha and her friends, however, had scarcely reached the Grove, when Melville, already repenting his rudeness, was also there, and now strove by his polite attentions to the good farmer and his wife, to atone in the eyes of his beloved for his former arrogance. He deserves credit for the attempt certainly, but that he did not entirely banish first impressions may be inferred from a remark of Mrs. Jones to her husband, "that to be sure he was a likely young man to look at, but as *proud as Lucifer!*"

September came, and now Bertha must bid adieu to her friends at Maple Grove. Melville was to leave her with her parents, and early in the spring return to claim her as his bride.

As they drew near her native village a thousand conflicting emotions stirred her heart. She could not forget, however she might pardon the ungracious manner in which her lover had treated her old neighbors, nor could she banish the dread that the same hauteur might be extended to her dear parents.

But when the carriage turned into the lane terminating at the gate of the farm-house, she forgot all else but joy at her approaching meeting with those beloved ones, and when she saw her gray-haired father advancing to meet her, and beyond caught a glimpse of her own dear mother, standing at the little gate, her heart bounded with delight, and tears of joy filled her eyes.

"Look, George, look—there they are—my dear father, dear mother"—and springing from the carriage she was the next moment locked in the embrace of the old man. Resigning her at length to the tender caresses of her mother, Mr. Vaughan now heartily welcomed Melville, and in consideration of the near tie which would probably unite them, the kind old lady, when it became her turn to greet the stranger,

pressed her lips upon the cheek of her future son-in-law.

The effort to appear civil on the part of her lover did not escape the notice of Bertha. At this moment she was caught in the arms of a hale, hearty youth, who, giving her a ringing kiss, cried—

"Welcome home to us once more, dear sister."

"Dear brother," exclaimed Bertha, throwing her arms around his neck, "how glad I am to see you—and you here too, Cousin Frank!" she cried as another sturdy yeoman approached, and claimed the same privilege as her brother.

She now turned to present them to Melville, but this latter gentleman, as if contaminated by their familiar presence, bowed coldly, and with lofty air strode up the avenue and followed Mr. Vaughan into the little honeysuckled porch.

"Bertha, your beau seems a mighty proud chap," whispered brother John.

Tears rushed to the eyes of his sister, but stooping to caress old Cato, who came bounding toward her, seeming to claim a share of attention, her emotion passed off unnoticed.

Sleep that night forsook the pillow of Bertha. In vain she sought to excuse the uncourteous manners of Melville—she could no longer disguise from herself the fact that he looked upon her family with contempt—that however he might love *her*, those so near and dear to her were objects of reproach in his eyes—and of what *value was his love* under such impressions.

Every day but confirmed her in the opinion—every day some new wound caused her heart to bleed afresh. Out of regard to her, her parents and brother took no heed of the evident *condescension* which marked their intercourse on the part of Melville—but she saw they *despised* him—nor could she blame them!

That the reader may have a true conception of the character of Bertha's parents, I will briefly say they belonged to that noble class of which our country may justly be so proud—her independent, industrious farmers—distinguished alike for their integrity and sterling good sense—with manners plain and unpretending, yet with open hands and *their hearts in them*, with ever a welcome and hearty cheer both for a friend and the weary way-side traveler.

But a false and contemptible pride governed Melville. He saw the father and brother of his intended bride in coarse garments working with their men in the fields—he saw the good old lady making her own delicious butter, and Bertha, *his* Bertha, assisting in what he chose to consider the *menial* occupations of the household, and although it did not lessen her in his affections, it caused him to desire more and more earnestly the moment when he might tear her forever from such *degrading companionship!*

A circumstance occurred decisive *forever* of the struggle which for so many days had tortured the heart of Bertha.

Melville had been taking a solitary stroll through the village, some domestic duty having detained Bertha at home. When he returned it was plainly to be seen something unusual had occurred, for his fine

face bore evident traces of vexation. As he entered, Bertha, throwing open the door of the little sitting-room, placed before him a tumbler of rich milk and some delicious cake of her own making, which he had praised the day previous. But Melville merely touched his lips to the pure beverage, then throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed:

"Bertha, who do you think are at the hotel? I was never more surprised than when I recognized their livery."

"Friends of yours, George?" asked Bertha, a bright blush suffusing her cheeks.

"Yes, my sister and her husband. Never was any thing so unlucky—I am sorry they are here—very, very!" and Melville jumped up and paced the room as if some great misfortune had happened.

"Sorry your sister is here! you cannot mean so?" said Bertha.

"Yes I do mean so—I am very sorry," answered Melville. "It is strange they should have chosen this route!" he added, half aside.

Bertha looked almost as much perplexed as her lover—for why he should regret a meeting, which in her own case would have been the cause of so much happiness, she could not divine.

Melville sat down again.

"Well, they have seen me, Bertha, and of course know *why* I am here—and Ellen insists upon seeing you too."

"Dear George," exclaimed Bertha, "I shall be most happy to become acquainted with your sister," and the bloom on her cheek deepened, and her little heart fluttered at the thought of meeting *his* relatives.

"But why did you not bring them here without any ceremony?"

Melville glanced around the simply furnished little parlor, and thought of the rich carpets—the luxurious couches, and splendid adornments of his sister's elegant mansion, and his lip curled somewhat contemptuously as he replied:—

"For the reason that I had rather they would see you at the hotel. The fact is, Bertha, you—you are so different from—those around you, that I—I should not like—I mean I had rather they would meet only *you*."

"I understand you," answered Bertha, and it seemed as if she was suddenly transformed from the blushing, timid girl, to the lofty, dignified woman—even the *man of the world* quailed as he met the look of scorn bent upon him. "I understand you perfectly. You will excuse me, therefore, from calling upon your friends."

"Not call upon them, Bertha, dearest," stammered Melville; "why, my dear one, they are dying to see you!"

"No, Mr. Melville," continued Bertha, "*I am too proud of my friends to subject either them or myself to further insult*. My affections are indissolubly linked with the beloved ones around me, and no station, however lofty in *your* estimation, to which you might raise me, would ever be so proud a one to me, as the *humble cot of my fathers*!"

Saying this she turned, and with the step and bearing of a princess, left the apartment.

Upon the afternoon of the same day the Honorable George Augustus Melville was seen to drive rapidly from the village!

SONG.

DO YOU REMEMBER, DEAREST.

BY F. COSBY, JR.

Do you remember, dearest,
That arbor overgrown
With woodbine and with roses.
Where oft we met alone?
How wooingly the moonlight
And perfume-laden air,
And night's unnumbered voices.
Were wont to greet you there?
Do you remember this?

Do you remember, dearest,
How dream-like seemed to float
Above the sleeping river
The mocking-bird's high note?
Like some enamored spirit,
He carol'd through the night,
And still his brimming bosom
Well'd ever new delight!
Do you remember this?

Do you remember, dearest,
The song I loved to hear?
The echoes of its numbers
Still murmur in my ear:
And when my heart is saddest,
That sweet and soothing strain,
It comes in April gladness,
Like sunshine after rain!
Do you remember this?

Do you remember, dearest,
How timidly you heard
The passionate revealing
Of each unbidden word?
I felt your hand's warm pressure,
And on your burning cheek
I read the thrilling answer
Your lips refused to speak!
Oh! you remember this!

A TALE OF MANHATTAN.

BY JOHN H. MANCUR.

NORTHWARD of New York city stands Murray Hill, now cut in twain by a rail-road. At an early period of our colonial history it was known and described in deeds and muniments as Ankle Hill—whence the designation we know not—but would fain believe that it was once the abode of a pretty maiden—"the cynosure of neighboring eyes"—whose early steps were seen each morn hastily brushing off the dew, as she descended to the meadow springs. But to these fancies we must bid adieu, to describe the realities of a long passed but interesting era.

'T was of a summer's afternoon, toward the close of the seventeenth century, that a pedestrian was seen to pause on the brow of the hill, and gaze intently on the broken, uneven ground which stretches to the shore of the East River. The traveler was on the youthful side of thirty; tall and athletic, and with strongly marked features. The face was flushed—the eye ever and anon shot forth angry glances, as though confronting a foe embodied by the excited imagination. In contrast to this mental disorder was the glossy newness of the apparel, and the elaborate care with which he had arrayed himself. He looked, indeed, the very picture of a baffled bridegroom, whose bride has been snatched away from before the altar.

In the lower ground, a narrow creek wound sinuously from the bay, through the salt-meadow to the base of a broad table-rock, whereon stood a low but substantial edifice. An old man, seated on the porch, was watching the movements of several maidens amusing themselves with a swing suspended from the trees. But the pedestrian from afar looked in vain for the form which had oft gladdened his eyes.

"'T is true, then," he at length muttered, "she plays me false—they are both false—false as the fiends—but he—he escapes me not."

The speaker, Stephen Westervelt, was a reputable trader of New York, owner of several ketches, and a sloop of considerable burthen, which made profitable vogages to the West Indies. He was a happy man till he had the misfortune of beholding Irene Beauharnois. She was an orphan, whose parents, escaping from religious persecution in Europe, died on their passage across the Atlantic. The young Irene was adopted by a family of Dutch descent, whose farm, or bowery, encircled the bay below Ankle Hill. She was now seventeen, and although she had been domiciled with the worthy Dutch folks seven or more years, yet was she but partially naturalized. The dark eye, and glossy hair of the same hue, were in striking contrast

with the florid complexion of the planter's grandchildren, and her habits and temper were as widely dissimilar. Through the fondness of her protector she grew a wayward though not intractable girl, whilst her sweet temper and amiability preserved her from the ill will or reproach of her playmates.

Stephen was an assiduous though not a favored suitor. But he had the field to himself, and he probably relied much on his presumed personal and social advantages. However, his own thoughtlessness was the cause of introducing a rival. At that period, the diversity of religious belief was a leading element of political strife. France, at the expense of much bloodshed, endeavored to force unity in matters of faith, whilst the Stuarts in England were trying, on more stubborn materials, the same course. In America the fear of popery excited as lively a horror as dread of an inroad from hostile Indians, and the proximity of the French in Canada, with their highly disciplined troops and legion of proselitizing Jesuits, gave sanction to the general alarm.

Stephen was a zealous, even bigoted, Presbyterian, and, being fond of argument, found an opponent in Henry Vandyke, a young man of good family and connections, who had been educated in Europe. The latter, an Episcopalian, was tolerant, and disposed to lean—as his adversary declared—to the deep-dyed errors of Popery; but Henry, in truth, was more disposed to lean to the side of charity, and eschew violence and bigotry, whether in his own or other sects.

In an unlucky hour, during one of their rambles, whilst keenly debating on his favorite dogma, the feet of Stephen Westervelt unconsciously strayed to the bowery at Ankle Hill. Henry Vandyke and Irene, for the first time, beheld each other. From that moment, although he knew it not, the fate of Westervelt was sealed. Love knows no friendship, and reason and argue as he might, Henry could not efface from his heart the picture of Irene. Unexpectedness, we opine, is not seldom an element in the origin of the tender passion; it was with surprise, as well as admiration, that young Vandyke beheld in the secluded bowery a maiden whose air and language appeared so much superior to her station. The heart of Irene may have been struck by the same chord, for otherwise the relative advantages of the rivals were very nicely balanced. Their personal qualities, though dissimilar, were equally matched. Westervelt was tall, robust and of manly aspect—the frame of Vandyke was more delicate, but his features were spiritual and amiable. Westervelt was rich, self-

confident, well-spoken, and eager in his suit, and, though destitute of polish, felt himself at ease in the presence of his mistress. Vandyke was modest, diffident, and though travel and society had lent an impress of refinement which the other lacked, yet he was shy and rather awkward. Stephen was the man to win a heart at the dance or the revel, but Henry was dangerous in a *tête à tête* or lonely walk.

For a season, Westervelt remained in ignorance of the peril which menaced his happiness; but tidings came sooner or later, that Vandyke was a visitor at the bowery—not, it was believed, an unfavored one. Some half-mile northward of the bay where Irene dwelt, a rocky promontory, wood-crowned, springs abruptly from the stream. Near the summit, mid embowering shade, arose a well-appointed house, with appropriate offices, as though by magic. It was erected by the father of young Vandyke, a gentleman who, for some cause not accurately known, had taken a strong disgust to Europe, and resided in his transatlantic home without resorting to the busy occupations which usually employed the time of the planters and traders of the colony. It needed not the acute suggestions of jealousy to convince Stephen that his quondam friend had instigated the father in choice of a locality so near Irene's abode. To recover his mistress, or wreak vengeance on his rival, was his firm resolve. If Irene did not fear her disappointed suitor, she was at least very averse to encounter his importunities. As soon as he was perceived approaching the bowery—even perhaps at the distance of a mile or more—she stole quietly away, nor was she seen again until the unwelcome visitor had departed. These manœuvres forced Stephen to unfold his mind to the old planter, who promised to use all his influence with his adopted daughter in favor of the elder suitor, who, he deemed, possessed the fairest claim. An afternoon was fixed on for Stephen to exert his eloquence on the heart of the straying maiden; meanwhile the planter was to attempt awakening her to a sense of the merits of her discarded swain, and moreover to exact her presence when he came to the appointed meeting. How far the old man was successful the progress of our story will show, but—as we have already described—spite of these friendly offices, the heart of Stephen misgave him when he beheld assembled all the family save the one he came to seek.

After the first brief paroxysm of excitement, he became partially reassured—the old man was sitting very composedly, as though every thing progressed well—possibly Irene staid within doors to receive him. Stephen descended hastily to put an end to suspense. He was received by the planter with a smile, which infused new hope. Many questions had the young man to answer to the solitary out-dweller—what ships had arrived or sailed, the latest news from Albany and remoter outposts, the price of skins and furs, and whether the audacious French priest, who had been making a tour of espionage through the colony, was yet caught—ere was broached the subject nearest his heart.

And where was Irene? demanded Westervelt,

unable longer to endure the vexatious questioning. Stephen was assured—though he detected a latent doubt in the old man's reply—that there was yet happiness in store—at any rate, Irene was at home—in the house—and able and willing to answer for herself.

Till now bold and urgent, yet, the crisis of his fate arrived, he entered with trepidation. But he returned with a countenance in which was depicted anger and dismay. Irene he had sought, but could not find, and he fiercely demanded whether the planter were in league with the maiden to ridicule and deceive him. The old man, with unfeigned surprise, declared solemnly that Irene had promised to receive Stephen Westervelt, and weigh well the proposals he should make. The young folk were appealed to, but they knew nothing further than that she declined joining in their amusements in the orchard, and expressed an intention of remaining within doors. Whither then had she fled?

Landward, the house faced the orchard and the more distant hill. Convenience and thrift, in preference to ornament and health, seem to have been the aim of the early settlers in the selection of a building site. The shore was low and swampy, and the taste of the present era would naturally point to the more elevated grounds, but the Dutchman's progenitor feared neither marsh nor fen, but fixed his house as near as he dare venture to the waters. The pile was composed of bricks imported from Holland, and stone hewn from a neighboring quarry, and promised well to endure the wear and tear of centuries, and at this day—though shamefully neglected, and suffered to fall into dilapidation—still holds out bravely, though in general aspect wretchedly forlorn, and nearly despoiled of orchard and garden. The foundation, as we have described, rested on a broad, flat rock. The front of the edifice faced the creek, on the brink of which stood an out-building, where were lodged several generations of slaves—the wealth, strength and substance of the proprietor, alike serviceable on the farm and in the management of his fishing-craft. To this spot came the old man, followed by the impetuous Westervelt, to make inquiry concerning Irene. A portion of the mystery was solved. She was seen to step into a boat—a small one reserved for the use of the family—and paddle into the bay. An old negro, just returned from fishing, further reported that he had seen the *fraudline* Irene rounding the northern promontory. No fear for her safety was entertained by the little community, as all the females of the planter's family were accustomed to go out, without the aid of the rougher sex, in fair weather—and her departing alone was quite in keeping with Irene's wayward habits. But the course taken lay direct for Vandyke's new abode, and the thought, as it flashed across the mind of Westervelt, made him wild. He rejected the old man's overture to await her return over a flask of choice spirits—a recent importation—and started hurriedly along the shore in pursuit.

Many elements conduced to prevent the assimilation of Irene, in character and habits, to the family into which she was adopted. Like her companions,

her education was necessarily much neglected—a perambulating schoolmaster inflicted semi-weekly lessons on the young folk, with far more advantage to himself than to his pupils. But Irene could read and speak the language of her native country, France. A few French books, the main portion of her inheritance, offered their attractive store of romance and instruction. To other eyes they were a sealed treasure. This circumstance lent the orphan a moral superiority over her playmates, which was increased by the belief that she was descended from a noble family. The books in question were adorned with armorial bearings—the emblazonry she could not interpret, but it was a mark of distinction, or rank, which she knew pertained to her family—and feelings of pride were silently nourished, ill calculated for future happiness. The cherished notion of superiority having no counterpoise, or support, from the training of education, led to an isolation of habits and love of solitude, which tended to render her unfit for the duties of a thrifty housewife. But then—as good or ill fortune would have it!—came Henry Vandyke to encourage the growth of her proud thoughts, and lend to her vague hopes a deliberate aim. The course of their passion till lately had run smooth. Proximity of habitations encouraged daily interviews, nay, seldom did the day pass without their meeting more than once. But within the last few days Henry had failed to keep his appointments, and the excuses made for the delinquency were far from satisfactory. On two occasions came a summons from his father, the messenger stating that Mr. Henry had left home with intent—as he said—to visit his neighbors at the bowery.

He was practicing deceit both on his parent and on Irene! was the reflection of the latter. And with what aim? Whither did he go? Vexed and angry, Irene would fain have quarreled with her lover when they did meet—but his mode of apology was so frank, winning and amiable, that although the mystery of an ardent lover so oft disappointing his mistress was not removed, yet she could not doubt his faith and sincerity. But, unhappily, at this time came a new rumor to disturb her serenity.

The promontory on which Mr. Vandyke's house was situate, formed one side of a small secluded bay, whose rocky shores were hemmed in with a close and entangled thicket. From the surface of the placid water the scene was one of romantic beauty. Scarcely capacious enough to hold half-a-dozen fishing craft—no point of landing save on the north by scrambling over bare rocks, or southward by wading through oozy slime, on every side progress to the interior forbidden by an almost impenetrable under-wood—solitude reigned supreme. Yet in this wood, near the shore, lights were seen at night by mariners bound to Newhaven, and other ports on the Sound. At the bowery the rumor found favor with the negroes that pirates landed on the rocks, in the night, to bury their ill-gotten treasures; but the planter was inclined to believe that a party of traveling Indians were now, or had lately, encamped in the wood, with intent to cross over to Long Island, as soon as

they had constructed or repaired their birchen canoes. Irene connected the rumor with the mystery of Vandyke's behavior. A strange, but strong, fancy seized her that the fickle Henry had fallen in love with a dark-eyed Indian maid, who intercepted his visits to the bowery. When she next saw him, she took occasion to remark that the woods held a treasure which perhaps justified his neglect. At the words he changed color, and looked displeased, but quickly recovering his good temper, observed that she brooded over trifles till they grew, in her imagination, into serious difficulties—but that for the future she should have no cause for displeasure. Peace was restored between the lovers, and it was agreed they should meet on the morrow at noon, in order to concert measures to baffle Stephen Westervelt, who was coming in the afternoon, and who had by some unlucky mischance gained over to his irksome suit her kind protector.

Noon came, but no Henry Vandyke! One—two—hours dragged along their slow length, and he appeared not. Irene was vexed and disturbed. How should she treat Stephen? She had promised the old man to consider carefully the proposals of the New York trader, and weigh the matter well in her heart ere she rejected him. But she needed the counsel and encouragement of the favored lover ere she could summon courage to listen to the addresses of one whose suit, however powerfully supported, she intended to dismiss. But the strange behavior of Henry Vandyke caused an agitation of spirits which rendered her totally unfit to meet Stephen. Perhaps there might cross her mind a suspicion whether she were justified in treating so contemptuously the pretensions of Westervelt, for sake of one whose conduct savored of unworthiness. But the idea of doubting Henry Vandyke's faith was too painful to be endured quietly. If there were Indians encamped in the wood some traces of their fishing tackle or craft would necessarily be observable in the bay, or on the rocks—the children would be at play, or in the canoes—and she might venture near enough to the shore without danger—though, in fact, there was no cause for alarm, as the various tribes within the colony observed the strictest rules of amity with the white population. It was a bold manœuvre, but she had no confidant of either sex to aid in detecting her lover's presumed faithlessness, and the change which his countenance underwent when she alluded to the wood, convinced her that the mystery was connected with that locality. To retreat from the parlor, unmoor the boat, and glide down the creek into the open waters, was the work of but a few minutes. The current was against her, but she had oft made the experiment with her sisters, (a reciprocal appellation between Irene and the planter's grandchildren,) and excitement lent strength to overcome it. Keeping close to shore, on the shoal, she avoided the impetuous current of the main channel. Soon hove in sight the green island, lying low in the lap of the waters, now known as Blackwell's. Avoiding various rocks whose crests rise above the surface, to warn mariners of the continuous under-reef, she came

abreast of the little bay—and looking up on the right, saw obscurely, through the foliage, the roof of her lover's house. A sigh stole from the heart. She was now suffering her first trial in the severe ordeal of life.

As the boat, yielding to a few strokes of the paddle, turned its prow to the bay, she cast a hurried glance over the broad waters. The green slopes and quiet meadows of Long Island slept in the afternoon's sun—the bright waves sparkled beneath its beams—but soon she glided into shade, startling the water-fowl poised on the scattered stones, or wheeling slowly o'er the lucid surface of the inlet.

There were no traces of an encampment—no vestiges of a tribe on the narrow belt of sand. Wherever Indians have lodged near the shore, the ground is strewn with oyster and clam-shells broken into minute fragments. Seawant—the Indian money, which, in the epoch of our heroine, was the medium of domestic circulation among the white and colored races—is formed from the interior of the shell; the edge and rough superficies being chipped off. A hole is driven through the centre—the shells are strung, numbered and laid by for use.

Irene inferred, very sagaciously, that no tribe had encamped in or near the wood, or the bay would have been—as was invariably the case—forced to yield its nutritious and useful spoil. But though this inference removed the sharp sting of jealousy which had prompted her adventure, it gave rise to another fancy, that Henry had become leagued with pirates who made the secluded bay their rendezvous.

It happened, whilst she was debating whether she should linger awhile, to wear out the patience of Westervelt, or return home and brave the importunities, perhaps reproaches, of the disconsolate swain, that she espied a book lying on the surface of a massive rock. Was it Henry's? But how was the spot approached? From the bay, the water at high tide was not deep enough to lift a boat over the mass of weeds and entangled aquatic plants which grew at its base, and at the ebb the mud and slime were equally formidable. Nearer observation disclosed that the rock stood opposite the mouth of a little brook, which, creeping as it might through the wilderness, threw its tiny tribute into the bay, so that the huge mass was nearly insulated.

But possession of the book was ardently coveted by Irene. She would have wherewith to tantalize her lover—perhaps it might prove a key to unlock the secret which he so cruelly withheld. On the south, the brook found an outlet, but it was too shallow for the passage of the boat, and too muddy for the foot, but northward, between the rock and the hill, by impelling her light craft amid the weeds, she was enabled to spring on shore. On this side thick underwood, interspersed with a few locusts, which found root in the crevices and ledges, hid the rock from view. But Irene, accustomed to clambering and exploring—for New York, or Manhattan Isle, save where man had cleared a path, was then a wilderness—made light of the difficulty. By catching at the branches of the locust trees, she drew herself

through the tangled briars and brushwood, and stood on the rock. A natural trench, or chasm, was hollowed in the surface, deep enough to allow a man to lie or sit, hidden from below by the rocky wall on three sides, and on the fourth by the luxuriant foliage through which our adventurous maiden crept. The hand of man had been at work—a few boards formed a roof at the far end—but ere Irene had leisure to make other observations, a figure suddenly started up before her from the trench. She shrieked loudly and fainted.

When she recovered consciousness she was sitting on the rock, supported by a man past the middle age, appareled in a suit of black, torn and threadbare. But, spite of his ragged garments and impoverished appearance, the benignity of his demeanor and the gentleness of his voice reassured her.

Where was Henry Vandyke? she eagerly demanded.

"And who am I," asked the stranger, in a foreign accent, "that I should know the man of whom you speak?"

"But you do know Mr. Vandyke," retorted Irene, whose self-possession each moment grew stronger, "and I think," added she, with a slight hesitation, "that I could guess it is you who have often detained him when he should have been elsewhere—I mean at home."

"At whose home?" asked the stranger.

She blushed, but did not reply.

"Are you not," she asked, as the suspicion momentarily flashed across her mind, "the French priest for whom the governor has offered a reward?"

The man replied that he should wonder at her hardihood in asking such a question, if he had not greater wonder in admiring the courage which prompted such an adventure as she had undertaken. "Have you no fear," he continued, "to linger with a stranger such as I—in such a spot as this?"

She turned her head in the direction of Vandyke's abode, as though she would intimate that she did not feel herself so remote from protection as he judged.

"I have been very miserable to-day," she remarked, after a pause, "and I am now happy—so happy that it keeps fear away—but I must go home—the shadows are growing long."

"What if I were the French priest who has been hunted through the colony," asked the solitary, looking steadily at Irene, "the reward offered for his apprehension is large—would it tempt you?"

"No," uttered Irene quickly. "I am your countrywoman, though I am a Protestant, which you are not. But you are as safe with me as with Henry Vandyke—but I cannot tarry longer."

"The blood-seeking Papist is safe no longer!" exclaimed a rough voice, which caused them both to start. At the instant, there appeared from the land-side, the head of Stephen Westervelt, who, covered with mud, scrambled up hastily, and seized the priest.

"You go with me to the fort," cried Stephen, "and, if the law will bear it out, Henry Vandyke, who has harbored you, shall share your prison."

"You have no proof," uttered the priest calmly,

"of any one harboring me—I am here alone—this maiden, like myself, by the rarest accident—"

"Well, the governor and council will decide who has connived at your hiding."

"Release him, Stephen, release him," cried the maiden, kneeling to Westervelt and seizing his arm; "what ill has the poor man done you—look at his gray hairs, and have pity."

"Give up Henry Vandyke," said Stephen, in low but earnest tones—in his emotion grasping her arm so tightly that she shrieked with pain—"give him up and I will!"

But the shriek was borne to other ears. Henry, followed by several sailors, sprung on the rock. Darting a reproving glance at Irene, he exclaimed—"To what peril does your folly expose you!"

Then addressing the priest, he told him that all was prepared—there was no time to lose. The priest pointed to Westervelt, who stood confounded at the sudden appearance of rescue.

"I have heard part—and can guess the rest," observed Henry, addressing the fugitive, "his blow is aimed at you, but its malice is dealt at me."

Bidding his followers seize Westervelt, he conversed a few moments with the ecclesiastic. Stephen was informed that as he threatened the liberty of the poor wanderer, it was essential to the safety of the latter, that Stephen should be conveyed where it would prove beyond his power to do harm. A craft was in waiting to bear the priest to the French province of Acadia, on board of which Mr. Westervelt would also be carried. He should be treated well, and landed at some point whence he might return home, to raise, if he pleased, a bootless alarm. To resist was in vain—the priest's safety required that the informer should embark with his intended victim.

"Your name, fair maiden?" said the ecclesiastic, taking Irene's hand and gallantly pressing it to his lips, "Mr. Henry has ere now sung your praises."

"Irene Beauharnois," was the reply.

The old man appeared struck. He inquired from what province came her family. When she had informed him, he remarked that he would never forget how nobly she had declared in favor of a wandering fugitive, spite of the deep prejudices which her religion taught her to entertain against him. With Henry his leave-taking was brief but affecting—tears were shed by both, which dimmed the eyes of the fair sympathizing listener. Stephen, uttering menaces against Vandyke and all who abetted him, was borne off, whilst Irene was escorted homeward by her lover, after seeing his friend on board the outlying craft.

It needed not now the confession of Henry, to explain the cause of his repeated absence at the hours he had appointed to meet his mistress. Father Beaumont, endued with the zeal which animated so many of his brethren, left his native country for Canada, to assist in converting the Indian tribes in amity with his countrymen. His ardor led him to penetrate to more distant nations, hostile to French interests, and in league with the English colonists. But the holiness of his cause did not prevent them from seizing him, with intent to exercise on their prisoner the

customary cruelties. By rare chance he escaped from these savages, and sought shelter within the confines of the New York territory; but here it was his fate to be accounted a French spy, and—such was the irritation of religious and political feeling—that if he had not fled to the woods he would have been treated with summary punishment. In traveling toward the sea-coast, hunger forced him to reveal himself, and invoke the pity of the inhabitants. Fortunately in his selection of those to whom he made application, he was not betrayed, and contrived, in a state of exhaustion, to reach the vicinity of New York port, where he fell in with Henry Vandyke, who listened to his history, and promised to aid in his escape from the shore, spite of the thunders of the governor's proclamation. But such was the horror entertained of a Papist, especially when associated with the character of a spy, that Henry dare not confide the secret of the priest's retreat either to his father or Irene. In answer to his inquiry, the latter confessed the motive which induced her to visit the bay, and the circumstance of the book—so unwisely exposed by Father Beaumont—which might have led to his detection by more unfriendly intruders than the maiden. Soon as they arrived at the bowery they were at no loss to understand the cause which led to the unexpected appearance of Westervelt, who had tracked the boat from the heights; but, at Henry's suggestion, it was agreed between the maiden and himself that his fate should not be disclosed, lest it might prejudice the priest's safety. As evening wore on, and Stephen did not return, the planter was led to infer that he had gone home in ill-humor, and Irene, in consequence, did not escape a severe chiding.

A night's reflection served to convince Henry that his share in the deportation of Stephen might be attended, when the latter returned, with unpleasant consequences. He was afraid to confide the matter to his father—so culpable appeared his conduct to Westervelt when coolly re-considered. Other friends, whom he might consult, he had none. To run away from the colony whilst Irene remained was not to be thought of—he had, beside, too much contempt for his adversary to commit such an act—the only feasible course which suggested was to present himself to Westervelt, avow his affection for Irene, and her reciprocation, and offer the usual atonement—a hostile meeting.

In three days Mr. Westervelt came back to New York, furious with passion, and replied to Mr. Vandyke's polite offer of settling their differences, by handing him over to the governor, on a charge of public treason as well as private assault and battery. Spite of the money and influence of the elder Vandyke, his son was condemned to pay a heavy fine and suffer a year's imprisonment, and in the event of the fine not being paid, the imprisonment was to be extended to three years. The old gentleman loved his money, and he was besides hurt that his son had withheld his confidence, so he swore that the young scapegrace should abide the longer term so far as he was concerned. Irene was distressed beyond mea-

sure, whilst Stephen consoled himself for the loss of his mistress by a triumph over his rival.

Before one year of the imprisonment expired, Irene received a letter from France, from Father Beaumont, who had gone thither to recruit his shattered health. The property of her family, he said, had been confiscated with that of other Huguenots, but by his intercession, in the proper quarter, he was enabled to rescue a portion, the proceeds of which he now remitted—exactng in return for his services, that both she and his brave friend, Henry Vandyke, would con-

tinue to prefer the dictates of humanity and benevolence to the cruel prejudices of religious sectarianism.

Henry's fine was now promptly paid, and the elder Vandyke was not sorry to behold his son once more at home, nor did he object to a daughter-in-law in Irene, more especially when graced with a considerable dowry. Stephen lost favor with the old planter by the virulence with which he pursued his rival, even to imprisonment, and the old man, in consequence, gave a cordial assent to the union of Irene and her lover.

THE KING'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
Too long thy soul is sleeping;
And thou may'st from this minute's joy
Wake to eternal weeping.
Oh think this world is not for thee:
Though hard its links to sever;
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,
Break, or thou'rt lost forever."

Young Edward the Sixth, of England, had just returned from one of those pleasure excursions over his realm with which his guardian—the crafty Duke of Northumberland—sought to confirm his health and divert his attention from cares of state.

Though he had been in possession of the royal apartments at the tower only a single night, the rugged old fortress had in that brief time resumed all the brilliancy and bustle which usually marked the presence of royalty in that age. Musicians, jugglers and all that variety of character calculated to amuse a youthful monarch, whose taste even for pleasure required all these stimulants of excitement, gathered around the fortress, the moment Edward's approach to the city was announced; while those statesmen and nobles whose ambitious hopes hung on the Lord Protector, assembled to meet the Duke of Northumberland, who took up his abode with the king.

The day after King Edward's arrival at his warlike palace, opened with one of those balmy autumnal mornings, which bring with them a sense of luxuriant repose unknown to any portion of the year, save the time of leaf-fall. A soft haze floated in the atmosphere, and weaving itself with the sunshine, fell in a veil of golden mist over the massive old fortress, softly touching its rude angles with a cheerful glow, and imparting a richer tinge to the ripe grass and foliage that ornamented the grounds encompassed by those rugged walls.

Early as it was, the little enclosure, which lay directly beneath the royal apartments, was brilliant with richly dressed people, broken into groups and seeking any chance amusement that presented itself. Some were diverting themselves in a graceful cloister that arched one of the walks in trolling nine-pins; others, still more youthful, were filling the air with laughter over their games of battledoor, while those

of more thoughtful mood sat upon the heavy stone benches conversing together, or walked apart, musing over ambitious thoughts, some anxious for the appearance of Northumberland, who was busy with his council, but the greater number casting eager looks toward an arched door, through which the popular and youthful monarch of England was every instant expected to pass into the garden for his morning recreation.

The garden was neither very large in extent nor so luxuriant in foliage as the pleasure grounds of our age, but there were a few autumn flowers, rich in tint and at that time exceedingly rare, while rose-bushes in abundance were still heavy with foliage ripened to a brown and crimson tinge more subdued, but almost as brilliant as the blossoms they had borne in the summer-time. This richness of foliage, with glimpses of cloth of gold, silks of crimson and azure glancing among it, filled the little space with colors more gorgeous than flowers could have given it, while shuttlecocks, with jeweled crowns and tufted with snow-white feathers, were sent darting through the air like birds on the wing, and merry voices from the nine-pin cloister gave a cheerful and joyous aspect to the scene, well befitting the court of a monarch under guardianship and but just arrived at the first bright years of youth.

All at once there was a hush in the garden—the uplifted battledoors sunk with the hands that grasped them, and the shuttlecocks fell quivering to the crisp sward—a half checked roll of the ball, a sudden crash among the ivory nine-pins in the cloister, and all was still there, while a group of ladies who had been trying their skill at the exciting game came through the gilded pillars, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, eager to learn what had occasioned the sudden silence. They were greeted with but one word, "the king! the king!" repeated everywhere, almost in whispers, but with a tone of affectionate gladness that bespoke the respect and tender regard with which the boy-king was held by his court.

Edward paused a moment in the shaded arch, with a smile on his lip and the flush of eager feelings mantling on his smooth cheek, and when he stepped

forth into the broad sunshine, the smile that had but just parted his red mouth flashed brilliantly over his whole face, lighting up cheek, lip, eyes and brow, in a glow of beautiful joy. Edward had been absent several weeks, and it was the greeting of truthful and loving welcome which caused his blood to thrill and his heart to beat, as he once more presented himself before his courtiers. He was surrounded by the family of his guardian, and leaning fondly on the arm of Northumberland's youngest son, the Lord Guilford Dudley.

No contrast could have been more striking than that of these two young men, or rather, noble boys. Both were singularly beautiful but totally unlike in the character of their beauty. Lord Dudley, with his sparkling blue eyes, broad forehead, and auburn hair, was the very perfection of healthy, joyous youth. His brilliant complexion, with cheeks that dimpled with every smile, joined to an air peculiarly free and graceful, gave him at first sight the advantage over his royal companion. Though taller than Dudley, Edward's superior height was owing to the unnatural growth which usually accompanies hereditary consumption, while the insidious approach of that fatal disease gave him a languid and gentle air, which, but for the high and poetical cast of his features, might have been deemed too effeminate. But no person who looked twice on those deep violet eyes, half veiled by their thick and inky lashes, which imparted to features every way remarkable for their pure and classical symmetry a thoughtful shade, which sometimes deepened into tender sadness, could for a moment have given preference to the more joyous and superb beauty of Lord Guilford. There was something ideal in Edward's presence that awoke the heart to a sort of regretful admiration.

But now, as the young men issued from the Tower, both animated and flushed with the expectation of meeting old friends and congenial pleasures again, the contrast in their appearance was not so great. If the color on Edward's cheek was too brilliant for perfect health, the warm blush that swept over it gave the appearance of youth's richest bloom, and when his entire soul broke forth in a smile, even Guilford's face was not more eloquent of joy.

"See, my lord, how many bright eyes are turning hitherward their beautiful welcome," whispered young Dudley. "Every rose-bush seems to have concealed a fair face. Ah, it is a pleasant thing to be monarch of so many hearts."

A sigh struggled to Edward's lip and he muttered something beneath his breath, while he lifted the plumed cap gracefully from his brow in acknowledgement of the murmur which followed his appearance.

As they passed down the straight walk a man of middle age, with the collars and jeweled insignia of many a noble order glittering on his bosom, left a bench on which he had been sitting, and came eagerly forward. The smile, that had almost faded from Edward's lip, glowed out again, and with the warm impulse of youth, he quickened his pace and leaving the group of young nobles that were in his train, advanced to meet his visitor.

"Our good uncle his Grace of Suffolk!" he exclaimed with unusual animation. "My lord, it is kind thus to be first among those who greet our return to the metropolis!" and Edward held forth his hand, which the new Duke of Suffolk kissed on bended knee.

"My liege, I had ill requited the late grace conferred on me by your highness, had I delayed a moment in paying homage at your feet. Nothing but an intimation sent by the Lord Protector that your highness wished to travel with but few followers, kept me from seeking your presence long before this."

"Ah, your grace should thank my good father for his forethought and care of your riding apparel," exclaimed Lord Guilford, laughing; "fore George, those of us who did follow his highness found but rough journeying among the towns of York and the hills of Derbyshire."

Suffolk smiled, and the king, instead of checking this gay forwardness in his favorite and old play-fellow, passed his arm familiarly through that of the young man, and turned gently to the duke again.

"Come you to London accompanied by my lady, her Grace of Suffolk?" he said with down-cast eyes and some embarrassment of manner, which a question so simple did not seem to warrant.

"My lady and our daughter, your grace's fellow student, came up with me to London, and are both waiting to express the thanks which female eloquence may render better than my awkward speech."

"The Lady Jane, said you the Lady Jane Grey was in London, my Lord?" exclaimed young Dudley, while the warm blood flashed over his face; and so eager was he that though the arm resting on his began to tremble, and the young monarch leaned more and more heavily upon him, he was quite unconscious of it all.

"Ah my good lord, when may I be permitted to wait upon her grace?"

The king drew his arm hastily from Lord Guilford's; his brow contracted slightly, and there was a scarcely perceptible curve of the lip, which met the duke's eye just as he was about to answer the forward young lord; he was an old courtier, and this emotion, though a slower man might not have perceived it, modified his answer.

"Her Grace and the Lady Jane are waiting an audience here," he said, bowing to Edward, "and until his majesty shall have granted them that they may not receive other guests."

Dudley bit his lip and doffing his cap, bowed till its plumes touched the earth, and moved down a walk which intercepted that where the king was standing, and which led by an arbor where a latticed arch, gorgeously colored and gilt, shone through a rose-thicket that overrun it with verdure—the king gazed after him a moment and then turned with a cordial smile to the Duke of Suffolk.

"Mind not his froward humor, my good lord and cousin; deeming his father and our guardian more powerful even than a boy king, who loves him perchance too well, he may well forget that respectful prudence that our father might command, but which in

good sooth we sometimes are fain to overlook. We are young for state ceremony or state cares yet, but old enough to say how it joys us to greet the husband of our fair kinswoman. Have you seen his Grace of Northumberland, my lord?"

"Not yet. We are bounden to the Lord Protector for the intercession which moved your highness to exalt the husband of your kinswoman to the dukedom of Suffolk, but our first thanks are due here where our best love has ever been."

As Suffolk spoke he bent before the king and would have knelt, but before his knee touched the earth Edward prevented the act of grateful homage.

"My lord—nay your grace, rise, I beseech you—there may come a time when Edward shall kneel to Suffolk, for a richer and dearer boon than the proudest dukedom in all England."

Edward's voice trembled and his cheek grew pallid as he spoke; some deep feeling seemed struggling for utterance in his young bosom—Suffolk looked at him with unaffected surprise.

"I do not understand your highness!" he said with some hesitation; "but Suffolk must be rich indeed, if aught in his possession can give pleasure to King Edward."

Edward hesitated; the cheek before pale grew crimson beneath the duke's earnest gaze.

"We will talk of this hereafter," he said, after a moment of painful confusion—"meantime take up your abode in the Tower, with her grace and—the Lady Jane. We will speak to the Lord Protector that apartments be prepared near those allotted to our person. Our guardian," he added, with a faint smile, "loves not to see Edward's kin too near the throne, but you and your fair duchess are in favor with him now. It was but yesterday, as we entered London, he spoke of hasting your journey up to town by a special messenger. He might chide me with boyish gossip if you are kept longer from his presence."

With one of those sad and sweet smiles which gave a heavenly brightness to his face, Edward extended his hand for Suffolk to kiss once more, and passed down the garden walk thoughtfully and somewhat in advance of the group of young nobles that had attended him into the open air. Instead of joining some of the high born beauties grouped about, who cast many a smiling glance on his face as he moved through them, he waved his hand in token that no one should follow, and withdrawing to the arbor behind which Dudley had disappeared, sat down and was soon lost in a reverie that seemed to wrap every faculty of his mind.

There must have been pleasant hues and flashes in the dream of fancy that occupied the royal boy, for his deep violet eyes, though fixed upon the turf, glowed beneath their heavy fringes, and occasionally a smile trembled over his mouth. Then again his cheek would flush and a look of anxiety swept over that smooth forehead, and once or twice murmurs dropped from his lips during that sweet but troubled reverie.

"A throne! oh if I could give her a seat in Paradise, that would more beseeem her rare beauty—the heavenly

truth of her character. To-morrow, and my fate will be decided. To-morrow!—They tell me kings never sue in vain. Alas! if she wed not Edward Tudor for himself alone—out upon the base thought—a thousand kingdoms could not win a smile from those pure lips if the heart prompted it not! Have I not watched the pure unfolding of every new impulse as it found life in her bosom? Were we not children together, brother and sister, till this quick kindling of the blood, this heart thrill even as a remembrance of her image passed through my bosom, taught me how tame a feeling is fraternal love compared to this beautiful delirium which will not let me rest."

As these thoughts passed rather through the brain than from the lips of the musing youth, a light footstep approached the arbor, and as the occupant lifted his eyes they fell on the figure of a maiden who, without observing him, entered the bower and looked around with sparkling eyes, as if welcoming back some sweetly remembered scene.

The king held his breath, for the quick beating of his heart deprived him of all strength; the maiden sighed, as if to throw off memories that crowded on her mind with a rush too delicious for quiet joy, and sitting down near the entrance, folded her hands and fell into an attitude of thoughtful repose, from which a sculptor might have caught immortality. There was a noble and yet delicate beauty in the bend of that snow-white neck—in the sweet lips just curving to a smile, and the pure, white forehead, upon which the light came broadly, while the rest of her person was lost in shadow. There was a statue-like and chaste loveliness about her tall and slender person, which might have seemed too cold but for the mutations of thought that swelled her bosom and sent a rosy flush up to her round cheek with every rising breath. Her very garments had a classical fashion, remarkable for that gorgeous age. An under garment of delicate linen, edged with narrow point lace of goosamer fineness, alone relieved the robe of black velvet, which was girded around her slender waist by a rope of pearls, and fell over her person in folds rich, motionless and heavy, as if chiseled from a rock of jet. The tresses of her hair, which were of that purplish and lustrous black, that brightens the wing of a raven, were gathered away from her forehead with a double string of snow-white pearls, and knotted in a glossy mass to the back of her exquisitely formed head. Two or three large diamonds were on the small hands that lay softly clasped in her lap, shining clear and bright, as if she had been gathering roses all the morning and had forgotten to shake the dew-drops from her fingers.

Still King Edward sat motionless, and lost in the verdant and shadowy depths of the arbor. When the maiden first appeared his cheek turned white and his limbs trembled with a faint thrill which was too sweet for pain, too exquisite for entire joy. Then the blood rushed to his cheek, his eyes sparkled, as the wet violet shines when a sunbeam flashes on its dewy birth-place, a sigh trembled up from his heart, and though still faint and timid with tumultuous feelings, he arose and advanced toward the lady.

"Cousin!"

The Lady Jane started, a bright smile broke over her lips, and with one hand extended, she approached the youthful monarch.

"Ah my liege, I did not hope for this, but feared that my greeting and my thanks must alike bespoken in the presence chamber. You do not know, my royal and gracious king—"

"Call me Edward—call me cousin!" exclaimed the king, interrupting her with passionate warmth—"leave titles for the court. Here, sweet lady, I would be only the fellow student of by-gone times."

"Edward—cousin! oh if I had a thousand such names by which to speak all the gratitude which those of our house feel for your gracious bounty!" cried the beautiful girl, dropping one knee gracefully to the turf and kissing the hand which still prisoned hers.

A bright rose flush followed the touch of those dewy lips, and Edward hastily unweave his fingers from her clasp, that she might not feel how thrillingly his pulse was beating.

"Not thus, Lady Jane; when did you kneel to Edward Tudor before?" cried the youth, bending down to raise her from his feet. She looked up, those eyes full of passionate and tender love were looking into hers. The blood left her face and neck pale as marble; it rushed back in a flood of glowing crimson, and she arose to her feet with downcast eyes and stood trembling like an aspen before the king.

Edward saw that his secret was known. He too trembled, and had not the courage to look on that sweet face, and for a minute there was a dead silence between them. When he did at length look on her it was timidly, as if he were not a monarch, and had not the proudest kingdom on earth to bestow with his love. True affection is full of noble humility, and never did love more pure and true beat in a human bosom, than that which made the young monarch tremble to meet the gaze of those soft and downcast eyes. He saw the color fading from her face, and to his keen apprehension it seemed that a troubled expression took its place, and that the broad white eyelids grew tremulous as if tears were gathering under them.

"Will you not speak—will you not look on me?" he said at last, speaking very low but in a voice of thrilling tenderness.

Lady Jane lifted her eyes and they were indeed full of tears.

"Forgive me, oh forgive my presumption!" he exclaimed passionately.

"Presumption!" murmured the young girl, in a sad voice, and a deeper shade of trouble swept over her face.

"Will you listen to me but for a moment! Let me speak all the feelings that have so disturbed and pervaded my whole being since—since—"

Edward paused and drew in his breath; for that instant footsteps approached the arbor, and Lord Guilford Dudley appeared in the walk, flushed with exercise in the nine-pin cloister.

"My lord—my lord!" he exclaimed, without observing with whom Edward was engaged, "they wait your highness in the cloister. There is rebel-

lion there; half a dozen among the youngest and fiercest refuse to strike down another pin till the king appears to witness the game!"

As he uttered the last words Dudley entered the arbor, and his eyes fell on the Lady Jane. It was his turn to be embarrassed, and, with all his gay confidence, the blood flushed his face with additional crimson.

"The Lady Jane!" he said, lifting his plumed cap from his brow. "I did not hope for the pleasure of meeting you here."

There was a slight emphasis on the last word, that brought a tinge of color once more to the lady's cheek, while Edward, whose eyes had begun to sparkle at Guilford's intrusion, answered somewhat haughtily.

"Few subjects, my Lord Guilford, would address a lady in such questioning tone, in the presence of her sovereign."

For the first time almost in his life Lord Guilford turned pale, his lip began to tremble, and he bent his flashing eyes on the lady.

"I crave pardon for the intrusion and for all freedom of speech," he said, stepping back from the arbor, while his voice bespoke wounded pride mingled with other hidden, but deeper feelings. "I thought not to offend, my liege."

The generous king was touched; for there was wounded affection as well as pride in the answer, and these few words were the first of an irritable nature that had ever passed between the two high-born youths.

"Nay, Dudley," he said, moving after the spirited favorite, "let us leave our gentle cousin to the retirement she sought in coming hither, while we spend a half hour in clashy cloister. We both should crave pardon of the noble demoiselle, for thus intruding on her privacy."

With these conciliating words, Edward bent his head with a look of mingled tenderness and reverence to the Lady Jane, and passing his arm through Dudley's led him down the walk, but not before the young lord had cast a glance, half in sorrow, half in reproach, on the lady, who stood, with a look of painful bewilderment, gazing after them. The moment they disappeared in the lightly carved arch which led to the cloister, she sat down, clasped her hands, and remained plunged in deep thought for the duration of ten or fifteen minutes. All at once she unclasped her hands, pressed them over her eyes, and burst into a passion of tears.

While this scene was going forward in the garden, the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk sat together in the council chamber of the Lord Protector. The interview must have been an important one, for Suffolk, who was of a nervous and restless temperament, seemed keenly excited; his dark eyes glittered, and he ever and anon arose, moved about the chamber, and sat down again, forgetful of all ceremony, though Northumberland remained calm and unmoved, toying with the jeweled pen with which he had been writing, and watching the mutations of Suffolk's countenance from under his black brows.

"You see now, my lord duke, to what end I have been working?" said Northumberland. "It was for this I persuaded the royal boy to grant you the dukedom. This marriage once solemnized, and our children shall mount the throne. I have counseled with my son, and he, it seems, has already fixed his hopes on your fair daughter."

"But Jane, has she given encouragement to his suit?"

"Faith I did not ask, deeming it of small import. What damsel of a noble house ever gainsays the will of her father where the interest of his family is to be advanced?"

Northumberland rose as he spoke, and flung down the pen with a half contemptuous motion, as if annoyed that a nobleman of sense should deem the will of his daughter any thing in a matrimonial alliance.

"But, after all, this may come to nothing," said Suffolk thoughtfully, "never have I seen the king look so well or vigorous; surely—and Heaven grant it may be so—your grace overrates his illness?"

"What then?" exclaimed Northumberland, with haughty violence—"Is it nothing that a son of Northumberland's Duke, and the Lord Protector of England, takes for his wife the daughter of a descendant of John Grey?"

"Nay," replied Suffolk, feeling something of calm contempt for the man before him, whose titles and power were both so newly acquired that this ever came uppermost in his mind, "the great granddaughter of Henry the Seventh, and the descendant, with but one remove, from a Queen Dowager of France, might not deem herself too highly honored by an alliance with the grandson of that Dudley who was executed for his extortions in the reign of her grand uncle Henry the Eighth."

Northumberland drew a pace back, and his dark and deeply set eyes flashed fire, but his pride always took the form of arrogance, and was easily overawed by firmness; besides, the interests at stake were too important; he could not, to revenge a truth bluntly spoken, throw away the hopes of a kingdom.

"My lord," he said, relaxing from his haughty position, "this is folly; we, who play at a game where kingdoms are staked, should leave hot words and harsh arguments to the rabble!"

But Suffolk was not so easily appeased. Though neither possessed of the audacious pride or daring ambition which characterized Northumberland, his sense of high birth was keen, and without seeming to observe the hand extended to him by the Lord Protector, he left the council chamber, too much excited for further conversation.

That night the great flag of England, as it streamed from the highest tower of the fortress, proclaiming the presence of the king, floated not over a heart more anxious than that of the youthful monarch. All night long he lay on his gorgeous couch, feverish and anxious from contending emotions. Every word, every tone, that had dropped from the Lady Jane, in their interview, passed through his mind, to be dwelt on and pondered over, as a miser examines and

counts his gold, searching eagerly for an imperfect coin, and yet dreading to find one. It was in vain that he tried to rest, that he gathered the glowing counterpane over his head, and pressed his hot cheek on the snowy pillow; the tumult of his feelings was too powerful for rest.

The dawn was breaking over the mighty old fortress before its master fell asleep, and when his languid eyes at length closed, it was amid a flood of light, which took a purple and golden richness from the armorial bearings of a race of kings, emblazoned on every pane of the high and arched window. Each device glowing out, on its crystal tablet, more and more definitely as the light grew stronger. There, at last, on his royal couch, canopied with gilded carving and golden damask, heaped with snow-white linen and silken drapery, lay the royal boy, worn out and exhausted by a night of intense and passionate reverie, such as might have shaken the strength of manhood. But even in his physical prostration, mind, vivid, fanciful and precocious at all times, was still busy, and floating as it were in a beautiful atmosphere, such as that which lay in soft and rainbow tints all around him. His lips glowed like damp coral, and were smilingly parted till the white and even teeth shone through, like an unlocked and crimson casket where pearls are kept—while ever and anon the smile grew brighter, and a beautiful expression of joy swept over his face, revealing the heavenly dreams that were busy with that young and pure heart.

A page came in, stealing softly through the room, and, seeing that his master slept, retreated again with noiseless footsteps. Another hour went by and the page appeared again, and retreated once more, fearful of disturbing a repose that seemed so full of happiness. Another hour was succeeded by another, and the light footfall of the page aroused his master. He started from his pillow, and looked around with that pleasant bewilderment which sometimes follows the breaking up of happy dreams. The real and the illusive were still blended with sweet confusion in his mind.

"I heard her footfall, I felt her breath as she bent over me!" he murmured, drawing one hand across his forehead, "yet there is no one here. Ah! how could I think so!"

He drew a deep breath, and falling back on his pillow, with closed eyes murmured—

"Oh! if I could but dream again!" while over his face came an expression of ineffable happiness, such as the heart only knows in the rosy hope of first love. One or two delicious tears pressed through his thick eyelashes, and still he lay striving to force back slumber, that he might fancy those happy scenes over once more. Alas! for the sweet dreams of youth, they never come twice in the same form!

The page, outside the door, caught the sound of his master's voice, low as it was, and came in.

"Did you speak, my master?" said the child, for he was scarcely more than that.

"No, child, not yet—ten minutes hence come again, but come alone!"

The boy withdrew, and still the young king dreamed on—he was awake, but dreaming not the less.

Again the boy came in, and just then a clock in the anteroom tolled the hour. Edward started up, while the boy filled a ewer of massy gold with perfumed water, and brought it to his master. Before laying his hands in the water, Edward laid them both, with a caress that was half a blessing, on the child's head.

"You seem happy, Arthur," he said, as the boy lifted his eyes with an expression of fond trustfulness to his face.

The page cast down his eyes and blushed. "It is because my master is happy," he said, with affectionate simplicity.

"How many honest English faces, old and young, may be thus lighted up by the bliss of their king, or saddened by his grief, this day shall determine," was Edward's thought; and from that moment a more anxious expression settled on his features.

"Shall I call your highness's gentleman?" inquired the boy, doubtful of his own abilities to perform the services of the toilet.

"Not so, Arthur—it worries me to have so many tall men about my person. You shall serve me alone to-day, and after this, perchance, unless his Grace of Northumberland says nay to my wishes. Bring me yon surcoat with the ermine lining, I will pass forth to the battlements through the private entrance; the morning breeze should not quite have died from the river.

"Oh no, it is still fresh, and was roughing up the waves like fairy work a half hour since, when my lord the Protector went up the river, attended by half the court, and with the Duke of Suffolk in his barge."

"Was the duchess with them? The Duchess of Suffolk, I mean," inquired the king.

"I do not know the duchess," replied the boy, "but two ladies were in the barge, one very tall, with a purple robe and mantle of ermine, another younger and—"

"Was Lord Guilford Dudley with his father?" inquired the king abruptly, prompted by a vague feeling of jealousy.

"Nay, I know the Lord Guilford well; he was not of the company," replied the page, who, with one knee to the floor, was fastening a long white plume to the mortar cap of his master.

"Go now to the anteroom, and seek me in the battlement an hour hence," said Edward, and taking his cap from the page he settled the band of snow-white ermine on his forehead, and, with the graceful plume drooping over his left cheek, sought that portion of the fortress which overlooked the river. The battlements seemed entirely deserted, and far up the Thames he saw a shoal of barges, blazing with gilt work, and with gorgeous streamers flowing far over the waters, which broke under a light wind, and, catching the sunshine, left a sparkling path to mark the arrow-like track of each barge as it cut through the noble stream.

Glad to be alone, the king sat down with his back

to an abutment of stone-work, and fell into a fit of musing, with his eyes fixed on the receding barges. His thoughts were neither so visionary nor so happy as his morning dreams had been, for a feeling of doubt, a sort of intuitive jealousy—too vague for reason, but strong enough for a check to entire happiness—mingled with the hopes of young love. When those barges, imperceptibly fading from his view, should return, his fate would be decided. The hope of a life trembled around his young heart, and he who had a crown to give grew timid as a child, with fear that the love of one pure heart might be withheld from his suit.

All at once the sound of voices and of approaching footsteps convinced the king that he was not alone upon the battlements. He would have risen, for the footsteps paused close by the parapet against which he was leaning, but the sound of a voice which made his blood thrill and his heart leap like a wounded bird, deprived him of all strength.

"Till yesterday, this news would have filled my heart with happiness too sweet for earth," said the soft and gentle voice of Lady Jane Grey.

"And why not now? what has happened since yesterday, to chill the blessed news?" exclaimed a voice, which the king recognized with a thrill of pain as that of Lord Guilford Dudley.

The lady seemed to hesitate, and her voice faltered as she attempted a reply, which Dudley interrupted with jealous impetuosity.

"Is it that a day at court has chilled the love so often acknowledged, and of which I admit that Guilford Dudley can never be worthy?"

The king drew a sharp breath and pressed his hand hard against his breast, for a pain seized him, keen and sudden as if a vulture had buried his beak there. A few words, scarcely audible, fell upon his ear, but he lost their sense in making a vain effort to arise and leave the spot.

"It is not that I love you less or that the sanction our parents give to our union is not precious to me as to you, Dudley," said the Lady Jane, in a deprecating voice. "But, alas, there can be no perfect happiness which gives pain to—to others."

"Nay, your words are measured, lady, your heart beats coldly," replied Lord Guilford passionately. "It was not thus, with downcast eyes and quivering lips, the first confession of your love for me was made!"

"You wrong me, Guilford, wrong me cruelly," cried the lady, and from the broken tones in which she spoke Edward knew that the fair girl was weeping. "I have something at my heart which chills the joy of this bright moment but touches not the strength of my plighted love. I may not tell it even to you; but rest assured of this, the heart of Jane Grey was never more wholly yours than now!"

"I do believe it, my sweet betrothed," cried the young man, and from the slight pause that followed, Edward felt that his rival's lips were pressed to the beautiful hand he had almost deemed his own. "I do believe it—forgive the jealous heat that for a moment made me doubt?"

There was a moment's pause, during which Lord Dudley remained silent, while the lady seemed to weep.

When Dudley's voice was heard again it was tremulous and sad almost as hers had been.

"Dear lady, I can guess your secret," he said, almost reverently. The king loves you. My noble master—his demeanor in the garden yesterday—his readiness to give a dukedom to your father—I was blind not to see this before!"

The lady only replied by her sobs.

"Would to Heaven this were otherwise. My life, my soul I would give to Edward, but not thee, beloved, not thee; unless"—and now his voice was broken and troubled in its utterance—"unless thy heart goes with the king, and Edward with his crown is dearer to Lady Jane Grey than poor Dudley, the younger son, who must take more honor from his wife than he can give."

"Oh no, think you if Edward were more to me than a dear relative—good and noble, whom all men reverence—my liege sovereign, whom to dislike were treason, both to the state and my own heart—think you I should shed these bitter tears from a knowledge of his love?" exclaimed the lady, with more passionate energy than she had yet spoken.

"Bless thee, my beloved, bless thee—and God help my royal master! It is a gloomy knowledge that he, so proud, so more than regal in every thought, must find pain and sorrow in our happiness. Oh it must kill him to yield thee up!"

"Perchance," said the lady less sadly, "perchance we may even now deceive ourselves. It was but a look—a word more ardent than his lips are used to utter, but he was always so kind, and we have been fellow students together. What if a girl's vanity had alone given birth to the idea?"

"Heaven grant that it may be so!" cried Dudley, with the prompt credence of extreme youth to that which it most desires.

"Oh! if it prove so you shall rail at this presumption, and all will be joy again; nay, I could even now chide the arrogant thought, and cast it to the wind."

"Not arrogant, beloved, not arrogant; the highest monarch in Christendom—which, fore George, Edward is—might be proud of girding that fair brow with a diadem; but, alas! Guilford Dudley has only a loyal heart to give."

"And that heart," said the lady, in a voice rich with affection, "that heart Jane Grey would not render up for all the diadems of Europe! Now," she added, "let us banish the thought, which, perchance, does wrong to our gracious king. He could not so have cast away his love."

Lord Dudley and his fair companion resumed their walk along the ramparts as the lady ceased speaking, and though the tone of their voices now and then swept by the king, he heard no more—alas! what need was there of further words to confirm his utter desolation! He tried to rise and leave the ramparts, but the pain was still in his breast, darting through and through like the sting of a serpent, draining the

blood from his lips, and, as it were, cutting his breath into short gasps—a painful throb or two, a choking sensation, then his breath came full, and with it a crimson dew rose to his lips, dying them of a damp and vivid red. He took a handkerchief from his bosom, and drew it across his mouth and his damp forehead; when he removed it his lips were white again, and the delicate lace which bordered the handkerchief had taken a stain of blood.

"I knew that it would kill me," murmured the poor youth, supporting his brow with one trembling hand, "but she—*she* shall be happy. It is not too late—oh! if I could but gather strength and meet them with a smile! Let me try, let me try!" He arose, staggered forward a pace, but his eyes grew dim, and his limbs shook so violently that he sunk down faint but not quite insensible. And there the royal youth lay alone in the agony of his broken hopes, for Lord Guilford had left the battlement, unconscious of his master's presence, and the King of England lay helpless and like a broken flower on the ramparts of his own mighty fortress.

When the page came to seek his master he was resting perfectly motionless against the parapet of stone which had concealed his presence from the lovers. The jewels on his cap were blazing in the sunshine, which had crept round to his resting-place, and the white ostrich feather lay broken and crushed between his cheek and the rough stone. He opened his eyes and tried to smile as the page came up and bent in terror over him.

"Unfold the surcoat from my bosom, and let the wind sweep over me," murmured the poor king, holding the boy by his tunic, that he might not run for help. "Ah, how cool it is! the hot fur seemed holding back my breath. There, I am growing stronger now! See that no one is on the battlement, to frighten the court with gossip of my illness, then come and help me to my chamber."

When the boy returned with word that no person was in sight, he found the king standing up, with one arm resting on the parapet, and still panting for breath.

"There, put your arm around me thus, and I will rest on your shoulder," he said, passing an arm round the boy's neck. "This weakness will soon pass away. See that you mention it not even to my Lord Protector!"

"I would die rather than disobey your highness," said the boy, grateful for the trust reposed in him, and with his bright face lifted anxiously to that of his master. "Ah, lean yet more upon me, I am very strong."

"I must perforce!" said the king, with a sad smile, and they moved on, the king striving to cumber his page as little as possible, while the affectionate child bore himself up stoutly under the weight which, with all his effort, the royal invalid could not choose but cast on his young shoulders, and thus, in a loving and trustful link of mutual youth and helplessness, the master and servant moved toward the royal apartments.

END OF FIRST CHAPTER.

NO MORE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO AND GUITAR,

BY J. G. OSBOURN.

Oh tell me not of fu - - ture peace, Nor let my

The first system of musical notation for the song 'No More'. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics 'Oh tell me not of fu - - ture peace, Nor let my' are written below the second staff.

wand - ring fan - cy soar To realms where ev - - ry doubt may

The second system of musical notation. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics 'wand - ring fan - cy soar To realms where ev - - ry doubt may' are written below the second staff.

cease, And our fond hearts can part no more.

The third system of musical notation. It consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics 'cease, And our fond hearts can part no more.' are written below the second staff.

This ma - - gic tale a - while may charm, But can it

last - ing peace re - - store? The tran - sient glow a - while may

warm, Then fades to think we meet no more.

ritard.

The musical score is written for four staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

Oh, in that word there is a spell
Sinks to my bosom's inmost core,
To live, yet hear that hated knell
Proclaim'd on earth—we meet no more

Then may we hope in heav'n to meet,
Where all our sorrows will be o'er,
To find a last, a sure retreat,
Where worldly wisdom guides no more.

And he knows he has to recommence his task to pass current in France. And he also knows that it is impossible for him to acquire a reputation at home before it is endorsed in France; for precisely the same reason that our authors have to make a trip across the Atlantic

to complete as we have devised means not only of working and legislating, but also of *thinking* for ourselves. Without the latter we shall never be independent of England any more than Belgium of France.

I perceive that the English press now, though somewhat



LE FIGARO
PARIS, Boulevard des Capucines, 61.

*Le Figaro de Normandie, par l'abbé de La Motte, en vente au III^e Delaporte, boulevard des Capucines, 61.
Le Figaro de Paris, par l'abbé de La Motte, en vente au III^e Delaporte, boulevard des Capucines, 61.
Le Figaro de la République, par l'abbé de La Motte, en vente au III^e Delaporte, boulevard des Capucines, 61.
Le Figaro de la République, par l'abbé de La Motte, en vente au III^e Delaporte, boulevard des Capucines, 61.*

Graham's Magazine



FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.*

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, December 28, 1845.

MY DEAR GRAHAM.—It is not an easy task in the present state of political excitement in Europe to sit down calmly and quietly to write a letter for an American magazine. When people are excited they ought not to go into company and inflict their presence on those who would be much better off without them. Still less do I think that a writer for a magazine published in the Athens of the United States (they have only an *Athenæum* in Boston) has a right to treat his readers *en robe de chambre*, and make them the innocent sufferers of his whims and oddities. But what am I to do in the midst of the cries for the abolition of the Corn Laws—the changes of ministry in England, and, in all probability, in France—and the all-absorbing failure of the potato crop! Surrounded by things so entirely material, and affecting the business of life, how shall I make good my escape to the Muses, and talk to the fair ones of our glorious city of literature and the arts! Were I at this moment in Paris, (where, in all probability, I will be in a fortnight,) I might, in the midst of a people who are always young, or rather always children, forget the sober realities of life; but here in Brussels, at seventy-five leagues from the capital of the European continent, where every thing wears yet the sombre aspect of the Spaniards—where, since the Revolution, people have only been intent on saving their fortunes, or making fortunes by saving—where the industrial pursuits have absorbed the enthusiasm of the artist—and where the imagination of the people has become as level as the country, such a thing is entirely impossible. The finest thing about Brussels is, that in a very few hours you can be in either London, Paris, or on the Rhine. There are, therefore, many important interests which meet here, and few artists who, in the course of their peregrinations, are not obliged, and, I may add, pleased with passing a few days in one of our excellent caravansaries. Brussels has some attractions, but they are more of a physical than an intellectual kind.

We are here, as in a provincial town of France, receiving our impressions from Paris. Paris sets the fashion for the whole Continent, but more especially for Belgium. The French language is that of society, of polite literature, of oratory and of law. With the exception of two or three novel writers in the Flemish language, (which does not differ from the German more than the *patois* of the West Riding of Yorkshire from that of London,) all the publications here are French; but unfortunately—to use a bull—there are none of them. The Belgians experience, to a great extent, the same inconvenience from France which we, to the sorrow of our writers, experience from England. The Belgians are the reprinters of the French, as we are, to a very great and lamentable extent, the reprinters of the English. The consequence is the same. When a Belgian feels that he has the power of writing that which is entitled to a name, he sets out for Paris, to obtain a publisher; for whatever be the reputation he may acquire at home, he knows he has to recommence his task to pass current in France. And he also knows that it is impossible for him to acquire a reputation at home before it is endorsed in France; for precisely the same reason that our authors have to make a trip across the Atlantic

first, to try their good fortunes with a London publisher, before they can think of being favorably noticed in New York or Philadelphia.

This state of things is most injurious to the national literature of a country—nay, it renders the formation of a national literature altogether out of the question. And without national literature there is no such thing as a true national independence. One of the means resorted to in Belgium to spread general information is to reprint whatever is published in Paris, good, bad or indifferent. The *feuilleton* literature of France, which leavens the periodical press, and renders the staleness and unprofitableness of politics less oppressive, has also become the chief ingredient of the Belgian prints; only that the latter have no *feuilleton* of their own, but content themselves with reprinting the effusions of French writers. The same may, with few exceptions, be said of the political text of the journals, and of the novel literature in particular. Every Belgian journal furnishes to its subscribers a series of volumes *gratis*, but these are not Belgian but French volumes. Eugene Sue, Thiers, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Soullé, &c., furnish the daily ingredients of the papers published in all the larger towns of Belgium, in spite of the preachings of the clergy, who pronounce these writers to be infidels, and forbid, from the pulpit, the reading of their works. It is not sufficient to preach against French literature, you must have something to fill its place. As long as there does not exist an international copyright between France and Belgium, the Belgians will have no national literature—nay, scarcely a publisher who will undertake to usher a Belgian book into the world! In spite of all the academies of learning, universities, colleges and literary societies, Belgian talent will be absorbed and consumed by the Parisian market. Talent, like every thing else, seeks the place where it is most valued; and this habit of being continually taxed by others, according to their standard of merit, cannot be practiced by any people without a total surrender of all the higher attributes of national and intellectual independence.

I mention these things merely because they bear some analogy to our own case. Our literature, too, will not be national as long as England has the taxing and rewarding of our authors. And England will have it as long as we have not an international copyright which secures to our writers at home what mercantile men would call a fair competition with the copyrighted works of English writers. Our publishers may save a few hundred, or perhaps a few thousand pounds a year by cheap reprints of English editions, but the nation is a loser by it to an incalculable extent. People cannot always see through the medium of an English glass, without their vision being troubled with English colors. And if this holds true of the best English works, what shall I say of the ephemeral productions, tinged as they necessarily are with the prejudices and passions of the day? Our national independence will not be complete till we have devised means not only of working and legislating, but also of *thinking* for ourselves. Without the latter we shall never be independent of England any more than Belgium of France.

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late, begins to hold the same opinions in regard to the translations of the late French novels of Eugene Sue and Alexandre Dumas, which I expressed in the Magazine about six months since. The London Athenæum particularly is struck with their immoral tendency—with the monstrous use which French novel writers make of their power of contrasting vice and virtue, of which the former is generally depicted with the greatest expenditure of artistical skill, and of the moral mischief which such contrasts and the painfulness of their details are sure to produce among the great mass of young and "impressionable" readers. I have said so much on the subject that I think I have a right to refrain from it now. Only this I would yet add, that, joined to the reprints of English books, these translations from the French, hawked about as they are by our newsboys, cannot but destroy the last hope of American authors.

The Annuals, as I told you, constitute the chief portion of the literature of the day. Of these I need not speak, as our American ones are quite as good, both as regards matter and artistical improvements. In Germany a few historical Almanacs are published, which have some merit, but not sufficient to be dwelt on in a notice of this kind.

Chapman and Hall, in London, have just published the "History of Ten Years, 1830—1840," translated from the French of Louis Blanc, 2 vols. I have already, in my previous communications, noticed the original. Among the many writers on Socialism, Communism and Electoral Reform in France, Louis Blanc has perhaps the most mind, grace and elegance. He depicts the moral cancer of the present state of society in France in vivid colors. He admits that the present government of France is a failure, subverting the moral energy of the nation, and that the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne of France was a stupendous fraud practiced on the nation. Louis Blanc is one of the most active men in France, intimately connected with Ledru Rollin, and going hand in hand with him for the extension of the electoral franchise. For further particulars I must refer you to my former letters.

Though briefly mentioned in my last, I cannot but again allude to the work of Toussaud, "*Les Juifs Rois de l'Epoque*," (The Jews Kings of Our Times.) Though I cannot agree with either the historical references, nor the absurd Socialist doctrines of the author, he is right in his descriptions of the social evils of our times, and in tracing them to the feudal system of modern corporations; but between the discovery of an evil and that of its proper remedy there is a distance as great as from Europe to America.

At last M'Culloch has presented the public—British and American—with one of the many products of his literary industry. We have before us (1846) a new edition (God bless the mark!) of his "Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical and Historical, of the Various Countries, &c., in the World." The work, though tolerably well received, has caused some severe animadversion on the Continent for its stupendous inaccuracy, and the total want of erudition in the author. Wherever he found correct English sources to draw from the work will bear reading, but where he was obliged to draw from works written in different languages, he either betrays gross ignorance of these works or the language in which they are written. Better, and more impartial, information may certainly be derived from Porter's "Progress of the Nation," "Buchanan's Inquiry," "Journal of Trade," "The British Almanac and Companion," (somewhat on the plan of the American Almanac published in Boston, by James Monroe & Co.,) the "New Edinburgh Almanac," &c., &c. Mr. M'Culloch is undoubtedly a man of information, research, and common sense; but he is certainly more of a compiler than of

an original author or thinker. His literary industry is praiseworthy, and, as would appear from the many editions of his works, profitable; but as works of original mind or genius they assuredly have no claims to public respect or admiration. Mr. M'Culloch's style is always hard and dry, much drier than that of Scotch writers and reviewers generally; but his common-sense reasoning is often not only plausible but instructive.

At last the Chartist poetry of the English has produced some elegant and learned criticism in France, which proves that the French understand the popular effusions of the English people as little as they do those of their dramatic or epic poets. Mr. Philaret Chasles, the same who was so severe on American literature some eight years since, although for greater convenience he copied the article from a stray number of *Frazer's Magazine*, is the reviewer of the British Chartist poetry, in the October number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Philaret Chasles, like Michel Chevalier and other professional abusers of America, and the popular side of English questions, is a man of obscure origin. He never was a St. Simonist, like the present Professor of Political Economy in the College of France, Member of the Chamber, Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor, and Collaborator of the *Journal des Débats*, and purveyor of all the articles abusive of our country and its institutions, but atoned for this omission, as indeed for his absence from those orgies in which Michel Chevalier and his brother Simonien indulged themselves, by being what was then called "a pauper conspirator"—a character so little respected by the government of the citizen king, that he found it quite convenient to pass a year or two in England, to study the language. He subsequently returned to "*la belle France*," (pronounce Fr-r-r-ance!) and became Professor of the English Language and Literature at the above named College. The zenith of his glory he reached as a contributor to the ministerial journal, *le Journal des Débats*, and to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Mr. Chasles has, of course, no more sympathy with the poor Chartist than is becoming his official station. He cannot turn pauper conspirator for a second time, after being connected with an administration paper.

A very good work on the position of the poor laboring classes of Europe, is that of Willkomm's (German) *White Slaves*, 5 vols. It is one of the few that might bear translating, and will probably soon make its appearance in England.

More interesting to the general reader are, in all probability, George Cuvier's Letters to Mr. C. H. Pfaff, in the Years 1788—1792, on Natural History, Politics and Literature, with a Biographical Notice of Cuvier, by C. H. Pfaff, published by D. Behn, Kiel, 1845. The letters are originally written in German; for Cuvier, though a Frenchman by birth, according to the geographical division of Germany and France, was born in a German province, and wrote the German with great vigor and fluency. It is remarkable that many of these letters are expressive of his disgust with the French people, and breathing a strong patriotism for Germany. Cuvier actually intended to quit France at that period, but preferred, subsequently, his professorship in Paris, and the honors conferred upon him by the successive governments, with all of whom he managed to keep on terms.

Among the more abstruse works now in the process of publication, I must mention the following: *Gallery, Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la Langue Chinoise*. The work (which is to be completed in twenty quarto volumes) will be the best Encyclopedical Dictionary of the Chinese language in existence, but thus far only one volume has been published at Macao. The French government, of course, defrays a part of the expenses.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lectures on the English Poets. By William Hazlitt. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

We recommend this book to all who desire to get a fair idea of Hazlitt's character and powers. The English poets were Hazlitt's most familiar companions. With them the choicest hours of his life were passed. In the illustration of their beauties his mind revelled with delight. His love rather sharpened than dimmed his insight. The acuteness of his criticism is as notable as its eloquence. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Gay, Wordsworth—these are all treated in the present volume with a force and refinement of mind, and a sharp condensation of style, which, at times, absolutely bewitch the reader. Much of the peculiar gusto of the book comes from the intrusion, in brilliantly peevish starts, of the writer's own personality. This, while it sometimes altogether vitiates his opinions, by substituting petulant paradoxes for sound reasons, has still a raciness which cannot fail to fascinate.

The difficulty with Hazlitt's mind, as it appears in this as well as his other works, is its lack of comprehension. It seems sharpened down into points—it pierces rather than grasps. It is not guided and guarded by general principles. There are sentences of great depth of meaning in the present volume, but they are not so arranged as to strike the mind with their full force. They would be more suggestive if made more prominent, and other matter kept in due subordination to them. It cannot be said of his style as he says of Voltaire's—"Every sentence tells, and the whole reads like one sentence." It has individuality without unity. In his criticism, he dissects rather than represents. His idea of a poet is not impressed on the imagination as a concrete whole; he gives the separate parts, but does not fuse them together. There is impatience and impetuosity in his judgments, as though a calm contemplation of the object of his analysis were disagreeable. The pleasure we take in reading him is not genial. Few readers love Hazlitt, even when most fascinated by his brilliancy.

The sneers and side cuts at contemporaries are pretty freely introduced in this volume. Though Hazlitt had great respect for Wordsworth, and wrote some of the few criticisms which were really interpretations of that great poet's genius, he still delighted to ridicule the foibles of his character, and especially the narrowness of his taste. Speaking of Voltaire, Hazlitt remarks—"His *Candide* is a master-piece of wit. It has been called the 'dull product of a scoffer's pen;' but after reading the *Excursion*, few people will think it *dull*." Yet in an article on this very *Excursion*, Hazlitt commences with saying—"In power of intellect, in lofty conception, in the depth of feeling, at once simple and sublime, which pervades every part of it, and which gives to every object an almost preter-natural and preter-human interest, this work has seldom been surpassed. . . . His mind is, as it were, coeval with the primary forms of things; his imagination holds immediately from nature, and owns no allegiance but to the elements."

In the remarks on Moore, Rogers, Southey and Campbell there is much brilliant and acute criticism, accompanied by bitter feeling. Poor Sam Rogers is pierced through and through with the critic's lance. We are told that "he wraps up obvious thoughts in a glittering cover of fine

words; is full of enigmas with no meaning to them; is studiously inverted and scrupulously far-fetched. His poetry is a tortuous, tottering, wriggling, fidgety translation of every thing from the vulgar tongue, into all the tantalizing, teasing, tripping, lipping, *miminee-pinninee* of the highest brilliancy and fashion of poetical diction. You cannot see the thought from the ambiguity of the language, the figure for the finery, the picture for the varnish. The whole is refined and frittered away into an appearance of the most evanescent brilliancy and tremulous imbecility. There is no other fault to be found with the 'Pleasures of Memory' than a want of taste and genius."

Campbell suffers also a charge in Hazlitt's criticism. There was no love lost between these writers. Campbell treated Hazlitt and spoke of him as a blackguard. They quarreled during Campbell's editorship of the *New Monthly*, and while Hazlitt was contributing to it the *Conversations with Northcote*. One of the gossiping recorders of Campbell's conversation gives this as his opinion of Hazlitt—"Of all the false, vain, selfish blackguards that ever disgraced human nature, Hazlitt was the falsest, vainest and most selfish. He would have sacrificed a million of men, had he the power to do so, to procure even one moment's enjoyment for himself. He would worm himself into your confidence only to betray you, and commit the basest act of ingratitude without a blush or sigh for its commission." This opinion smacks more of inebriation than reason. Hazlitt's critique is not without foundation in principles and facts. He says of the *Pleasures of Hope*, that a "painful attention is paid to the expression in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is substituted for the composition of poetry." Campbell, it is said, "writes according to established etiquette. When he launches a sentiment that you think will float him triumphantly for once to the bottom of the stanza, he stops short at the end of the first or second line, and stands shivering on the brink of beauty, afraid to trust himself to the fathomless abyss. He is much like a man whose heart fails him just as he is going up in a balloon, and who breaks his neck by flinging himself out of it when it is too late."

In the same way Hazlitt comments on Southey. Coleridge's poetry is underrated, seemingly to give more point to a rapturous eulogium on his conversation, which follows a pert estimate of his works. Christobel is spoken of as containing "one fine passage!" Coleridge's tragedies are, with the exception of a few poetical passages, "drawing sentiment and metaphysical jargon." His *Ancient Mariner* is "High German, and in it he seems to conceive of poetry but as a drunken dream, reckless, careless, and heedless of past, present and to come."

Wiley & Putnam have nearly completed their edition of Hazlitt's various works on society, manners and literature. To these will succeed his *Life of Napoleon* and his *Travels in France and Italy*—making the first uniform edition of Hazlitt's writings ever published.

Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George III. have just been issued by Lea & Blanchard. The publishers have sent us the second volume. When we receive the first we shall be able to speak more at length of the work.

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No. 4.

THE KING'S LEGACY.

(Concluded from page 139.)

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"Silence! forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way!"

AGAIN it was deep morning in the tower. Edward of England had left his couch, but only to be wrapped in a dressing-gown, and placed in one of those large chairs of carved ebony, which, in its rare embellishments, must have occupied an artist his whole lifetime. A burning fever had oppressed the royal sufferer all night, and now, that it had left him, drops of cold perspiration stood on his forehead, and his weary eyes looked dim, like violets that had been drenched in some turbid brook.

"Are you cold, my master?" said the boy Arthur, folding the loose robe over the sufferer, so that its ermine facing might lie soft and warm on his panting breast.

A faint shiver and a struggling smile were the only reply; and, closing his eyes, the king turned his head on the cushions of purple velvet, that made his pale cheek seem still more deathly, and remained motionless; now and then heaving a faint sigh, which, light as it was, seemed to be accompanied with increased pain. During half an hour he lay in this state, partially lost in sleep, and yet all the while laboring with a chain of thought that had girded his brain, as with links of fire, during the long and feverish night. All at once he started upright in his chair, cast the dressing-gown back from his shoulders, and his eyes began to sparkle with some resolve that seemed even more exciting than the fever had been.

"Go," he said to the page, "go to the council-

chamber, and say to his Grace of Northumberland that the king would speak with him."

"Shall I call one of your highness's gentlemen?" said the page, glancing with affectionate solicitude at the kindling eyes of his master.

"Not so, Arthur, I would not have this attack bruited in the court. Go quietly through the private entrance."

The boy knelt down, folded the robe over his master's feet, and pressed his lips to the pale and moist hand falling over the chair arm, before he went out. He found Northumberland not in council, as the king had expected, but in his closet, with the Duke of Suffolk.

The two ambitious men were talking low and earnestly as the page entered. So animated was their conversation that Northumberland made a hasty gesture with his hand, to prevent untimely interruption from the page, though he knew him to have come with some message from the king. Thus checked, the boy remained by the door, and out of earshot, while Suffolk went on with what he had been saying. During the night he had pondered over Northumberland's proposal, and with his ambitious reflections came a memory of the king's manner and words in the garden. The very doubt of their meaning made him waver in accepting Northumberland's advances. What if Edward himself had cast an eye of affection on his daughter! The thought opened a vista to his aroused ambition that made the duke but a cold listener to Northumberland's plans, when they met in the morning. The sanguine duke, deeming his will a law to all England, even to the throne itself, had assured his son of Suffolk's assent to his

marriage with Lady Jane, the moment his own mind was settled on the subject. Now he was chafing at the cautious and measured tones with which his ally listened to the vast projects of aggrandizement which the union of their two children would make easy of execution. Projects which, without the under current which influenced his hopes, would have startled the less energetic and more prudent Suffolk.

"But all these mighty projects turn on one event—King Edward's death"—Suffolk was saying when the page entered. He checked himself, but as Northumberland's imperative gesture forbade the intruder to advance, he went on, suppressing his voice and looking cautiously toward the door. "He may live to the age of his father—and this union may not meet his sanction. Hitherto the king has kept the power to control the marriages of his kin. Were all else settled, Edward may withhold the royal assent?"

"*He shall not!*" cried Northumberland, pressing his lips hard, and clenching the hand which lay upon the table before him. "Think you the man who has made himself Protector of England, against the king's own uncle, too, knows not how to mould the will of a sickly boy?"

There was something in this arrogant speech which repulsed the less ardent nature of Suffolk. Being resolved to pledge himself in no wise to Northumberland, until more fully informed of the king's real sentiments regarding his daughter, he made the evident anxiety of the page an excuse for suspending the conversation, which became each moment more embarrassing.

"Let the boy deliver his message, my lord;" by the livery he should come from the king, and should a word of our converse reach his ear it were not easily remedied; meantime, I will ponder on this matter. I would know how our young monarch stands affected toward the match before pledging myself irrevocably."

Northumberland made an impatient gesture, and his lip curved. "Be it as you will," he said. "If the consent of our boy king is all your grace requires it shall be yours."

Suffolk bent his head, and the Protector beckoned for the page to advance.

The boy was in haste to return to his master, and delivered his message without waiting to be questioned. The duke heard him with surprise.

"In his chamber! said you, the king desired my presence there? Heaven forefend! we trust his majesty is not ill?"

"So ill," said the page, while tears rose to his eyes, "that I fear me he will never leave the chamber again!"

Northumberland could not forbear an expressive glance at Suffolk, who received it with a thoughtful and anxious change of countenance.

"Why was I not apprised of this? Has his majesty's physician given an opinion?" inquired Northumberland, turning to the page.

"His highness would permit no one to enter the chamber save myself; but last night, when his fever ran high and his brain seemed to wander, I called

the physician, who entered and went away without his knowledge."

"And what was his opinion?"

"I know not, save by his downcast looks and a few words that dropped from his lips as he went out; both were full of mournful foreboding."

"And how seems his highness this morning?"

"Feeble, very feeble, but quiet, and most desirous that no mention of his illness should find circulation about the court."

Northumberland looked down and mused an instant. "It is better that there should be no mention of it," he muttered, "all must be done quietly." The duke checked himself and looked up.

"Tell the king that I obey him," he said, dismissing the page with a wave of the hand.

When the door closed after the boy, Northumberland turned to Suffolk with a degree of animation which was both rough and unfeeling after the mournful news he had just heard.

"My lord," he said, extending his hand, "this news confirms our compact. Is it not so?"

Suffolk hesitated a moment, and laid his hand in that so eagerly extended toward him. Northumberland grasped it hard, and his dark eyes flashed.

"This hand gripe makes thy daughter a queen, my son a king!" he said exultingly, and taking up his cap he prepared to leave the room.

"My lord," said Suffolk, following him and laying a detaining hand on his arm, "my daughter's title may not be deemed perfect with the people."

"Success will make it so!" replied the duke, throwing the cap on his head, and giving a haughty shake to the black plumes.

"But the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth?" interposed the duke.

"Both repudiated by bluff King Harry. The one a Papist, the other doubtful; besides, the Tower is strong, and royal prisoners have slept in it before now!"

"Ay, and slept deeply!" thought Suffolk. Though his cautious and slow nature was not easily aroused to ambitious aims, it became impetuous when once fairly enkindled; and the king's illness had served to concentrate Suffolk's energies and excite his intellect.

"My lord," he said, "in King Henry's time, if I remember aright, Parliament gave the reigning sovereign power to devise the crown to those of his kin whom he might deem best adapted for the trust. If Henry possessed that prerogative, falls it not also to his son?"

"In truth does it," said Northumberland.

"You, as his guardian, have great control over the young king!"

Northumberland's answer was a haughty smile.

Suffolk tightened the grasp he had fixed on his arm—"What if Edward, supposing him in extremities, strengthen my daughter's claim before the people by a will bequeathing her the crown, which otherwise might be contested by the Papist princes?"

"A timely and wise measure," cried Northumberland, with rising exultation. "This thought secures a kingdom to yours and mine, noble Suffolk. Now

I will to the king, and cast the first seed that is to bring forth so rich a harvest."

With these animated words, Northumberland went through the arched door, stooping, that his lofty plumes might pass unbroken.

Edward had made a great effort to gather up his strength, that he might receive his guardian without betraying the state of physical suffering under which he labored. When Northumberland entered the youth arose, according to previous custom, and went forward to meet him, with a mien and step that was only rendered firm by a resolute will conquering bodily weakness; but this seeming health gave reality to the expression of solicitude which the haughty duke had found it difficult to assume entirely before entering the chamber. The firm carriage, the sparkling eye bent upon him with the expression of a wounded falcon, but to which the mellow and dim light left only an animated brilliancy, completely deceived the duke, and instead of condolence he began to congratulate the king upon his swift recovery.

"So Arthur has been striving to frighten you also!" said the youth, with a faint smile. "It was nothing, my lord—a slight turn of the old disease—be seated, and, if it so please you, finding myself in the mood this morning, we sent to learn if aught in the state affairs requires our attendance."

Edward resumed his chair as he spoke, for his limbs began to tremble, and it was with an effort he spoke clearly even these few words.

Northumberland also sat down, lost in astonishment. It was the first time that his ward had ever, of his own will, lent his attention to affairs of government. The duke was both startled and pleased by it; startled, because it threatened a future check to his own boundless authority, and pleased, inasmuch as it gave him an opportunity to reconcile the youth to the matrimonial project which had just ripened between him and the Duke of Suffolk. A project which his keen observation had convinced him would be distasteful to the young monarch. He was pondering over the best means of introducing the subject, when Edward opened it himself, hastily, and with a sort of painful energy.

"I should thank you, my lord duke, for the prompt and kind attentions paid to our fair cousin her Grace of Suffolk and the Lady Jane. Before we in our laggard courtesy thought to give any commands for their proper entertainment, all had been arranged by your grace.

"I trust you have never found Northumberland unmindful of the respect due the kin of his sovereign!" said the Protector blandly. "And now," he added, after a brief pause, "there may arise reasons, state-reasons, which make it sound policy that a closer bond should be drawn around a fair kinswoman of your highness and the family of your guardian."

"I understand!" said Edward, speaking very quick and huskily. "You speak of an alliance between Lord Guilford and the Lady Jane."

"Has the impatient boy then been foremost with me in his confidence?" exclaimed the duke with surprise.

"Lord Guilford has kept his secret and yours," replied Edward, with an effort to keep up his waning strength, "still it is not strange that we should desire to draw the two persons nearest us in age and in love into that union which is the most beautiful and holy under heaven."

"Your highness—I scarcely expected these sentiments—they take me by surprise," exclaimed the wily duke, hoping to make a merit with the young monarch in granting that which he had come purposely to propose; "remember, my dear and noble ward, the parties are both very young yet."

"Old enough to love and to suffer," said the king, while a faint smile wavered over his lips. "My lord, gainsay us not in this. We seldom claim the authority which, even as a minor, might be assumed without presumption, but in this, the first wish of our heart, we must not be thwarted."

Northumberland still seemed to hesitate, and though inly filled with exultation, his answer was constrained and cold.

"My liege," he said, "to your commands, when thus urged, I may not withhold obedience, still, if it should so chance that this union give rise to opposition from his Grace of Suffolk—who is so much influenced by his daughter that he might shrink from urging her inclinations in favor of my son—"

"Shrink from urging her inclination!" exclaimed the king, almost with a cry, while his pale face was deluged with crimson. "Think you this possible—think you there is a doubt—"

Here some thought seized him, like a pang; he fell back with a blush still hot upon his temples, and shrinking from the keen and surprised glance fastened on him by the duke.

"Nay, I but spoke of a possibility," replied Northumberland, and his voice sounded strangely cold after the agonizing tones of the excited youth, while there was something about his eyes and mouth which satisfied the sensitive monarch that his secret at least was guessed at.

Edward resumed his mild and dignified manner so readily that the duke began to doubt if he had guessed aright.

"We will confer with his Grace of Suffolk ourselves," said the youth.

But Northumberland took the alarm instantly; he knew that if Suffolk obtained an opportunity of reading the king's heart as he had done, his hopes once fixed upon the throne would never sink back to a union with the new house of Dudley, which had been built up almost in a single reign.

"My liege," he said, drawing close to Edward's chair, "your gracious will has been spoken, and it shall go hard if Northumberland finds not speedy means for its accomplishment without troubling you further."

"Do so, my kind guardian!" said the king faintly, for his strength was fast yielding, "but let there be no delay."

"To-morrow, so urgently will I press the matter," said Northumberland rising, "to-morrow all shall be settled." And bowing his haughty knee, the duke

pressed his lips to the slender hand extended to him, and went forth.

The moment he was alone, Edward flung his clasped hands wildly upward, and staggering toward the bed fell on his face, striving to stifle the outcry of a broken heart amid the glowing drapery.

Three weeks went by, and every morning as the sun poured warmth and cheerfulness over merry England, its young monarch bowed his anointed brow and prayed for strength to endure yet a little longer.

And all this was in mournful contrast with the rosy joys that had fallen on the path of Guilford Dudley and his betrothed. The little shadow that had crept over the first days of their reunion was swept away. Were they not betrothed by the king's desire—was he not urgent that no event should render more distant the time of their union? True, he seldom mingled with the court, but when he did appear, every one remarked the unusual brilliancy of his eyes, and that his cheek burned with a richer scarlet than had been witnessed there in the season of his most robust health. He seemed rather to avoid the Lady Jane, but when they did meet the tranquillity of his nature always gave way on the side of gayety. During the three weeks that followed the betrothal, many persons heard the wild and silvery laugh of their king, who had never seen his most joyous mirth rise above a smile before. When the Lady Jane heard these sounds she would turn smilingly to Lord Dudley and whisper,

"Said I not that you should chide me for that vain presumption? See how happy the king is!"

And Dudley, as he gazed after the young monarch with eyes filled with more than a brother's love, would answer,

"I thank God that we were mistaken, sweet one, and that Dudley is permitted to worship his king and his lady without check."

Northumberland, as he marked the strange excitement of this more than Spartan boy, knew that he was dying inch by inch, with the vulture's beak in his heart, but he only grew thoughtful and muttered inly, "The feet of our children have almost reached the throne;" while Suffolk smiled at his own delusion in supposing for one instant that his daughter had touched the heart of the royal youth, who never seemed to shine forth in his true brilliancy of character till she was betrothed to another.

At length came the day of bridal; and there, beneath the vaulted roof of St. Paul's, with the assembled nobility of England standing by, those two fresh-hearted and happy young creatures were married. The dim aisles of the cathedral, around the massive pillars, and even in the niches where marble saints had been, were crowded with the lords and peeresses of England. The dusky atmosphere was rich with the hue of their gorgeous vestments, and broken by snow-white plumes swaying together in fleecy masses, or waving in graceful tufts, like sea-foam tossed to and fro on the ocean. A kingdom's wealth in jewels flashed out from the crowd, till the holy air grew luminous with their brightness; while overhead, among the fretted arches, hung a sheet of cold

light, brooding over the gorgeous array beneath, pure and calm, as if it had rested there for centuries undisturbed by a single breath of humanity. Close by the altar, very pale, and with lips that gave no sign of anguish, save by their whiteness; with eyes brilliant and clear as an eagle's when he looks on the sun in his death throes, stood the young monarch of England. On one hand was the Lord Protector, arrayed with more than regal splendor, with the lords of his council sweeping a close and magnificent band around one side of the altar, while Suffolk, with all those linked by their high blood to the royalty of England, encompassed it on the other side. Within the embrace of this royal crescent, on a platform, reached by four broad steps of black marble, lay two crimson hassocks, whose bullion fringes swept far over the polished stone, and on these hassocks knelt the Lady Jane Grey and her bridegroom. Her robe of silver brocade swept down the black altar steps, like a snow-drift crusted with broken ice. A cloud of transparent lace fell around her, shedding a softness that was almost angelic over her modest beauty, which it but half revealed. A few murmured words, which thrilled beneath the bridal veil like melody in a summer cloud, a benediction, and the young pair stood up. A storm of music burst through the vast cathedral, rolling and surging to the fretted roof and through the arched windows, till the populace without caught up the melody and answered it with a shout that rent the heavens—the Tower sent forth the thunders of its artillery—and all these sounds came crashing like reverberated thunder around the young pair while they stood with linked hands upon the last step of the altar. There young Edward met them. A beautiful enthusiasm was on his face, like that which lighted up the martyr Christians of old as they went to the death pyre. The young couple sunk upon their knees before their sovereign. One of those sweet, mournful smiles, that touch the heart with a deeper sadness than tears, lighted his face as he put back the bridal veil gently with his hand and pressed his lips to the forehead of the bride. As his kiss touched her forehead, the Lady Jane felt her heart grow cold; she looked up, the color that had glowed through her veil, as if a rose had been hidden in its folds, died away, and she stood heart-stricken and trembling by the side of her husband. The expression of those eyes—that sad, patient smile—the quiver of those cold lips, had revealed all the greatness, all the suffering of that noble youth.

As Edward surrendered his hand to Lord Dudley, the touch of his warm lips seemed to sting him. He was so beautiful—that young husband—so blooming in his happiness—so full of rosy health, that an angel might almost have envied him. Edward was but human, and as his eyes fell upon the bride he shrunk from the bias of the bridegroom.

Then Suffolk drew near, and then came Northumberland with his haughty crest to mingle with the group—and the angel of death, as he looked down upon the altar, smiled to think of the feast that proud man had prepared for him.

Six weeks after the union of Guilford Dudley and Jane Grey, King Edward was in his chamber alone, and sitting in his easy chair by the window; but oh the mournful change that had come over him! His cheeks were hollow, and a blood-red spot burned in the centre; his lips had lost their fullness, and those mournful eyes seemed to be enlarged by suffering, and to have cast their shadow down upon the cheek. Now and then his chest was racked by a cough till drops of pain started to his forehead. He had just recovered from one of these coughing fits, and lay back in his chair with closed eyes and parted lips, when a noise in the room disturbed him.

"Is it you, Arthur?" he inquired, in a faint voice, "come help me to the bed, I am so weary!"

"It is not Arthur, my liege, but your guardian," said the Duke of Northumberland in a low voice.

Edward opened his eyes with a start, and saw that the duke was leaning on the back of his chair.

"Ah, your grace, I crave pardon; but you see how weary I am, ask me not, I beseech you, to talk of state affairs now." And the poor invalid cast a longing look at the bed.

"Nay, I will not urge your highness, but a messenger from Zion House has just arrived, and I thought perchance you would like to hear from Lord Guilford and the Lady Jane."

"I should like to hear from them," said the invalid with difficulty, for a choking sensation in his throat, and the tears that rushed to his eyes, rendered articulation painful—"Are they well—and—happy?"

"Well, my liege, and happy as loving subjects can be when their sovereign suffers," said Northumberland.

Edward struggled to suppress a sob that was forcing itself to his lips, and the tears gushed afresh through his closed eyelashes.

"They know how ill I am, then?" he said, at length. "It was wrong to disturb their happiness with evil tidings; but the next shall be more cheerful."

Northumberland hesitated, even his ruthless heart shrank from tearing away the hopes of recovery which these words seemed to imply, but he had an object to gain, and nerved himself to speak.

"My liege, your physician has just been called before the council, and it grieves me to say—"

"Let it not grieve you," said the king, mildly interrupting him, "let no one in England grieve that the boy, who has only borne the name of king, should droop and die beneath the pressure of a crown before he feels its full weight upon his forehead. I do not expect to live, nor hope it, therefore grieve not while telling me of that which my physician has informed the council. In a few days the throne will be vacant, the crown empty! Said he not thus?"

"Alas! my liege, he did."

"And the council," resumed Edward, with a faint smile, "have some fear that the Lady Mary may be less easily controlled than the minor king?"

"Alas! my lord, they have a deeper fear than this. Should the succession rest with the Lady Mary, they tremble lest England be once more given up to the Papist—to fire and sword, and such persecution as it

has never yet seen. They tremble for your subjects—for the religion built up by your glorious father—Mary Tudor would be Queen of the Catholics, not of the English! Heaven forbid that the curse of her authority ever fall upon our poor land!"

A look of perplexity and sorrow came over the king's face. "Alas!" he said, clasping his thin hands, "how can I prevent this evil!"

"As your great father would have prevented it," said Northumberland gently.

"And how would that have been, my lord?"

"Did he not thrust aside this Papist princess—who has ever been more Spanish than English—and the daughter of Anna Boleyn—did he not cast them both from the regality of England, and make the issue of his third marriage sovereign of the realm, thereby pronouncing both these princesses unfit to reign? Did not Parliament grant to him the power of choosing his successor—and rests not the same power yet with your majesty?"

"Does it so rest?" said Edward thoughtfully.

"To choose either the Lady Mary or Elizabeth," continued Northumberland, "is to cast reproach upon your father, who himself pronounced them illegitimate—nay, it is doubtful if the people would receive either of these princesses for their sovereign, even if their claims were sanctioned by your bequest of the crown."

"My lord," said the king thoughtfully, and pressing a hand to his forehead, "I have scarcely strength to think of these important matters now. Heaven forgive me the unfilial thought, but in my stronger moments it has sometimes appeared that my royal father was too hasty in his measures against my elder sisters."

"He was a wise prince, my lord, and studied the welfare of his kingdom, even at the sacrifice of more tender feelings—his son can find no safer course than that marked out by the keen foresight of so illustrious a king."

"It were arrogant and unfilial to think otherwise," said the king wearily, and panting for breath, "but who comes next in succession were Mary and Elizabeth put aside? Ah, I remember, the Duchess of Suffolk."

The duke hesitated, for his whole fabric of ambitious hopes rested on the manner with which his next word should be received, and Edward had named the duchess in the slow and weary tones of one who wished to terminate a conversation that was becoming irksome.

"But the duchess, by advice of the council, and in consideration of her daughter's superior qualifications, readily gives place to the Lady Jane Grey." The duke scarcely spoke above his breath, and his voice faltered, so intense was his anxiety.

Edward had closed his eyes and scarcely seemed to listen, but as the last words fell on his ear he started forward in his chair, the color sprang to his cheeks, and his eyes burned with a more intense blue.

"The Lady Jane Grey! can I give my kingdom—my crown to her—honorably, legally? To her! oh my lord, you mock me—since I was a child this has

been my dream—I never yet cast my eyes on that beautiful brow but it was with a thought of some future time when the diadem of England should circle it—my dream, my dream, and shall it come to pass, shall my death accomplish the great hope of my life—oh this is worth dying for!"

A wild joy beamed in his face, his head moved gently to and fro against its purple cushion, and his clasped hands trembled like aspens.

"My lord, my liege!" exclaimed Northumberland anxiously.

"Ah, I had forgotten you, my lord duke," cried the youth, starting up with wild strength; "she shall be queen—see how the joy of this thought chokes me!" A glorious smile broke over his face, he gasped for breath, wavered, and would have fallen, but Northumberland caught him in his powerful arms and bore him to the bed. Terrified beyond measure, the duke stamped his foot upon the floor, and when the boy, Arthur, obeyed the summons, he would have left to go himself in search of the physician, but Edward held his surcoat with a feeble grasp, and while that glorious smile brightened on his face, whispered—

"To the council—I shall not die till the bequest is signed; be quick and prepare the papers!"

Northumberland was eager to obey him, for he dreaded lest this terrible excitement should quench the spark of life quivering in that generous bosom, before it had signed away a kingdom. But that pale hand was still clenched on his surcoat.

"Send to Zion House! send for her—for the Queen of England—I would see the crown upon her forehead and then die."

"I will, I will; a messenger shall depart at once," cried Northumberland, and he went forth in great haste.

"She will not reject the king's legacy," murmured Edward, pressing his clasped hands over his eyes—"ah I had not hoped to be so happy in dying, to have left so bright a memory in her heart. Arthur—Arthur, come hither. What! tears, and your master so happy? Lay your hand on my forehead, do you feel the temples throb? Every pulse is a joy. See, Arthur, I shall bequeath you also to the queen; you shall be her page—and sometimes when you are alone, my Arthur, tell her of the master who loved her with a love stronger than death; pure as the heaven where his mother waits for him. Ah, wipe the drops from my forehead, child; hush, do not sob so loud; softly, how softly the rain falls, it makes me sleepy. Hush, hush, do not breathe—" and the dying youth sunk to sleep, fancying that the tear-drops raining from the eyes of his faithful page was the summer rain, whose melody was hushing him to rest.

At midnight a glare of lights awoke the dying youth. The members of his council, with Northumberland at their head, stood around his couch. The duke had a roll of parchment in his hand.

"Is it ready?" said the king, with a smile; "I have been waiting for it," and rising up in bed the dying youth took the pen from the chancellor, and spreading the parchment on his pillow, signed his name with a hand that only shook after the signature was written.

As he lay down, a smile glowed upon his lips and his eyes grew more and more brilliant as the councillors drew a table near the bed, and proceeded to affix the great seal of England to the will.

"Now," said Edward in a faint whisper, "bring the crown, that these hands may place it on her head before they grow cold."

Northumberland went out and returned, bearing the regalia of England on a crimson cushion. He lifted the hangings of golden damask and placed the cushion above the pillow on which the dying king rested. The light flashed over the tiara and flung a halo around that pale head. The smile grew brighter on his face; his lips moved, and as his eyes were turned on the glittering crown a mist crept over them, the broad lids fell softly together, and then, deluged by the rainbow glory of the crown he had just bequeathed, Edward the Sixth slept forever.

At daylight the next morning a barge, richly cushioned and gay with silken streamers, swept down the Thames and drew up at the Tower steps. A gentleman and lady, in the first bloom of youth, stepped forth from the barge, and moving by the sentinels, walked quickly toward the royal apartments. Every thing was in confusion; pages hurried to and fro without object, and every face that the new comers looked upon was clouded with gloom. The young couple moved forward unquestioned, till they reached the royal bed-chamber, and here they found a sentinel at the threshold.

"The duke, your father, is within," he said, opening the door, and they entered the darkened chamber. A hasty show of mourning had been commenced in the room; draperies of black velvet muffled the windows and were flung over the golden damask around the bed. The gorgeous counterpane was still upon the couch, and through the masses of black velvet flashed the crown, like the sun when a storm cloud rolls back from its disk. Tall wax lights stood at the four bed-posts, and there, shrouded in the mingled gloom and splendor, hastily flung together, lay the pale and beautiful dead, and around him were still gathered in solemn stillness the lords of the council. Breathless with awe and with linked hands the youthful pair approached the bed. Northumberland turned his eyes that way; his proud features kindled up, and turning to his council he exclaimed—

"Lords and gentlemen, behold your queen!"

The Lady Jane Grey turned pale as death and clung to her husband, overwhelmed with terror, while every haughty knee present was bowed before her. Surprise and emotion kept her speechless, and while her bridegroom was supporting her with his arm, the crown was lifted from its cushion and brought toward her; she waved it away with one hand, and clung breathlessly to her husband with the other, but before her white lips could syllable a word, the diadem descended on her head, a murmur of "Long live Queen Jane!" swelled through the room, and there in the presence of death, that young creature was crowned for the scaffold.

THE END.

EMBLEMS.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

NO. I. DEDICATORY.

TO LAIDA.

AN offering for thee, darling !
An offering from that art
Which thou so often hast inspired,
Young Idol of my heart !

Within an olden forest
I saw two children play
Among the sweet wild leaves and flowers,
As wild and sweet as they.
The girl, whose peerless beauty
Recalled thine own, with plies
Of sunny hair, wound carelessly,
And fathomless dark eyes.

The boy with noble features,
Filled with mysterious light,
Mingling with shadowy sadness there
Like stars and mist at night.
And ever o'er his forehead
Swept thoughts in endless strife,
As he watched each glance and tone of hers,
As though it were his life.

Sorrow and bliss and passion
Were there together wove ;
There, hate and anger and contempt
Struggled with perfect love.
And in his hands were flowers,
Culled in the forest free,
The brightest sung to by the birds,
Or tasted by the bee.

At last one smile she gave him,
Sunny and kind and sweet ;
And the proud boy flung himself and flowers
Together at her feet.
And now to thee, my idol !
From whom no thought can rove,
I come to offer up those flowers,
Which GENIUS gave to LOVE !

NO. II.

REASON AND PASSION.

I saw in my dream a bright *parterre*,
With flowers like hopes, as frail and fair,
With yew-shades, cold and as dark as doubt,
And fountains, like bright thoughts, sparkling about.
There was a boy with a still, blue eye,
'Neath a forehead cold and calm and high,
And sunny tresses heedfully kept,
And looks where thoughtfulness ever slept.

But his beautiful brother had raven hair,
Tost to the winds—and a reckless air.
And large eyes filled with darkness and light,
Like lightning and clouds on a midsummer's night.
They quarreled—the garden was claimed by each.
The youngest was wild and fierce of speech ;

While calmness dwelt in the eyes of blue.
But when *As* would have argued, the other *slew* !

He saw the red blood and he shook with fears,
And the fires of his rage were quenched in tears.
And he learned to look on himself with hate,
Despairing, and careless and desolate.
The yew-shades spread, but the fountains ran dry,
Like bright thoughts choked by a memory.
The hot winds shook the flowers from the stem,
And the sensual swine uprooted them.

The HEART of Man is that bright *parterre*,
REASON and PASSION the brothers there.
'T is a fearful thing for their garden-home,
When they struggle, and Reason is overcome !

NO. III.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

His face was beautiful, but wore
So sad a seeming, so aghast :
As if upon His brow He bore
The gathered griefs of all the Past.
He came beside the festive board,
When laughter rung and wine was filled,
And hearts with golden joys were stored—
They saw His features and were stilled.

He sat him by the student's side,
Whose cup of fame foamed o'er the brim—
Whose thin cheeks glowed with smiles of pride—
They faded when he looked on *Him* !
Mid happy children-groups He came,
And bowers which Beauty queen'd it o'er :
But yet his features wore the same
Still, speechless sadness as before.

On one good man he gazed awhile,
And o'er his face a light there fell,
Which gave each lineament a smile
Of beauty most ineffable.
And steadfast as I watched, I knew,
And prayed it for my parting breath—
The holy LIGHT of FAITH, which threw
A smile upon the face of DEATH !

NO. IV.

PASSION WATCHING THE DEATH OF HOPE.

Upon a bed of roses which had withered on the stem,
A form of angel beauty lay, about to fade like them.
Pale, stricken, and emaciate, but exquisitely fair,
A happy smile was on her face—she knew not death was there.

But merry words, and song, and jest, flowed forth in mingled tide,
From tireless lips that strove to calm a form that stood beside.
It seemed like fresh and blasted fruit upon the self same bough,
The genius and the anguish blent upon his splendid brow.

And, as he watched, the light came back and filled her large dark eye;
And cheek and lip grew roseate as a summer sunset's sky.
Then, with a cry of wild delight, he bowed him o'er the bed;
But ere their lips might meet—his own, his worshiped one was dead.

Those withered roses were the wrecks of wasted sunny days;
And never may my heart forget that scene which filled its gaze,
For earth has no such wretchedness, in misery's widest scope,
As that where Passon writhed and wept to see the death of Hope!

NO. V.

FAITH, HOPE AND ENERGY.

Despair thou not! droop not thy wing,
However dark thy fortunes are;
Beyond the desert is a spring,
Behind the cloud a star!

The time must come for all to fail;
Tie after tie breaks fast apart;
The oil consumes; the lights grow pale;
The ice forms round the heart.

But *then* despair thou not! But keep
A steadfast soul—on thee shall stream
The light that God hath given in sleep,
The teachings of a dream.

There, Death and Health appeared to me
To struggle for a noble form,
Too young, too beautiful, to be
The birthright of the worm.

But Death was winning! On the arched,
High brow great agony was shown;
And from the pale lips, fever-parched,
Broke the half-stifled moan.

When lo! two beings toward him trod,
Whose look told innocence of sin:
With woman-forms—those forms which God
Hides angel-spirits in.

They laved the fever from his brow,
They chafed the numbed limb free from pain.

And Health beheld her roseate flow
Exulting in each vein.

And, till the eternal portals ope,
That dream shall never fade from me—
Those angel sisters, FAITH and HOPE,
Nursing young ENERGY!

NO. VI.

GENIUS AND POVERTY.

A youth, in springtime of his age,
Bent, to increase his store
Of knowledge, o'er an olden page
Most eloquent of yore.

And on his face a light was cast,
Of brilliant thought and prayer,
Bright as if angels had gone past
And left their glory there.

And One, with haggard, livid skin,
Shrunk lip and gasping throat,
Emaciate and stern—came in,
And taunted him and smote.

Fiercely the student's eye flashed light;
They clutched, and battled then
With savage and appalling might,
Like tigers in a den.

Heaven! 't was a fearful thing to see
The passions struggling there:
The pride which strove for mastery—
Thy greater strength, Despair!

A Third had watched the strife, and laughed
With strange and chilling mirth.
But sudden launched a quivering shaft,
And struck them both to earth.

Then bent him o'er the youth's pale clay,
And blood that poured like wine—
And shouted, "Battle as ye may,
Ye all, all must be mine!"

That scene, which I but saw in thought,
Hath oft in life been done—
Where POVERTY and GENIUS fought,
But DEATH—the mighty—won!

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY G. HILL.

BREATHE not again that early strain!
It should be left on earth to die,
Nor wake, till met by tones like thine,
In worlds without a tear or sigh.
Breathe it—till there we meet—no more!
Too much of bliss, intense but brief,
Its notes recall, for me to hear
Or thee to speak them, but with grief.

But from the willow take the harp,
The mourner's harp, long mute, of old,
Whereon the captive bard his tale
Of pride and power departed told.
Our hearts are like the autumn bowers,
Whose bloom is sere, whose spring-bird flown;
Our song should be as lone and sad
As winds of night that through them moan.

MONOLOGUES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—NO. III.

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

How glorious, above all earthly glory, are the faculty and mission of the Poet! His are the flaming thoughts that pierce the veil of heaven—his are the feelings, which on the wings of rapture sweep over the abyss of ages. The star of his being is a splendor of the world.

The Poet's state and attributes are half divine. The breezes of gladness are the heralds of his approach; the glimpse of his coming is as the flash of the dawn. The hues of Conquest flush his brow: the anger of triumph is in his eyes. The secret of Creation is with him; the mystery of the Immortal is amongst his treasures. The doom of unending sovereignty is upon his nature. The meditations of his mind are Angels, and their issuing forth is with the strength of Eternity. The talisman of his speech is the sceptre of the free. The decrees of a dominion whose sway is over spirits, and whose continuance is to everlasting, go out from before him; and that ethereal essence, which is the untameable in man—which is the liberty of the Infinite within the bondage of life—is obedient to them. His phrases are the forms of Power: his syllables are agencies of Joy.

With men in his sympathies, that he may be above them in his influence, his nature is the jewel-clasp that binds Humanity to Heaven. It mediates between the earthly and celestial: in the vigor of his production, divinity becomes substantial; in the sublimity of his apprehensions, the material loses itself into spirit. It is his to drag forth the eternal from our mortal form of being—to tear the Infinite into our bounden state of action. What conqueror has troops like his?—the spirit-forces of Language—those subtleslaves of Mind, those impetuous masters of the Passions—whose mysterious substance who can comprehend—whose mighty operation what can combat? Evolved, none knoweth how, within the curtained chambers of existence—half-physical, half-ideal, and finer than all the agencies of Time—linked together by spells, which are the spontaneous magic of genius, which he that can use, never understands—the weird hosts of words fly forth, silently, with silver wings, to win resistlessly against the obstacles of Days, and Distance, and Destruction, to fetter nations in the viewless chains of admiration, and be, in the ever-presence of their all-vitality, the immortal portion of their author's being. Say what we will of the *real* character of the strifes of war, and policy, and wealth, the accents of the singer are the true acts of the race. What prince, in the secret places of his alliance, uses such delights as his? Passing through the life of the actual, with its transitory blisses, its deceduous hopes, its quickly waning fires, his interests dwell only in

the deep consciousness of the soul and mind, to which belong undecaying raptures, and the tone of a godlike force. Within that glowing universe of Sentiment and Fancy, which he generates from his own strenuous and teeming spirit, he is visited by immortal forms, whose motions torment the heart with ecstasy—whose vesture is of light—whose society is a fragrance of all the blossoms of Hope. To him the true approaches in the radiant garments of the Beautiful; the Good unveils to him the princely splendors of her native lineaments, and is seen to be Pleasure. His soul lies strewn upon its flowery desires, while, from the fountains of ideal loveliness, flows softly over him the rich, warm luxury of the Fancy's passion. His Joys are Powers; and it is the blessedness of his condition that Triumph to him is prepared not by toil but by indulgence. Begotten by the creative might of rapture, and beaming with the strength of the delight of their conception, the shapes of his imagination come forth in splendor, and he fascinates the world with his felicities.

Art is greater than Science; for to create is more than to know. In science, we explore the harmony and order of things in their relations to a centre infinitely from them and us: by Art, we compel, through the transmuting ardors of our moral being, things to assume a new order and harmony in relation to ourselves as a centre. The natural sciences are God's fine arts; the fine arts, as we know them, are the manifestations and monuments of man's divinity.

The scientific faculty is the pure Intellect: artistic energy lies in the conjunction of the Passions and Intellect. Intellect, warmed, animated and urged by the interfused fire of the Passions—Passion, illuminated, informed, and guided by the pervasive light of Intellect—is the creative faculty or force in man. Material instinct, raised and rarified by thought, is the ideal. In the race and in the individual, the era of art is at the commencement of the middle period of existence; for then the passions and the intellect are in the due degree of equipoise.

True Science, then, consists in a subjection of the mind to the forms actually existing in the outer world: Art is the subjecting of the substance of outward things to the forms pre-existing in the mind. Art, therefore, through all its multiform illustrations, is of two parts; the natural substance and the imparted form: the vital union of the two is Beauty in some department of æsthetics. In sculpture, painting, music and poetry, the material is the stone, the color, the sound, and the language; the form is the soul's conception of the fair or great: their combination

constitutes all the immortalities of Phidias and Raphael, of Mozart and of Milton.

Wherever you have a substance capable of being made subject to the forms which feeling paints upon the understanding, you have scope for a fine-art. The life of a man, then, is the greatest of the Fine Arts. The stuff that it is wrought of, is the condition, acts, and circumstances of humanity. The instinctive efforts of each person to cut or mould these into shapes conceived by his own Ambition, Vanity, or Love of Pleasure, give us a work of art; sometimes magnificent, and sometimes ridiculous; brilliant or burlesque; fine or fantastic; wonderful or worthless; in most cases a simple failure; in the greatest instances, a melancholy torso.

The current of Things flows ever on toward the throne of God: man's being is an element cast in to take or make its fate: the man of perceptions, who is the philosopher, arranges his feelings according to the laws which he sees established, and floats with the stream: the man of passions, who is the actor-artist, sets his nature traverse to the course of events, endeavoring to soothe or storm them to his will. This poetry of action, this architecture in history, demand a front and force almost divine; for, the particles of social life are kept in form by a magnetism whose axis is the sceptre of the heavens; to overcome and change that order, the soul of man must be intensely charged with power. Nature, more than our will, sets us on this desperate enterprise; for at a certain period of existence, Imagination, winged by emotion, assumes a kind of personality distinct from ourselves, and whirls us headlong into the lists. For my own part, I have not become content to trifle with the airy essences of thoughts and words, without having first fought with the rougher substances of Life, and exhausted in that contest the last contingents of Hope. But I have no instructions to impart respecting this life-craft. I understand it not: it is to me a mystery and a puzzle. My observation has shown the many courses that are fatal; none that are wise. It is to me an inextricable tangle of contradictory principles and conflicting purposes; a system, of which different parts seem to be under the jurisdiction of distinct and jealous deities—the constitution of man being planned upon one design, its development being directed by another, and the end and result of the whole being regulated by a third law thwarting both—as also the wise fabling of the ancients showed in the fiction of the three Fates; a scheme, in which success and failure are but different modes of punishment, and good and evil but varied methods of arriving at it—in which nothing is certain but the suffering of man. For myself, the glory of my life has proved its bitter perplexity: when I touched the glittering prize it exploded with ruin and amazement. How gorgeous was that conflagration of the Feelings, which in youth wrapped the battlements of life in splendor, to leave them in ashes! How wild, that swelling strength that then sprang forth in insolence of power, to win the terrible defeats of victory, and reap that cureless disappointment which lies in the success of the passions. Never to have tasted Joy, is a privation; to

have commanded all its resources, is the saddest of human calamities. The failures of Love are bitter; but triumph is the most hopeless of them. A stout mind endures repulse, and even is strengthened by it; but from the moral overthrow of boundless gratification, there is no re-action. *Talis frangit fortia corda dolor.* The pleasure-tides of Hope have ebbed away, and return to me no more: thrown high upon the beach, I lie amid the wrecks and rubbish of old and ruined schemes. From the profession of life-artist, therefore, I have retired, having totally failed in it. But, alas! it will not give up its liens upon me. By the keen enjoyments of earlier being, I have provoked the animosities of Pain, which seems, with mad resentment, to take its revenge on a nature which had defied it, by stinging it through madness into insensibility—and have accumulated upon the hours of thought, an agony beneath whose weight the darkened mind reels. The passions need no scourgings but their own. Intense delights, even of the purest kind, seem to be a kind of sin against the moderation of nature; and the recollection of them is a species of Remorse, which, like a deadly arrow from the quiver of the great hunter, Nemesis, drinks from the side of its victim, drop by drop, the streams of life. From the delirium of that passionate influence which madens, to emasculate, we wake in weakness and anguish; and can only utter the wild hopeless cry of Atya—"Jam, jam dolet quod egi, jam, jamque parietis!" My day, then, being ended, let me creep into the cave of Death, and lie snugly housed there, while the flying troops of Existence sweep to and fro over my head.

But thought survives, when the Passions have been slain; and from its depths, creations divinely delicate, yet dauntless in endurance, may still be made to give themselves forth. Those exquisite porcelain moulds of poetic fancy, which, when pressed upon the rude matter of actual life, were shattered into fragments, may here impart their loveliness of form to essences as fine as light. The pride that was lost by Action, may be recovered in Art.

Literary art is the chief subject of our present concern; let us understand its nature and development. Æsthetic power, I have said, consists in a certain harmony and conjoint action of the affective faculties with the intellectual: but this union constitutes the Sentiments, which, therefore, are the creative elements in our nature. Phrenology recognizes this triple division of our mental organization; assigning the passions to the rear and base of the brain, the intellect to the forehead, and the sentiments to the central parts between them: and beyond this grouping, the classifications of that science are hardly to be relied on. Sympathy with the merely physical emotions may so predominate in a literary work, that it shall not rise to the character of art at all.* On the other hand, the reaction of the intellectual element may be so strong, that the production passes quite out

* To this class, I refer the writings of Dickens, Sue, &c. Their power over every one that reads them, is intense and irresistible; but it is impossible to treat them as works of art. Who ever admired an execution? Who but is fearfully interested by one?

of the region of genuine art, into the thinner air of metaphysics: it is in the due proportion of the two, that the perfectness of art consists. The mistake of approving the former of these conditions, is not common or lasting: the imposture, indeed, could never take effect, but in an age when the mob are the arbiters of reputation; who, imagining that they are raised to the level of literature, when in truth literature is let down to their level, are of course delighted with productions which they know how to appreciate. But the latter evil, as an error in opinion, and a fault in practice, is in modern times nearly universal; and in view of this, it can hardly be too often or too strongly insisted, that the sensuous quality is the true and peculiar characteristic of art. According to my view of it, art is nothing else than an intellectual image of passion: it is passion, so far abstracted, as, without parting from its own essence, to assume a mental form; or, it is a rational conception made concrete and palpable in something which addresses itself to that part of our nature which is not purely intellectual. It is a creation; and the affective energies, whether for re-production or for new production, are the creative in man, the others having capacity of perception, selection, and repression, not of generation:—it is a thing of power; and the more physical qualities being the more sympathetic, must enter into every thing which is to have power over men:—it is not notional like science, but is substantial, and must be wrought of those constituents which are the most material in our intelligent nature.

We see from this, how large a part the consideration of Language must have in our conceptions of Art. It is no part of science; it is of the essence of art—it is its hypostasis. Science is the separate action of the intellect, which is merely analytic. Art is the heroic offspring which is engendered when the divinity of mind embraces with the human voluptuousness of passion: it is the magnetic energy that is evolved when intellect and feeling re-act on one another in all the power of their mystic co-relation. The first and most natural shape in which artistic action within man's nature gives itself forth, is gesture and motion, which, therefore, might be called the earliest and simplest of the fine arts. Sound, likewise, is a natural menstruum of artistic spirit. When the constructive instinct predominates among the feelings, Architecture is the form in which Beauty is born of the marriage of the mental with the material. Language is the highest and most general of all the modes of utterance. In its first and true nature, it is less an expression than an emanation—a natural effect of this dynamic condition of the faculties—a gesture, as it were, produced by the struggle of instinct and intelligence, and propagated through the organs of speech. As passion predominates in that state of relation between the different parts of our being from which language proceeds, it is obvious that the language will be picturesque and musical in its character, concrete and definite, material, a-glow with sensuous life: as intellect gains head in the combination, and language grows to be less the spontaneous overflow of emotion than the ductile expression of the thoughts, it becomes

abstract, speculative, thin and dry. In the *language* of the poet, then, you read the degrees in which the affective and the intellectual, respectively, have contributed to his work; in other words, the degree in which his work is truly Art. The censure of language is, therefore, a criticism upon the genius: when you judge the style, you are analyzing the mind. Language is the clothing of science, it is the organization of art: it serves the former for intercourse with the world, it is the life and being of the other.

The sentiments, blended of passion and intelligence, the true seat of creative vigor, have, in like manner, a triple division; they are the moral, the spiritual, and the merely natural; so distinct from one another as almost to be opposed; in the development of all which consists the civility of the race. In the great work of effecting this civility, the task of educating the moral sentiments was assigned to the Romans; of the spiritual, to the Hebrews; of those which I have called natural, to the Greeks: and in the literature of these three nations, you have the same phenomena of life and man exhibited under the natural point of view, under the spiritual, and under the moral. These natural sentiments acting aesthetically, result in the conception of the Beautiful; and their display in the Greek organization took place under the conditions of an immense intellectual development, a very limited moral one, and little or nothing of spiritual perception: Greek art, then, embodies natural emotions with a most exquisite fineness of illustration, and presents a most subtle analysis of the natural sensibilities, but is unplagued by moral questionings, or the morbid apprehensions of spiritual consciousness. That predominance of the moral faculties, which evolved, in the Roman state, the greatest system of law, society, and politics that the ancient world had seen, while it condemned the Latins to rather a debased species of art, led them to the invention of one form of poetry unknown to the Greeks, that of moral satire. In the Hebrew organization we behold an enormous excess of the spiritual functions with a very defective moral faculty, and even a mean intellectual ability: passion, therefore, over-mastering reason in the composition of their poetry, it became the most vehement, substantial, and intense, that man has ever produced. These three distinct elements of civility flowed into one at the commencement of the Christian era; and modern life and modern art are the mingled action of all of them.

Effluent from the feelings, tempers and fancies of an humanity that claimed no higher origin than the flower-bearing Earth, yet inerrant and exact as geometry itself—combining the freedom of nature in the conception of thoughts with the precision of science in the expression of them—infinately refined in its sympathies, yet simple, strong and never offering at any thing false or unsound—sensitive, with an equal fidelity, to the most material instincts that inhabit the depths of our nature, and the airiest gleams of emotion that flit over its surface, and sovereign, with equal ease, to summon them to become the eternal, life-giving spirits of some fair form of words—searching every thing with the lights of philosophy, that it

may decorate every thing with the lustre of beauty—subduing passion to the yoke of logic, and giving to pure reason almost the warmth and loveliness of feeling—able, by the telescopic powers of its language, to advance the indefinite into distinctness, and to make reality recede away into a vagueness as dim as air—intense, yet expansive, comprehensive and yet particular, fervid without faultiness, glowing and still controlled, natural but refined—daring any thing except deformity, fearing nothing but to violate grace, regardless of no laws but those of Beauty—delight of the sense and wonder of the mind—Hellenic Art stands on high like the grouped stars of Heaven, at once a superstition, a rapture, and a science. The forms of Grecian brightness do not flare and blaze like the fires of modern ardor, nor are they, as the priestly poetry of Israel, distorted by the inspiration with which they swell; but serene and genial, they glow with a native brilliance that softens the surrounding atmosphere with the light of joy and the warmth of repose. From the quiet of their lofty seats they seem to look down upon the rivalries of ostentatious Rome, the fanatic furiousness of Judea, the madness of Gothic fervor, and to say, "*Quare fremuerunt gentes, et populi meditati sunt inania?*" It was this want in the Grecian nature, of the spiritual and moral sense, that made Grecian art peculiar and unimitable: for Art, in the purity of its philosophical conception, is essentially a heathen thing; that is to say, is constituted of those carnal apprehensions of the grand, the graceful, and the fair, whose integrity is impaired by the influence of any thoughts not of earth and the present. Glad and innocent as childhood, yet, like childhood or summer, overcome sometimes in the very acme of brightness by a dark cloud whose origin and nature and purpose were utterly inexplicable, the Greeks seem to be moving about in that paradise of careless, joyous ease, which the world was, before the wretched knowledge of good and evil had invaded it. When I seek for Purity, let me be aided by the suffering song of David; but I desire to be all Pagan in my appreciation of the Beautiful. What relief it is, to turn away from the frantic fooleries of theological contests—the vice and shame of this age—and from the metaphysical perplexities of recent poetry—to the rich and soft repose of Grecian art—to that calmness which is strength and wisdom, that silent grandeur which is freedom and peace. Greek literature!—delight of my boyhood—only friend of my inmost being—how should I live without it? Fair Spirit of true art! pure, beautiful, divine—comforter, companion, and enchantress—that in the white dawn of Ionian glory, unveiling thy kindling fascinations to mortals, didst infuse a love that grew to inspiration! Thou art delicious, to wake affection; and august, that thou mayst deserve our worship. The admiration of thy charms is cleansing; the influence of thy nearness purges our privacies of thought. Over the glossy streams that gush from thy sacred mountain is written—

. *Purâ cum ueste venis,
Et manibus puris summis fontis aquam.*

Reigning over our Fancy, thou servest in the cause of

virtue: for, showing us what marvels may be accomplished by those who are possessed with the Idea of the Perfect, thou dost incite us to mightier and unceasing efforts in the higher æsthesis of virtue and goodness.

Latin art in letters has been underrated by critics from not being well understood. It is not, that being of one nature with Greek art, it is inferior to it in quality; in its elements and purpose it is essentially different. It is not composed of those merely physical sentiments which attic genius sought indeed to elevate but not to modify; it does not seek for a pure and purged apprehension of natural beauty: it has a conscience—which Greece never knew. It is fashioned of the moral instincts and sympathies; and if any one would behold these, under their various development of personal dignity, domestic affection, social regard, and political relation, embodied in strong and graceful forms of feeling, fancy, or thought, and arrayed in the dazzle of a language full of sensibility, surprisingly suggestive, and capable of accomplishing, by a kind of elegant indirectness, effects almost as exquisite as the arrowy certainty of Grecian phrases—he will find them in their best loveliness in Latin poetry. In dealing with this moral species of art, the test of artistic merit is, the degree in which the work proceeds from the moral sentiments and instincts, and not from the dry analysis of a moral ratiocination: and under this view, the Latin bards are genuine poets. Their craft is as truly art as Grecian is, and their mastery of it not inferior: but the more vital clay with which they wrought was incapable of those firm, cold, glittering forms which shine forever in the Parian stone.

Idolatry of the classics is part of the religion of a gentleman: and, bred as I have been from infancy into the most intimate familiarity with Grecian letters, and beholden to them inexpressibly for comfort and joy among a thousand troubles, and almost for sanity amidst the torrent of false reason and base superstition that now sweeps over the world, they are to me at once a passion and a pride: they are a refuge from care, from fear, from solitude, from remorse; I turn to them with the same confidence and affection with which one seeks his home and fireside; and I feel an assault upon their supremacy, as a wrong done to myself. And yet—reluctantly—against my will—in spite of earnest endeavor—I am overborne by the despotizing might of Jewish inspirations, and am compelled to admit that Israel is greater than Greece. Bowed down and driven away from the darlings of heathen witchery, by an irresistible sympathy, I recognize at last that there is in art something yet higher than Beauty, and that there may be a power in Spirit above the fascinations of Form. And whence arises that amazing vehemence and vitality of Jewish art—that emphasis of passion which strikes us as with the dizzying blow of a giant's hand—that breathless fervor of enthusiasm, whose words are weapons, whose cadences are like the thick drivings of the tempest? It is because the spiritual instincts and sensibilities, of which Hebrew poetry is the bold, imperious utterance, are yet deeper, more impetuous and absolute than

either of the other kinds; as the experience of the world attests. The spiritual, the natural, the moral—such is the successive development in the history of the individual, and such is the order in which the several civilities of Judea, Greece and Rome have evolved themselves: that is the sequence as you pass forward from the merely affective to the intellectual organs, and that is the gradation in the degrees of force and substantiality exhibited by these respective schools of art. Tyrant of our admiration—jealous, exclusive, fierce—the spirit of Jewish art seems to whirl itself at the object of its meditations with the abandoned energy of madness. Fit to be the winged messenger of that tremendous law which was born amidst thunderings and lightnings—whose fearful courts are held in the shadowy sanctuaries of the soul, and the ministers of whose judgment are Frenzy, and Horror, and Self-damnation—it flies forth in the solemnity of a delegated Omnipotence: by the force of its sincerity, extravagance becomes venerable and absurdity august. That literature is the fresh, morning effort of that deity in man whose calmer work is Grecian art, and whose later toil is Roman. It is the

native residence of the sublime; Grecian sentiment, never soaring without the jealous accompaniment of Grecian intellect, could never reach Sublimity, but like Aurora in pursuit of Night, still drove the dusky fugitive before it. Among all the deep minds of Greece there is none that may be measured with the unfathomed soul of David. The storms of the Andes have no tones more terrible—the melodies of the summer winds among groves of myrtle and orange are not more ravishing—than those that mingle in the bursts of his lyre. A river of Poetry, in which the elements of Truth and Terror, of Wisdom, Might and Beauty, are melted up together by the ardors of genius, gushed forth from the avenues of his spirit, like the surging overflow of the sea of Heaven: with the roar of a coming deluge, headlong it rushed on, over the world—a resistless stream of Light, and Power, and Glory—absorbing the confluent courses of Greek intelligence and Roman morals: on it rolled in unresisted conquest, till it met the great reflux wave of Milton's soul, which, with audacity and strength divine, forced back the gathered torrent up even till the returning tide echoed against the throne of God.

MARGARET.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

It was wild and winter night, cold the wind was blowing,
Not as yet i' the lonely farm was the red cock crowing,
Only from the reedy fen came the bittern's booming,
Long before the misty morn in the east was glooming;

Long before the misty morn in the east was breaking,
Only on the moorland dun was the hill-fox waking,
Only from the iviedholt sad the owls were hooting,
And the gusty skies along falling stars were shooting;

Only from the gusty skies falling stars were gleaming,
Not a light from lordly tower or lowly hut was beaming;
Only o'er the green morass meteors pale were creeping,
Yet was Margaret awake, all awake and weeping.

Early Margaret was awake, early awake and sighing,
For how could she lie warm asleep, when he lay cold and dying?

There was a terror in her ear, as of a bell slow ringing
A deep, dull toll, though toll was none, upon the night wind
swinging—

A heavy terror at her heart, strange shapes around her
wheeling,
A steed all blood, a saddle bare, a dark route blindly
reeling.

Sad Margaret, she only heard that bell's unearthly tolling,
Pale Margaret, she only saw that red tide round her
rolling.

Yet now there came, when lulled the wind, a sound of
war steeds stamping,
Adown the hill, along the fen, across the bridge slow
tramping;

And now there came, amid the gloom, the flash of torches
glancing,
And harness bright, and lance-heads light, and plumes and
pennons dancing.

It was wild and winter night, cold the wind was blowing,
Not as yet i' the lonely farm was the red cock crowing;
It was wild and winter night, all but she were sleeping,
When the war cry broke above them, changed their rest
to weeping.

Only from the reedy fen came the bittern's booming
Long before the misty morn in the east was glooming,
When the sullen cloud of smoke, o'er the roof-tree sailing,
Changed their brief and bootless strife into endless wailing.

Sad Margaret, she only waked when all the rest were
sleeping;

Pale Margaret, she only smiled when all the rest were
weeping;

True Margaret, she only said, "I care not though ye
slay me,"

She only said, "I care not—but near his cold corpse lay
me."

Brave Margaret, she only said, when flashed the broad-
sword o'er her,

She only said, "I care not"—when her life-blood streamed
before her;

She only said, as ebb'd her life, "this is the end of
sorrow,"

"For I shall be with him," she said, "with him and my
God to-morrow."

LIGHTING THE CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS.

BY F. S. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy ee? Burns.

"AND now, how do you like my house, Aunt Ainslie?" asked Mrs. Ashland, as she descended the stairs with the old lady, after having shown her every nook and corner of her new establishment.

"It is very handsome—very convenient," replied her aunt quietly.

"And the furniture of these rooms is pretty, is it not? They are so much larger than the rooms of the other house that I was obliged to get new for the parlors. But as I wanted some more for up stairs, I put the old furniture in the bed-rooms, where it looks very well, and purchased the new for these rooms. Ashland told me to get what I wanted, and I thought, while I was about it, it was better to do the thing handsomely, so that we should not require any thing more for some years to come. If I did not new furnish down stairs I must have done so up; so, you see, after all, it did not make much difference in expense."

Mrs. Ainslie made no reply to this remark, for, as she glanced at the new mirrors and rich carpets, she felt that she could not in conscience agree with her niece. She merely said—"It is in perfect taste. All in excellent keeping." But, although her language was that of praise, her looks and tones were so grave, that her commendation had rather the air of blame than admiration.

"I was quite surprised," she continued, "when you wrote to me that you had moved. You did not talk of it when I was here last."

"No," replied Mrs. Ashland, "it was rather a sudden thing. Mr. Ashland happened to walk home one day with Mr. Franklin, who was building this row of houses upon speculation, and he proposed to my husband finishing one for him. Charles mentioned the subject to me, and, of course, I was nothing loth, for we wanted a dining-room sadly. When we came to look at the house, we found it rather larger than we expected, but Mr. Ashland said that was a good fault, and, as we were settling for life, it was not worth while to let two or three thousand dollars, more or less, interfere with our being permanently established to our satisfaction. A good house, too, he says, is always worth the price, and, upon the whole, he did not think he could invest his money better. So we closed with Mr. Franklin's offer at once. You may suppose how busy I have been since. It seemed as if we never could get the workmen out of the house; and what with them, and

several disappointments about the furniture, I thought I never should be settled."

"There must be certainly a good deal of trouble in making such a change," remarked Mrs. Ainslie.

"There is," replied Mrs. Ashland. "But 'the labor one delights in physics pain.' I was so pleased with the house, and all, that I did not mind the trouble."

"You seemed very well satisfied down town, when I was last with you," observed Mrs. Ainslie dryly.

"I was," answered her niece. "The years I passed in that house have been among the happiest of my life. When I went through it for the last time, I could almost have wept to think it was for the last time. And yet how our feelings change with circumstances. Now, that I am here, I actually wonder how I could have existed there so long. This situation is so pleasant, and the house so cheerful and convenient, that I really look back upon the other, with its long dark entries and small parlors, with amazement, to think how I could have been so contented. But I have not shown you my pantries," continued Mrs. Ashland; "you must take a peep into them, for they are my chief pride and comfort. Opening out of the dining-room, from which you see the stairs run right down to the kitchen. That was my idea."

"Excellently planned," said Mrs. Ainslie. "Nothing could be more perfect. But who do you expect to dinner, Anne?" inquired her aunt, as she glanced at the table and side-tables.

"No one, that I know of," replied Mrs. Ashland. "But I have always a couple of extra places. Mr. Ashland likes to bring in a friend now and then, and so I have the table prepared for one or two besides ourselves. To me it is the pleasantest way of entertaining; and Charles is very fond of company in this social way."

"There is no doubt of its being the most agreeable style of receiving your friends," replied Mrs. Ainslie, with a slight accent upon the word "agreeable."

"Yes," replied her niece, "and not an expensive one either."

"I do n't know that; I should hardly think it economical," remarked Mrs. Ainslie, "to keep a table at which you can have two or three gentlemen unexpectedly every day. I should think it somewhat expensive in the city."

"No," replied Mrs. Ashland carelessly, "it does not make much difference. One or two dishes added

to your ordinary fare does not amount to much. And now," said she, "let us return to the drawing-room. Mr. Ashland will be in presently, and I make it a point to be always there to receive him. There, try that new arm-chair," continued Mrs. Ashland, as she wheeled a most luxurious seat toward her aunt. "Is it not comfortable?" and seating herself on a low ottoman, she continued to chat in the happiest tone of spirits of her domestic affairs until her husband entered.

Mr. Ashland was a very clever man, at the height of his profession. He was making a handsome income, though he could not be called rich, for never having been a careful, *thrifty* man, he had laid up little or nothing. Prosperous and social, his manners were particularly pleasant; and when seated at his hospitable table, with his pretty, animated young wife opposite to him, was about as happy as a man is capable of being, and as agreeable a host as one may meet in a lifetime.

"Anne," said he, as he took his place opposite her, "the Leavensworths are in town. I met him accidentally this morning. They have been here a fortnight, he tells me. I wish you would call—and you may as well invite them to dinner."

"Very well, I will," she replied. "Who shall I ask to meet them?"

"I did not think of asking any one to meet them," he said. "Is that necessary? They are plain, quiet country people, you know."

"Just those who want fashionable parties," returned his wife, laughing. "They come to town to see fine people, and tell about them when they go home. So we had better ask the Fitzwillings at the same time. We owe them some attention, and so we may as well kill two birds with one stone while we are about it."

"True enough," said her husband. "Besides, I want to invite Henderson and Emmett; so write them notes when you send the rest of the invitations."

"If you are going to make a regular dinner of it," returned Mrs. Ashland, "we may as well include the Lowndes."

"Very well," said her husband. So a "regular dinner" was quickly arranged, as a matter of ordinary occurrence, and the next morning invitations issued.

The day of the expected party, Mrs. Ainslie, who had come to town with rather primitive notions, was somewhat surprised, as she entered the parlor, to find her niece occupied with her flowers, instead of being in her pantry or kitchen, which she supposed the natural location of the mistress of the mansion on a *fête* day, and expressing some such idea, Mrs. Ashland replied—

"Oh no, I have nothing to do. I have given my orders. Joseph knows as well as I do what is wanted when we have company."

And is your cook equal to the desert, &c., without your superintendence?"

"My dear aunt," replied Mrs. Ashland, smiling, "we are not in the country, but live in the blessed city of restaurateurs and confectioners, where we have only to give orders."

"And pay for them!" added Mrs. Ainslie.

"Yes, money does every thing in the city," continued Mrs. Ashland carelessly. "And its 'labor-saving' qualities are to me its chief value."

Mrs. Ashland's present style of easy, luxurious living was so superior to her former mode of life, and so different from any thing Mrs. Ainslie had ever been accustomed to, that she was confounded by the elegance of all that surrounded her. There was a kind of careless *laissez aller* tone prevailing that quite passed her comprehension.

A "grand dinner" would to her have been a great affair, but to her niece it seemed quite an every-day event—and the dinner itself really dazzled her. The full dress guests, the floods of light, the china, glass, servants, all, was in a style she had never seen before. In fact it was actually oppressive to her. Mrs. Ashland, however, beautifully dressed and in high spirits, looked the proper presiding genius of such a scene, quite unconscious of the grave and even mournful thoughts that were passing through her aunt's mind, in the midst of all the gaiety that surrounded her.

The morning following the party, after Mrs. Ashland had fully discussed the guests, conversation, and other trifles that mark such an event, there ensued a pause, which was broken by Mrs. Ainslie's saying—

"My dear Anne, do you think all this is right?"

"Right!" repeated Mrs. Ashland, looking up in surprise; "what is not right?"

"The style in which you are living—you must pardon me, my dear, but I cannot see you in all probability laying up misery for your future years, without uttering a warning word."

"My dearest aunt," replied Mrs. Ashland, "you surely do not think there is any harm in going into society and receiving it at home?"

"No, my love, it is the expense to which I allude, for you must be aware you have changed your manner of living very materially since I was last with you. You were not without society in — street, but you never gave such dinners as that of yesterday."

"Oh no," replied Mrs. Ashland; "in those small plain rooms, it would have been absurd—in fact out of the question. But in other respects it is about the same."

"Pardon me, my dear; you have more servants."

"I have not one," interrupted Mrs. Ashland eagerly, "that is not necessary. You must remember, my dear aunt, how much larger this house is than the other; we require more here than we did there—and indeed I think it is the best economy to keep good servants, and enough of them to do the work properly, otherwise things go to ruin for want of care; and, after all, what is the expense of a couple of women more or less?"

"Not very great, I grant you," replied Mrs. Ainslie, "if that were all. But every thing, your very style of dress is altered."

"Charles likes to see me well dressed," replied her niece, "and to tell the truth I have a little weakness in that respect myself. And really I do not think it would be worth while for me to be economizing in

such small matters, which my husband would not feel or even know at the end of the year. What would all my pinching and saving amount to? I should make myself very uncomfortable, and save, maybe, a few hundreds. And where would be the use? If Ashland were a different man from what he is the case would be altered. But you know he works hard and loves to spend freely—he is the most generous man alive, and, if you will, somewhat extravagant. My economies never could keep pace with his expenses if I tried ever so hard; so I may as well have the comfort of the money while it is going."

"It is because your husband is, as you say, expensively and even extravagantly inclined, Anne, that I now speak to you seriously on the subject," said her aunt. "If he were a prudent careful man, the responsibility of your manner of living would not rest upon you as heavily as it now does. It is a wife's duty, as far as she is sensible of them, and as far as it is possible, to supply the wants—and I may say—weaknesses of her husband."

"Pray, my dear aunt," said Mrs. Ashland, turning pale, "do not throw such a load of responsibility on me, for what can I do? If Charles is a little extravagant, I really think he has a right to be so, for he works hard and earns reputation as well as money. He is making an excellent income, and if it is his pleasure to spend it I do not think I have any right to interfere. And interfere as I might, I could do little but tease him."

"Do n't say that, Anne," replied Mrs. Ainslie, gravely. "There is no telling the influence a woman can and does exert over the man that loves her, and as a wife and mother she is bound to use that influence wisely and for the good of all."

Tears started in Mrs. Ashland's eyes as she said—"Let me make him happy, and do n't ask me to fret his noble spirit about trifles. He has fully earned all he now enjoys. He did not marry young or imprudently, and I cannot think it is for me to check his enjoyment of the present."

"My dearest child," rejoined Mrs. Ainslie earnestly, "you have touched upon the very point that strikes me the most painfully in this matter. When I look at your husband, now past the meridian of life, and think of the young family that surrounds him, I feel forcibly the heavy changes that must fall upon them in the due course of time, should any thing happen to Mr. Ashland."

"Oh do n't talk of it," exclaimed Mrs. Ashland passionately; "if I lose my husband, may I and my children lie down in the grave with him."

"Dearest Anne," said her aunt, "you talk wildly. Grief and despair would often make us gladly quit this world. But that cannot be—we are not to leave it at our option, and while we are here, we all have duties to perform. It is for your children's sake I would have you look to the future."

"I do not want wealth for my children," replied Mrs. Ashland earnestly. "Let my boys tread in their father's footsteps—I desire nothing more, and he began with nothing."

"You may not require wealth for them, Anne," re-

plied Mrs. Ainslie gravely, "but *independence* it is the duty of every parent to secure, if possible, to their offspring. You know not the misery, and more, the temptations the young are exposed to when cast too early upon a friendless world to struggle for an existence for themselves. Your husband's noble character and superior talents have carried him bravely through the ordeal; but success does not so surely attend all who are left to depend upon themselves. You certainly would not wish your children to encounter unnecessary suffering—and suffering, too, that *you* could ward off from them."

"Oh no! God forbid," and tears burst from Mrs. Ashland's eyes—"how wretched you have made me. What can I do? must I sacrifice my husband to my children?"

"By no means," replied Mrs. Ainslie. "You need run in neither extreme. You lived happily and not imprudently in — street; the great error was to leave there; but a handsome house and furniture is woman's natural weakness, I think; therefore, Anne, I do not blame so much as lament the move."

"The difference of rent is not much," said Mrs. Ashland, looking up with a brighter expression.

"It is not that only, Anne, but larger rooms bring other expenses. You own yourself you never would have entertained in the other house as you do here."

"You would not have us move back, would you?" exclaimed Mrs. Ashland with some alarm, in the midst of her grief, in her tone.

"No," replied her aunt; "but I would have you live here as you did there. If you have made an error do your best to retrieve it."

Mrs. Ashland breathed more freely. "I suppose you are right," she said sadly—"I will do what I can, although it chiefly lays with Ashland. He is more expensive in his tastes than you are aware of. And after all, the difference of our expenses here is not so very great as you think; they do not amount to much more."

"If the difference were put out for the benefit of your children, Anne, in ten years it would amount to an independence for them."

"I'll do what I can," again repeated Mrs. Ashland, mournfully; "though what that may be I cannot tell."

"At least you need not light the candle at both ends," replied her aunt, "for if you do, depend upon it you will live bitterly to repent it."

And here the conversation was interrupted, and not again resumed. It lay heavy, however, at Mrs. Ashland's heart, and, as usual, she could not rest until she had told her husband all about it. To her surprise he only laughed as she began, quite amused at the idea, as he said, of "her petty economies making a fortune for the children."

"But I am not surprised at your poor aunt, who can hardly keep body and soul together, thinking we are on the high road to ruin," he continued—"and people in the country, too, think the whole world can be bought for ten thousand dollars. And so you are to make up in your caps and ribbons for all my extravagancies, are you? Well, that's right," he con-

tinned, smiling in the earnest face upturned to his—"there's no telling how soon I may want your two-and-sixpences, Anne."

But as she proceeded with her aunt's fears for their children's future, and the hint of his not living forever, his countenance darkened and he said, almost angrily—

"What nonsense it is for old women to meddle with other people's affairs. Just as if every body does not understand their own business best. And tell your aunt, Anne, that if the candle is to be burnt out you may as well have your end of it as not. Confound the old woman, for making you look so dismal, love. And so she has been burying me—I have a great mind to tell her—" but whether he meant to tell her that he was immortal, (for it was chiefly the cutting him off that nettled him so,) did not transpire, as he did not finish his sentence, but changed it for—"Come, let us have tea early. To-night, you know, the opera opens, and I want you to go with me."

"Oh not to-night, Charles."

"Why not to-night?" he asked; "I have taken a box for the season, and it commences to-night, you know."

Mrs. Ashland hesitated for a moment and then said—

"I would rather not go while Aunt Ainslie is with us. She will think so much of it."

"Pooh!" said he, "let her think what she likes," and the door opened just at that moment and Mrs. Ainslie entering, Mr. Ashland said cordially—

"Wont you go to the opera with us this evening, my dear madam? We have a box, so you won't be crowded, and I dare say will be amused, and if Anne will only hurry tea a little we shall be there in excellent time."

Mrs. Ashland cast a half fearful deprecating look at her aunt, as much as to say, "you see it is not my fault; he will do it," and rung for the tea equipage, and ordered the carriage as her husband desired.

One or two feeble efforts more on the part of Mrs. Ashland in the cause of economy, which, if the truth were known, were made chiefly because she did not like to run into any new expense just under her aunt's eye, and which were decided failures, for her husband "was not afraid of Aunt Ainslie," and then the conversation which had disturbed her so much, faded almost completely from her mind. In fact they were a pleasure loving couple, and rarely commenced any expense that one or the other did not say—"Well, while we are about it, we may as well add so and so," and to Mrs. Ainslie it seemed they were "about it" almost all the time. She said nothing, however, aware that as her advice would not be followed, she had no right to make herself disagreeable by offering it; and so things went on as usual—Mrs. Ashland often lamented over her "poor hard worked husband," but it never occurred to her that she might, by prudence and economy, lessen in a great measure the necessity for the unwearying toil over which she sentimentalized so prettily. For in truth the expenses of their establishment were such, that with the utmost efforts on his part, Mr. Ashland

could just make out to meet them—as to laying up, that was quite out of the question, and indeed the idea never seemed to cross the mind of either husband or wife. Although now upon the downward path of life, Mr. Ashland was still in the full vigor of all his powers, both mental and physical, and entered into the pleasures of social intercourse and domestic ties, with as keen a zest as he could have done twenty years before; perhaps more so—the very fact of his having married late in life and experienced for so many years the cheerless life of a bachelor, who had his way to make in the world by himself, may have been one of the chief causes of his lively enjoyment of the present. But be that as it may, life seemed to him just opening her brilliant noon-day, while he forgot that the shadows of evening must soon be closing around him. In short he seemed to have that feeling of immortality that men of strong frames and active minds are apt to indulge in, and although, as an abstract fact, he believed in death, yet it was as one in which he had a very distant if any interest. Mrs. Ashland was much his junior, and a very pretty woman. She was very proud of her husband's talents and station, and loved him with the enthusiastic affection a woman only feels when her pride and imagination, as well as her heart, are deeply touched. She had been, as she said, perfectly happy during the first three or four years of her married life, when they had lived chiefly for themselves, and seen little society save a few of her husband's professional friends; but now that the sphere was enlarged, it must be confessed that the spirit of youth, beauty and vanity was found as wide awake in the heart of the young wife, as it could have been had she still been upon her "preferment." A pretty woman, very much admired abroad, and very much indulged at home, is apt to enjoy the world even if she is not endowed with a peculiarly pleasure loving spirit; but when she has this to add, and crowning all, a proud and happy heart, her state comes as near to perfect bliss as this nether region can afford. She loved her children passionately, and would have laid down her life to serve or save them; but it never occurred to her that to lay down her carriage and give up some of her superfluous pleasures, would have been a more simple and effectual means of doing so, than to die for them. Mrs. Ashland did not mean to be selfish, and would have been shocked and indignant at the accusation; and, as for her husband, he was the most generous and disinterested of human beings—and yet what was the result of their warm feelings and thoughtless conduct? Selfishness itself could not have done worse. They enjoyed the present and let the future take care of itself; and no neglected changeling turns in after years with greater bitterness upon those who should have cared for it in childhood, than does the Future on those who neglected it in the Present.

So some years of perfect happiness passed. 'Tis true, that the remembrance of Mrs. Ainslie's warning voice did now and then flit across her niece's memory, and occasionally it influenced her to some piece of economy that was so out of keeping with the rest of

her expenditures, that it generally ended in costing her more than her usual mode of careless self-indulgence, to the great amusement of her husband, who never failed to treasure, as one of his best jokes at her expense, one of these experiments. The result on her part, was a renewal of faith in her husband's axiom, "that the best economy is a good thing," never dreaming that there is a better in not enjoying *all* the "good things" of this life. But experience is the only teacher worth any thing, and it is wonderful how little her best pupils learn even from her. Let the best disciplined of us commence life over again with the *same feelings*, and we fear much that the new race, with all its added knowledge, would be run in very nearly the old tracks.

But to return to Mrs. Ashland. A few years, as we have said, of perfect happiness passed, and then the sun of her prosperity suddenly sank from the horizon. Overtasked nature will sometimes, as it were, indignantly resent her wrongs, and strike back upon those who have dared too long to trifle with her strength. Mr. Ashland's over-worked brain refused at last to toil longer. In the height of his reputation and happiness he was struck down with apoplexy.

The lamentations of the public were universal. The daily prints teemed with eulogies; societies wore crape and sent "resolutions" of condolence to his bereaved widow. And what did that avail? Wild with grief, Mrs. Ashland was beyond the flattery of such consolation. She gave herself up in the first anguish of her affliction to despair, and thought misery could not touch her deeper.

But the world will roughly intrude in times of the heaviest sorrow, and then oftentimes there is found a "lower depth" in the "lowest deep."

Mr. Ashland's affairs were now to be looked into,

and those who took upon themselves the friendly office of executors, soon found no estate to administer upon. Mrs. Ashland first learned the fact with a dejected and almost stupid indifference, for the words conveyed to her no adequate idea of their consequences. But something must be done, and by the time she was roused to a full sense of her situation, the sensation that her great bereavement had called forth from a sympathizing public had passed away with the crape "to be worn thirty days." Blame was now mingled with praise, when the talents of the husband and loveliness of the wife were recalled, and people wondered how others could be so mad in their prosperity as not to provide for their families. The charges of vanity and extravagance were now laid at the door of Mrs. Ashland, by those who formerly had talked only of her spirit and beauty; and grave and heavy censure upon the recklessness of her husband even reached the ear, to pierce the heart of his sorrowing wife—and then came that saddest of changes, the breaking up of a family.

Mr. Ashland's kindness had not been all thrown away upon ungrateful friends, for there were those who now stepped nobly forward to assist his bereaved offspring. But alas! what can even the kindest offer dependence, and though sheltered with her youngest darling under a sister's hospitable roof, Mrs. Ashland, with a breaking heart, was called upon to part with her other treasures, to those who would take them; "wee hapless things."

Oh with what anguish did the once neglected words of Mrs. Ainslie haunt, with never ceasing remorse, her unhappy niece—

"Anne, if you light the candle at both ends depend upon it, you will live bitterly to repent it."

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE. *A Chamber. (Julia solus before a mirror.)*

Julia. Aye, this looks well!
This graceful robe becomes my faultless form—
The mirror tells me I am beautiful.
Gay fancies crowd my brain. This night shall mark
My conquest of the wealthy, proud De L'Orme,
Or, if I fail—I cannot, *must* not fail!

(Enter Anna.)

Anna. Come, tell me, coz, how like you Florimel?
Had I a lover, (*he, you know, is yours,*
And I'm content with friendship's steady flame,)
'T were such as Florimel—I would be kind.
Last eve he sat, alone, with book in hand—
I came, he laid aside the book—looked up—
He expected you! true, he welcomed me,
But disappointment veiled his brow. How soon
It brightened when you came!

Julia. And so, kind coz,
You'd have me love this youth. Look on my hand,
So white, so soft, unfit for housewife toil;
While 't is mine to give, it shall still be mine
Till some aspiring youth, by fortune blest
With wealth, shall claim it his. I hate the toil
That ever waits on lowly wedded bliss;
Nor wealth alone, but fame, shall gain my hand—

The Senate-honored or a titled name:

If such come not to woo, you'll see me, coz,
As now, forever an unshackled maid.

Anna. In rhyme I will portray a lover, coz—
Humane, benevolent, he is firm and true;
Attentive, fond, or else he would not do;
Well skilled in useful lore, and rich in heart,
He, in his station, nobly fills his part;
Or poor, or with huge coffers full of pelf,
I'd care not—but would love him for himself;
If honest, tall and brave, and handsome, gay,
And asked he love for love, I'd not say nay.

(The bell rings.)

'T is Florimel. Your eye is flashing fire!
You'll sing for him the songs he loves to hear?

Julia, (with scorn.) Not I, indeed!

(To servant.) Attend the bell, and if

'T is Florimel—

Anna. Why, coz, you're not yourself—
What means your rage? 'T were best he sees you not—
At least not *now*. He would not know you *thus*!

Julia. Not, not know me! He'll know I'm not for him!
(To servant.) Away, I say, and let him elsewhere roam—
Stay not his question—say I'm not at home!

"L."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

CHARLES DICKENS, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of "Barnaby Rudge," says—"By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his 'Caleb Williams' backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done."

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin—and indeed what he himself acknowledges, is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens' idea—but the author of "Caleb Williams" was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before any thing be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis—or one is suggested by an incident of the day—or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative—designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or authorial comment, whatever crevices of fact, or action, may, from page to page, render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place, "Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can best be wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by any author who would—that is to say, who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such

a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say—but, perhaps, the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition—and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes, at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought—at the true purposes seized only at the last moment—at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view—at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable—at the cautious selections and rejections—at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions—the tackle for scene-shifting—the stepladders and demon-traps—the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, constitute the properties of the literary *histrion*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no means common, in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor, at any time, the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select "The Raven," as the most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referrible either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem *per se*, the circumstance—or say the necessity—which, in the first place, gave rise to the intention of composing a poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression—

for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and every thing like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with *any thing* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact, merely a succession of brief ones—that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one half of the "Paradise Lost" is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art—the limit of a single sitting—and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as "Robinson Crusoe," (demanding no unity,) this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit—in other words, to the excitement or elevation—again in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect:—this, with one proviso—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular, while not below the critical, taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem—a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally* appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which, with the poetical, stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect—they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul*—not of intellect, or of heart—upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating "the beautiful." Now I designate

Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes—that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to, is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable, to a certain extent, in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion, a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me) which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from any thing here said, that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem—for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast—but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation—and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense—I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so vastly heighten, the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation of the *application* of the *refrain*—the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of

application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas was, of course, a corollary: the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt: and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound, and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next *desideratum* was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the pre-assumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by a *human* being—I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then, immediately arose the idea of a *non-reasoning* creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven, as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill omen—monotonously repeating the one word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also, is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*: the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore"—I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying, at every turn, the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in

answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending—that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore"—that I could make this first query a commonplace one—the second less so—the third still less, and so on—until at length the lover, startled from his original *nonchalance* by the melancholy character of the word itself—by its frequent repetition—and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it—is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote) but because he experiences a phrenzied pleasure in so modeling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction—I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query—that to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer—that in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin—for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil! prophet still if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant
Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

I composed this stanza, at this point, first that, by establishing the climax, I might the better vary and graduate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover—and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza—as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede, so that none of them might surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climactic effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versification. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little

possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite—and yet, *for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing.* The fact is, originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of the "Raven." The former is trochaic—the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the *refrain* of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically—the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short: the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet—the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds)—the third of eight—the fourth of seven and a half—the fifth the same—the sixth three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before, and what originality the "Raven" has, is in their *combination into stanzas*; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual, and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven—and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields—but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident:—it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished—this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird—and the thought of introducing him through the window, was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose, in the first instance, that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter, is a "tapping" at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for

the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—it being understood that the bust was absolutely suggested by the bird—the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, *Pallas*, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast, with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic—approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible—is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

Not the least obeisance made he—not a moment stopped or stayed he,
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:—

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for, I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness:—this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests—no longer sees any thing even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader—to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dénouement*—which is now brought about as rapidly and as directly as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper—with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world—the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, every thing is within the limits of the accountable—of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven, at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams—the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress de-

ceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore"—a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the utmost extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skilfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required—first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and, secondly, some amount of suggestiveness—some under current, however indefinite of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to

borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the *excess* of the suggested meaning—it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme—which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind) the so called poetry of the so called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem—their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The under-current of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines—

"Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out *my heart*," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza, that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;
And my soul from out *that shadow* that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore.

TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY MISS EMMA WOOD.

SOAR onward in light, proud bird,
O'er the home of "the blood-bought free;"
Though the tocsin of war is heard,
It will bring no fear to thee.
Thou hast hovered o'er battle plains,
Where the war-horse fiercely trod;
Where the life-blood flowed from patriot hearts,
And crimsoned the verdant sod.
But fearless then, thy flight
Was upward and onward still,
Till Victory shouted from every plain,
And Freedom from every hill.
And fearless, fetterless still
Thou canst soar in the vault of heaven,
Though thunders roll through the pillared dome
And thy banner clouds are riven.
Turn, turn thy piercing eye
From its burning glance above,
And search if the spirits beneath thee now
Still burn with a patriot's love.
Search well that no craven heart
Is beneath thy shadowy wing,
Whose dastard fear would a veil of shame
O'er the land of Freedom fling.
Are the links of that chain still firm,
Which hath bound them all as one?

Have party-spirit and love of power
Left their brightness undimmed alone?
Oh beware! if that chain be broken
Thou must droop in thy upward flight,
For thy spell of power is riven,
And the spirit of thy might.
And in vain shall thy sweeping pinion
Be spread for the realms of air;
Thou must be the tyrant's minion,
Or borne to the wild beast's lair.
And where is then thy glory,
Thou bird of the mighty wing;
Shall oblivion veil thy story,
And its shadows o'er thee fling?
God forbid! there are lofty spirits,
There are sons of patriot sires,
Who the glorious trust inherit,
And will guard its altar fires.
They will labor to shield the Union
From the mad fanatic's hand,
Or aught that would aim to ruin
The harmony of their land.
Soar on! thou mayst well be fearless,
For thine is no borrowed might;
Thou dost guard a birthright peerless,
Long, long be thy pathway bright.

THE STOLEN MANUSCRIPT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed.—MILMAN.

Early in life did little Ethel Walsingham taste the cup of sorrow, for she had scarcely reached her third year when death deprived her of a kind affectionate mother. True, she was not old enough to realize the irreparable loss she had sustained, but henceforth tears rather than smiles were to be the portion of the little one. She could only understand that something very, very sad had happened—she saw her father's tears, and the afflicted looks of the household, and so little Ethel screamed and cried in an agony of sympathetic grief.

Hark! the solemn tolling of the bell! The mourners one by one, in sable garments, come forward and gaze for the last time upon the placid countenance of the dead, then turn sobbing away, for no more on earth will they behold her who was so dear to them—the daughter, sister, friend! The villagers, with saddened looks, crowd around—"She was an angel!" whispers one—"Poor thing, called so soon away!" says another—"Wo's me!" sighs an old woman, "better so than to stay in a world of sorrow and disappointment!" But now the coffin is closed, and then the funeral train silently and sadly pass over the village green, and through the winding grove leading to the narrow house appointed for all the living, and the remains of Mrs. Walsingham are consigned to the family vault.

The disconsolate widower shuts himself up in his lonely chamber to dwell upon her whose loss has made life a desert—she was his first, his only love! *Can he ever forget her!—never! never!* No, dearest Emily, thou angel now in heaven, henceforth I devote myself to our *sweet child* and to *thee!* I will strive to make her as amiable as thou wert—and when I see her infant graces assimilating more and more to thine, I will think that in *her*, my Emily lives again! *Alas, poor human nature!*

"The most beloved on earth,
Not long survives to-day!
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away!
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid!"

Ere a twelvemonth has passed away an unusual bustle pervades the late house of mourning. The housekeeper wears a sour look, and as she flounces from room to room, talks about "cruel step-dames," and "unruly young wives"—the maids toss their

heads, smiling at one another at these remarks, for perhaps Goody Crisp has been a hard task mistress; and the gardener drops a tear as he freshly trims the rose bushes, and trails the honey-suckle anew, which she had planted! "Little did I think the bonniest flower of a' would hae been trampled upon sae soon, and it nae withered yet in its cauld bed!" quoth the honest Scotchman. In all this bustle dear little Ethel, disregarded and alone, sits in her room with her dolls and her toy-books. But at length innovation extends even to this neglected spot. Nanny hastily enters—the little mourning slip of Ethel is removed, and her dark auburn hair curled with all the skill Nanny can command, and then arrayed in white muslin with pink sash and shoulder knots, the timid child is led to the parlor to welcome her *new ma'ma—the young bride of her father!*

There she sits, the fair Mrs. Walsingham—all smiles and blushes. Eyes of melting blue rest languishingly upon those of her lover-husband—lips of coral breathe words of sweetness, one small white hand is nestled amid the dark locks which cluster around the brow of the bridegroom, while the other clasped in his lies next his heart.

"Heavens, what a little angel!" screams the bride. "O Harry, you did not tell me one half her loveliness! Come sit on my lap, sweetest pet—come, little dear—wont you love *ma'ma*?"

"Ethel does love *ma'ma—poor ma'ma!*" lisped the child.

"Little cherub! but you must not call me 'poor *ma'ma*'—*ma'ma* is very *happy* to have such a sweet little darling as you are to love!"

"*My ma'ma* is happy too—for she is up in the beautiful heavens, and then when I fall asleep, so sound that nobody can awake me but God, I shall go to heaven too and see dear *ma'ma!*"

"But this pretty lady is your *ma'ma*," said Mr. Walsingham.

"O, did you come down from heaven?" cried Ethel, springing from her lap, and clapping her hands for joy; "are you really, really my own dear *ma'ma* come back?" Then gazing a moment earnestly in her face, she said: "But *ma'ma* was very pale, and your cheeks are just the color of my new ribbons—and all poor *ma'ma's* hair was combed back, so, and put under an ugly cap, and yours curls prettier than mine, don't it, papa? but maybe they *changed you in heaven!*"

"What an angel she is!" again exclaimed the bride, catching her in her arms and kissing her—while Mr. Walsingham, bestowing his carresses on both dear objects of his love, feels his cup of happiness needs no crowning bead!

CHAPTER II.

Alas for the young heart thus early thrown
Back on itself—the unloved and the lone!—L. E. L.

The illusion which love, youth and beauty lends the fair Mrs. Walsingham in the eyes of her husband are not dispelled in a moment! No, it is the little Ethel who, young as she is, first discovers the honeyed words of *ma'ma*, losing their sweetness, and her artless caresses repulsed, or at best received with listless indifference.

"But I am a great girl now, *ma'ma* says," would she exclaim, as if striving to excuse the neglect, "so that must be the reason she does not kiss me any more. It would be funny if she should hug me as she does the dear little baby, would n't it, Nanny?"

But Nanny was a discreet lassie, so made no answer, thus avoiding the too common propensity of sowing jealousy and discord between step-daughter and dame.

However, the "dear little baby" *did* engross not only all the maternal cares of Mrs. Walsingham, but also made great encroachments upon the share of love and kindness which the *father* had heretofore allotted the motherless Ethel—unpardonable error! so that in course of time the child became almost an outcast, even under the very eyes of Mr. Walsingham. It was a happy thing that the heart of Ethel was free from jealousy or envy—she strove all she could to please both her parents, and if at times tears would fill her soft hazel eyes at the unkind rebuffs with which these attempts were too frequently received, she never harbored an unkind thought, or gave utterance to an angry word. Dearly too did she love her little sister Amelia, although she saw her constantly preferred before her. In fact she was the most amiable of little girls, and on that account the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham was, if possible, more reprehensible.

How many scenes like the following occurred during the days of childhood.

The carriage is at the door, for the day is a fine one—the very atmosphere causes the heart to bound more lightly. Mrs. Walsingham proposes a drive a few miles through the delicious pine-groves whose fragrance diffuses health to the body and tranquillity to the mind.

"Nurse, bring down Miss Amelia."

"And Miss Ethel, too?"

The answer is in the negative. So little Amelia, with the richest of laces, and bows of blue ribbon clustering round her pretty little face, her eyes sparkling with joy, and tiny hands and feet in brisk motion, is received with a kiss, first in the extended arms of *papa*, and then seated on the lap of *ma'ma*. The carriage rolls away from the door, while up at the nursery window may be seen the pale meek countenance of little Ethel, smiling at the delight of "dear sis," and waving her hand *unnoticed* until she is out of sight.

There is company to dine. The cloth is removed, and now a tempting display of fruits and confectionery is placed upon the table.

"Tell the nurse to bring down Miss Amelia."

"*And Miss Ethel?*" (for all the servants love the neglected child.) Again is the answer in the negative.

"What a dear little thing!" "sweet child!" "little love!" "kiss me, you cunning darling!" "and *me*," "and *me*," echoes from mouth to mouth, and finally, half smothered with kisses, petted, flattered, and loaded with a profusion of oranges and sweets, the child is led back to the nursery, where silent and alone sits Ethel, but still happy at the glee of her little sister, and wishing she knew *just how she felt* to laugh so loud and dance so merrily.

Mrs. Walsingham leads her darling into a spacious toy-shop. "Yes, my pet, *ma'ma* will buy her a new doll."

"And wont you buy one for thister Etthey, too?" demands the child.

"No, darling, nurse shall dress up your old one for Ethel!"

And so Amelia returns home with a beautiful *waxen* doll, while Ethel receives the *cast-away* with a smile of pleasure, nor casts one glance of envy to her more fortunate sister.

The days of childhood are over. Ethel has grown up a lovely intelligent girl. Fond of reading from her earliest years, books are now her solace and delight, and fortunately (as she has been left to her own judgment) the tendencies of her pure mind have led her to peruse only such as are moral and instructive. Her accomplishments apparently are not equal to Amelia's—she is a superior French scholar, but the Spanish, Italian and German masters are employed only for her sister. She touches the piano with *grace* and skill, for in whatever she undertakes she *excels*—but the harp and guitar are only for Amelia.

A few words will define the character of the latter. She was a beautiful girl, but vain and indolent. Dress lay nearest her heart, and to be charming and irresistible in the eyes of her many admirers, was her next ambition. Her beauty and gay manners rendered her a belle—her vanity made her a coquette. With her pale countenance and retiring modesty, Ethel was unnoticed by the side of her brilliant sister. To do Amelia justice, however, had she been better guided she would have made a better woman, for she was naturally amiable, and in spite of the indulgence so injudiciously lavished upon her, possessed in her early childhood many of the lovely traits of her sister's character, but they had now mostly disappeared for want of proper culture and encouragement. The love she felt for Ethel was as much as she could afford to bestow upon any one save her own dear self—and *self* she frequently forgot for Ethel's sake—and would entreat her mother to extend to her less privileged sister some of those favors of dress and jewels, which she herself was so constantly receiving.

CHAPTER III.

Change makes Change.—NEW PLAY.

Mr. Walsingham was suddenly called to pay the debt of nature, and even while his bereaved family were yet overwhelmed with affliction at this sad

stroke, it was discovered that the affairs of the deceased were not only in lamentable disorder, but in a pecuniary way very much embarrassed. Rogues, like kites, are always hovering in such an atmosphere for their vocation, and consequently this entanglement and confusion of accounts worked admirably for their advantage, but wofully for the interest of the widow and the fatherless. And thus to those who had never known a want, poverty came close on the footsteps of death, and the late happy household, by these fell visitants, was at once broken up. Under the swollen eyes of the weeping widow, the auctioneer knocked down, to hearts as hard as his own hammer, the beautiful furniture, the plate, the carriage, the horses—all which had constituted her *pride*; and immediately Mrs. Walsingham was politely requested to vacate the noble old house which had belonged to her husband's father, and seek a home—where?—it was no matter—the world was large enough, and what though the road might be a hard one—the *grave*, a place of rest, was beyond! So pack up, madam, and be off! quoth the purchaser.

Now it was that the energy and good judgment of Ethel found a field for development, and while her mother and sister did nothing but weep and repine, she on the contrary came forward to meet *for them* this sad reverse of fortune—to devise *for them* some measures by which comfort might be attained, and the want of it avoided—*self* was not thought of in the strife. But, thank Heaven, they are not quite friendless, and there are some of the neighbors who kindly offer assistance to this suddenly stricken family. With their help a small house is procured a few miles from the town, and such trifling articles as the *law allows*, are removed thither and disposed around in the most cheerful manner by Ethel. It was a striking contrast, that little parlor, with its painted floor, one small table, a few chairs, and naked walls; to the splendid drawing room, ornate with every elegance and luxury, which had once been theirs—yet had Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia imitated the noble spirit of Ethel, even *there*, happiness more to be prized than riches or ornament, might have found a resting place. But no, such were not their natures, and while in plain neat attire, Ethel is assisting our old friend Nanny in the domestic duties of the family, in a darkened chamber the widow is wringing her hands, reproaching even the memory of the dead that so much trouble has fallen upon her; and Amelia sits inactive and desponding—drooping like some beautiful flower crushed by the wind and rain. She has little sympathy for her mother; she wonders at Ethel for her cheerfulness, and pronounces her to be *heartless*—self, dear self, claims alone her sighs and tears. *What*—is she shut out forever from the coterie of fashion—no longer able to follow its whims and fooleries! must she no longer sport those beautiful dresses, and decorate herself with jewels! and where are all those wealth-serving *lovers* that so lately sighed even for her slightest glance—*what, all gone!* Poor Amelia, with her misguided frivolous mind, with no inward sources of relief for the hour of adversity; and no mother's example to prompt to better

things, no wonder repining and fretfulness gradually made their power visible upon her temper and her beauty.

Perhaps it might be considered almost a misfortune to Mrs. Walsingham that her step-daughter proved so energetic and untiring in her exertions—otherwise she might perhaps have breasted the storm with more firmness. As it was, Ethel could do all—her constitution was wonderful—Ethel never complained—the house was in perfect order—Ethel did it all—it was her pride—Ethel was so fond of her needle, and did up her caps so handily! Thus argued Mrs. Walsingham in favor of her own indolence. There was always enough to eat upon the neatly spread table, but *how* it was procured, and *when*, neither mother nor daughter troubled themselves to learn—it was *Ethel's affair!*

Unlike Cinderella, however, Ethel unfortunately possessed no good fairy to assist her in her oft dilemmas, and her own hands must therefore to the task. By disposing of the little jewelry she possessed, she was enabled to hire a piano, for the purpose of teaching, and her taste and proficiency upon that instrument being well known, she had no difficulty in obtaining scholars, which would without question have proved of some avail—but now Mrs. Walsingham began loudly to remonstrate upon her teaching the children of those persons who had once felt themselves honored by her notice.

Why not remove to the city? she suggested—there they would be unknown, not as now, daily *victimized* to the condescension of their former dear friends! The idea once aroused, grew to be a positive mania, and she looked forward to the change with restless eagerness. Amelia, too, became animated—the very word *city* was magical, and conjured up visions of delight. And Ethel, although she would have preferred the quiet cottage, reflected that in the city she might not only obtain more pupils and at a higher price, but also, where so much is to be done, gain by her needle an additional income for the support of her mother and sister. The poor girl knew not of the many—

Fingers weary and worn,
Eyelids heavy and red,

that in every street meet the midnight hour unresting—their reward—*starvation and contumely!*

CHAPTER IV.

New projects and plottings.

To the city, therefore, they came, and took board with a small family in a retired street, upon the most moderate terms. Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia occupied the front chamber, and Ethel a smaller one adjoining. Nanny of course was dismissed, Ethel undertaking to perform all those little offices which her mother might require. A piano was hired, but a stranger, unsupported either by friends or fame, finds no ready acceptance with the public—hence her pupils were few, and her skill in needle-work, however tastefully exerted, met with cold praise and still less profit. Unfortunately, too, as denizens of a city,

although unknowing and unknown, their wants began to multiply. New bonnets and dresses Mrs. Walsingham insisted must be had, for they must make a decent appearance in the street, and as the fashions changed so must they; it would never do to be different from the rest of the world! She delighted to saunter leisurely along through the most fashionable thoroughfares, with Amelia by her side, whose beauty never failed of attracting much attention, until finally not a doubt existed in the mind of the partial mother, that her lovely daughter was destined to make a brilliant match, and to set off her charms to the best advantage, both by window and promenade exhibitions became her sole aim, and for this she drew unsparingly upon the slender means of her step-daughter. Ethel ventured to remonstrate upon this cruel expenditure, but she might as well have talked to the winds. The only reply vouchsafed was to accuse her of being selfish and avaricious!

Glancing over a newspaper one morning, Ethel noticed the advertisement of an editor of a popular periodical, offering a reward of two hundred dollars for the best story which should be furnished him by a given time. *Two hundred dollars!* In her present situation it seemed a fortune. The idea of using her pen for a livelihood had never occurred to her, but she now felt herself strangely tempted to launch upon the precarious sea of literature. It was a hazardous enterprise—for she had no one to criticise her performance—no one upon whose good judgment she might rely for counsel and encouragement—no one either to correct an error or suggest an ornament. Upon her own good sense and imagination, therefore, must she rely. An aching brow and fevered pulse attested the zeal with which she set about the task. The "Sketch" completed, with throbbing heart and trembling hand, Ethel folded, sealed, and forwarded her manuscript to the publisher. Many days must intervene ere she can know the decision of the committee appointed to pronounce upon the merits of the different pieces laid open to their criticism, and I cannot do my heroine the *injustice* to say that those hours, rife with the hopes and fears of so many competitors, were passed by her without agitation or impatience. One thing, however, she did entirely forget—namely, the *prize money*. It was only the life or death of her literary offspring, now awaiting sentence, which had power to disturb her usual equanimity.

But Ethel did not obtain the prize. Nor is it any disparagement to her talents to say so. The bird that soars the nearest heaven, has first to poise his little wings trembling and fluttering from the parent nest! Her manuscript, however, was thought worthy the sum of twenty dollars—which was accordingly forwarded to her address (fictitious) with a request from the editor that she would continue to write for his magazine.

Never did Ethel feel so happy as when she received this tribute to her talents. A source of boundless pleasure to herself, with which she might combine both amusement and instruction to others, was now open to her, and how many little comforts too

she might thereby be enabled to procure for her mother and sister! To her other duties, therefore, she now added the labors of a writer, and the beams of the morning frequently penetrated the closed venetians ere she ceased from her employment—a few hours rest—and again to her task, cheerful, unflagging. Her communications to the press were anonymous—her signature simply a ".*" They were invariably accepted, generously paid for, and extensively copied.

It was now winter, and Mrs. Walsingham, having noticed a prodigious pair of whiskers and a curled mustache several times pass the house, while from out the thicket peered a pair of eyes admiringly in the direction of the window where Amelia was accustomed to enthrone herself, resolved that it was indispensable her daughter should forthwith sport a velvet hat with plume of corresponding elegance—while she herself, as the chaperon of beauty, must of course add a fashionable shawl or mantilla, to her promenade gear. But how to obtain these desired articles? It was very easy to say *we must have them*—much more difficult to add—*they are ours!* She knew that their board bill was now due, and that owing to her unpardonable prodigality, the purse of poor Ethel was nearly empty. The latter was now engaged upon a story, for which she was to receive the sum of fifty dollars—but Mrs. Walsingham was aware it was already appropriated by the prudent girl mostly for board, and the remainder to supply the necessities of fuel and lights until more might be realized, either by her pupils or her pen.

To obtain that fifty dollars Mrs. Walsingham was willing to barter her own soul! A plot, unexampled for its baseness and cruelty, suggested itself, and was at length disclosed to Amelia. At first her young mind revolted at a deed so treacherous to her amiable self-sacrificing sister—but the entreaties and commands of her mother, and more, I fear, the flattering predictions which her vanity led her to credit, induced a full consent to the measures proposed.

CHAPTER V.

Naught is there under heaven's wide hollownesse
That moves more dear compassion of minde,
Than beautie brought 'tunwortheie wretchednesse,
Through envie snares, or fortunes freakes unkinde.
SPENSER.

It was a cold winter morning. Those hours which should have been given to refresh her overtasked frame, Ethel was compelled from necessity to devote to the completion of her manuscript, and the clock had struck five ere her task was accomplished. The fire was nearly in an exhausted state, and her lamp gave but a dim sickly light, yet so intent was she upon the pages before her that both these silent monitors of the lapse of time remained unnoticed. As she rounded the last period a bright glow of satisfaction flushed her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with pride and pleasure.

"It is finished—what happiness!" she mentally exclaimed. "Five o'clock! is it possible it can be so late, or rather so early! no matter, my task is ended—I will now try to sleep an hour ere the family are stirring."

With these thoughts Ethel threw herself upon the bed, and in a few moments sweet sleep rested upon her weary eye-lids. Scarcely had she done so, when the side door leading from her mother's room was gently pushed open, and Amelia, still in her night dress, stole softly into the chamber. Casting a troubled look through the uncertain light to discover if her sister slept, she advanced cautiously to the table, and then seizing the manuscript, as softly retreated, and again closed the door.

"Here it is, mother!" she cried, quite pale with agitation.

"That is right, my love, you have done admirably," answered Mrs. Walsingham, eagerly snatching poor Ethel's treasure from the hand of Amelia, and fast locking it in a bureau drawer; "admirably! now lie down again and try to go to sleep; deny having been up at all—as for me, remember I am sick with a violent headache—not able to rise—so of course there will be no suspicions of us."

"Poor Ethel!" sighed Amelia, "no, she will never suspect us! She is too pure herself to think so vile a thing of a mother and sister! O mother, let me take the manuscript back."

"Nonsense, you silly girl! One would think we were absolutely stealing, to hear you talk. It is as much mine as hers, and I have a right to the money. Now hush and go to sleep—when you are riding in your own carriage one of these days, you will thank me for this harmless manoeuvre."

It was nearly eight o'clock when a servant knocked at the door of Ethel's chamber, with a message from her mother stating that she was quite unwell, and desired Ethel would come to her; for as Amelia had been broken of her rest through the night on her account, and had now fallen asleep, she did not like to disturb her. Ethel instantly sprang from the bed, astonished she had slept so long, and requesting the girl to rekindle her fire, hastened into her mother's room. She found Mrs. Walsingham suffering from an excruciating headache, and Amelia with her face concealed under the bed clothes, either asleep or feigning to be so—most probably the latter. The sick woman suggested that a cup of tea, prepared by Ethel's own hands, might do her good, and perhaps she might be tempted to eat the daintiest bit of chicken if Ethel would cook it, for her appetite was too delicate to be tampered with by boarding-house cookery. And so Ethel descended to the kitchen and begged to be allowed to prepare her mother's breakfast.

At length she found her many duties around the sick bed of Mrs. Walsingham ended—as usual, she had platted her sister's beautiful hair, and assisted her in dressing. It was now ten—at eleven one of her pupils came, so she had just one hour good to fold her manuscript and carry it to the post-office, through which she sent all her communications. *But where was it?* She was confident she had left it upon her table—it was not there—in vain she searched her desk, her bureau, opened every book, and moved every article of furniture in the room—it was not to be found! Even Mrs. Walsingham, although she nearly fainted from the exertion, arose from her bed

to assist in the search: however, she had not a doubt, she said, but that the careless housemaid had taken it to kindle the fire! A *denial* of course was no proof—and as she had the reputation in the house of being a careless, headstrong girl, Ethel began to think she might possibly have done so. This loss cost the young authoress a copious flood of tears—but she soon cheered up, and with her usual spirit went to work to remedy the misfortune. Recollecting she had some loose sketches and draughts of the story in her desk, she was confident that, by using great industry, she might yet re-write and re-model her plot in time for the press; so as soon as she had dismissed her pupils, she sat herself resignedly down to the task.

In the meantime what employed Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia! No sooner did they hear the first touch of the piano, announcing that Ethel was now engaged with her pupils, than throwing on her sister's modest straw bonnet and shawl, Amelia took the *stolen manuscript*, with directions from her mother to proceed directly to the office of the publisher and receive the *fifty dollars*! It so happened that the office of the "Literary Wreath" and that of the "Japonica-dom Magazine" were within a few doors of each other—rival publications of course. In her agitation Amelia mistook the office, and, therefore, by this circumstance, it singularly happened that the article intended for the "*Wreath*" fell into the hands of the "*Japonica-dom*." The publisher received her with the greatest politeness—took the manuscript—turned over its neat pages, and here and there read a few sentences. He had frequently noticed the brilliant "*" of his neighbor—perhaps not without regret that his own pages were not benefitted by its sparkling rays; and now seeing the same signature appended to this, he took the liberty to inquire of Amelia if she was the writer of those pieces which had appeared in the "*Wreath*." It was no wonder the voice of the guilty girl was trembling and low as she replied in the affirmative! Not supposing there was any mistake in the matter, but simply that the fair authoress wished to extend her literary fame as well as profit, he asked:

"What price, my dear young lady, do you expect to receive for your manuscript?"

Amelia named the sum of fifty dollars.

"*Fifty dollars!* indeed! That is a large sum for an article of ten pages—really I—"

But at this moment the sudden opening of the street door admitted a swift current of air, which lifted the veil of Amelia, thus disclosing her beautiful countenance, now glowing and blushing with excitement.

"However, the merit of your pieces," continued the gallant publisher, bowing low to the fair vision thus revealed, "are too well known to admit a doubt of the corresponding excellence of this."

So saying, he turned to his desk and taking a fifty dollar note placed it in the hands of his visitant—he then escorted her to the door, where he remained watching her light graceful form until it vanished around the corner of the adjoining street.

The delight of Mrs. Walsingham at the success of her scheme could hardly be restrained within bounds

—as if such depravity could escape detection! After the return of Amelia her head felt so much relieved that she announced to Ethel her intention of taking a walk—the clear bracing air would help to revive her. And ere the setting of that day's sun the shawl was purchased, and the hat and plume ordered!

Late in the night did poor Ethel toil over her manuscript, and, after snatching a few hours' slumber, the dawn of day found her again at her task. By such untiring industry it was soon completed, but as the time appointed for its delivery had gone by, and fearing on that account it might be passed over in the number for which she had promised it, without some explanation, she determined to carry it herself to the publisher. Never having thrown aside her incognita, she felt great timidity in so doing, but when she reflected upon the debt now due their landlady, and their other urgent necessities, she hesitated no longer.

The editor himself came forward as Ethel entered. With a trembling hand she presented her manuscript, at the same time announcing herself as his correspondent the “*.”

“My dear young lady,” cried Mr. Temple, shaking her warmly by the hand, “this is indeed a pleasure. I have long wished to become acquainted with one whom we consider the choicest flower in our ‘Literary Wreath’—let me hope you now intend the world shall know to whom they are indebted for so many hours' enjoyment.”

Ethel modestly replied that such was by no means her intention—that she had merely brought the manuscript herself to apologize for her delay. She then handed him her card, bearing her name and address—but, in her haste to leave the office, she entirely forgot her most important errand—the money—until Mr. Temple, hastening after her, placed in her hand the stipulated sum of fifty dollars.

CHAPTER VI.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say. SHAKESPEARE.

The consequence of this double sale was—that both articles were issued simultaneously from the press! The one leading off the “Japonica-dom Magazine”—the other the “Literary Wreath!” Here was a commotion! here was a puzzle more complicated than ever the Turkish magician propounded! What could it mean? The articles were almost word for word the same—bearing the same title and signature! *There was treachery somewhere.* A copy must have been stolen by some Judas clerk, and betrayed into the hands of the rival! The “Wreath” had paid his fifty dollars, he had calculated his “*” this month would have eclipsed all other lights in the literary firmament—and what does he see? A twin star in the columns of his neighbor—no doubt surreptitiously placed there! “Japonica-dom” has paid his fifty dollars—and there was the *same* article copied *gratis* by his rival—unheard of meanness and perfidy! There was a brisk running fight between the clerks of the two establishments—but nothing could be

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elicited; those of the “Wreath” pronounced the “Japonica-doms” *slly rogues*—and the “Japonica-doms” shook their heads, and thought *ditto* of their neighbors!

A copy of the latter magazine accidentally fell into the hands of Ethel the morning of its publication—her astonishment exceeded even that of the editors themselves; and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she hastened to the office of the “Wreath,” to discover if possible a solution to this mystery. Mr. Temple met her with his usual politeness, but of course could give her no satisfaction on the subject. He acquitted her at once from all suspicion of double-dealing, and assured her he would not sleep until the affair was thoroughly investigated, both for her sake and his own.

Pardon a little digression, dear reader. Mr. Temple was a bachelor. Whether it was that his affection for the Muses had sheltered him from the roguish darts of Cupid, it is certain he had reached the age of thirty-five heart-whole. But, alas! poor man! his stoicism was wonderfully disturbed when Ethel first appeared before him. Already enamored of her style, her fine classic face and gentle voice perfected the charm. From that moment she dwelt continually in his thoughts, and he had already determined to profit by her address, and pursue an acquaintance from which he promised himself such pleasure. Thus, when Ethel a second time unexpectedly appeared before him, he was almost inclined to bless the event which had led to so happy a result. With a much more bland expression of countenance, therefore, than could have been expected under the circumstances, Mr. Temple made his appearance in the office of the “Japonica-dom Magazine,” when the following conversation between the rival editors ensued:

Mr. Temple. Will you allow me to ask, sir, where you obtained the tale published in your magazine with the signature of a star?

Mr. Luff. Most certainly, my dear sir. I am most happy to reply to any interrogatories on the subject. I received it, sir, from the *fair authoress herself*!

Mr. Temple, (with a start of surprise.) Impossible, sir! it cannot be!

Mr. Luff. Pardon me, sir, if I say it is not only possible but true. I tell you positively the article in question was handed me by the “bright particular star,” for which I paid the sum of fifty dollars! Perhaps you may recognize her manuscript—here it is.

Mr. Temple, (much agitated.) Good heavens! It is indeed her own hand! Will you describe the lady?

Mr. Luff. That were a vain attempt. I can only say she was the most lovely girl my eyes ever beheld; tall, fine figure, with a voice of enchanting melody.

Mr. Temple. *It is enough!* Have you any objection to accompany me to the residence of this lady? This matter must be investigated.”

Mr. Luff having protested it would afford him infinite pleasure to do so, the two gentlemen sallied arm in arm up the street, and soon reached the house of Mrs. Walford.

CHAPTER VII.

Trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error. SHAKESPEARE.

Upon asking for Miss Walsingham, they were shown into the parlor. Mr. Temple was much agitated. Appearances were all certainly much against the fair girl for whom he had suddenly imbibed so great an interest. The manuscript shown him by Mr. Luff was in the same hand—the description of her person answered to the image graven on his heart! Could it be possible so lovely a form could embody such falsehood! And Mr. Temple paced the room violently, while Mr. Luff, perfectly cool, amused himself in tumbling over the miscellaneous mass the centre-table exhibited. In a few moments Ethel entered.

Nerving himself to the task, Mr. Temple fixing his eye sternly upon the blushing girl, said:

"Our business with you, Miss Walsingham, is of a most painful nature. It has been proved almost to a certainty that you delivered to this gentleman a manuscript—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," interposed Mr. Luff, "you are in an error—*this is not the young lady*, I am most happy to say, from whom I received the manuscript."

Gloom instantly vanished from the countenance of Mr. Temple at this announcement, while Ethel, too indignant to reply to the charge she knew he had been about to bring against her, stood proudly before him, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing with the pride of conscious innocence.

At this moment Mrs. Walsingham and Amelia returned from their accustomed promenade, and hearing a gentleman's voice in the parlor, the latter could not resist the opportunity of exhibiting her pretty face, so she opened the parlor door and tripped in. She instantly divined the scene before her, for at the first glance she recognized in Mr. Luff the person to whom she had given the stolen manuscript. Hastily drawing her veil over her face, she would have fled the room, but Mr. Luff sprang forward, closed the door, and then turning to Mr. Temple said:

"*This is the young lady we came to see!*"

The whole truth instantly flashed upon Ethel—she turned very pale, and sank nearly fainting upon a sofa—it was then her *sister* who had robbed her! But anxious still to screen the guilty girl, she said:

"There is some mistake, I am sure, sir—will you be kind enough to allow my sister to pass?"

"Excuse me, my dear Miss Walsingham—you must have justice done *you*," exclaimed Mr. Temple—then turning to Amelia, who, pale and frightened, clung to a chair for support—"Young lady, you delivered a manuscript purporting to be *yours* to this gentleman; answer me, *were you the writer*—or *how* did it come into your possession?"

Amelia burst into tears, and flying to Ethel threw herself into her arms, exclaiming—

"O save me, dear Ethel, save me—*it was my mother!*"

"I understand it all now," said Mr. Temple, wiping his eyes. "Forgive me, Miss Walsingham, that even for a moment I doubted your word. Rest easy; this unhappy business shall go no further. Mr. Luff, you are a man of honor!"

"My dear young lady," said the latter, advancing to Ethel and taking her hand, "give yourself no uneasiness—this secret shall never be divulged. However much such treachery and baseness may deserve unmasking, yet for your sake, and the honor of those dear to you, this affair shall be buried in oblivion."

Ethel could only bow her thanks, while tears filled her beautiful eyes.

To depict the anger and mortification of Mrs. Walsingham, at finding herself detected in so nefarious a transaction, would be vain. Happily, from that moment her influence over the mind of Amelia was lost—who, now repenting of her folly and ingratitude to so sweet a sister, resolved to imitate her noble example, and if possible attain her excellence.

To recompense our heroine for all her trials, in less than a year from their first meeting she became the happy wife of Mr. Temple.

Surrounded with every comfort and kindness, *under the roof of Ethel*, Mrs. Walsingham died—and Amelia being now left to the *sole* guidance of her sister, is rapidly retrieving her errors, and gaining the love of those around her.

THE PARTING.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

THE sun was shining merrily
O'er forest, hill and mere,
When forth to meet his king at York
Rode out the cavalier.
He girt his broad-sword at his side,
Donned corselet, plume and glove,
Then gayly left his lordly halls
And weeping lady-love!

He asked no counsel but his heart—
He fought for church and bride,
And for the banner of his king,
For which his fathers died!
Alas! in vain did loyal breasts
Their blood in torrents pour—
The lady weeps her absent lord,
Who lies on Marston Moor!



Portrait of a Knight and a Woman

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FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

BY MRS. MARY B. HORTON.

Was Hope Leighton a belle? Let us consider a belle's belongings.

Strawberry lips, peachy cheeks, eyes like a coal, raven hair, (the same color as the eyes, only we must say as the poet does,) snowy neck, the same shade for hands, only the tips of the fingers of a very fine rose color, and the fairy terminus of the graceful arm smiling in dimples. I must dwell a little while upon the hands.

Susceptible youths have been known to indulge in the very dangerous, aye, even annihilating desire to change their dear selves, superfine broadcloth, cherished imperial and all, into—a glove, a bit of kid, (some of the human material called "exquisite" would wonder at the slight change its nature would undergo.) The reason for this transfiguration—the liberty to press fingers, dimples and all, without reproach; but particularly for the opportunity it might give for a sly kiss as the cheek rested lovingly upon the hand. I can but wonder at such a longing.

Now come the peeping feet, twinkling and tormenting. The wee things glide about, now seen now hid, playing "bo-peep" with man's yearnings to possess even a little slipper, and making the ground they played upon fit object for the worship he hardly dare bestow upon the fairies themselves.

Then there are the smiles and blushes, the queen-like motion, and all that. These charms constitute the belle. Now come we to the question—*Was Hope Leighton a belle?* She shall answer. Here is her picture.

Hope Leighton's lips—what were they like? Strawberries? No. Excepting it may be mammoth ones, such as mother nature sometimes gives, to show her children what powers there are in the green earth's cells. But as to the being "smothered in cream"—I never heard any young man say for a certainty respecting that sweet accompaniment, but I really think that Hope was not troubled about having it much stolen—it looked changed.

Her cheeks? They were somewhat downy, to be sure, but they were not peach-color.

Eyes like a coal? Why yes—one that had been well burnt, lighting up at times with somewhat of their original fire, but proving to be only a little angry flash, soon going out.

Her hair was *not* the shade of the bird that sat over Poe's chamber door, I will say that decisively. Yet, let me think! It might have been of the raven shade in her babyhood, but looked now as if it had faded grievously in the wearing. It was so luxuriant, too.

Combs and pins could scarcely check its playful wanderings. If it had been very light auburn, or even a respectable red, but it was not either, and to one who had ever seen Hope, the "playful wanderings" of *such* hair would seem a jest. Miss Leighton, forgive!

Didst ever see a swan? Hope's neck was not like a swan's, neither in curve nor fairness. She wore black velvet round her throat, and disaffected boas.

Hope *did* fancy gloves, and wore them when she could, but when she couldn't disguise her hands, no man seemed anxious to change his nature into a covering for them, and, if the truth be spoken, poetry would not have sanctioned the sacrifice. To be sure, the tips of her fingers were rosy red, but, alas! the rosy hue was generously distributed where the snowy should have reigned. And, alackaday! Cupid could find no nestling places on cheek, or neck, or hands. Hope Leighton was dimpleless.

As for her feet, they never played "bo-peep," they could n't. Never hiding under the envious robe, one never had occasion to long for their reappearing. Rodly, our village shoemaker, has promised never to raise his finger from his lip respecting the number of her shoe, so there is no hope for the curious.

Now, reader, was Hope Leighton a belle? Not in your estimation perhaps, neither, I must say, in mine. But in her own opinion, she might have been the master-piece of those upper sculptors who have the finishing to put to mortal clay; making Venuses, and such like, after the model of their own bright selves. She was not the work of those common artists who do not perfect their labors; setting black eyes in faces having no other charm, and giving sweet faces no voice from the inner shrine. Her evil genius deceived her, and her mirror must have been in the plot.

She looked down upon the sunny-browed and dark-haired girls, who glanced like sweet visions by her when she sauntered through the village streets; but it was to her father's wealth alone that she owed the imagined might. They, with their glorious wealth of beauty, to give way before the gold-bought charms of so unenviable a disdainer! She queened it well in Fashiondom! Roses fresh from far New York, (but not fresh roses, mind ye,) joined their bright hues to her stylish hat, and the mode at Gotham was copied in her dress. It was Hope's second aim in life (the first was to get married) to show the western folks how a Broadway belle trod that fashionable *pave*. How was this accomplished?

Hope had a New York friend—her name Jeanette. No sooner had worldly women's goddess sent a few of her votaries into Broadway, to show the uninitiated that the season had changed, and she had succeeded in creating something new out of her hard worked brain, than Jeanette would set out upon her labor of love, and, promenading the brilliant street, would choose some showy pattern from the crowd, and minute down her dress from gaiter to crown. Indefatigable in her pursuit, she would keep her eye upon the one graceful subject of her picture until the copy was perfected. The next day's mail carried to her dear Hope the faithful transcript of the milliner department of that fair creature in Broadway.

Little know ye, brilliant ones, which will be the next to be copied down! Jeanette is meek looking and modest. You could not detect her as she glides demurely along, studying though she may be, at the same time, the dimensions of your cloak, noting down the color of your hat, your gloves, your dress, and even conquering the secret of "effect," which has been a study with you. In a few weeks the shadow of your toilet will fall upon the "fashionable side" of Thacherville—let the thought console you, that Jeanette, with all her great abilities, cannot remit that charm of mouth, and cheek, and eye, which makes us forget roses and jewelry.

The correspondence between Jeanette and Hope was brilliant, or dull, according to the *fashions* of the times. Fanny Forester and Cousin Bel were not their prototypes. One wrote lovingly of Nature—its poetry of bud and flower—its thousand shapes of loveliness, in flowing water, rustling groves, waving fields, and velvet lawns. The other talked of Art—its wondrous faculty in imitating Flora's jewels, and its charity (so convenient!) in creating those that could not die—its shapes of beauty in the flowing mantle, the rustling silk, the waving plumes, and the velvet robe.

One welcomed each opening season for the new and sweet expression it brought to Nature's face—the other for the change it brought to the adorning of Miss Hope.

Fanny Forester's silvery messages to Cousin Bel will ring pleasantly in our memory for years. Hope's were "to be burned as soon as read." They will not be lamented. Who can tell but Fanny Forester's autograph may one day be worth a pilgrimage to the cottage at "Alderbrook." Thacherville will never be a Mecca on Hope's account, nor her signature of any more value than those given to the remorseless flames by her friend Jeanette.

And yet it would seem as if the young men of Thacherville thought well of the name, for no one as yet had been known to ask if she would change it. *She* would have decidedly preferred matrimony to immortality.

I will tell you how she lost the ring which would have admitted her into the envied state.

Hope sat one day in her "boudoir." Looped, and tasseled, and gimped curtains darkened the windows with their blue folds. The furniture was rich, but so crowded were the fashionable items, after descrip-

tions given by Jeanette, that a great deal of skill was required to pick one's way safely among the taborets, ottomans, divans, and etceteras innumerable. There were chairs of every style and every size, showing a fashionable fear of duplicates. There was worsted work, animal and shaded. Dogs looking condemnation of the instinct theory, which their fidelity and quick conception had established for them, and men and women owing their parentage solely to the creative genius of Miss Hope. The shaded work excited praise of Miss Leighton's single evidence of economy, in having used up so sparingly the bits of worsted left of the dogs, men and women above mentioned.

Then there were painted tables, and marble tables, busts and Cupids, vases and vanities innumerable.

The presiding genius of this motley scene was reading a letter from Fashion's amanuensis, the untiring Jeanette. She rejoiced over a new idea caught from the glittering upper crust of New York society. Was it about a hat or dress? No. A fashionable point, aye, *two* fashionable points of etiquette, Jeanette had just discovered. Would they not create a sensation in Thacherville!

Let me say a word while Hope adorns herself for a call. She has started up to put into execution her design for showing off her lately acquired knowledge, as soon as possible, and we must tell the *one* story of her loves quickly.

Henry Thacher was rich and a *bachelor*. Now you can easily tell my story for me! You can tell how he was wooed by Mr. Leighton's daughter, but you *cannot* tell if he were won. We will see in the end if they were really matched on that matrimonial register, upon which they do say lovers are paired off by a bright-winged recorder, as soon as the parties are born, and I can't say but before. *He* was fond of keeping money—*she* of spending it. *He* was not very young—*she* was about—I dare not, she would never pardon me! Enough to know that the years she knew had no close sympathy with "sweet sixteen." *His* head showed no Webster-organs, telling the world what he would one day be. *She*—really it is a delicate thing to manipulate a lady's character in this phrenological way—you will have some idea of our fashionist's intellect, perhaps, by my sketch.

Henry had given his name to the village, and to be "Mrs. Thacher, of Thacherville," was Hope's first desire. She had him almost in her golden net, for her father's wealth cast a brilliant atmosphere about her to his eyes, and threw a light upon her features, which banished thence all dark shadows, all unfeminine proportions. He was, besides, the only son of a plotting mother. His father had died when Henry was at the lisping period between babyhood and youth, and the lisp had never been allowed by his strict mother to gain strength in council, or clear into the utterance of "will."

She it was who had told him first he was in love, even before he had looked upon the lady with charmed eyes. But he believed his lynx-eyed guardian, as he should in dutifulness have done, and

would willingly have proceeded to the extremity of putting the coveted ring on the hand so full of gold, had it not been for—I will tell you by and by.

Henry had not yet proposed, as you may have seen. But if I dare tell the secret thought of Hope's virgin heart, she every day expected to have occasion for the use of the waiting "Yes." She had already acted the milk-maid part in fancying the brightness of her bride-debut, which seemed so delightfully fated.

How often does the proud tossing of our head cause us to miss the treasure we had set our hearts upon? And what but the homely picture of the exulting maiden, with her wealth of bright hopes upon her head; and her after dejection, as she watched the lost tide of fortune coursing the ground at her feet, could show the fall of Hope from the sweet rank of bride to the life-long obloquy of the class "old maid?" I must say a few words here, although I am fearful Hope is almost ready for her walk.

What were Hope's impressions respecting the rank she would avoid by every stratagem? Lank figures—folded kerchiefs—set attitudes—and more than all, that dreaded title from cradle to grave—"Miss!" The world, in her case, *might* have concluded justly that the hand had been unsought, and the "yes" been disappointed in its hope of *one* opportunity for reply. The world knew that she would never give "nay" to any one. But few of the dear, good unmarried class are from stern necessity "old maids"—from the blindness of men's eyes and the hardness of their hearts.

Oh no! woman is not so put to straits that she must catch at admiration, and tremblingly play her part to warm it into love, in very fear, lest if this one chance slip through her net she may never hope again! Men have the *asking*, to be sure, but these same "old maids" have had the privilege to *refuse*, aye, more than once.

Hav'n't I won your heart, dear lady of the secret age?

But here comes Hope. Her visit is to be to her "own Henry's" family. Not yet your "own," poor Hope! Stop short! Oh hesitate before you toss that befowered hat of yours, to the ruin of your fond imaginings! I have presentiments and fears for you. The triumph you look forward to may end in sorrow. Pride and expectation are bubbling up to make commotion at the fountain head of thy hopeful soul—soon perhaps to settle into the bitter dregs of hope not deferred, which merely maketh the heart sick, but hope withered forever, which maketh the heart a grave.

You will go on? Then be it my sad duty to tell the consequence of that fatal step. Time's sickle swept over the fields of many years after that unfortunate call, before Hope could conquer the bitter spirit of self reproach, or look with undimmed eye upon a *bride*.

I will tell you of that visit.

Hope was received by mother and daughter with the courtesy due to the mistress of that wealth which might one day make *them* richer, and was imme-

diately introduced to a young lady visiter from a distant town, who possessed a brother, mated on Mrs. Thacher's matrimonial plot-book to her daughter Eunice. This young lady was the object of much attention and deference—how natural! She was to remain some time in the village with her entertainers, and the wily mother had counted upon the services and "boudoir" of Hope to furnish flowers for the feet of Time, when the hours dragged heavily. She had even counseled her son to give expression to his fond mother's desire that very evening, and make an offer of his hand, which no doubt would be lovely in the lady's eyes.

This was to make Hope Leighton's home accessible at all times, and impress the visiter with an admiring sense of the wealth abounding in the family by the union of two such purses.

Delighted that Hope should have happened in the very morning of Miss Dall's arrival, the mother and daughter hastened to welcome her as I have said, introducing proudly to the stranger the fashionable comer.

How did the angry blood rush to the very temples of Mrs. Thacher, as, with a stare and slight nod, as if some indignity had been offered her, the lady Hope passed on and took a chair! She did not heed the flush, so intent was she upon her purpose of setting the fashions in the drawing-rooms of Thacher-ville—she had yet another point to carry.

Roused by the apparent discourtesy to their visiter, and being naturally of an irritable temper, the mother watched the lady's movements with a quick and jealous eye. She could plainly see the folly of Hope's heart, which was so legibly written on her showy person, and which would steal into her studied conversation. Yet the red spot grew fainter on Mrs. Thacher's cheek, as she remembered the fortunes she had in prospect, to add to those of her girl and boy, and soon there was left only the natural hue and the long-established smile. But the flush was fated to return with tenfold heat, and never fade, at least to poor mistaken Hope!

She had noticed in the hostess's conversation frequent and forcible allusions to the pleasure, &c., &c., which her daughter and the "sister" anticipated in the neighborly attentions of the young men and maidens of the village; insinuating pleasant things of Miss Leighton in particular, and of the delightful times that were in store for them all during Miss Dall's visit.

There was just time for these hints to be given, when Hope rose to leave. She was generally meteoric in her calls—Jeanette had written once that it was fashionable.

Now for the second point.

Rising from her seat she bade the ladies good morning, and, although expectation sat evident on the brows of the unfashionable three, for some last words, some token that the "sister" would be welcomed to Miss Leighton's heart and home—she sailed magnificently out, and left them in speechless wonder at the sudden retreat.

Jeanette had written—"It is not fashionable to

introduce, and by no means intimate to your friends at the end of a call that you desire to see them again."

Hope Leighton lost a husband. The brother was a greater prize than Hope, and Miss Dall could not forgive the cold, proud creature who had passed her by in such disdain. Hope endeavored to make false Fashion's shoulders bear the weight of the visiter's displeasure, but it could not be transferred in her

simple mind, and the brother was won by the sacrifice of Henry's plan.

He can charm some other's eye with the talisman he bears; for his mother will not rest till there is nothing more to gain. But the sweet virtue, after which our fashion-lost devotee was named, had no power over her soul after that sad change—she was Hope Leighton and hopeless to the end.

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

WHEN age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
When evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day,
Then shall we sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past,
In the heart's silent chamber
The guests will gather fast.

Guests that in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
And we shall hold communion
As in the days before.
They may be dark and sombre,
They may be bright and fair,
But the heart will have its chamber,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters,
Who shall be our hearts' guests?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadow on us rests?
Shall we not 'mid the silence
Hear voices, sweet and low,
Speak the old familiar language,
The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that lone chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold?
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day.

THE QUEEN OF NOON.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BEHOLD where comes the stately queen of noon,
Her face dispensing beauty far and near!
While dying Autumn's airs flow still in tune,
To soothe the senses of the aged year.

She walks within those gray ancestral piles
Where Christmas laughs 'mid wreaths of mistletoe;
Or dressed in sombre robes, and veiled her smiles,
In dim cathedrals lists the organ's flow.

In yonder cot she seeks the widow's hearth,
With cheerful greeting takes the welcome seat;
Or proudly treads across the snowy earth,
Nor prints its whiteness with her shining feet.

And now, when starts the infant Spring from sleep,
The storms recoil before her burning frown;
She bids old Winter yield his castled steep,
And hurls his walls in avalanches down.

At her approach the rustic horn is blown,
To call the lab'ers from the heavy ploughs;
Or (later still) to leave the field half mown,
And scythes vibrating on the orchard boughs.

I've seen her drop her floating scarf of gold
Across the meadows and the forest leaves;
I've seen her stand, like gentle Ruth of old,
Amid the reapers and the yellow sheaves.

And I would sit, where Autumn's hues enwrap
In gorgeous splendors all the vocal grove,
And rest my head upon her shaded lap,
To dream away a listless hour of love.

A devotee of Nature, I would lose,
What men have called the world, to spend an hour
With her 'mid singing brooks and birds, to muse,
And find a world of riches in each flower.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

A PARISIAN SKETCH.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

THE sun was gilding with his last gleam the turrets of Nôtre Dame. In a small but handsome chamber, whose window stood just clear of the shadow of the great tower, were seated two individuals, busied with their separate occupations. We will describe them. The first, and the one who sat nearest the window, was a girl apparently about eighteen, though her air and actions, soft and graceful, and the silent melancholy of her countenance, might have betokened to a careless observer the full grown woman. Her complexion was dark brunette, her long hair black as ebony, her eye of the same color, and liquid as the soft words that at intervals fell from her prettily curving lips. She was plying the needle upon a piece of fine cambric, but occasionally casting a glance into the crowded thoroughfare below.

At a little distance from her and nearer to the fire—for it was December—sat a fine looking youth. The dark complexion, the raven hair, the eye, and the general outline of his features, at once bespoke him the brother of the girl. On his left arm rested the palette, he held the pencil in his right hand, and before him stood the easel, supporting the unfinished portrait of a lady. He was, as may be supposed, an artist. His native country, as that of his sister, Italy. They were the offspring of the bright sun and the burning clime of Naples, and had wandered to the world's metropolis of art, in order that the young painter might seek that reward of genius, which the poverty of his countrymen had denied him at home.

We have said that the painting which leaned against the easel was unfinished. Enough had been done, however, to show that it was the portrait of a lovely woman. The head and neck were perfected. The drapery only remained to be thrown around one of the most perfect conceptions that ever emanated from the brain of an artist. The head was slightly thrown back, giving full effect to the bold but graceful curving of the neck—the head was oval, of the most voluptuous formation—the complexion of a pure blonde, the cheeks slightly tinted with the rose, while the eyes and hair were of the deepest black, the latter gracefully folded and plaited into a thick cluster at the back of the head. The upper outline of the nose was a perfectly straight line; such a nose as the Grecian sculptors loved to cut from their pure Parian—while the curved and classic lip seemed constantly to distil dewy drops of crystal honey. In short the painting was the *chef d'œuvre* of an artist's skill, as the original must have been of the handiwork of nature.

But how know we that there *was* an original? Might it not have been what painters term a "fancy sketch?" No such thing. The long and ardent gaze which the young painter directed, from time to time, on the lovely object before him, the deep drawn sigh that escaped him as he turned again to his colors, bore evidence of a feeling far different from the mere enthusiasm of an artist for the creation of his own fancy, and plainly declared that the loveliness before him was God's, not his conception.

"It is impossible!" muttered the artist to himself, as he flung himself back despairingly in his seat. "Impossible—the divine pencil of Angelo himself would fail to copy the angel in her eyes. I shall try to see her once more before the sun goes down—'tis a lovely evening—she may be at her window—oh! could I but see her seated here—here in this soft light, for one moment—it might be done—sister!"

"Guido?"

"Here, sister, what think you now; have I changed the expression in aught?"

The Italian girl rose from her seat at the window, approached the painting, and stood for a moment in silent contemplation of it.

"It is indeed much more *like*—"

"Like? why what mean you? You have never seen her, Bianca?"

"I—I," answered the sister, in an embarrassed manner; "I meant that the expression is better—more beautiful now."

The painter seemed satisfied with the answer, and continued—

"Oh, Bianca, could you but see the original. I have half a mind to show her to you some day—but then how different would she seem to us! You can only see her with your eyes; I feel her in my heart, in my pulse, everywhere. She is to me as the sun that lights yonder gilded cupola, and lends it all its glory and brightness"—(the painter had approached the window—the great tower of Nôtre Dame had already flung its deep shadow upon the sill, and only the highest turrets of houses were burnished by the declining sunbeam—a cupola with gilded cross rose over the distant roofs to which the young artist pointed, as he continued)—"Yes, Bianca, like in more ways than one—though that spire raises its head proudly over the humble roofs of the *bourgeoise*, it can never reach the sun—hopeless—hopeless!"

"And yet, Gaetano, the sun condescends to come to that cupola and kiss it."

"Thank you, thank you, sweet sister—now shall I

take fresh courage from the omen you have uttered—my cloak, I must to the Chassée d'Antin—one more gaze, one more look into that lovely eye, and if my hand and heart fail me not, I shall have it upon the canvas, and feast upon it at leisure. Adieu, sister!"

The enthusiastic lover seized his chapeau, threw a Neapolitan cloak over his shoulders, and opening the door hurried out into the street.

Bianca stood for a moment gazing earnestly at the picture.

"How like *him*!" soliloquized she, "the eye—the nose—the lip—all—all like him! how very strange—and nearly betrayed, too—ha! I must be more cautious"—and so saying, the beautiful girl again approached the window and looked out into the street.

She had not remained long in this position when some object in the crowded thoroughfare below attracted her attention, caused her to start, and sent the red blood mantling over her fair cheeks. A young man, dressed in the prevailing fashion, was standing at a distant corner, under the shade of a *café* awning. A light French cloak was thrown gracefully over his well made figure, and a black mustache and imperial added to the expression of his handsome face. From beneath his becoming chapeau, black wavy curls fell upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance gave the impression of graceful and manly beauty.

During the few moments in which the painter and his sister had been criticising the portrait, this young man had passed and repassed the front of the house, with his eyes anxiously yet stealthily bent on the window of the painter's studio, but the moment the latter issued from the street door, the young man, who had evidently been waiting for this, crossed over the street and entered.

Presently a slight knock was heard, the door opened, and Bianca's lover stood in her presence.

"Dearest Bianca!" was the exclamation of the youth, as he kissed the red lip freely offered to him. There was no coquetry here. The lover had won the affections of the Italian maiden, and she yielded to him without resistance this sweet favor of confiding love.

"Guido has gone out, Bianca, I watched him from the street—think you, love, he will soon return?"

"No, not soon, Louis, he will remain out until nightfall—he always does when he goes on the same errand."

"What errand, Bianca?"

"Why, your own," replied the girl laughing, "he has gone to see his sweetheart."

"Ha! Guido in love?"

"Aye, like yourself again."

"But he never told me of his love."

"Have you ever told him of yours? ha!"

"No, sweetest, but I mean to break it to him the very first opportunity."

A gleam of joy flashed over the features of the Italian maiden. It was this she had long desired, for the secrecy of her attachment to the young Frenchman (which, though pure and holy, had been carefully concealed from her brother) distressed her; and

she often wished that she had made Guido a confidant: She doubted not that had this been done, from the peculiar nature of her brother's own circumstances, he would have sympathized with her; but since he had freely confided in her, she knew that his pride would be wounded by the deception *she* was practising, and perhaps in the violence of his nature he might forbid the advances of her lover.

"Do, dearest Louis, for my sake do!" was the reply of Bianca.

"I will, and to-morrow, Bianca. What think you? I have good news for you—my kind father has given me leave to choose a wife for myself—I should have done so, at all events, but how much pleasanter to have one's father's consent—and now if we can gain your brother's, we may get speedily married."

"What happiness!"

"The lover leaned forward and kissed the beautiful cheek of his mistress.

"Guido will not refuse it; he loves, and like ourselves—"

"Ah! not like us."

"Not like us! what mean you, Bianca?"

"Alas! poor Guido!"

"Poor Guido! and why?"

"His love, I fear, is hopeless."

"For what reason—know you the lady?"

"No, but my brother has told me that she is high in rank, and he can never become acquainted with her. He only loves at a distance."

"Nonsense! Guido has every thing to hope—he is growing famous—genius and reputation will win love and beauty—besides, your brother (he were not else *your* brother, Bianca,) is handsome—he is cast in that mould that women admire—by the bye, I heard a very fine lady say (and she only saw him passing her window) that he was the handsomest gentleman in Paris—i' faith, I believe he has won her heart, but, poor girl, he never saw her—how strange is this thing love—it is so seldom mutual like ours—we were made for each other—don't you think so, Bianca?"

Bianca smiled, and received another glowing kiss upon her beautiful cheek.

"To-morrow, then, Bianca, I will tell Guido that I, his friend, am in love with his sister—shall I say that she loves me in return?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well then I shall, and afterwards ask his consent to our marriage; you know I am rich enough—he will not refuse me on that ground, I think, and then we will be married, and I shall have the sweetest wife in all Paris; so happy we shall be! Shall we not, Bianca?"

"Oh! so happy!"

"But what can I do for Guido, he will be so lonely without you? I wish I could help him to a wife—that fine lady he believes to be beyond his reach; perhaps I may know her and can introduce him—can you give me no clue by which to find out who she is?"

"Yes, yes! here is her likeness," suddenly recollected Bianca, pointing to the beautiful portrait on the easel.

"What?" exclaimed the lover, suddenly starting, while a gleam of joy passed over his countenance; "this her?"

"Yes," answered Bianca.

"Where did he paint this likeness?"

"Here—from recollection."

"She lives in the Chassée D'Antin?"

"She does; and do you know, Louis, I nearly betrayed myself to Guido this evening, in speaking of her; for I have often fancied that the portrait resembled you! I had nearly spoken out your name!"

"It is very natural she should resemble me, she is my sister!"

"Your sister?"

"Yes, truly—that is the likeness of my sister Eugenie—and I am right glad; now I can ask Guido for my Bianca with more confidence of success, as I will be enabled to do him a favor in return. Ha, ha, ha! what a singular discovery! We shall have a fair exchange here, though I think the balance will be in my favor, sweet Bianca!"

"But will your sister care for my poor brother?" artlessly inquired the Italian girl.

"Never mind, Bianca; leave that to my management—but the twilight is darkening—I must away ere he return—say nothing of our discovery—not a word—it would mar my schemes. I shall make the rascal so much my debtor that he dare not refuse me any thing—adieu, sweet Bianca, adieu!" and kissing the fair cheek of his mistress, the young Parisian was soon once more in the street, and on his way homeward.

Bianca reluctantly closed the door as the echo of his footsteps died away in the distance, and approaching the portrait, she sat down before it, gazing earnestly upon the picture. After awhile she leaned forward and murmuring the words "sweet sister," imprinted an enthusiastic kiss on the lifeless canvas. She did not perceive that the door had opened and that her brother having entered the room was standing beside her.

"Sweet sister! ah Bianca, it can never be so! I am mad to think of it!" added the painter, in a melancholy tone.

"Do not despair, Guido," said Bianca, cheerfully, when she had recovered herself from the slight agitation occasioned by her brother's voice—"you know not what good fortune may be in store for you."

She would fain have told him all she knew, but the injunctions of her lover, and the circumstances of her intimacy with the young Frenchman, prevented the possibility of this, and she was obliged to use other means to cheer his drooping spirits.

Guido had been to the Chassée d'Antin; he had seen the object of his love in her window, and screened by a friendly projection, had remained for a half hour gazing with rapture upon her beautiful features.

She had left the window as the twilight darkened down, and the painter, dispirited and despairing, returned to his home. He did not even yet know her name. He had not had the courage to inquire—but he felt that any advances from a poor artist toward

one living in such a splendid mansion, would be treated with scorn. He was fast rising, however, into notice, as a man of true genius, and had already made many friends among the higher classes, among whom was the young Parisian, Louis Le Breton, but this friendship had not as yet extended to the full confidence which admits the stranger into the family circle.

In the midst of gloomy thoughts that were fast being dissipated by the kind condolence of his beloved sister, the door opened, and a note was handed by a liveried servant to the artist. The servant retreated. The note ran as follows:—

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have shown the portrait which you painted of me to my family. It has been so much admired that my sister insists upon having her likeness painted by you if you can find time, and perhaps you could make it convenient to come to our house, as she is at present somewhat indisposed. If so, you will extremely oblige your friend—

LOUIS LE BRETON.

To-morrow at ten o'clock I will wait for you at home, and introduce you to your study—you will find our house at No. 40 Rue —, Chassée d'Antin.

"I can see the meaning of all this," thought Bianca; "kind Louis! how happy will my brother be when he finds out whose likeness he is to paint."

"Can it be possible?" inquired the astonished artist of himself, when next morning he came up with No. 40, and found it was the very mansion into the windows of which he had often gazed with longing eyes. "Strange I had not known this before—Louis never told me where he lived—'Le Breton,' No. 40—it is indeed!"

His hand trembled on the bell handle—he rang—Louis himself came to the door to meet him, and in a moment the painter found himself in the presence of her whom he had long secretly adored. He managed, however, to conceal his emotions in presence of Louis. The latter secretly enjoyed the ruse which he was playing. But the emotions were not all on one side—for happily this was the lady of whom Louis had spoken to Bianca, as having so ardently admired her brother. These were strange coincidences.

The portrait was commenced, and progressed for several successive days, but the artist and his sister began instinctively to understand each other's feelings; and one day, as young Le Breton entered the drawing room, he saw, with feigned astonishment, his Italian friend sitting close by his sister, gazing ardently in her countenance, and holding her hand in his, while the pencils, palette and paints lay unheeded around.

The painter rose proudly, and was about to retire, thinking that all was lost—he was stopped, however, by his friend, who rushed forward and seized him by the hand, exclaiming—

"Come, Guido, whither so fast? Do not suppose that I am angry—I know it all—you love Eugenie—she loves you in return, and it was my management

that brought you together; you shall have her, for my father, I know, will consent to what I propose, but first you must promise me a favor in return."

"What is that?"

"Bianca!"

"My sister?"

"Yes! we, without your knowledge, have long

loved each other—it was during an interview with her that I discovered your partiality for Eugenie here—the portrait, Guido! the portrait! Come, now, shall we exchange sisters?"

"Willingly!"

And so they did, for soon after there was an extensive double wedding in the *Chassée d'Antin*.

THE WEED.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Wild words wander here and there,
God's great gift of speech, abused,
Makes thy memory confused;
But let them rave!
The balm-cricket carols clear,
In the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave; TENNYSON.

WHEN from our northern woods pale Summer, flying,
Breathes her last fragrant sigh—her low farewell—
While her sad wild-flowers' dewy eyes, in dying,
Plead for her stay, in every nook and dell,

A heart, that loved too tenderly and truly,
Will break at last—and in some dim, sweet shade
They'll smoothe the sod o'er her you prized unduly,
And leave her to the rest for which she prayed.

Ah! trustfully, not mournfully, they'll leave her,
Assured that deep repose is welcomed well;
The pure, glad breeze can whisper naught to grieve her,
The brook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

They'll hide her where no false one's footstep, stealing,
Can mar the chastened meekness of her sleep;

Only to Love and Grief her grave revealing,
And they will hush their chiding *then*—to weep!

And some—for though too oft she erred, too blindly
She was beloved—how fondly and how well!
Some few, with faltering feet, will linger kindly,
And plant dear flowers within that silent dell.

I know whose fragile hand will bring the bloom
Best loved by both—the violet—to that bower;
And one will bid white lilies bless the gloom;
And one—perchance—will plant the passion-flower!

Then do *thou* come—when all the rest have parted—
Thou, who alone dost know her soul's deep gloom,
And wreath above the lost, the broken-hearted,
Some idle weed—that *knew not how to bloom*.

THE WILD BREEZE IS SPRINGING.

(DEDICATED TO LIEUT. LEWIS G. KEITH, U. S. NAVY.)

BY DR. JOHN C. M'CAKE.

THE wild breeze is springing, the cold spray is flinging
Its white foam abroad from the ocean's rude breast;
The curlew is screaming, our banners are streaming,
"As we sail with the gale," from the land of the west.

The shore now grows dimmer, the light-house fires glimmer,
The pilot has taken his surly farewell;
The cordage is creaking, the trumpet is speaking;
And we bound to its sound, on the ocean's wild swell.

We yield not to madness, each eye burns with gladness,
Each cheek glows with rapture, once more we are free!

With our bright path before us, our proud banner o'er us,
We shout, "we are out, out again on the sea!"

Our wives! Heaven bless them! again we shall press them
To hearts that no tempests can wither or sear;
And the mariner's greeting in rapture repeating,
With a smile, shall beguile every eye of a tear,

Then away o'er the ocean, nor heed its commotion,
We sail to the Indies, that land of the sun;
Fill a bumper up, —, and the goblet we'll wreath
With the rose, as it flows to good humor and fun.

FOREIGN LITERARY NEWS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Brussels, January 30, 1846.

MY DEAR GRAHAM.—We are in the season of routs, balls and amusements of that nature, and the people whose business it is to enjoy themselves are determined to make the most of them. Here at Brussels people are as gay as their nature will allow them to be; but, unfortunately, it is not their nature to be gay, and so they are simply heavy. There are only three kinds of people in Europe fit for public amusements—the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards. Of these the French are the most furious, the Italians the most humorous, and the Spaniards the most passionate. It is a great mistake, though a very common one, for persons to suppose that the French are very passionate; they only appear so in comparison to the English or ourselves; but there are no more worn out people to be found on the face of the earth than these self-same French, to whom nothing is new either in politics, morals or religion. The French have only this peculiarity about them, that their passion, like the electricity produced by friction, flies to the surface, while our sentiments, and those of the Anglo-Saxons in general, resemble the electricity of contact, which, without noise and without the crackling of sparks, acts intensively on the very nature of things, and resolves them into their elements. I might, indeed, continue the parallel, by saying that the one is instantly discharged, and requires new friction to be reproduced, while the other acts continuously, as in a stream, or as the blood flows in human veins.

The French are tired of every thing, and require, consequently, new and powerful stimulants to be either profitably entertained or governed. They are a wonderfully great and a wonderfully small people in many respects; we are obliged to admire and condemn them alternately: but we may not imitate them with advantage to ourselves, as long as we continue to be Americans. But to speak of amusements. Here in Belgium we have, notwithstanding our orthodox faith, pretty much the character of the Dutch, varnished over with a little French gloss, which, so far from becoming us, serves, in a great measure, to create a certain dualism in our character and manners, that renders us complex and unintelligible. We have our Carnival, like the French and the Italians, and we have in the same manner our balls and masquerades; but we dance like bears and elephants; we put masks before our faces, but we do not know how to intrigue, and remain behind them the same homespun, domestic gentlemen that we are in our ordinary walks of life. Our public amusements, therefore, though modeled after the French, are no more like French amusements than moonshine is like daylight; our good people look the same at a ball that they look on Change or at the counting-room.

The thing is quite different in France, where the people make a business of amusing themselves. Every man in Paris, with an income of 2000 francs a year and upwards, makes it the study of his life to spend his time agreeably, and to increase his property, not by labor but by saving. Of late, speculations in the funds must be added to the means resorted to for increasing private revenue; but a great many have been bit that way, and now repent the folly of having tried to better their condition, when they had just enough to keep their one-horse carriage, to have

a box at the opera, and a groom, the thing most indispensable to French out-of-door comfort. Nothing, however, exceeds the facility with which a Frenchman adapts himself to circumstances. If he have no longer the means of living in a fashionable quarter, he moves into one which is less so; or perhaps from the first floor, or the *premier étage*, to the fourth and fifth story, and, if need be, to the garret; if he were accustomed to have his own cook, he will cheerfully dismiss him, and make his dinner at a *Restaurant*, or perhaps at a *Trattier's*: it is only absolute hunger which will induce him to work. The terms "a laboring man" and "*un malheureux*" (an unfortunate one) have become nearly synonymous, and are assuredly no proof of the increasing civilization of France. If the King of the French have managed to instil into his people an inordinate love of money, which absorbs many of the best qualities that rendered the society of French men and women agreeable, he has certainly not yet succeeded in reconciling them to labor, unless the swindling transactions on Change are claiming for themselves that honorable title. The French have become a money-loving, not a money-making people; for I defy any one to point me out a single class which is now more industrious than in former times.

As regards agreeableness of manners, the progress of the French has certainly been from good to bad: their senseless imitation of the English, of which they seize the form and not the substance, rendering them daily more absurd and ridiculous. Those who now come to Paris in search of the fine gentlemen of the old *régime* will find themselves egregiously disappointed. The old nobility have become jobbers and *tripotiers* in all kinds of rail-road and fancy stocks; the men of letters have become venders and retailers of small literature; statesmen and diplomatists have become intriguing politicians, and the gallant and spirited admirers of winning ladies nothing but licentious sensualists. A modern Frenchman thinks he imitates an Englishman when he shows himself indifferent, or when he neglects women—when he passes the best part of the day, or rather night, at the club-room, and prefers smoking to conversation. He neither understands the respect that Englishmen, and *par excellence* Americans, pay to the other sex, nor the reason why, after fulfilling the many duties of public life, an Englishman or an American should be taciturn at the club or at home. A Frenchman's conception of an Englishman is the worst caricature of mankind; and that caricature, alas! has now become the fashion in Paris. Here and there an antiquated marquis, or a poor count, will do the *honneurs* of his country as it was; but French society in general has deteriorated far beyond what any one would imagine who has not had an opportunity of comparing the present with the past.

One of the reasons why there is no longer a French uniform standard of good breeding and agreeable manners, is undoubtedly the relative position of court and nobility. The old families still look upon Louis Philippe as an usurper of the crown, with whom they have not made their peace, so that the palace of the Tuileries does not set the fashions of the day, nor does an introduction at court form a passport into good society. On the other hand, the old nobles, in spite of their social accomplish-

ments, are politically proscribed, and have only the choice between complete isolation, or the assimilation of their mode of thinking and acting to that of the vulgar moneyed aristocracy which now sways the political and social destinies of France. The best part of them prefer retirement to such conditions of company, and thus the good old French manners become more and more rare and invisible.

Ever since the possession of wealth commenced to secure standing in society, the bulk of persons who receive and are received has so enormously increased, that to open your house to company is equal to making it an opera saloon, or a public concert hall. The crowd prevents the conversation from becoming general, and calls no longer for those agreeable efforts of the mind, in the shape of wit, repartee and sarcasm, which rendered French society a means of intellectual improvement, while, at the same time, it excluded fools, or prevented second rate men from moving in first places. The present movements of society call for no such mental exertion. Men now go into society to show themselves, and to see who is there; not to contribute to its entertainment; the latter would indeed be a useless task, since the conversation of a man of finance is considered much more valuable than that of a person, no matter how richly, endowed with intellectual gifts.

The French have even invented a new word, or rather a new application of an old word to a new idea; they call "*positive*," being attached to money, and capable of properly estimating its value, and "*visionary*" or "*fanciful*," having a fondness for other things. The love of glory, of country, and even the arts, are secondary things, enjoyed by persons who have no social standing—men who are not "*positive*;" who are in love with such trifles because they have nothing substantial to care for. When you talk to a "*knowing*" Frenchman, of politics, of religion, of morals, he will listen to you with an air of constrained politeness, but at last tell you that he is "*un homme positif*." "*Voyez-vous, Monsieur, je me tiens au positif*," is the set phrase on such occasions, and you and your declamation are dismissed. The fact is, French society is no longer worth caring for; except the few small circles which keep aloof from the rest, and in which you still find the traces of former grace and accomplishment.

The French women have deteriorated less than the men, and possess still the talent of pleasing in an eminent degree. Their society is always agreeable; but, unfortunately, it is no longer cultivated by the men, except for selfish and unworthy purposes. The club-life has become so much the fashion, that, with the exception of balls, or rather routs, very much after the mode of the English, you rarely see the two sexes mingle together. Where accidentally a small number of men and women meet, the aping of "*English manners*" requires that the two sexes should form separate sets, after the most approved fashion of country parties in New England—with this difference only, that what in New England appears as strict propriety, based on an exalted regard for the sacredness of woman's character, is in Paris an empty, unmeaning ceremony, which dispenses with the wonted politeness and attention on the part of the men, without any benefit to the women, and without any substantial result in regard to morality. It is a very superficial and idle remark of some late travelers, that the morals of the French people, either private or public, have improved since the accession of Louis Philippe; so far from it, every thing in France has become venal to such a degree that the possession of wealth suffices in itself to procure those sad advantages, which, in times gone by, were the reward of grace, assiduity and devotion. Society in France is at this moment as corrupt as ever; but it is either cloaked with hypocrisy, or it thinks itself absolved from the necessity of refining on its vices.

But though the manners of the men have deteriorated, their conceit is as great as ever. I will readily pardon them for believing that the Duke of Wellington was actually beaten at the battle of Waterloo, and that at the next encounter of the French and English fleets, the latter will unquestionably be blown out of water; but I cannot forgive them their audacious belief that their shriveled faces, ploughed into furrows by the most unseemly passions, and overhung by tawdry crops of mustache and whiskers, are absolutely irresistible by any thing in the shape of a woman. There is an air of indescribable, and to an Englishman or American exceedingly ridiculous and offensive self-sufficiency, in the very manner in which a modern French dandy looks upon a woman even in the street—it is as if he imagined himself a little sultan, with indefinite powers of virility, whom all the women are striving to please in order to insure his conquest. He struts the *Boulevards* as if he were conscious of being a prize, and every woman a pirate crowding sails in chase of him. One must live some time in Paris to become at all reconciled to this species of puppyism, which either in Broadway or Chestnut street could not fail of meeting with a prompt and energetic rebuke. I heard a shrewd person once observe "*Paris was a capital place for spoiling women and refining the vices of men*;" but one half of it only is true: the refinement must be looked for in another quarter.

Formerly the *fêtes* given at the palace of the Tuileries were one of the great attractions of a sojourn at the French metropolis. These, too, have become ordinary occurrences, although our countrymen in Paris are moving Heaven and earth, and our worthy minister in the bargain, to be invited to them. Their apology, however, for this longing after the royal presence is quite plausible; for I heard them say myself that "*they did not care a fig for the King of the French; only being once in Paris, and having seen so many sights, including the *Jardin des Plantes*, they would like also to see the royal family*." Against this species of logic no argument will stand; Louis Philippe knows it, and for the "*love of peace*,"—the distinguishing feature of the man—quietly submits to the exhibition. *Après des bottes*. I would here mention, for the benefit of parties concerned, that a knowledge of the French language is utterly unnecessary in the premises, all the members of the Orleans family speaking English, not only fluently but idiomatically, to a degree which quite astonishes the French people. But to speak of the balls of the Tuileries. They are magnificent, as far as an interminable suite of splendidly decorated and lighted rooms can make them; but the company is far from exclusive, or from comprising either the *élite* of society or the people. After the eye is gratified all is over. The banquet-room for five hundred people is truly magnificent, and so is the supper, which is usually served three times of an evening, so that in all fifteen hundred persons may partake of the royal hospitality. At the first table the king, with the members of his household, sits down, together with such persons as have had the physical strength to prevail against their opponents; for the rush of an American company to the dinner table of one of our public hotels, at the striking of the gong, as described by Mrs. Trollope, is nothing to it. If these European tourists would only know their own country, how differently they would describe America!

They have had two splendid balls at the Tuileries this season, and will have one more in the month of February; of course I employ the term "*splendid*" in the manner just described. Mr. Guizot, too, has given a *fine soirée*, in honor of the ambassador from Morocco. It was not, however, expressly mentioned in the invitation that the enter-

tainment was given for his Moorish excellency; so that this distinguished personage only happened to find himself there *by accident*. It was, in consequence, remarked that Mr. Guizot's *salons* were not distinguished by any thing except the presence of *one additional infidel*. Since then the poor trick has become more evident by the publication of a portion of Mr. Guizot's diplomatic correspondence, from which it appeared that it was not the Emperor of Morocco who conceived the original idea of sending an ambassador to Paris; but that the French diplomatic (consular) agent in Morocco humbly suggested this act of politeness to his sable-colored majesty, who did not comply with the request until a year after it was made. Notwithstanding this the ambassador from Morocco is a great lion in Paris, and the ladies especially, with their wonted affability, do their best to please him. The other day, reports one of the French papers, Madame D., a lady equally distinguished by rank, wit, and the bountiful beauty of her bust, was conversing with his excellency, and exhibiting the contrast between alabaster and ebony in a most striking manner, when one of the gentlemen *en passant* inquired of the Moor how he found himself. "As if in Heaven," replied the latter, already catching the inspiration of French gallantry. "Ah! perhaps in presence of an Hourie—" "One!" rejoined the fiery Mussulman, "I feel as if in presence of half a dozen Houries." This *bon mot*, you may well imagine, established his reputation in Paris.

The lower orders in France are still the same, or rather improving, compared to former times. It is a singular fact, that while in England a certain amount of moral character is inseparable from the dignity of a gentleman, the morals of the people in France, as they improve in standing, are becoming worse—the laboring classes being nearly the only ones imbued with a proper feeling toward their fellow-men and their country. Theirs is the future, after they shall have emancipated themselves from their present slavery. It is this class of society which enjoys itself most in Paris at all seasons, but especially during the Carnival. It is at the public balls—from those given at the opera down to the dancing saloons of "Young France," the admittance to which is ten sous, "to be taken out in refreshments"—where one may study French manners, French folly, and French extravagance. All classes of society join at the opera—the boxes being filled with the *élite*, the galleries being the rendezvous of intriguing masks, and the pit and scene the great ball-room, employed by the lower orders, not as if they had paid a fee for using it, but as if they had conquered it by storm, and were determined never again to surrender it. When their "blood is up," it is in vain for stage-managers, police agents, or any other authority, to prescribe the rules of decorum, the pit in such cases generally legislates for itself, and the authorities find it prudent not to interfere, except on extraordinary and revolting occasions. Such a one occurred the other evening, when quite a pretty girl was arrested at the great ball of the opera, in consequence of the extraordinary mode of her dancing, which it was said infinitely outstripped Fanny Elssler, Cerito or Taglioni. The men interceded in her behalf, and begged the officers to pardon what was evidently the effect of champagne; but in vain. All they could obtain was that she was permitted first to return home to change her ball dress for her ordinary garments, to be thence conducted to the police. The poor girl cried bitterly, but made no remonstrance. Arrived at her lodgings, she entered her bed-room, the officers waiting in the little *salon*, when all at once they heard the window open, and a few seconds after a shriek in the streets: the poor girl had jumped from the third story window, but so dexterously did she alight on her toes, that the Sunday after she flourished again at the opera—of

course the queen of the ball-room. This is a feat which I feel quite assured neither Fanny Elssler nor Mademoiselle Cerito will be disposed to imitate, and, if so, their success would certainly be more than doubtful. The achievement has since been repeated by a student of medicine, who, on returning home from the ball, mistook his room, and never discovered his mistake till he had gone to bed, from which he precipitately retreated through the window, falling, unfortunately, on his head and not on his feet, and injuring himself most shockingly by the accident. The fact is, the whole population is crazy during the Carnival, and the government makes the most of it, in the way of discussing the budget; for no revolution, I believe, will ever take place during that season, the French having adopted the motto, "Let us have *pleasure* first, and *business* afterward;" a principle which indeed contains a large portion of the philosophy of their history.

The Italian opera in Paris has very much declined, and it is by no means *de rigueur* that a well-bred person should be at home there to be at home also in the *Salon*. As to public concerts they are entirely out of date; the positiveness of the gentlemen, above referred to, rendering artificial entertainments more and more unfashionable. Gaming, jockeying, and sporting for the men; and smoking, pistol-shooting and swimming for the women, are the recreations now *à la mode*; for the nerves of the French have become strong, and their hearts stout, and Thiers' History of the Revolution and the Empire is preparing them for a new world-conquest. A few years more, and Squire Western will be the pattern of a French gentleman of the positive school; while the young and inexperienced will imitate the hero models furnished them by their present standard literature of Alexander Dumas, Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue. France will then have gone through a complete moral revolution, whether for better or worse I leave your readers to judge.

The *Theatre Français* is making a desperate effort to save itself from oblivion, and M^{lle} Rachel has actually revived Voltaire's "Oreste," a play which, in spite of the popularity of its author, has never had even a transient success on the French stage. M^{lle} Rachel, nevertheless, managed to have a few full houses—owing principally to the patriotism of the *ancien régime*; but the audience remained cold; the masterly performance of the great actress being unable to conceal the lack of poetic genius in the prince of French scoffers. The fact is, Voltaire made a desperate effort at the drama; Racine was at home in it. Voltaire's mind was a dissecting not a creative one; he had neither the delicacy nor the depth of feeling, nor the exquisite taste of his great national rival. But more amusing than a critique of Voltaire's dramatic works is a review of the dramatic genius of Shakespeare, which has just appeared in the *Revue Nouvelle*, and bears ample testimony of the utter incapacity of the French ever to comprehend the conceptions of British poets. The name of the man who has done it, is F. Ducuing, and you will best be able to judge of his ability when I tell you that his greatest objection to the immortal bard consists in "the want of logic, and reasonable dramatic development of the action of his plays." What Goethe most admired in Shakespeare—the remarkable unity of action, and the concurrence of circumstances to illustrate the various phases of character of his heroes—notwithstanding his utter neglect of the three units of Aristotle—entirely escaped the observation of our Frenchman, who finds the author of Hamlet unnatural, whimsical and fanciful. In the first place, the fashionable Parisian critic is very angry at the vagueness of the poet who leaves it doubtful whether Hamlet is really mad or merely feigns madness; then he objects to the character of Ophelia, who is a simple girl, getting mad entirely *without reason*, and to

the manner in which Hamlet treats her. "Cornelle or Racine," he exclaims with an air of triumph, "would have treated her with more respect. She would have been the *confidante* of Hamlet and devised with him the means of revenging his father. Instead of this," he continues, "Hamlet treats her with contempt, and without the least reason; all the attention he ever shows her consisting in the simple question whether she will allow him to place his head in her lap?" Such things, of course, would not be tolerated in a French play. Hamlet, in the hands of a French writer, would have been a hero, who would have finished his uncle on the mere suspicion of murder, without the apparition of a ghost; and Ophelia, knowing of Hamlet's whereabouts, would have administered poison to Gertrude. Having thus despatched Hamlet's mother, Ophelia would grow mad *reasonably*, by remorse, love and anger—the three legitimate passions of the stage, and Hamlet, who could never espouse his mother's assassin, would have despatched himself behind the scene; the recital of the calamity closing the fifth act, amongst the universal plaudits of the audience. All this we miss in Shakespeare, who, therefore, though a very great lyric poet, does not understand the dramatic arrangement of a play, and that peculiar artistical logic for which the French are so much distinguished. "The dramatic writer," says Mr. Ducuing, "must please the public, not the individual; it is the audience which must decide his merits, not the student or the man of the closet." This reminds one, in a measure, of the motion made by Marat, in the French chambers, to make the galleries large enough for containing a sufficient number of electors to stone their representatives in case the latter omit to do their duties.

The scene in the church-yard is objected to by the French critic, because "these reveries which correspond to no precise sentiment, explain nothing, and do not concur with the action of the play even in an indirect manner."* He concludes by saying that "the character of Hamlet floats continually between the absurd and the sublime, and never finds himself within the conditions of humanity."† As if the condition of mortal man were not truly between the sublime (the image of his Maker) and the absurd or vulgar, by his physical resemblance to the brute creation—an idea which Goethe reproduced in his *Faust*, and Shakespeare in his *Hamlet*. But these Frenchmen are never equal to the conception of a whole man; they only see that part of him which it is consistent with their idea of propriety to exhibit in public. It is for this reason they have actors not only on the stage, but in private life, in the chambers and on the throne. Meanwhile we have seen what a barren play Voltaire has made of a similar plot, in *Oreste*. Agamemnon, who was murdered, stands in the place of Hamlet's father; *Egisthe* takes the place of Claudius, and Clytemnestra that of Gertrude. The author of the piece is a writer of immense reputation, and the actors are now, as they were under Louis XV., the best that France can boast of; yet with all the partiality of the French public in favor of their own legitimate drama, the play of *Oreste* cannot maintain itself on the repertory of the *Theatre Français*; while *Hamlet* continues to delight English, American and German audiences in the old world and the new.

The fourth and fifth volume of the History of the Empire, by Mr. Thiers, has called forth a perfect burst of criticism from the German press. The Germans object to the obvious partiality of the writer, who has not the courage to tell absolute falsehoods; but equivocates and colors his

* "Ces reveries, qui ne correspondent à aucun sentiment précis, n'expliquent rien, et ne concourent à l'action par aucun rapport, même indirect."

† "Mais ce caractère ploté sans cesse entre l'absurde et le sublime, et ne se trouve jamais dans les conditions humaines."

subjects so much that they become wholly divested of historical truth. It would lead me too far here to point out the particulars, and they would in all probability not interest the American public, since the volumes before me principally refer to the French policy in Germany, taking not only a retrospective view of the past, but venturing also on some speculations as regards the future. Thiers thinks the union of Austria, Prussia and the States of the Germanic Confederation, more dangerous to the independence of Europe, (which means as much as the independence of France) than the house of Hapsburg in Germany and Spain ever was, and becomes in this sense at least the panegyrist of the Franco-English alliance. He sheds real crocodile tears about the short duration of the peace of Amiens; "for," says the little politician, with a pious look to Heaven, "united they might have peaceably arranged the interests of the Globe—civilization would have made more rapid progress—the independence of Europe would have been secured forever." Of course, at the time Mr. Thiers wrote these lines, he had not yet had the advantage of reading President Polk's message. Mr. Thiers, so far from being a historian, is a mere political tract writer, who has his day now, but will not have it thirty years hence, when he will be classed by the side of Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas, Jules Janin and other heroes of modern French literature. I have so often spoken of the man whose great talents I certainly do not undervalue, though I profess to have very little respect for his character—that I may be excused for despatching him this time a little more quickly. When he shall again be in the Cabinet, which will not be during the present session of the Chambers, I will recur to him again.

In London a translation of Mr. Duplot de Mofra's book, "Survey of the Oregon Territory, of the Two Californias, and the Gulf of California, conducted during the years 1840, 41 and 42," has just made its appearance, and is highly spoken of by the British press. As this work has created a good deal of sensation in America (at least as far as the extracts went that were published in the several papers,) it will no doubt be perused with advantage, or perhaps throw some light on the machiavellism of French diplomacy.

"The Spirit of German Poetry," by J. Gostick, London, 1845, is a very instructive book. The author evidently understands his subject, and writes with devotion to it. Why have we no similar publications in America? Longfellow, Felton, Wigglesworth, and a number of distinguished gentlemen from New England, (the present distinguished Secretary of the Navy included,) are quite equal to the task; and from what I know, German literature is quite as popular in America, or at least in New England, as in any part of Europe.

Polite old Bentley has, after a long interval, again published a work which reads and looks well: "The Picturesque Antiquities of Spain, Described in a Series of Letters, with Illustrations," by Nathaniel Armstrong Wells. Works on Spain have become as plentiful and cheap as blackberries, in all European languages, (even in Italian,) but few I believe are equal to the present, and to a series of letters which have been published in the *Augsburg Journal*, and of which a highly gifted German, Mr. Von Rochoud, is the author.

The most startling thing just published in Paris, in the German language, by a German writer now living in London, is a little work bearing the title, "Caspar Hauser, the Heir of the Grand Duchy of Baden." (Kaspar Hauser, der Thronerbe Badens: Paris, 1845.) The work, I say, is startling, and does not make minced meat either of the dead or the living. It boldly designates the murderer, the yet living Major Von Henneke, perime minister under

Ludwig, Grand Duke of Baden; but now, as it were, banished to Mahlberg. If the statements contained in the fourteen sheets are not all strictly correct, they are certainly strangely mixed up with truth, by a man well acquainted with the history of the times and the personages who figured at the corrupt court of *Carlsruhe*. The author gives also a plausible reason for the commission of the crime, its intimate connection with the diplomatic transactions of the day, and the interest which Prussia, Austria, and even Russia had in conniving at it. The Grand Duchy of Baden is bordering along its whole length on France, and Napoleon, at the time of Caspar Hauser's birth, was "Protector of the Rhenish confederation." It was important for Germany, that is, for Austria and Prussia, that Baden should not be absorbed by France through marriage; because Napoleon had already created the kingdom of Westphalia, and formed a matrimonial alliance with the King of Bavaria; and because Napoleon and the members of his family being once the legitimate rulers of Germany, the country was enslaved forever. All these plausible state and a number of private reasons are compared with each other, and explained in the above work, which, though in the form of history, from the enormity and wildness of the deeds it relates, far outstrips the most eccentric conceptions of romance. It is written in a style of freedom which would scarcely be tolerated in America, with a concentration of bitterness against all whom it accuses of having participated in the commission of the crime, and with a knowledge of the personal character of these men, which makes the accusation it contains fall doubly heavy on their heads. To translate the whole book might be tedious and unprofitable, as it would require numerous explanatory notes to render it intelligible to the American reader; but a few passages from it, together with a short synopsis of Caspar Hauser's parentage and relations, will perhaps be read with interest. The short preface, which is signed by the author, reads thus:—

"The first edition of this book appeared in September, 1840. Six copies of it were handed to Frederic Baumüller, of Hechingen, to obtain a Swiss bookseller for the sale of the remaining 2000. Instead of doing this, the villain handed the first copy to Baron Von Ruedt, minister from the Grand Duchy of Baden, at that time living on the Muehlbach at Zurich; who, in the shortest manner, sent it to his court at Carlsruhe, whence a whole flood of newspaper articles, prohibitions, prosecutions, and orders for his apprehension, were poured out against the author. In the midst of this diplomatic thunder squall, appeared the Grand Ducal Upper Bailiff, Dreyer, of Waldshut, on the territory of the Swiss Canton of Argovia, to commence negotiations, in the name of the Grand Ducal Minister, (of foreign affairs,) Von Blittersdorf, for the purpose of purchasing the whole edition of the work, and for silencing the *Aargauer Volksboten*, (The People's Messenger of Argovia,) which contained a series of articles on the subject. Against all laws of nations the author was then banished from the Republic of Argovia, and thus prevented from furnishing those explanations which are now contained in the present edition.

("Signed) F. SEBASTIAN SEILER,
"Associate Justice* from Prussia.

"London, June 3, 1844."

The text of the work contains the following details of, and accusations against, the grand ducal family of Baden. Margrave Charles Frederic of Baden, possessing already three legitimate sons, was weak enough, in his advanced age, to marry a young woman, M'le Geyer, of Geyersberg; in the same manner that Frederic William III., of Prussia, married the daughter of Count Ferdinand Von Harrach, subsequently Princess of Liegnitz. The latter,

* Justiz-Actuar.

however, was a prudent, modest, and unassuming woman, who neither troubled the members of the house of Brandenburg, nor interfered with the succession of the crown. It was quite different with M'le Geyer Von Geyersberg. The old Margrave, at the time of his marriage, possessed three sons—

1. Charles Frederic, born 14th February, 1751.
2. Frederic, born 19th of August, 1756.
3. Lewis William Augustus, born on the 9th Feb. 1769.

The first dramatic incident in this sanguinary novel was similar to the tragedy of Elizabeth, Queen, and Don Carlos, Infant of Spain, which furnished the text to Schiller's tragedy. The youngest son, Lewis, or *Ludwig*, as he is called in German, became the rival of his father, and the acknowledged favorite of his step-mother. Under these circumstances, the latter on the 29th August, 1790, gave birth to a prince, who at his baptism received the name of Leopold Charles Frederic, and is at this moment the ruling Grand Duke of Baden. To render his succession possible, it was necessary that the three legitimate sons, together with all their male descendants, should die, which in truth occurred, though under circumstances which in any other country but Germany, and at any other time except during the wars of the French Revolution and the Empire, would have roused the suspicions of the people.

The actual heir and successor to the throne, the legitimate son Charles Frederic, died in 1801, during the life time of his father, an unnatural death. He was traveling with his family in Sweden, when three-quarters of a mile from Arboga his carriage upset, and singular to relate, of the four persons who were at the time riding in it, only the hereditary prince of Baden *broke his neck*. Since that period the intimacy between Ludwig, the youngest brother of the deceased, and his step-mother, became almost notorious, and assumed not only a private but also a political character. The *First Consul* in France had assumed the dignity of Emperor; the Germanic Empire was on the eve of spontaneous dissolution. In its last breath it made the old Margrave an elector; but the war between France and Austria which followed, and the peace of Presburg, broke the power of the house of Hapsburg; the Elector of Bavaria, and the Duke of Wurtemberg, were elevated to the rank of Kings; the Electors of Hesse and of Baden were made Grand Dukes; Prince Eugene married the Princess Augusta, of Bavaria, and Charles Louis Frederic, son of the unhappy hereditary Prince of Baden, who was killed in his carriage, became the husband of Princess Stephanie Louise Adrienne Napoleone de Beauharnais, adopted daughter of Napoleon. The marriage took place in the gallery of Diana in the palace of the Tuileries, on the 7th April, 1806—and the princess, now Dowager Duchess of Baden, is still living at Manheim, where her grace, refinement, intellect, and the most amiable qualities of her heart are still the theme of admiration of a large and devoted circle, whom her generous hospitality assembles around her. Many an American has been unostentatiously entertained at that old unfinished castle, which more resembles a town than a single building, and which has since become the principal attraction of an English colony of half-pay officers that have settled in its neighborhood. Well, it is even this unfortunate and amiable princess, who, as our author endeavors to prove, and the German public now seems to believe, was, unknowingly, the mother of CASPAR HAUSER!

The court intrigue, which kept Charles five full years from his accomplished, amiable and handsome wife, is a matter of history. At the basis of it were Margrave Ludwig and M'le Geyer, of Geyersberg, (the young wife of the old grand duke,) who, in the meanwhile, had been raised by the Emperor of Austria to the rank of Imperial

Countess of Hochberg. At last, however, the mind and heart of Princess Stephanie triumphed over all. Charles became reconciled to his amiable wife, and the latter, on the 5th of June, 1811, gave birth to a princess, Louise Amelia Stephanie, now married to Prince Gustavus Wasa, of the old Swedish dynasty. Since the Salic Law is in full force in the Grand Duchy of Baden, the birth of a princess was of no consequence to the Cabal; but prospects changed when, on the 29th of September, 1812, the birth of a healthy prince secured the succession in the direct line. The happy event was announced by a salute of two hundred guns, and a *Te Deum* was chanted in the Cathedral. But the joy was of short duration. Though the bulletins of the physicians in attendance constantly spoke of "the healthy, prosperous state of the prince," an official article in the *Carlsruhe Gazette*, after three weeks of uninterrupted favorable reports, mentioned the sudden illness of the boy, and a *supplement to the same number* announced his death! The mother had no idea of the dangerous state of her child on the evening of the day previous to his death, and was in perfect despair at the announcement of the melancholy bereavement. Once more she would clasp even the lifeless darling to her heart; but the physicians interfered, and the prince was buried without his mother being permitted to imprint a last farewell kiss on his innocent lips. So far our author's accounts accord with history. He adds, however, and shows with a considerable degree of plausibility, that the prince was not buried, that he was exchanged for the dying child of a peasant woman, first for some time kept in the neighborhood of Carlsruhe, but when the secret was betrayed to a Catholic priest at the confessional, sent to a Catholic curate on the Rhine, who kept him in wretched confinement, apart from every thing which could improve his mind—in fact murdered his soul at the same time that he endeavored to cripple and disease his body. This unfortunate creature was afterwards—when it was thought impossible to keep his confinement any longer a secret—transferred to Nuremberg, where the public became first acquainted with him under the name of *Caspar Hauser*. The author names throughout the persons who have had a part in this stupendous crime; he shows that the priests, who have had a share in it, have all rapidly risen to rank and dignity; (one to have become a bishop and a minister of state,) and that the murderer of Caspar Hauser had, from a simple clerk in a retail shop at the small town of Gerspach, become the confidant, brother-in-law, and prime minister of Grand Duke Ludwig. I have not here the space to enter on details, which I must reserve for another number; but would only observe that the priest's name to whom the secret was first confessed—was Dietz. This Dietz communicated the fact to one of his confraters, by the name of *Eugesser*, whom we afterwards see flourishing as the favorite and minister of Grand Duke Ludwig, for it was to the latter, not to Grand Duke Charles (the father of the unhappy boy,) that he communicated his discovery. The place to which the boy was removed was Hochsal; the curate who succeeded to the confessor Dietz, was named Eechbach. Dietz, however, was not a callous sinner, and in fact only an accomplice *after the fact*. In a fit of remorse he once went so far as to write the following, in feigned characters, on a piece of paper:

*Cuiusque, qui hanc epistolam inveniet: Sum captivus in carcere apud Lauffenburg juxta Rheni flumen: meum carcer est subterraneum, nec notum locum ille, qui nunc solio meo potius est. Non plus possum scribere, quia sedulo et crudeliter custoditus sum.**

S. HAKES SPRANCIO.

* To whom this letter may come. I am in a dungeon near Lauffenburg on the Rhine; my subterranean dungeon is known to him who now sits on my throne. I cannot write more. I am severely and cruelly watched.

This scroll the priest, stung by remorse and moved by pity, placed in an empty bottle, carefully corked it, and threw it into the Rhine. A boatman from Grossemp, on the 23d October, 1816, picked it up, and the circumstance a few weeks after became the theme of the most lively speculations in Paris, whence it was reported in a letter to the official *Journal* at Berlin, and published by the same in No. 138, (16th November, 1816.) Mr. Kuno, a Prussian officer of high rank, alluded to this paper in the *Magdeburg Gazette*, of 1834, and the *Journal* of Frankfurt, on the 24th February, 1834, republished the article. This Mr. Kuno, namely, happened to remember the circumstance, when Caspar Hauser made his appearance at Nuremberg, and hastened to communicate it to Feuerbach, one of the deepest and most logical thinkers of Germany, who was one of the members of the commission appointed by the King of Bavaria to investigate the case and search for the authors of the crime. Unfortunately, however, Feuerbach had scarcely conceived the thought that Caspar Hauser might have fallen a victim to European diplomacy, and expressed the same in *writing*, than he suddenly died, I believe, though I am not certain, with apoplexy.

I will here again return to historical facts. On the 31st October, 1813, the Grand Duchess again gave birth to a daughter, Josephine Frederica Louisa, lately married to the Hereditary Prince Charles of Hohenzollern Hechingen. In 1815, Charles, Grand Duke of Baden, was present at the Congress of Vienna. Here, it is known, the plan was conceived to poison him. By whom, is at this moment not quite clear; but his *valet de chambre*, Karl, had been bribed to do it, and became so ashamed and desperate at his own villany that he committed suicide. Whether he committed suicide before or after administering poison is equally uncertain; but it is known, and matter of historical record, that the Grand Duke Charles returned from Vienna with his health very much shaken, and died a few years after in the *thirty-second* year of his life, *from general debility*! Major Hennenhofer was at that time *chasseur* to the prince; the talents which he discovered in Vienna valued him a place in the *cabinet* of his master's successor.

But notwithstanding the bad health of the Grand Duke, he became in 1815 again father of "a healthy boy." The physician, Dr. Kramer, called the boy "a remarkably fine and lusty child;" but even that fine healthy child was doomed to an early death, on the 8th of May, 1817, "in consequence," as the bulletin expressed it, "of a very painful piercing of a tooth." In Carlsruhe a rumor existed among the superstitious population that "a white lady was seen to walk through the long corridors of the castle when a prince was about to die;" but, of course, no one suspected that the spectre might be the Imperial Countess of Hochberg. What made the death of this prince still more remarkable was the circumstance of its being almost instantly followed by the death of the second son of the old Margrave, the childless Margrave Frederic (born 1756.) He died with a stroke of apoplexy—the time between his first illness and his death not being quite equal to forty-eight hours! It was about this time that the Latin scroll, to which I have already referred, was discovered, and the consequence was the banishment of Ludwig and his friends, by the Grand Duke, to their estates.

The last child of the Grand Duchess Stephanie was a girl, Princess Maria Amelia Elizabeth Caroline, born 11th October, 1817; and it is certainly a singular coincidence that out of the five children of that marriage, the three daughters, who are incapable of succeeding to the throne, should live, and the two boys, heirs to the throne, though equally strong and healthy when born, should both die in a sudden manner! Grand Duke Charles, in the 31st year of his age, felt his death approaching, and finding himself

without male heirs, was at last persuaded, for the benefit of his subjects, to declare (on the 4th October, 1817,) the sons of the Imperial Countess Hochberg "capable of succeeding to the government." The Grand Duke died the year following, (8th December, 1818,) and on the 10th of July, 1819, the celebrated treaty was concluded between Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Baden, (France had nothing to do with it,) in consequence of which the integrity of the Grand Duchy of Baden was recognized and guaranteed by the high contracting powers, and the sons of the second marriage of the old Margrave Charles Frederic declared capable of succeeding to the Grand Ducal dignity. Bavaria protested, and still objects, to this succession; claiming for herself the Palatinate of the Rhine; but reasons of state interfered with the division of the Duchy of Baden, as indeed with the succession of princes descended in any manner from the Bonaparte family. Had the old King Maximilian of Bavaria been less of a man of honor the Duke of Leuchtenberg would perhaps not be among the living.

But I have no time in this letter to furnish you with more than the outlines of the story, and must necessarily reserve the details for the month of February. I will then show how Lord Stanhope is mixed up with the tragedy, and how the author of the story accounts for his lordship's offer to educate Caspar Hauser, and also for the intimacy which has ever since existed between the English peer and the Grand Duke of Baden. A translation of the whole would, as I have above observed, be too shocking, and I may add indecent, for American readers; suffice it to say, that the crimes of European cabinets, and of what is termed "diplomacy," are of a nature which would put all our republican sins to the blush—if despotism were as loquacious as liberty.

Among the more interesting volumes of travels are "*Souvenirs de Voyages, l'Empire du Bresil, par le Comte de Sugamnet. Paris, 1846.*" If the author has any way been a calm, dispassionate observer, Brazil is on the point of a greater political revolution than Mexico. It is a prey to the meanest and vilest passions, destitute of religion and morality, and fast approaching its period of spontaneous dissolution. The revolution, nevertheless, will be a democratic one, swallowing up the hereditary monarchy of Brazil.

The fifth volume of the Nelson papers has made its appearance. The Lord grant that the publishers or editors may at last get through with the series.

As a mark of the progress of disinterestedness and self-denial, it deserves to be remarked that a late literary lawsuit has discovered the editor of a leading Catholic journal in Paris—*La Chaire Catholique*—to be a Jew.

A German work on the United States, "*Skizzen aus Nordamerika, in Briefen eines Katholischen Missionairs,*" (Sketches from North America, in a Series of Letters of a Catholic Missionary,) Augsburg and Vienna, contains a monkish description of our religious institutions, with the hope expressed that the various Protestant sects in the United States will at last come into the fold of the old Catholic mother. The author, however, is a very common, prejudiced man, who has no vista beyond the ordinary occurrences of life, and is therefore wholly unfit for the task he has undertaken.

The Abbé Cormenin presents himself in the arena in a different set of armor. He is about to publish his *Philosophy of Religion*, in which, with a luxurious amount of poetry and oratory, he is to furnish the demonstration of his new theory, that the religion of the early Christians was essentially Catholic. The work will, of course, have a political tendency as well as a religious one. He is also about to publish a work on Spain.

Weitling, the Swiss Communist, has published in Switzerland a new book, or tract, bearing the title "*The Gospel for Sinners.*" Such works become pernicious, because they employ religion in support of their extravagant political doctrines. They are only remarkable as showing the complete absurdity of the French encyclopedists, and the political philosophers of the eighteenth century, who would establish political liberty on the ruins of religion. They and their impious doctrines have vanished: the modern revolutionists preach reform in the name of Holy Writ. In this manner alone is reform possible.

One of the latest numbers of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine contains a sketch of Daniel O'Connell, by William Howitt, which will be read with interest also on our side of the great pond; and the Foreign Quarterly a parallel between Louis Philippe and Talleyrand, which, though written with a deal of prejudice and ill feeling, as all the articles in that Review generally are, is singularly striking and amusing.

"Sketches from Life," by the late Laman Blanchard, with a review of the author, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, interests me as a magazine writer; but, alas! with these the public has not often much sympathy.

The legal profession even in the United States might profitably read "*Narratives of Remarkable Criminal Trials,*" translated from the German of Anselm Ritter Von Feuerbach, by Lady Gordon. Lady Gordon probably translated these remarkable volumes only for amusement; but they contain a vast deal of that which is instructive, arranged in a most concise and logical form. I consider Feuerbach and Kant as the two most remarkable thinkers of Germany—or to use a French idiom, "human reason on horseback."

"Forest and Game Law Tales," by Miss Harriet Martineau, present nothing new. No reasonable man, in the period in which we live, can defend the game laws as they exist in England. Prince Albert alone has thus far found them to his liking, for he has prosecuted men for infringing on them. He or his game keeper, who wears his livery. The case is on record.

It is rare for the stupid people in Vienna to publish any thing readable—Austrian authors being always obliged to look for a publisher in Leipzig, Berlin or Stuttgart—but a recent publication of a manuscript in the Imperial Library, (No. 6696,) superscribed "*Tabula Amalfitana,*" makes an exception to the rule. These tables, as is well known to our law students, form the oldest code of maritime laws on record, and deserve a place in every gentleman's library. They are, perhaps, quite as interesting as the Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England from the earliest times to George IV., by Lord John Campbell, first series, 3 vols., which, however, I am far from disparaging. They are, on the contrary, indispensable to a lawyer's library.

A German, by the name of Gustave Krug, has just enriched the musical world with a new composition, which I only mention on account of its singularity. He has called it "*The Awakening of Love, Courtship and Marriage.*" The idea is certainly novel, at least as far as courtship and marriage are concerned, which has furnished him with some splendid themes for the *contra-basso* and *contralto*. Contrary to all expectation, the many artificial dissonances are, during the marriage, which forms the conclusion, dissolved into perfect harmony. The work is creating quite an enthusiasm.

Bunn, of the Drury-Lane, will not release Jenny Lind of her engagement to sing in London, and has taken steps, with all the crowned heads of Europe, to obtain possession of her for six weeks. The poor Swedish nightingale remembers the fate of Madame Malibran.

THE SPELL IS BROKEN.

BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY JULIET BELLCHAMBERS.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN, 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Larghetto Affettuoso.

My heart is like the faded flower, Whose

beau - ty lost, and sweet - ness flown, - - - For - got, neg - lect - ed in the

bow'r, - - - Is left by all, to die a - - lone. And



LE FOLLET

PARIS, Boulevard St. Martin, 61

Robes à mantelet de M^{me} Vergue tout Bonne Nouvelle, 1. — Ceffes de la Chaussée - d'Antin, 2.

Pontelles de Violard, 3 de Cheseul 2 bis, — Chapenue de M^{me} Beaudry 3 Richelieu, 8.

Heurs de Chagot — Umbrells de Razal toutes les Nations, 15

Manteaux de Chapron, 2 de la Seine — Caneaux, fleurons de Guercin 2 de la Seine

Chaussures de H. Hoffmann, 2 de la Seine

Graham's Magazine

thus am I, all hope is o'er, That hope so che-rish'd in my

heart, - - - I dare not wish to see him more, The spell is

con affetto. bro - ken, we must part. The spell is bro - ken, we must

con affetto. *ad lib.*

part.

mf a tempo. *pp slentando.*

I thought he lov'd, I was deceiv'd;
 Oh! would that we had never met!
 For though he is no more believ'd,
 My heart refuses to forget.
 And yet, alas! I must not tell
 The grief that rends my aching heart;
 Adieu! forever, fare thee well!
 The spell is broken, we must part.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the English Revolution of 1640, Commonly Called the Great Rebellion: From the Accession of Charles I. to His Death. By F. Guizot, Prime Minister of France. Translated by William Hazlitt.

Guizot is probably the first philosophical historian of the age. The present work is the best history of the period with which we are acquainted. It is free from the faults which deform all the English histories relating to the Great Rebellion. Every English writer on that event has a purpose beyond historical accuracy. He is either a Tory or a Whig, an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, a Democrat or an Absolutist; and, having a sense that the controversies which now agitate his country date back to the stormy times of the Parliament, he seeks in his account of those times to make up a history which shall strengthen his own "side" in religion or politics. All kinds of lies are the result of this partisan method, the least prominent and least pernicious being the lie direct. False impressions are insinuated into the reader's mind by a skillful management of the facts, making some prominent which should be subordinate, making others subordinate which should be prominent. It is very rare to find an English historian who is willing to forego the pleasure of perversion for the duty of interpretation.

Now Guizot is a historian of quite another stamp. First and foremost among his good qualities is his thorough investigation of facts. These he analyzes and interprets, seizes the principles which bind them together, and presents them consecutively to the reader's mind in their due relations. With an understanding of large grasp, which boldly grapples with all difficulties, and reduces the most confused materials to orderly arrangement, he unites sufficient imaginative power to give life and light to his narration, and bring his historical persons and events home to the hearts and minds of his readers. He enables us to comprehend the age with which he is dealing—to appreciate the opinions, manners, motives, positions, wants, capacities, the moral and mental condition of the men of the period. From his wide discourse of reason, "looking before and after," he unites the particular age with the whole of history. He shows how events, seemingly isolated and unexplainable, are in reality connected intimately with previous events, and are natural results of appreciable causes. He tolerates no historical mysteries—is never gravely by difficulties. He sees in modern civilization the principle of *growth*, and with this vital power constantly in his mind, events assume new and pertinent meanings; they are grouped under leading ideas; and what, in too many historians, is a mere heterogeneous mass of details, becomes in him homogeneous and comprehensible.

To understand the principles of events is to clutch the very kernel of history. Historical reading is thus transferred from the memory into the intellect, and our knowledge becomes available. We can apply it to our own times. We discern the exact point our own age occupies in the progress of mankind, and feel how intimate are our relations to the past and future. This, again, awakens our imagination. Instead of looking in upon our memories,

and observing a dry catalogue of details, we go back into the past, become cotemporaries of our forefathers, live over their life, take part in their struggles, assume their relations, and look at things from their point of view; and by thus *realizing* their condition, by thus seeing that the general principles of human nature, modified by the peculiar circumstances of their age, were the same as in ours, we are enabled to judge correctly of their actions, and the degree of their influence upon the fortunes of the race. History thus brings the individual into the great family of man, and gives him the feeling of humanity. He no longer looks back upon the past as peopled with saints and monsters. He feels that, under like influences, he might have acted as men under those influences did act. The philosophy of history thus steals as imperceptibly into his mind as the philosophy of practical every-day life.

Guizot's narrative style is brilliant, clear, condensed and energetic, combining great facility of movement with antithetical point. As soon as the reader has once yielded to its fascination, he seems borne along on the stream of events it narrates. In the present book the debates in Parliament have the freshness of cotemporary speeches. Sir Robert Cottar appears as real a personage as Lord John Russel, Pym as undoubted a politician as Daniel O'Connell or Sir Robert Peel. The peculiar position in which Charles I. was placed, and the unfitness of his character, both in its virtues and its vices, for that position, is admirably portrayed. The different and seemingly discordant materials, which made up the party of the opposition, the different contributions to the great result, made by different men from different motives—the aid that the cause of liberty received, at once from the caprice and tyranny of the king, the follies of his friends, and the madness and coolness of the various divisions of the opposite party—the fatal sweep of all events toward one conclusion, which few of the actors seemed consciously to appreciate—all these are seen in clear light in Guizot's narrative. The sketches of individual character are exceedingly felicitous and discriminative. The whole appears like a grand historical drama, acted before our eyes. Few works of fiction are more interesting, viewing the work simply as it fixes the reader's attention. The American edition is an excellent one.

The Alps and the Rhine. A series of Sketches. By J. T. Headley. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This volume forms Number ten of Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books. It is a picturesque and brilliant production, relating to men, manners and scenery, and dashed off with much force and freedom. The chapter on Suwarrow's Passage of the Progel, and that on Macdonald's Pass of the Splügen, are eminently good as narratives. The armies and scenery are so felicitously represented, that they pass right before the eye of the reader. The book is full of interesting information, presented through the medium of American ideas and feelings. It is even better than Mr. Headley's former work on Italy.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1846.

No. 5.

L A N S D O W N , OR THE FIELD OF GENTLE BLOOD. A TRUE TALE OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

Striking the electric chain, with which we are darkly bound.

There is in all England, perhaps in all the world, nothing more beautiful, in its own peculiar style of beauty, than the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall.

The mixture of the soft and sublime, of the terrible, the grand, and the magnificent, with all that is calm, and sweet, and lovely, is here found in perfection.

Inland, the smoothest slopes of green-sward, the gentlest vales of velvet, the brightest and most musical of streamlets; seaward, the grandest and most striking scenes of bare black rock, and wild and stormy ocean.

The surges, such as sweep no other shore, rolling in unstemmed and unbroken, with a sweep of three thousand miles from the vast Atlantic; bursting, even in mildest calms, with a roar that may be heard leagues inland, over the perilous reefs, and through the fearful caverns, which characterize this coast of iron.

And in all Cornwall there is nothing that even now more takes the eye, and fills the soul of the traveler with strange dreams of beauty and romance, than the gray ruins of the old castle of Trevoze.

It is now rent asunder, from turret to foundation-stone, by huge shattered gaps, breaches wrought by a hand more deadly than that even of pitiless and unsparing time—the hand of human fury, the thunders of man's warfare.

So strangely scattered and dislocated now are its

gray walls and turrets, that as you gaze at it, you fancy it will give way, and thunder down the black cliffs seaward, an avalanche of giant masonry.

But in the times of which I write, and they are not so far removed from us as to account for such devastation, it was as fair, as well ordered, aye! and as happy an abode, as any in the compass of the four seas that gird Great Britain.

Built at the time when every man's house was indeed his castle, perched on a mighty headland, towering five hundred feet above the level of the stormy sea, it had been once a pile of turrets, with dongon-keep, and gate-house, barbican, palisade, and fosse, and drawbridge.

But all the grimness and the gloom of warfare had long vanished from its happy precincts.

Ages had passed since England had known an intestine foe; and spacious oriel windows admitted the fair sunshine, and free breath of heaven, in place of arrow-slit, crenelle, and loop-hole. A graceful sylvan wilderness, full of green trees and rare exotic shrubs, had supplanted the steep glacis; the yawning moat was smoothed and leveled, and glittered with the gay hues of my lady's garden. The scarped and rampired hill, which had frowned of old so fiercely over the broad bright river to the landward, now fell in an easy sweep of shady terraces, with sculptured urns, and marble staircases, and silvery fountains, and many a flowery bower, and many a mazy hedgerow, down to the sweet green lawn that lay along the margin of the lovely stream, which had been once prized only for the security it gave.

It was a lovely summer evening in the year 1643,

when in, what was called in the quaint parlance of the day, a fair summer parlor, of that noble castle a little group was collected, which might have given play to all the glorious genius that guided the immortal pencil of Antony Vandyck.

The room in itself was a study for a painter.

Situate in a projecting tower, at the south-western angle of the castle, of which it occupied the whole ground floor, it commanded three views, that might at once be pronounced unequalled.

Three of its sides, it was exactly square in form, were occupied by three rich oriel windows, reaching almost from the floor to the ceiling, with stone-mullions exquisitely carved, and panes glowing with every hue that a lost art could convey to the clear crystal.

The western window looked out over the boundless ocean, heaving its long and lazy undulations in, five hundred feet below, soft, purple and unbroken. Far in the west the great sun was sinking below the horizontal line, casting a flood of glory upward to the resplendent zenith, and tipping every cloud with gold and crimson, shooting his long last rays over the ridgy surface of the sea, till it presented one long range of flame-crested elevations, with vales of living amethyst between them.

Southward, a second oriel commanded the frith or arm into which fell the gentle stream I have mentioned, after it had wound in a semicircle about the castle gardens. Beyond this clear still basin, now tranquil and transparent as a vast mirror, a smooth green hill sloped upward, with a small village clustering along its base, and a fine grove of oak and elm crowning its summit, above which the tall lance-like spire of the old village church seemed to point man the road to heaven.

The third window overlooked the green terraces, which I have described already; and beyond these a lovely pastoral country stretched out for leagues and leagues of verdant pastures, and wild heaths, and noble forest tracts, till it was bounded, far away in the blue distance by a fantastic line of hazy elevations.

The fourth side of the room contained the door, which communicated with the rest of the building, and the vast open fire-place, adorned by a chimney-piece of the most elaborate and splendid workmanship.

The walls were covered with wainscoting of black oak, every panel encircled with wreaths of fruit and flowers, carved by Gibbons; the ceiling was richly fretted with intersecting beams of the same beautiful material, and the whole was so brightly polished, that it reflected objects almost as clearly as if the room had been walled and roofed with looking glasses.

The floor was covered with the softest Turkey carpets; the tables and cabinets, inlaid with tortoise-shell and ivory and silver, were strown with instruments of music, drawings and books, and objects of virtu; bronze statues copied from the antique, vases of porcelain, filled with the choicest flowers, miniatures in enamel, carvings in ivory, and every thing

that can charm the eye, instruct the mind, or delight the senses.

It was in this charming, this *home* apartment—for every thing that it contained, indicated its constant use, and the absence of all study or pretension in its details—that the group, of which I have spoken, was collected on that lovely evening.

This group consisted of three persons, a beautiful young woman, a gentleman in the prime of life, and as sweet a fair haired boy, of some four or five years old, as ever gladdened the eyes of affectionate and anxious parents.

The lady, who at the utmost could not have been above twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, was seated on an easy chair, placed within the recess of the western oriel, which was raised one step from the floor of the room, and was looking out with a sad and wistful eye over the fading tints of the great ocean, and the sinking light of the glorious luminary. And yet it might well be, that though her eyes seemed to take in the whole of that wonderful and gorgeous scene, her mind indeed hardly noted it at all; for she was listening, with rapt and profound attention, to the fine manly voice, now somewhat saddened and depressed, of the gentleman who stood beside her.

The face and form of that lady combined all that can be conceived of physical and intellectual loveliness—a bright rich sunny face, full of light, life and varying expression; charming more from the play than from the regularity of feature, with bright limpid eyes of the purest azure, veiled by the longest and the blackest lashes, with a profusion of redundant ringlets of the darkest yet sunniest auburn, falling down on a neck and shoulders, white as the living alabaster.

Her figure, graceful, and tall, and delicate, and slender, yet rounded to the fairest proportions of ripe glowing womanhood.

She seemed a creature framed only for mirth, love and enjoyment; born to be herself happy, and a source of happiness to all within the sphere of her sweet influence.

And yet, alas! who shall judge of the future, who pronounce of the capabilities, the destinies of the human heart, save He alone who holds the keys of all things—who disposes of all as he will, from the fate of a boundless empire to the affections of a peasant girl.

You could not look on that bright lady's face without discovering on the instant, that her heart in its wonted mood must be as light as the music of the summer wind; yet now her beautiful soft eyes were suffused and dim, although she suffered not the tears to burst forth. And her soft bosom heaved with emotions, that had nothing in them but present agony and future apprehension; and yet the expression of her lovely face was one of high and hopeful confidence, cheering the partner of her soul in his hour of trouble, not yielding to the gloom which his words were calculated to diffuse around him.

She was dressed magnificently, in the becoming costume of the day, when the eyes of the gently born were trained from their cradles upward to sights of

harmony and beauty; when a taste for the picturesque was a part and parcel of human nature; and when the garb of the gentry was as different from the hideous and utilitarian deformities of modern costume as were the generous devotions, the high honor, the proud humility, the gentle courage, the grand chivalry of the noble soul, in those days, from the narrow-minded, hard, uncharitable, money-making, practical spirit, which has now supplanted them.

There was no talk of equality in those days, but there was its substance!—there were no manufactories in those days, but no poor-houses!—no merchant princes, but no starving artificers!—no raving radical philanthropists!—no yell of down with the church, the nobles, and the land-holders—but no beggars, no misery, no famine in the land!

But even then alas! the causes were in progress, which were in time to produce these consequences; and it was on these causes even now that the conversation turned, which had so darkened that bright lady's aspect.

The gentleman who leaned on the back of her chair, talking to her in a low earnest voice, full of deep thought and deep affection, might perhaps have been ten years her senior, and was as fine a specimen of vigorous manhood, as was she of the softer beauties of her sex.

A broad capacious forehead, through which all fine imaginations, all grand aspirations, all noble conscientiousness wove the great tissue of a truly noble soul—a dark gray eye, now soft and pensive as the dove's, now keen and penetrating as the eagle's, a fair aquiline nose, and a mouth full at once of softness and firm resolution—such was his countenance—a countenance as clearly indicative of high qualities and of superior mind, as the face of a human being can be, of that which is within and passes show.

He wore a long and curled moustache on his upper lip, and on his chin the small pointed beard, which has taken the name of the great painter of the day. Both these were several shades darker than his hair, which fell in heavy masses, naturally curled down his neck to the shoulder of his doublet.

This garment was not much dissimilar in shape to the sack-coats of the present day, sloped out a little so as to follow the natural lines of the figure, but constraining the motions of the body in no respect, nor giving it that angular and rigid appearance, which is the natural result of the stinted and rectangular cut of modern clothing.

It had no collar, however; and was moreover shorter than any article of dress now in use, coming down in fact barely to the haunches, so as to fall short of the saddle, when the wearer was on horse-back.

To compensate, however, for the plainness of the cut, and the absence of all flaps or lappets, it was composed of a rich cut-velvet, of a bright violet ground, all overrun with black arabesques and garlands, and over it there fell down, from the wearer's throat to his shoulder, a collar of superb thread-lace of Valenciennes, such as a duchess would now covet for her birth-day suit. The full loose sleeves were

adorned with triple ruffles of the same costly fabric. A broad embroidered belt of the same colors with his dress, but richly fringed with gold, crossed his right breast and supported the heavy gold-hilted sword of the period, on his left hip. Loose trunk breeches of the same material with his doublet, stockings of white silk with clocks wrought in violet and gold, and shoes with large silk rosettes, completed his gorgeous costume, and as he stood, with his left arm leaning on the back of his wife's chair, and his left hand gently caressing her fair shoulder, while in his right he held his fringed gloves negligently by his side, it would have been in vain to seek a more perfect specimen of the true cavalier of King Charles.

The little boy, their only son, who was, in after days, destined to play a high part in the history of his country, combined much of his mother's loveliness with his father's manly strength and vigorous countenance.

His eyes were bright blue, fringed with the long dark lashes of his mother, but the broad solid brow, the aquiline nose, the firm, resolute mouth were the father's; and so were the long, bright, brown curls that floated down in silky masses over his neck and shoulders.

He, too, was clad in the rich garb of the day, and was romping merrily, unconscious of the anxieties which weighed so heavily upon his parents, with as beautiful a white deer greyhound as ever graced a lady's bower.

"Dear Bevil," said the sweet young wife, as her husband ceased speaking, looking up affectionately into his eyes—"Why should you now be so sad and despondent? Ever before, when I have buckled on your sword, and sent you forth to do battle for your king and your God against these base and brutish fanatics, as every gentleman should do, you have gone forth gay and cheerful, and confident of victory, and of a glad return to dear Trevose and your own Adelaide. Why should you see things now with an eye so jaundiced and so sad?"

"Because, my Adelaide," he replied, with a mournful smile, raising her beautiful hand to his lips, "because I see that there is no hope of peace, nor of any permanent and sure victory. When first I took horse for the king, I believed, with many a noble gentleman, that the first charge of our noble horses would strike such panic into the hearts of the tapsters and serving-men and canting hypocrites who form the bulk of their armies, that we should have an easy victory. And further, I held it certain that one victory would terminate the strife. Well, Adelaide, our horse did win the day! but what has that victory done? nothing, utterly, absolutely nothing! The war will rage on for years; and though for years the king shall win every battle, still in the end the war shall be with this tyrannical, usurping Parliament. How can it be otherwise? when on the king's side we lose in every skirmish those whom we cannot possibly replace—the best, the noblest, and the bravest of the realm—the wisest, the most moderate, the most patriotic—they losing, on the contrary, what they can spare right easily, base fanaticism, neither

good soldiers nor good men. This it is, Adelaide, that makes me sad and heart-sick. The feeling that in the end our noble constitution shall be overthrown; our generous, accomplished, pious, learned gentry robbed of their rights to benefit the mean, the grasping, money-making middle classes—that in the end our brave, hardy, honest, noble, independent yeomanry and peasantry shall be changed into miserable mechanics and starved manufacturers.”

“You do, indeed, take a dark and a sad view of things, dear Bevil. But you look ever to the gloomier side, while I,” she added, with a gay, cheery smile, “look ever to the bright and gay. I shut the eyes of my mind to the coming storm, but revel in the pleasant anticipation of the sunshine. And, therefore, I am now resolved to believe nothing, to hear nothing, but of your riding forth chivalrous and assured of success, to do battle for the right; of your returning in a little space to delight me and our little John with stirring tales, that make my heart bound and fill my eyes with happy tears, of your success in the fight, and of your mercy when the fight is over. I will believe, I will hear of no conclusion to the war, but of a generous and free pacification—of an abandonment on the king’s part of those prerogatives, which even you think he would extend unduly, and a repentance on the Parliament’s side of their arrogant and disloyal usurpation. Never fear, Bevil Greenvil, never fear. The Lord never deserts his people. And you shall see our England happier and richer, greater and more powerful tenfold, than ever she has been before in the reign of her most famous monarchs! You shall see it, dear Bevil; and then we shall laugh only at these sorrowful forebodings.”

“Never!” he answered, with a deep sigh, “never shall I see that.”

“Nay, now, false knight,” she continued, still earnest, if possible, to jest or charm him from his melancholy, “why, when I lay my commands on you to be merry, why are you still thus obstinately sad and mournful? why do you heave such a sigh, and cry never?”

“For two reasons, dearest,” he replied. “First, that the happy things which you predict will never come to pass. I do not doubt, indeed, that when these storms and troubles shall have overpassed, our England shall indeed be greater, and more wealthy, and more powerful—for, under popular governments, such things obtain a mighty impulse and grow very rapidly. But happiness is not the child of liberty, much less of commercial greatness. Content, content, and a calm, peaceful country-life, these are the parents of true happiness—not that fierce strife, that struggle for success and wealth, which renders the rich richer, and the poor poorer and more wretched. But, Adelaide, there is a second reason—and a stronger, that even if these things should be, I shall not live to see them.”

“Oh! Bevil, now you are unkind,” she cried, the big tears swelling to her eyes, and flowing down her lovely face. “It is unkind to speak thus to me.”

“No, dearest, not unkind. There is a heavy gloom upon me, a fixed presentiment that tells me we shall

conquer in the next battle, but that I shall not live to see the conquest.”

“Dreams! Bevil, dreams!” returned the sweet young woman, with a sunny smile, for partly she indeed disbelieved such revelations of the future, and partly she desired to banish them from her husband’s soul. “I am almost ashamed of you, my husband, that you should give way thus to vain and empty superstition; you, whom I have so often heard combatting such false notions with all the eloquence of your rich dialect, all the powers of your clear mind. But you are not yourself; you have been pondering so sadly and so long over the state of our unhappy country, that your fancy is saddened, and you give ear to its suggestions, as you would scorn to do at any other time.”

“It may be so,” he replied. “I hope it is so. For though I hold myself always, I trust, prepared to meet His call, to obey His bidding, yet, Adelaide, my heart bleeds when I think of leaving thee and that dear one;” and his eyes lingered fondly on the fair boy, as he spoke. “Heaven knows that I would not needlessly afflict or terrify thee, dearest; but there is something that I would fain say to thee before I go forth to join the king.”

“Then say it—say it—dear, dear Bevil. It will not afflict me, it will not terrify me, to hear any thing which you think it right to say to me. Who, if not I, has the right to counsel and console you?”

“You have indeed ever done so. It is but a short word I have to say. Should I fall, as I think I shall, whether in this next battle, or any time during the war, you must train our John up to the same course of loyalty which our family have run ever. Teach him, if the king needs his blood, to pour it out like water.”

“Fear nothing, Bevil,” she replied, “whether it be God’s will to spare you to us many years, or to take you hence even now,” and her voice faltered sorely as she spoke, but by a mighty effort she conquered her emotion and proceeded—“John Greenvil shall learn no creed of church or state, but such as shall become a Greenvil. For, mark me, Bevil, and believe me, weak woman as I am, I would pour out my life like water that the king should enjoy his own. And if it shall be, as you fancy, that death awaits you on the field of honor, fear me not; I will send our son on the same path, to seek honor where his father found it, and, should he also fall likewise for that high, holy cause, I will say, like that old Northumberland we read of, ‘I would rather have my dead son here, than any living son in England!’”

But the effort was too great for her; the terrible excitement was too much for her delicate frame; she burst into a flood of passionate weeping, and fell upon her husband’s bosom. He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her fair cold brow, nor was ashamed to mingle his own tears with hers in that long rapturous ecstasy, half anguish, and half bliss.

After awhile she raised herself from his arms, smiling through her tears, and said,

“Come, Bevil, we will have no more of this—no more sadness on this last night of yours at home;

let us go and walk once more in this lovely sunset, around your favorite garden, and then return to supper, some of our friends, Sir Nicholas Slanning, with his fair young wife, and Trevannion, with his three sisters, and Sir John Berkley, who is to wed the youngest, are coming hither—and we will have some music. They must not see you sad, or they will fancy it is my weakness made you so."

"I will be so no more," said Sir Bevil. "Indeed, now that my spirit is unburthened of what I wished to say to you, I do not feel so. But I heard some news this morning that has vexed and disturbed me, and that, perhaps, contributed with other things to sadden my mind, and fill it with forebodings."

"What news was that, Bevil?"

"That Chudleigh, my bad cousin, has betrayed his trust, and gone over to the Parliament with some five hundred men."

"And all for hate to you—oh! Bevil," she cried, turning very pale, "beware of that bad man. It is all for hate of you—"

"Ah ha! fair wife of mine," said Bevil Greenvil, "you have not then forgotten your love passages of old, and think his memory is as good. But you are wrong, dear one, the twinkle of a gold piece would do more to win my good cousin Chudleigh than all the ladies' eyes in Feliciania."

"And hatred, and revenge, more than either. But promise me—promise me, gentle husband, that you will beware of him!"

"Beware of *him*! of a base traitor, and a coward! Not so, but, by Heaven! let him beware of me, lest I be tempted, past all power of resistance, to rob the hangman of his fee!"

No more words followed; but, from the time when Chudleigh's name was mentioned, the cloud of perturbation, which had passed from Sir Bevil's brow, lowered gloomily on that of Adelaide; and, in despite of all her efforts, during the evening meal, and the minstrelsy and mirth which crowned that parting evening, she was abstracted, and sorrowful, and silent.

Was the wife's fear or the husband's fancy more prophetic?

At daybreak the next morning the castle rung to the shrill summons of the trumpet; and with a gallant band of cavaliers Sir Bevil Greenvil mounted, and in the words of the old song,

He gave his bridle reins a shake,
All on the river shore,
And said, "Adieu, my gentle love,
Adieu for evermore!"

And a fair arm waved a kerchief from a high shot-hole in the western turret, and the trumpets again elanged; in a moment he was gone from her sight—when should she see him next, and in what guise?

CHAPTER II.

A MELANCHOLY MEDITATION.

Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust. *Shirley.*

That which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Bevil Greenvil. *Clarendon's History.*

There was no error in the reasoning of Bevil
17*

Greenvil. All that he said, all that he foresaw, with the anticipation of a strong, vigorous and forecasting mind, was but too true.

Whether there be any thing of reality in personal presentiment, is a thing of which poor humanity can speak but doubtfully; it may be that such dim shadowings of death, nigh at hand, are but the dreamings of impressible and sentimental intellects.

It may be that these are true prophets. There is much show of evidence to carry out the latter judgment.

But of this men will believe according as their minds lean to faith and veneration, or to the opposite extreme of skepticism and incredulity.

It is not, therefore, of his self-anticipations that I speak, but of his fears for his country's welfare. For the civil war had indeed fairly broken out—the sword was drawn, and who should say when it again would find its scabbard.

War, at the best, is a hideous thing, and civil war an accursed. Decorate it as you will with the phantom hues of glory; ennoble it as you may by all the deeds of generous self-devotion, of great self-sacrifice, that have been wrought at its bidding, from time's commencement until now—and still what is it?—

A ruthless defacing of the Creator's image; a wholesale annihilating, so far as this world is concerned, of the best and highest minds, the brightest intellects; a trampling under foot of all the sweet domestic charities; a breaking of thousands and ten thousands of affectionate and tender hearts; a steeping of innumerable hearths, from the castle to the cottage, in rayless irreluminable gloom. And for what all this agony, this desecration, this waste of the human soul?

For nothing, in most cases; and if for any thing, for that which is lighter than the gossamer of an October morning, and less substantial than the shadow of a shade.

For a few acres or a few leagues, of barren and unprofitable desert; for a disputed right, comprehended probably by neither party; belonging absolutely, for the most part, to neither; and, when won, valueless, unsaleable at a pin's fee.

If this be true, as who can dispute it, of war in general and in the abstract, what shall be said of those intestine and domestic strifes, which, far from being mitigated, are inflamed tenfold and made more merciless and cruel, by the community of language, interest, and blood?

When wives behold a father on one side, a husband on the other, and find their tears, unlike Hersilia and her Sabines, fruitless to reconcile the kindred combatants?

When mothers, their natural instincts perverted by the fell sway of what is party spirit, however they may deem its principle, send forth their offspring, in emulation of the barbarous Spartan, commanding them to die, but never to return defeated?

When sons meet their fathers, front to front, in the battle's hurly?

What shall be said of these miseries, these horrors? And what, when we consider, that never yet was

there a civil war, in which the best and purest minds on both sides did not believe themselves religiously to have the right in the controversy altogether?—in which, when viewed by the impartial judgment of posterity, justice was not so evenly divided, so balanced as it were between the two, so blinded on both sides by prejudice, so blent with error, so distorted by excess, that it must then have been scarce possible for the soundest intellect to determine—

"Which had the better cause, until success
Conclude the victor innocent, the vanquished
Most miserably guilty."

We are too apt, I think, all of us, the most thoughtful hardly in a less degree than the most superficial, to look upon all those disputes which have given rise to wars, as having a right side and a wrong; and consequently on all those who spoke, wrote, acted, or thought with one party or the other, as being virtuous or villainous, patriots or tyrants. Whereas, we should regard them, as groping obscurely for the light, on either side; on either fancying that they had found it; while in truth it was the same feeble ray, reflected and refracted by the mists of circumstance and opinion, that was seen by both, and seen only to distract and to bewilder.

I think too that it will be found, in almost every instance, if we look narrowly into consequences, that nations have in no respect really gained by civil war those great advantages, which it has been the fashion of writers to ascribe to them—that no permanent benefits have accrued to the people, to counter-balance, in the least degree of equality, the temporary calamities which preceded them. I do not believe, in a word, that the winning of the rights, for which nations have so fiercely warred at home, has given superior happiness to the winners—much less that the happiness, so won, if any, is sufficient to compensate the individual sufferings, the lamentable heart-breaks, the demoralization consequent on warfare, and the irreparable loss of the best lives, the noblest spirits, the most exalted intellects, by the unsparing ravage of the sword.

Such is the train of thought into which I have been led by a recent perusal of the seventh book of Lord Clarendon's history of the rebellion—a book which relates the deaths of Mr. Hampden, upon Chalgrove-field, and of Sir Bevil Greenvil, upon Lansdown—a history, which contains the recital of more bloodshed of the high, the good, and the noble—bloodshed both on the field and the scaffold, bloodshed for opinion's sake, than any other narrative, comprising the same space of years, in the world's history—a rebellion, which was the prime cause of the consequences which we now see and feel, and of which we are ourselves a part, both in England and America, at this very day.

Are we, the people of both countries, or of either, the happier for those consequences, or through those causes, to day?

I believe not.

Whatever was the original cause of that memorable struggle, the ultimate effect of it was to promote what had been commenced by the wars of the Roses, what

was completed by the passage of the Reform Bill, the wresting, I mean, the powers of government from the landholder, and giving it to the burgher; the substitution of the commercial and manufacturing to the agricultural interest, the conversion of England from a poor, frugal, moderate landed aristocracy, with a well fed contented yeomanry, to a vast, powerful, wealthy commercial timocracy, with a squalid, starving, miserable populace—from a land of green fields and happy cottages, to a realm of gorgeous palaces and hideous lazarus-houses.

So much for the consequences.

Now for the causes.

On one side there was a king, who wished undoubtedly to pervert the constitution, to limit the privilege of parliament, to encroach upon the rights of his people.

On the other was a parliament, whose after conduct went far to show that the privileges they would have claimed needed limiting—for their acts were more arbitrary, their encroachments on the liberty of the subject more unconstitutional, their usurpation of powers more oppressive, than those of any king since the days of the eighth Henry—so arbitrary, so unconstitutional, so oppressive, that they drove the English people to seek for repose in the wise despotism of Cromwell, and afterwards to rest content under the licentious and facetious tyranny of the second Charles, rather than again risk a subjugation to Parliamentary Privilege.

Look to the men on either side—and first look at the great poet, the great champion, the great self-devoted martyr, to the cause of English liberty. Look at John Milton, the indomitable asserter of freedom—and then the most able apologist of the one man who overthrew it!

Was John Milton sure of his own principle; was he right in that principle—when we find him supporting first the dethronement and decapitation of the king by the parliament, and then the dismissal and destruction of the parliament by the despot?

Look at the other pure and noble souls, arrayed one against the other—

Look at John Hampden, and at Lucius Carey, better known as Lord Falkland—pure patriots both, as ever, drew the sword, for what they deemed the right—true Englishmen both, with no selfish aspiration, no aim but their country's welfare—wise men, calm men, prudent men, good men, both—nay! men so little differing in their principles themselves, although so widely in their practice, that had their parties but been changed, John Hampden would have been scarce less royalist than Lucius Carey—Lord Falkland scarce less the people's champion than John Hampden.

Hear now, how Clarendon, a very moderate royalist, a staunch upholder of the constitution, a rebuker of the king's inordinate ambition, so little of a partisan that he refused to take office in the beginning of the troubles—hear, I say, how Clarendon speaks of John Hampden's death, and compare that sentence with the words I have prefixed to these wandering thoughts, touching Sir Bevil Greenvil.

Hear this, I say, and, then, seeing how differently moderate and wise men viewed these things in their days, and observing that increased happiness of the body politic has not gone hand in hand with increased wealth and power, and intelligence, and *liberty*, in England—consider if it may not be possible that we, too, are in error, both as to the magnitude of grievances and the consequence of righting them; both as to the soundness of the appeal to the sword, and the benefits to be achieved by murdering those who differ from us in opinion honestly, and by eradicating their errors, if they be errors, by the axe of the headman.

"But that which would have been looked upon as a considerable recompense for a defeat, could not but be thought a glorious crown of a victory, which was the death of Mr. Hampden, who, being shot in the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone, within three weeks after died with extraordinary pain, to as great a consternation of all that party as if their whole army had been defeated or cut off."

And thereupon the historian proceeds to give his character, which is, unfortunately, too long for quotation; a character which, in what light soever the writer may have viewed it, is in fact almost an un-mixed panegyric—a panegyric of which I know no man of any after time, unless it be Washington—between whom, in truth, and John Hampden there are very many points of strong resemblance—whom I would venture to pronounce deserving.

And over the death of such a man, such a hero, such a patriot as this, Great God!—the patriots—for they were patriots likewise—who honestly believed the maintenance of monarchy to be good in itself, and for the good of their country, were compelled to rejoice and triumph!

The death of Falkland, too, of whom it is recorded by the same true and trustworthy historian, that "when there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceeding solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word *Peace! Peace!* and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart;'" the death of this man, too, caused vehement and great rejoicing among the adverse party.

It is recorded that when Hoche, the republican commander of the French army of the Sambre and Meuse, fell near the Rhine, warring against a foreign and a hostile land, the very foes who slew him joined in the funeral lamentations of his followers.

"He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and nations o'er him wept."

But was the soul of Hoche whiter than that of Falkland, that of Hampden, that for him, an invader, foreigners and foes should weep, and over these half their own England, that very England for the good of which each, as he saw it, *died!* should raise a shout of triumph and rejoicing?"

Verily civil war is an accursed thing!

Oh! may we never live to see it kindled more, on either side the broad Atlantic!

It is itself a cursed thing, and it carries this curse with it. That all the wise, the generous, and the good, who are at first its leaders, slaughtered, the conduct of affairs passes to the ambitious, the unscrupulous, the bold, the vicious—that the first causes are forgotten, and in the end one wrong is torn down from its altar, and another, perhaps greater, wrong is enshrined in its place, again to be cast down by a counter-revolution.

There is a high, broad grassy hill, or range of hills more properly, near to the beautiful city of Bath, a portion of which is indeed situated on one flank and brow of the elevation. For the most part it bears even now the character, which its name indicates, Lansdown; for it is open, unenclosed, swelling in round gentle slopes and smooth green summits, covered with short soft mossy grass—in short, it is a down.

A few scattered clumps of fir-trees dot its brow, and when the western wind sweeps unchecked and unbroken over the bare expanse, it howls and sighs, with strange and melancholy wailings, among the thin sad foliage and gnarled arms of those ghostly evergreens.

To one of an imaginative mind, walking that lonely hill on some wild and gusty evening, when the low clouds scud fast across the near horizon, ominous of tempest, when the gray mists are closing in on all sides, assuming shapes fantastical and frightful, and when the rise and fall of the moaning gale, in a thousand unearthly cadences, sings dirges through the laboring branches, it is not difficult to fancy that the spirits of the good, the great, and the self-devoted, who presided on that field of gentle blood, are abroad, and bewailing their useless self-immolation on the altar of mistaken patriotism.

It is a strange thing that some places, without any marked or evident reason why such should be the case, have been, time after time, from earliest ages, the scene of great events, the battle-field of tribes or nations.

Such, whatsoever is the cause, for certainly there is no such thing as accident, has been the case with Lansdown.

Tradition, handed down orally from generation to generation of illiterate peasants, asserts that thereon was fought one of the famous battles of King Arthur and his knights of the table round; and whether we reject as wholly fabulous or not the legends of the great British Prince, we cannot shut our eyes to the evidences of the fact, that the game of war has been played there in olden days, beyond the period of authentic history. For the long lines of old encampments, rampart and fosse and circular redoubt, may be traced clearly to this hour upon the mossy green-sward, which has grown there unchanged, a natural everlasting carpet, unturned by the rude ploughshare, undisturbed by the growth of tree or coppice, century after century—which has borne, perhaps, the creaking wheels of the scythed cars of Caradoc and his

azure-tinctured hordes; rebounded under the ordered tread of Rome's brazen legions; been dinted by the horse-hoofs of the mailed barons of the Norman chivalry, and torn up by the groaning weight of the Parliament's artillery.

Well has that fatal ridge been named, and truly, the field of gentle blood.

In the last battle only, which devastated its green brow, and filled its pleasant slopes and breezy hollows with blood, and agony and death—in the last battle only, it is on record that, "on the king's part there were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain than common men; and more hurt than slain."

There are, I know, some persons who will view this fact as a matter of no moment; who will regard a life as a life, and no more; who can see no distinction between the shedding of a prince's and a peasant's blood.

And, in that the one is a prince, and the other a peasant, there is in truth no distinction.

But is there indeed none between this life and that?

Is it a matter of no more moment to the world at large, to the people of the day, and not of the day only, but of far ages yet to come, whether the good, the wise, the noble, and the great of soul, are sacrificed to the fell rage of party spirit, or the mere mercenary, fighting for his pay, killing mechanically for his wages, and ignorant of the very cause for which he battles?

Does it, indeed, concern humanity, and truth, and nature nothing, whether it be the blood of a Hampden or a Falkland that bedews and fattens the dull earth, or that of the Dalgettys and the Bothwells who make up the mass of armies?

Would it have been no greater loss to mankind whether the gore of Washington or Arnold had dimmed the shine of some Hessian bayonet or broadsword?

The loss of the man is as the value of the man.

The death of a great bad man is the world's great gain; and whether we absolve or condemn the hand that strikes him down, we must admit humanity the gainer by his fall—and his, the unit's, loss is not to be compared with the gain of the million.

The death of a great good man is not his loss alone—is not perhaps his loss at all, for who shall measure the things that are to be, beyond the perishable?—it is the loss of the universe and all its countless dwellers; the loss of time, almost of eternity.

And thus though the heart may recoil at the thoughts of the carnage, may groan at the recorded sufferings of the masses, it is over the fall of the men who fell for principle, and what they believed virtue, that the reasoning mind sends forth its lamentation.

It was not for the knights who died at Cannæ, although their rings of gold might fill the measure of a bushel; it was not for the legionaries, though they were numbered forty thousand, that Rome mourned a year; but for the one man, prodigal of his great soul, who brooked not to survive defeat by the proud Carthaginian, who by his death deserved more of his country than had been merited by all the lives of all the forty thousand.

Thus was it here on Lansdown—thus, "that which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Bevil Grenvil."

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT AND A RESULT.

Descent from the noble and the good of past generations is that which none disparage, save those who repine and are wroth that they lack it.

And who, methinks I hear it asked, who was Sir Bevil Grenvil, that his death only should have made the king's victory at Lansdown a defeat rather than a triumph.

America should know Sir Bevil, not only that the man, whether he had been born a baronet or a clown, was a good man, a man of mark, a man such as in times less fruitful of great events, and their consequence, great characters, might well have stamped an epoch—but that, if not to him, to his family she owes something; and that, as to an individual to know his remote ancestors good and glorious, so to a state it is something to have its founders and their families worthy the praise of ages.

Sir Richard Grenvil—an error of our historians, into which the accurate and industrious Bancroft has fallen with the rest, has changed his name to Grenville, a different and more nobly titled family—the grandfather of our hero, was distinguished, when to be distinguished was no slight achievement, among the extraordinary characters who graced the era of Elizabeth of England.

Second to Raleigh only, his friend and companion, Sir Richard Grenvil was one of the boldest and most skillful of those daring navigators who steered their little barks, scarce larger than the long boat of a modern frigate, across the trackless ocean to the shores of the new woodland world, then styled, in honor of their virgin queen, Virginia.

On the 9th day of April, 1585, he sailed from Plymouth with seven vessels, bearing one hundred and eight emigrants to Carolina, its first settlers, with Lane, a soldier of distinction, for its governor—on the 26th day of June, in the same year, his fleet, after incurring many dangers, and narrowly escaping shipwreck, made its way through the Ocracock Inlet into the Roanoke.

A year had passed, and the colonists were waxing weary of the hardships and the perils of the wilderness, were "looking toward the ocean for supplies from England, and sighing for the luxuries of the cities of their native land, when of a sudden it was rumored that the sea was white with the sails of three-and-twenty ships, and within three days Sir Francis Drake had anchored his fleet at sea, outside of Roanoke Inlet, in the 'wild road of their bad harbor.' He had come, on his way from the West Indies to England, to visit the domain of his friend."

But it was vainly that with high heart and noble words he encouraged them; vainly that he gave large supplies—for Lane had yielded to the despondency of his men, and deserting his post with undue precipita-

tion, with all the colonists, he embarked homeward with the great navigator.

"A few days after this departure a ship arrived, laden with all the stores needed by the infant settlement. It had been despatched by Raleigh. But finding 'the Paradise of the world' deserted, it could only return to England."

Yet a short time, but another few days later, Sir Richard Greenvil was again upon the coast, and resolute that England should not lose that noble colony, he left upon the island of the Roanoke fifteen men, "to be guardians of the English rights."

It was to this man's earnest energy, second to that of Raleigh only, that Carolina owes her colonization by that noble race of cavaliers and gentlemen, whose families, whose names, whose chivalrous and gallant principles, yet dwell in her pleasant places.

And she, too, was well watered, before that colony was firmly planted, by some of the gentlest blood of England. And on her soil it was that Virginia Dare was born, the first child of English parents that saw the light on the soil of these United States.

Verily, Carolina has some reason to remember the name of Greenvil, to look with some jealousy of interest to the career of the descendants of her founder.

Bright and brief, as is oftentimes the case with the best and noblest of our race, was that career.

And on the Field of Gentle Blood, virtue and gallantry, love, and all but fame, perished with good Sir Bevil.

It was late in the first year of that war which ended in the death of Charles upon the scaffold, that the Parliament being the masters of all Devonshire, and thinking easily to be the masters of Cornwall likewise, "sent their whole forces out of Somerset and Dorset to join with those of Devon, and make an entire conquest of Cornwall," under Ruthen, a Scotchman, then the Governor of Plymouth, and the Earl of Stamford.

But greatly were they deceived in their purpose; for though Sir Ralph Hopton, the commander for the king, was vastly their inferior in numbers, yet with so much alacrity of zeal and loyalty, did Sir Bevil Greenvil, "the generally most loved man of that county," Sir Nicholas Slanning, John Arundel and John Trevannion raise regiments of volunteers, "many young gentlemen of the most considerable families of the county assisting them as inferior officers;" and with such energy and activity of will did they labor to train them to the use of arms, that, within a very short time, they had near fifteen hundred men of foot "raised, armed, and well disciplined for action."

With these they gave battle speedily to Ruthen, nigh Liskard upon Bradock Down, on ground of his own choosing, and utterly defeated him, taking, with the loss of but few common men, and no officer of name, twelve hundred prisoners, most of their colors, and all their cannon.

It was in this slight skirmish, otherwise hardly worthy of a place in history, that a circumstance occurred, in no small degree honorable both to the men and to their good and generous commander.

It is on record of the Cavaliers in this action—and here I will take the liberty of pointing out that I have seen this fact perverted by a recent writer, on the other side of the question, and represented as bearing on the conduct of both parties during the civil war, in which sense it is notoriously untrue—it is recorded, I say, of the Cavaliers, "that they were always more sparing than is usually known in civil wars, shedding very little blood after resistance was given over, and having a very noble and Christian sense of the lives of their brethren; insomuch that the common men, when they have been pressed by some fiercer officer to follow execution, have answered they could not find it in their hearts to 'hurt men who had nothing in their hands.'"

A few days after this, again, Ruthen was beat at Saltash, and, hardly getting into a boat, escaped to Plymouth, losing all his ordnance, all his colors, and all the prisoners who had escaped from Liskard, and leaving the Royalists again masters of all Cornwall.

Early in the next year, after again beating Sir George Chudleigh and the Earl of Stamford, at Launceston, near to Pendennis Castle, the Cornishmen advanced, under Prince Maurice and the Marquis of Hertford, into Somersetshire, easily sweeping all the country, taking in three days Taunton, Bridgewater, and Dunstar Castle.

In the meantime, Sir William Waller was sent down to take command in Bath, with a powerful force, well appointed with horse, cannon and dragoons, in order to make head against the Royalists.

The Cavaliers were now at Wells, and skirmishes were fought almost daily, with various and nearly alternate advantage.

At Mendip Hill, the prince, with Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon, defeated with two regiments of horse a vastly superior force of cavalry and dragoons, losing four-score of their own men, and killing thrice that number of the enemy.

A few days after this "they advanced to Frome, and thence to Bradford, within four miles of Bath. And now no day passed without action, and very sharp skirmishes, Sir William Waller having received from London a fresh regiment of five hundred horse, under the command of Sir Arthur Hazlerig, which were so prodigiously armed that they were called by the other side the regiment of *lobsters*, because of their bright iron shells, with which they were covered, being perfect cuirassiers, and were the first ever so armed on either side, and the first that made any impression on the king's horse, who, being unarmed, were not able to bear a shock with them; besides that they were secure from hurts of the sword, which were almost the only weapons the other were furnished with."

So passed the time until the fifth day of July, when all announced the approach of a greater and more decisive action than had as yet been fought in the west.

Several attempts had been made by the marquis and Prince Maurice to give the enemy battle on equal terms, which he still avoided; and now the cavaliers advanced to Marsfield, five miles beyond

Bath on the Oxford road, presuming that they should thus draw down the Roundheads from their ground of advantage, seeing it was their chief object to prevent the western army from joining the king at Oxford.

And now it followed, that through over-confidence and a careless contempt of their enemies they suffered themselves to be engaged at vast disadvantage and might well have been utterly defeated, but for the desperate and daring courage of the old navigator's grandson.

The range of Lansdown heights toward Marsfield, sinks not down gently in a long declining slope into the level country, but falls abruptly in one of those steep rounded swells peculiar to the chalk formation into the plain at its foot. Over the easiest part, the centre, of this ridge, the high road passes, but on the right hand and the left, the hills are almost inaccessible; and being covered with a thick growth of copse, and a few stunted firs, they offer an excellent position of defence for musketry and marksmen.

To this brow, then, it was that on the fifth day of July, Sir William Waller advanced with all his host, resolute to give battle and prevent the intended junction of the royal forces.

The whole front of his position, along the brow of the precipitous hill, was fortified by a line of works and redoubts, admirably well constructed with fagots and earthen banks, cannon were planted there, and the redoubts were lined with strong bodies of small shot.

The woods, on the right hand and the left, he garnished with musketeers sufficient to maintain them against any reasonable attack; and on a fair plain at the summit he posted his reserves of horse and foot, ready to charge the enemy on any point where he might be in force, or to relieve and comfort any part of his own lines which might be worsted.

His position was in itself a strong one. It had in fact not one weak point, for the high road, by which only could it be readily assailed, was flanked on both sides by the fire of his lines, and afforded a fair ground for charging with horse the columns of the enemy before they could deploy, even if they should win the summit; which seemed almost impossible, scourged as they must be and ransacked by a converging fire of musketry and ordnance.

It had, moreover, this supreme advantage, that the operations of the defence all lay *within*, while the attack must be made *without* the circumference of a circle; rendering it comparatively difficult for the cavaliers to re-inforce their columns of attack.

Having thus, like a good and wise commander, strengthened himself at all points, Sir William Waller pushed down from his position a heavy body of horse and dragoons, to beat up the enemy at Marsfield.

It was as lovely a morning as ever shone out of a summer heaven over a scene of rich soft landscape, when, as the royal host were breakfasting, fearless of interruption, the scattering shot of their out-posts and the loud startling clangor of the cavalry trumpets informed them that something was to do.

The first man in the saddle, as ever, was the Earl of Caénarvon—"who always charmed home"—and

with his single regiment, he fell so hardily, and with so vigorous a charge, on the advance of the Roundheads, that he checked them, and gained time for the marquis and the prince to put their forces in array, and come up to his succor.

Then should you have heard the din of kettledrum and bugle, clanging and flourishing the call to arms; you should have seen the officers spurring from post to post with orders; and the leaders, toiling with voice and truncheon, to order their battalia.

Then should you have beheld the seeming rush of disorder and confusion, out of which momentarily grew ordered ranks and seemly discipline.

It was not long, with such colonels of regiments as Sir Bevil Greenvil, and Slanning and Trevannion, before the army was prepared to bide any onset.

The enemy's horse were forced back on their main body and beaten, in charge after charge; but when they came in sight of the formidable, and as it seemed almost inaccessible, position of Sir William, "as great a mind as the king's forces had to cope with the enemy, they resolved not to attack them to so great disadvantage."

Nothing remained then, when it was evident that the rebels would not come down from their place of strength, but to fall back to their old quarters.

Sir William Waller saw, and regretting the prudent move, unwontedly prudent, of the Cavaliers, resolved to risk something to bring on a general action, and instantly launched all his horse and dragoons into the plain by the hollow road, upon the retreating columns.

The artillery had already been drawn off, and the foot was in full retreat, when down the hollow road which they filled entirely with one vast mass of bright steel casques, and orange scarfs, and proud chargers, the Roundhead horse burst down on the king's cavalry.

Undauntedly the prince and the stout earl swung out to meet them, but for all the exertions of their officers, who played their parts with invincible valor, the slightly armed Cavaliers could not be brought to charge with their wonted fiery impetus.

Before the solid shock of the iron-clad invulnerable Roundheads, the royalists recoiled, amazed and thunder-stricken; the rather, that never till that day had they met any horse, who had dared to withstand them, face to face, much less who had been able to hold ground against them.

It was hard labor then to rally them at all; though the prince rode through their ranks imploring them by their old renown and unblemished honor, though the hot high souled Dormer reproached them with words of fire; and hardly would it have been effected thus, but that the Cornish foot, pricked by the sound of battle, as the high blooded charger by the spur, breathless with running, their long muskets at a trail, Greenvil and Slanning leading their advance, eager as to a banquet, came up to their aid in good time.

Then, in place of the clang and clash of rapier and cuirass, rose the sharp rattling roll of the tremendous musketry, which had swept Braddock's Down, and ravaged Ruthen's lines at Saltash.

Then, foot by foot, could be traced the progress of the charge of those wild footmen, by the fierce Cornish cheer, by the blended war-cries of Greenvil, Arundel, Trevannion, Slanning, rising above the feeble shouts of the half-beaten Roundheads.

In vain Waller's dragoons, trained to fight on foot as on horseback, met them with heavy volleys from their musketoons; for charging with the butts of their heavy guns, they cleared the way in a moment.

In vain Hazlerig's lobsters poured their steel-clad masses against their naked front.

Steel cap and corselet were no more defence than the frieze jacket against that murderous storm of bullets—rider and horse went down; and they drew off discouraged and discomfited.

Then, winging their rallied horse with Cornish musketeers, who lapped the enemy's flank with incessant fire, Caénarvon and the Prince charged home and vanquished the invincibles.

Fresh bodies were poured down from the ground of vantage, and with augmented numbers the rebels faced about and again fell: again and again into disorder before that deadly fire; before those fierce impetuous charges.

Yard by yard they were beaten in—till at last decimated in numbers, deprived of their confidence and moral spirit, they scarce recovered themselves in their impregnable position, under the cannon and redoubts of their fresh infantry, who had not that day drawn a trigger.

Satisfied now with the successes of the day, the Prince would have drawn off his victorious soldiery.

The Cornish men, however, were not satisfied.

For when the order reached them to retreat, they raised at once three bursts of their fierce cheering, and called aloud, "Their cannon! their cannon! we want to bring off their cannon from the hill!"

There was a doubt among the leaders; but Bevil Greenvil plead so hard, urging the spirit of his men, and the demoralization of the enemy, that he prevailed.

Then on they went, Nicholas Slanning storming the woods on the one hand, and Trevannion on the other, and Sir Bevil leading his pikes to the left of the high road, on which he was covered by his horses, right in the front of the redoubts under the fire of musketry and shot of ordnance, charged, to the teeth, three times by horse in full career.

Onward! still onward! unchecked by the storm of round and grape which tore their files asunder, hurling the horse from their leveled pikes, as the bull hurls the mastiff from his horns of proof, shaking the earth by their compact and solid tread, sweeping away every formation of the foe by their tremendous volleys, making the welkin ring with their thundrous cheering—onward went that astonishing English infantry!

That same English infantry, with the same spirit then, the same mixture of heroic dash, and dogged perseverance which has since rendered it the world's wonder!

On it went, bearing all before it!

And now the lines were won, the victory was all

but complete; when a fresh charge was poured upon the royal foot, as they deployed in some confusion on the hill's brow.

Sir Bevil, clad in but slight half-armor, like many of the leaders for the king, conspicuous by his blue scarf and black feather, dashed his spurs into his charger's flank, and rallying his pikes in a moment, met the Parliamentarians in full shock.

A Roundhead officer, all steel from head to foot, confronted him, with a broad orange scarf above his corselet.

But as Sir Bevil, feeling as it were by an instinctive sense who was his new opponent, spurred on to meet him; he avoided the hand-to-hand encounter; drew a long petronel from his holster, and discharged it full into the chest of Greenvil's charger.

Down went the brave beast headlong, and while the rider was struggling up, still cheering his men in that deadly peril, a pike-head pierced his corselet, and a Lochaber axe, wielded by one of the Scotch footmen, broke all the fastenings of his helmet by a tremendous downright blow, and left him bare-headed.

At the same moment the mounted officer sprang down from his saddle, sword in hand, and opening his vizor, displayed the countenance, kindled with every hellish passion, of George Chudleigh.

The fallen leader, wounded but still alert and courageous, made violent efforts to extricate himself from his fallen horse, raising himself on his left hand, and wielding his sword skilfully and powerfully with his right.

Again the huge poleaxe fell, and dashed his right arm down, shattered and useless by his side.

And then George Chudleigh—there was now no more danger—rushed in and clove his bare head with reiterated blows of his keen broadsword, shouting—"To hell! to hell! and say George—"

But his infernal triumph was cut short, and he fared ill, that in his devilish exaltation he had raised the vigor of his helmet.

A ball, surely aimed by an unerring marksman, smote him between the eyes, crashed through the base of his brain; and, with that frightful curse upon his lips, his soul went—whither?

But blinded with his own blood, faint in the very death pang, forgetful of himself, and mindful only of his monarch, the brave, the good loyalist sprang to his feet, and died erect and fearless, shouting in tones, which went to every heart of those who heard him, high above all the din and roar of battle.

"On! Cornishmen, on! on! and win the day for the king and Bevil Greenvil!"

He spoke and was dead ere the sounds had ceased to ring abroad, but his spirit died not with him.

For then was accomplished, as it is stated upon his monument—it stands, where he fell, on Lansdown to this day—that Bevil Greenvil's spirit, when the man was dead, slew more foes than his living arm had vanquished.

With one appalling yell, "a Greenvil! a Greenvil! victory for the king! vengeance for Greenvil!" the wild Cornishmen went in, after one shattering volley

at the pike's point and with the musket's butt, and won the day within ten minutes, for the king and their slaughtered leader.

Such was the victory which that good man's and gallant soldier's death converted almost into a defeat.

So were the sweet wife's fears and the brave husband's fancy both proved but too prophetic.

Had Greenvil survived Lansdown, and Falkland and Caenarvon fatal Newbury, it may be Marstonmoor and Naseby would have told different tales: it may be Charles had never died upon a scaffold, nor Cromwell worn

"The dictatorial wreath, that more than kingly crown."

Nor the first William mounted to the last Stuart's throne; nor England been to-day a democratic monarchy.

Are these things fate or fortune?

Fortune of Battles! Fate of Empires!—two false words feebly indicating one great fact—

The Providence of God, which governs all things, incomprehensible, inscrutable, all-wise—but all-wise

unto ends which He alone seeth—alone holdeth in the hollow of his hand.

One word more only—and that last word a strange one!—

It was John Greenvil, the boy whom we have seen sporting by the side of those hapless parents at that last sad interview, whom Providence ordained to be the man who should bring the second Charles—the son of that king for whom his father fell—back to his country and his crown.

Was not the wish of Bevil Greenvil; was not the promise of his lovely wife, indeed accomplished?

Although she never smiled again, after their mutual forebodings were so sadly realized, she yet persevered, yet lived unto the end, supported by her promise to the dead.

That promise gloriously accomplished, she laid her down at once—"My task is done," she said, "my promise is performed—I will go to my Lord!"

And so she passed from a world of trouble, may we not believe it surely, into a world of glory.

God grant it, reader, that our tasks may be done as well, and our deaths met as happily!

THE PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

REPRESENTING HER AT THE MOMENT SHE RECEIVES THE TIDINGS OF PHAON'S DESERTION.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

"For her, Earth's gift was Fame!"

FAIR and faultless as the form
Which the Grecian sculptor's hand
Woke almost to being warm,
With his art-inspired wand;
Fair, too, radiantly fair
Is this clearly pictured face,
With its golden, gleamy hair—
Its head of classic grace:
Tenderest beauty dwells on lip, and cheek, and snowy forehead—
Fairest of earth's daughters, hast thou ever pined and sorrowed?

Beauty, Youth, and Poetry,
Genius, Glory, Fame, and Power,
Wove their genii-gifts for thee
In one rich, resplendent dower:
Æolian Sappho crowned wert thou,
By the lords of lute and lay—
Twined they for that lofty brow
Laurel, rose and bay?
Well, upon the bright-veined marble, might the sculptor carve thy story—
Well might painter sketch, and poet tell in song, thy fame and glory.

Yet, O loveliest Lesbian maid!
Like a lily flower broken
Droops thy small and graceful head,
As amazed with grief unspoken;

And a weight of sadness seems
On that gifted brow to lie;
Lit with passion-haunted dreams
Is that shadowy eye—
And thy sinking arm the lyre holdeth, oh! so carelessly,
As though swift despair had silenced evermore its melody!

Yes! that perfect figure bends
'Neath th' abandonment of wo;
Not *one* ray of hope now lends
To thy desolate heart a glow!
There is one whose love hath long
Been the light of life to thee—
Th' inspiration of thy song,
Thy soul's bright deity!
All thy starry genius-gifts at his shrine were offered up—
Thy recompense is slighted Love—Desertion—ruined Hope!

What are Riches, Talents, Fame—
Garlands, incense, flattery,
Minstrel-pride—and deathless name?
Worthless—worthless, *now*, to thee!
Mockery *all*, that could not make
One true, loving heart thine own—
From thy brow the laurel take—
Fling the lyre down.
Not yet! where yon Leucadian steep o'erhangs the dark blue sea,
There shall the laurel and the lyre together rest with thee!

THE ALGERINE.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length. LONGFELLOW.

"THAT's a suspicious looking sail on our quarter," said I to the captain, pointing where, far up to windward, a white speck was discernible.

"Do you think so?" he replied, earnestly, "I will get my glass then—and, stay—you had better, Danforth, accompany me into the tops."

We had sailed from Smyrna, a few days before, and were now running with a fair wind for Gibraltar, where we expected to arrive before the week was out. Our ship was a beautiful little craft of three hundred tons, carrying a few brass pieces, as was then not uncommon, but having a crew by no means proportioned to her armament. She was a strong new vessel, but not one of extraordinary speed: on which account we were more anxious than we should otherwise have been at sight of this suspicious sail.

Captain Powell was the sole owner of this beautiful craft; but he had other causes of alarm more potent, for his young and lovely wife, to whom he had been united scarcely a fortnight, was a passenger; and with her was her father and his family, our late consul at Smyrna, returning to America after an absence of many years. An interesting group was this little circle. There was the venerable parent, a gray-headed, noble-looking old man—the elder daughter, Mrs. Powell, a spirited and beautiful woman—and two younger sisters, both at that period of life when the girl is budding into womanhood. Mary, the elder of the single sisters, was a most lovely creature, with the blue eyes and light golden hair which one sees in Raphael's Madonnas; while the captain's bride, not less beautiful, had the dark eyes and tresses of the sunny south. The youngest of the sisters partook of the style of beauty pertaining to Mrs. Powell: and the three together were known even in the classic East, from whence they came, as the "Sister Graces." And certainly never did Ionia, in her palmiest days, furnish three such models. Mary's was one of the most exquisitely formed natures that ever lived out of the realms of poesy. There breathed around her daily presence all the purity and loveliness that enshrines Shakespeare's Imogen in our hearts. Her love was a treasure that a king might have been proud to win: her commonest smile a prize for which a knight of olden chivalry would have periled his life. All this wealth of heart was given to my bosom friend, Frederick Merton, a lieutenant in our navy, who had obtained a furlough and was returning in our vessel, it being arranged that his nuptials were to be celebrated when we arrived in the United States.

The period of which I write witnessed almost daily depredations by the Moorish corsairs, which were then the terror of the Mediterranean: a period about two years in advance of that when Somers and Decatur, by their gallant conduct before Tripoli, laid the foundation of our naval glory. American vessels were particularly subject to the rapacity of the piratical cruisers, and many of our countrymen, who had been captured by the Turks, were languishing in hopeless slavery. The knowledge of this made us particularly anxious to arrive at Gibraltar speedily; and the favorable breeze which had prevailed for the last few days seemed to be in answer to our hopes. But now a sort of instinctive fear seized me that the vessel in sight was a Tripolitan cruiser, and as I looked into the captain's countenance, to read his thoughts on the subject, I fancied I saw a confirmation of my own views.

We ascended to the top in silence, when my companion took a long look through the glass. When he had done this he handed me the instrument, though without speaking a word. The telescope did not exactly suit my vision: I therefore adjusted the slide, and placed the glass again to my eye.

"Well?" said the captain, as I removed the instrument and looked him full in the face.

I shook my head hopelessly.

"She's an Algerine, you think?" he asked, with a slight quiver of the lip, which might well be excused in consideration of the precious freight he had on board. He spoke, too, as if his own convictions agreed with mine, though he would fain cling to hope, and half expected I would hold out some.

"She has the rig of that class," I said, "and is evidently in chase. It may not be as we think," I added quickly, observing the deathly pallor that came over my companion's face. "At any rate, we had better not alarm the ladies."

"Certainly not," said the captain anxiously. "But I should like to have Frederick's opinion on this craft. Could you not go down and send him up here without creating suspicion on the part of my wife or Mary?"

I looked down on the deck. Frederick was standing on the quarter, with a sister on either arm, and just at this moment the whole three looked aloft, and Mrs. Powell smilingly beckoned to her husband to descend.

"I will answer the summons," I said, "and thus there will be no suspicion." But a pang shot through my heart to think how soon that light and happy smile might be changed to agony and despair.

"Oh! it was not you I wished," said the gay bride playfully. "Go back and tell Captain Powell I want him. This is the way lovers when they become husbands run away from us. What can he be doing so long up there?" and she shook her finger gayly at him.

"Do you know," I said, adopting her gay tone, "that the captain says you are outraging all discipline, and setting a bad example to his men, by beckoning him hither and thither: so, for a punishment both to you for doing thus, and to Frederick for abetting you, he orders the latter into the tops, and bids me say you must all do better or he shall mast-head some of you."

I secured an opportunity, however, as I thus laughingly spoke, to give Frederick a look, and his quick perceptions instantly divined that there was more serious matter concealed under this jest. He accordingly prepared to go aloft.

"Why: you are not going?" said the young bride. "We must not be tyrannized over in this way. Let us mutiny, one and all. What do you say, Mary? Shall we suffer Frederick to go?"

Mary blushed, and looked as if she would have gladly joined such a mutiny, but she said nothing, and Frederick, with a bow and smile, hurried from the quarter-deck, and the next instant was lightly traversing the shrouds.

The playful gayety of this conversation struck on my heart with a chill, when I thought how soon the most terrible of all fates might become the lot of the beautiful creatures at my side. I could with difficulty struggle against this feeling, even sufficiently to carry on the conversation; but happily I was assisted by the young bride, whose gay spirits and overflow of happy feelings shed vivacity on all around.

In about ten minutes the captain and Frederick returned to the deck. I stole a glance at the latter as he approached, and saw in his half concealed look of anxiety, that my worst fears were realized. As I glanced at the fair sisters at my side, I caught Mary's eyes fixed on me with a look of inquiry and alarm, but when they met my gaze they fell to the ground.

"Could she have seen my glance at Frederick, and read his countenance?" I asked myself. I blamed my carelessness, and resolved to put a stricter guard on my demeanor; for if our suspicions of the stranger were correct, these dear beings would be called to suffer soon enough!

The conversation flagged. Frederick was gay, but his gayety seemed forced, and I often caught Mary gazing into his face with an inquiring look. He appeared finally to become aware that he was watched, and this increased his embarrassment, which became at length so perceptible that Mrs. Powell herself took notice of it, and began playfully to rally him for his moodiness. Captain Powell had gone quietly, meantime, to the first mate and spoken a few words in his ear, after which he had joined our group.

"What are they spreading more sail for?" suddenly said his young wife, stopping in her career of raillery and looking aloft, where cloud on cloud of

canvas was being rapidly unfolded. "Why, Henry, you will drown us all. I declare positively I won't sail with you if you go on at this rate. We shall be upset or driven under; for it is certainly blowing fresher than it did an hour ago."

"Oh! my dear, you women know nothing of these things," replied the captain. "We are getting along too slowly, and unless we crowd more sail shall never be up with Gibraltar. Come into the cabin and I'll show you on the chart how far we have to run," said the captain, adroitly carrying off his wife.

No sooner had they gone than Mary, laying her hand earnestly on Frederick's arm, said—

"We are now alone—so, tell me what is the matter. I know both you and Mr. Danforth are alarmed and anxious, and I think Captain Powell is too. Nay! do not deceive me. I can bear whatever it is, for though I am not so gay-hearted, folks say I have more fortitude than Ellen."

Frederick looked at me in a dilemma. We both knew Mary so well as to feel assured that when her suspicions were once aroused, nothing but the truth would satisfy her; she seemed to have the faculty of seeing through deception instinctively. Besides, suspense might work on her nerves as much as the most dreadful certainty. Thus I reasoned, and my looks expressed my feelings. Frederick, whose opinion coincided with mine, accordingly whispered,

"We can trust your discretion, Mary, but you must endeavor to keep what I am about to say from the knowledge of your sister. We fear yonder sail is an Algerine."

The hue of Mary's cheek changed to that of death, and I thought I saw her shudder; but these traces of human fear passed away almost instantaneously. She had promised to show fortitude, and she evidently struggled to keep her word. She only nestled closer to her lover's side and leaned more heavily on his arm; her eyes closed involuntarily—she seemed to be silently praying. After awhile she whispered—

"Is there no hope of outsailing the—the pirate?"

"We shall do our best—it is our only chance. But now, dearest," said Frederick, "go into your cabin, and leave us to do what man can do; your presence there will keep Mrs. Powell below, whose agitation, if she were to know the truth, would unnerve her husband. We require all the aid his skill and sagacity can afford us in this emergency."

"I will do as you say," replied the dear girl. "But my heart shall be with you in prayer."

"She is an angel," said Frederick sadly, as he returned after supporting her down the companion way. "And her prayers will be of more worth than our efforts; for that craft is gaining on us terribly fast, and I fear nothing but a miracle will save us now. Promise me," he said eagerly, "promise me, Danforth, that if I should fall in the struggle when these villains board us, you will seek out Mary and plunge your dagger into her heart, to save her from a fate ten times worse for her and me than death." And a convulsive shudder shook his frame as he spoke. "Promise me—swear to me this!" he said.

"I promise," I added solemnly, "though the Almighty grant we may escape the terrible necessity."

"Amen!" said both Captain Powell and Frederick, for the former had come up at this moment and overheard the conversation.

The men, whose suspicions had been long since aroused, now that the females had left the deck no longer concealed their opinions: and dark and lowering faces gathered at the bulwarks, while eager eyes strained themselves to watch whether the stranger gained or lost.

The Corsair, at this time, may have been about three miles distant, and her decks were visible, crowded with men. She was evidently one of the fastest of a class of vessels celebrated for their speed; for though we had crowded on our canvas to an almost perilous extent, she gained upon us steadily, and apparently without effort. For twenty minutes, perhaps, we leaned over the bulwarks, watching her intently; now fancying that we gained upon her, now forced to acknowledge that she gained upon us. We could not avoid occasionally hearing the conversation of some of the men. A group of weather-beaten tars had collected not far from where I stood, and while the captain and Frederick were conversing in low tones, I listened to the following conversation:

"How the Turk sails, d—n him," said an old water-rat emphatically. "For such a queer looking craft, too, it's wonderful! Why, there's nothing ship-shape about her—she's jist sich a craft as they make at home by the cord and cut off in lengths to order; but the devil, who fits her out and signs her papers, could make a wash-tub sail, I suppose."

"Ay! go into the wind's eye like a flying fish," replied another. "Howsmever, our little beauty doesn't creep either. Lord, how she walks the water! It's my opinion, comrades," he continued, energetically tearing off a huge piece of tobacco, which he held ready to put into his mouth as soon as he should finish his sentence; "that if the breeze would only freshen to a gale, we'd leave yonder chap hull down afore sunset."

"That we would," said another, "for we'd carry sail where he'd sink."

"It's blowing a pretty good mouthful now," said a third. "How she tears through the water! Some of them sticks will jump out yet."

"Let them jump and be d—," said the first speaker. "I should n't mind, lads, being taken by Christians—I wouldn't care whether they were Englishers or French, if so be we were at war with them—but to go about like a nigger slave, with a chain tied to your leg, as the prisoners to these Turks have to, is more nor old Jack Grommet bargained for when he came aboard this craft."

"It'll be no use to fight, however," said one; "there's a hundred or more devils on board yonder. We must trust to our heels."

"Ah! it's a hard day," said the first speaker with a sigh, "when the stars and stripes has to haul down to yonder crescent; and, by the Lord, Jim Bowen, I'll strike a blow if no one else will."

If the reader has ever dreamed of falling from a precipice, and will bring to mind the horrible sensations of that moment, he can form a conception of our feelings as we saw the pirate gradually but surely lessening the distance between us. Oh! the torture of that hour of suspense. In vain I scanned the horizon, with the abortive hope of discerning some friendly sail; in vain I watched the enemy, and prayed that some of his spars might give way. Steadily, silently, without apparent effort he approached us. Despair was fast taking hold of my heart when Captain Powell spoke.

"Look yonder," he said, with almost boyish delight, "a hurricane is coming. Hurrah!"

At any other time an intimation that a sudden squall was about to burst upon us would have occasioned apprehension; but now the lesser was forgotten in the greater danger; for our only hope lay, as the spokesman had said, in the violence of the wind.

I looked in the direction whither the captain pointed. Right in the wake of the approaching squall lay the Algerine, his huge sails already in, and nothing but his bare poles exposed, as he lay rocking in waiting for the tempest. I could see the track of the tornado by the white mist which, wrenched from the face of the water, was coming down toward us with a wild, rushing sound. All at once the gale reached the Algerine, whose tall masts bent over like willow wands: the next instant we lost sight of our enemy; the minute after the gale was upon us.

"In with the light sails!—stand by to clew down," the captain had exclaimed, long before the squall reached our foe; and now, when the full fury of the tempest burst upon us, we were not wholly unprepared; but taking the hurricane with only our heavier canvas set, we bowed a moment before the gale, and then darted away in its track like a wild-bird loosed from the string.

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated Captain Powell. "Gentlemen, we are now safe. The Corsair will soon be out of sight. Go down, go down, Danforth and Frederick, and cheer the females. All danger is now over."

Words cannot describe our exhilaration; only a criminal reprieved from death, can realize my feelings. We hastened to the cabin, where the ladies were gathered around their venerable parent. The head of the youngest sister was buried in her father's lap: Mrs. Powell was weeping on Mary's shoulder. Their peril was felt by the inmates, though, with all but Mary, apprehension filled the place of certainty.

"Joy—joy," said Frederick, hastily advancing, "this hurricane will luckily prove our salvation. We are driving under close-reefed courses, and the Turk will never see us again."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the parent.

Mary spoke not, but she burst into tears and fell into her lover's arms. Mrs. Powell uttered a shriek of joy and clasped her father's neck, laughing hysterically. The younger sister sprang up, clapping her hands. So various are the modes in which sudden joy develops itself!

"And there is really no more danger," said Mary,

after looking fondly up into her lover's face. "You will not deceive us, Frederick?"

"None whatever," he replied; "our ship is in her element in a gale like this; while the lighter built Algerine cannot show a rag. We are going two knots to his one. Heaven has heard your prayers, dearest."

"Oh! I little thought this five minutes since; for I knew, by your not coming down to us, that there was no hope. Ah! we shall yet see many a happy year—shall we not?" said the sweet girl, in the unblushing confidence of that happy moment.

"I hope so, Mary—but good God! what is that?" ejaculated Frederick, cutting short the preceding sentence, as a violent shock almost cast us from our feet and made the ship quiver in every timber. I looked into his face aghast; then, recovering myself, rushed on deck. As I hurried up the companion way I heard the tread of affrighted feet; while behind rose up the shrieks of the terrified females. My heart forewarned me of what had happened.

"We have struck a bar, and all is over," said Captain Powell, who was the first person I met on deck. "In half an hour the ship will go to pieces."

I staggered back at this confirmation of my worst fears, but recovering myself I looked around, hoping the danger might be exaggerated. A moment's glance, however, satisfied me that the captain was correct. We were fast stuck on one of the unseen bars which are occasionally met with at sea, and the water was now boiling in foam over it. No human foresight could have prevented the accident. The whole surface of the deep had been so whitened by the fierce hurricane that the breakers were not discovered until the moment before the ship struck, and then it was too late. She had brought up when driving at a tremendous velocity: so that she was now firmly fixed on the sand; and the mist and spray were whistling over us in clouds.

"Can nothing be done?" said Frederick, who at this moment made his appearance; and though his face was blanched to the whiteness of ashes, there was a compressed energy in his tone and manner which showed that all the resolution of his nature was aroused.

"Can nothing be done?" I said, involuntarily repeating his question, though I was really reasoning with myself. "We must go to pieces in half an hour unless the gale abates; and, if the gale abates, we shall fall into the Algerine's hands."

"Better die than suffer that," said Captain Powell, with a kindling eye. "Oh! for the gale to blow till daylight."

"Something might be done," at length said Frederick, breaking the moody silence.

"What?" demanded both Captain Powell and I, quickly and in the same breath.

"Have you got a set of new top-sails?"

"Why?"

"If you have, get them up!"

"Bend new top-sails in this gale!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes! and bend courses, by Jove, if necessary,"

said Captain Powell, with startling energy. "I comprehend your plan, Frederick; it is the only resource left. All hands," he exclaimed, jumping on a gun-carriage so that he might be more easily visible; "all hands to bend new top-sails! Be cool, my brave boys, be cool, and trust in me. I will carry you out of this scrape as I have carried you out of others. Be cool, but quick, for life and death depend on your speed."

While he thus spoke, and proceeded to see his orders properly executed, Frederick gave me a fuller explanation of his plan, which I now began to suspect.

"I propose," he said "bending new top-sails, for those now used are old and will not stand much of a strain. The whole press of this new canvas will then be put on the ship. You stare at the proposal to crowd such a volume of duck on her, when a close-reefed fore-course is as much as we dared carry before. But this is a bold stroke for life: the immense force of the wind acting on the topsails will drag us over the bar, or split us into pieces. If we fail we lose every thing, but if we win we escape."

"Nobly thought," I said in admiration; "and though the chances are almost ten to one against us, the experiment is worth the trial."

"Ay! for there *is* a chance; and if we remain quiet, death or slavery is inevitable."

"Every thing is ready," said Captain Powell, returning in an incredibly short space of time. "If we succeed, we shall owe you every thing, Frederick. The oldest veterans are enthusiastic with the novelty and daring of the manœuvre. It will, however, be 'sink or swim.' In five minutes we shall know all."

He said this solemnly. There was now a moment's silence, for every man felt that the crisis had come; and many a hurried prayer went up from lips that had not prayed for years.

The silence was interrupted by the clear full voice of Captain Powell, rising distinctly over the gale.

"Let go the sheets and braces—haul home!"

As he spoke, the huge sheets of canvas were stretched out on the yards, despite their desperate struggles and the violence of the wind. Now was the crisis. The instant the full superficies of the sails became exposed to the gale, the ship gave a tremendous thump, jerking some of the men twenty feet from their places.

"Hold on!" said the stentorian voice of Captain Powell, in tones of encouragement.

Another gigantic struggle was made by the ship, the masts and yards curving like whip-stalks; and again, so sudden and violent was the jerk, we were flung like playthings across the decks. Still the vessel stuck fast, or seemed only jammed further on. Another thump like the last would probably tear out the masts, for the gallant canvas held to the yard as if conscious that life and death depended on its strength. Or even if the masts held, a third such plunge would break the tortured ship to pieces.

"Once more!" cried the captain, who was clinging to a rope nigh me, and he breathed the words hard between his teeth. He seemed unconscious that he

spoke, for his eyes were fixed on the topsails, and his whole face glowed with the desperate energy required at this crisis.

The ship gave a plunge, groaning as if an animate being in the throes of parting soul and body; and the spars bent until I expected to see them shiver into a thousand pieces. Once, twice, thrice—her struggles were gigantic. She moved. Ay! the noble canvas held fast—we were in motion! The waters glistened past. A thrill of joy quivered through my frame. The next instant our brave craft had cleared the bar and was speeding like a thunderbolt upon her way.

We never saw the Algerine again. Probably I was the last person of our crew who looked on her that day; for, as we whirled onward after passing the bar, I turned a curious eye astern; and far in the distance, half hidden by the driving spray, I beheld the faint outline of the dreaded Corsair. But it was only for a second I caught a glimpse of her form; for the next instant the mist shut her in, and we were alone on the waters.

In due time we arrived safely at Gibraltar, whence we sailed for New York after the lapse of a few days. The next spring I saw Frederick a happy groom.

LINES PRESENTED TO ETHEL TOWN, ESQ.

The following lines were written, as their date purports, some three years ago, just before Mr. Town, the learned antiquarian, departed for his last visit to England. One of his erudite friends in London had just sent him a copy of Mrs. Somerville's works, which he valued highly. At his request the lines, in compliment to that distinguished lady, were written, that the original copy might be bound up with the treasured volume. It was a high and flattering compliment from one whom the author held in reverence and esteem—this wish to embody her humble tribute to a great mind with the great productions of that mind, and thus, from feelings of partial friendship, unite the favored friend and the greatest woman of the age in one possession. Just before he went on shipboard the lines were given him. A few months after the author received a copy back again, with a letter written on the blank leaf, and only mentioning the poetry by saying that he took great pleasure in sending it back. This puzzled the author greatly; at first she feared that not approving of the lines he had sent them back for alteration, but nothing being said on the subject in the letter, it was laid aside with no little feeling of humiliation and pain that an effort to give pleasure to a valued friend had so signally failed. The next day a mutual friend, who was probably in the secret, enlightened the author very pleasantly on the subject. Mr. Town had obtained lithographic copies of the little poem in London, one of which was sent to Mrs. Somerville, others to mutual friends here; and one to the author, who was completely mystified, and really believed the lithograph to be her own writing.

Mr. Town died a few months after his return to this country, and the loss of a true and beloved friend now adds to the associations connected with these lines a mournful interest, which the memory of his high qualities can but deepen as time passes on.

Time brooded o'er the earth, and brought
His treasures to the human mind;
The seeds of high and kindling thought
He flung upon the restless wind.
It fell 'mid wars and deadly strife;
It found the humbler haunts of men;
And, rooted deep in human life,
Blossomed to glorious thought again.
Amid the crash of sword and flame
The gentle dawn of knowledge came.

Roused by the burning ebb and flow
Of thought, that through creation broke,
Sweet woman heard, and in the glow
Of troubled sympathies awoke!
Her mind threw off its darksome rest,

New York, July 10, 1843

And then, with timid step and eye,
'Mid flowers of intellect she pressed,
And gathered one—bright poetry.
The thirst of thought was on her then,
But science still was left for men.

But *Somerville*, with step more free,
Laid the sweet blossoms on her heart,
And studied their soft mystery,
Till thought grew of her life a part.
She saw the fruits of science, there,
Ripening beneath the breath of Heaven,
So high that man, alone, might dare
To pluck and eat—to her was given
The woman's heart—the manly power
To gather both the fruit and flower.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE STARS.—A SONNET.

BY R. H. BACON.

Ye stars, that on Night's mystic turban glow,
Mild and eternal, looking calmly down
On the quiet vale, where hoary mountains throw
Their shadows; and soft streamlets tinkling flow,
Making low music by the sleeping town,
Or gushing with a wilder melody below
The arching piles of yon old ruin gray;—

18*

Ye shone the same when fair-haired children played
Beneath those arches, ere they knew decay;
Ye saw those children men; and your mild ray
Beheld their graves! When after ages laid
That city's walls, undimmed was your sweet light;
And ye will shine, when its thronged bounds are made
A solitude—as calmly and as bright.

THE NEW SCIENCE.

OR THE VILLAGE BEWITCHED.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

THERE was once a little village with a long name, to wit—Constantinople—seated on a narrow plain, between a range of high rugged mountains and a shallow brawling river, which afforded navigation neither to steamboats nor indeed boats of any description. A large brook, tributary to the river, flowed through the centre of the village, after wearing a deep ravine in the mountain, rugged and desolate for the most part, but presenting, at intervals on its margin, little spots of greensward which contrasted agreeably with the surrounding desolation. In other places masses of high perpendicular rocks bordered so close upon the stream, as to prevent all passing on that side.

The brook, after heavy rains or during the melting of the snow in the spring, rose high above its ordinary level, and overflowed all the little flats on its banks, forming a furious torrent, which rendered a residence there impossible, and obliged the proprietors to place their homely habitations up among the rocks on the side of the mountain. In one of these cottages resided, at the period of which I am speaking, a very worthy, industrious man in his way, whose name I shall not mention, as some of his family are still living, and might perhaps be pained at being thus held up to public view. The building, which was composed of logs disposed in the old primitive style, rested on a flat projecting rock, rising perhaps an hundred feet above the stream, and affording a passage underneath, by a narrow path winding along its border. I was accustomed in my youth to indulge in the philosophical and patriarchal amusement of fishing in this stream, which at that time abounded in trout, and remember to have often seen the good woman walking back and forth on the rock high in the air, turning her big spinning-wheel, whose sonorous humming might be heard keeping time, as it were, with the murmurs of the brook, forming a musical and soothing concert amid the solitude of the mountains.

The reader will please to bear in mind that this was some years before domestic industry was transferred from the fireside to the manufactory, and when every housewife did her own spinning, assisted by her rosy-cheeked girls, instead of carrying her wool and flax to the factory and returning home to ennui and idleness. I am an old fashioned man, and I hope may be pardoned if I take this occasion to indulge in grievous lamentations over the banishment of the spinning-wheel from all those parts of our country

that boast of having made any considerable advances in civilization. Spinning was, in sooth, a gentle exercise, and filled up those hours of leisure which inevitably occur, when the ordinary duties of the household are over, with an occupation which was rather a recreation than a toil. It was moreover a tidy, lady-like art and exercise, administering alike to the comfort of the body and the repose of the mind. But alas! in these degenerate days, the spinning-wheel is no longer one of our household deities, and our blooming rustic maidens are now transferred in droves, like flocks of innocent sheep to the slaughter house of the manufactory; to become like spinning jennies, mere automatons of labor, out of the sphere of parental observation, and beyond its control. Or, if they escape this destiny, the only alternative is gadding about abroad, or killing time—murdering time—in the perusal of delectable romances, at a shilling a-piece, which for the most part only addle their brains, excite their passions, and pervert their imaginations into a thousand fantastic distortions. The reader must not consider this a mere party declamation, but as the reverie of an aged man, "looking through a glass darkened," over the long vista of departed years.

The good man, who had thus built his house on a rock, was more honest than wise, and possessed not even a "little learning" to lead him into temptation. His whole stock of knowledge consisted in what was absolutely necessary to his business, though I could never discover exactly what that was. His favorite occupation, however, was fishing, for which he seemed to possess a sort of instinct which enabled him to catch his finny prey, at times and places where no one else, and myself especially, ever succeeded. But though angling is generally held an idle amusement, he was far from being an idle man, as I have often seen him gratuitously lend a hand to any job that might be going on in the village, where he was always foremost in devising ways and means for saving labor or overcoming difficulties. It was refreshing to see him come up to a knot of muddle-headed clod-hoppers standing at a nonplus about a rock or heavy piece of timber, which defied all their efforts, and after considering a few moments, devise some simple expedient, which at once overcame the difficulty. On these occasions, he was observed never to open his lips, while all the rest would be chattering like so many stump orators. He could make a great many things, and mend any thing, from a cart-wheel

to a wooden clock. In short, he was a most ingenious fellow, and I used often to wonder in the simplicity of youth, why he was not better off in the world. But there were two great obstacles in the way. He preferred working for others rather than himself, and spent more time in devising means for saving labor, than would have sufficed to accomplish his objects in the ordinary way. Then he always had so many irons in the fire, that he generally forgot that particular one which was necessary to keep the pot boiling.

The wife of this ingenious man was a well-meaning dame, plump, good-natured, and simple, but who spoiled a great many things she took in hand by being in too great a hurry. She belonged to the "go ahead" family, one of the most numerous in this country; never thought she could go ahead fast enough, and I never knew a person who was obliged to take so many steps backward from being in too great haste to go forward. As an instance I will mention, that once in plying her big spinning wheel on the top of the rock, she advanced backward with such heedless impetuosity, that she actually fell from the precipice, and would in all probability have been dashed to pieces, had she not luckily caught hold of a projecting shrub, which arrested her descent, and enabled the good woman to recover her position. On this occasion, the husband, who, as has been already hinted, was rather a deliberative person, took the opportunity of reading her a lecture on being always in such a hurry. "Well, Johnny," replied she good humoredly—"I may be wrong, as you say, but after all it is better than to be always sitting stock still. Now only to see you before a job, looking at it for hours, without doing a stroke of work; or sitting on a rock at the side of the brook in the rain, with a fishing pole in your hand, all day long, waiting for a nibble. O, goody goddys!"

This honest couple—for right honest they were—had an only child, a daughter, whose name was Patience, of whom it is hard to say whether she most resembled her father or mother in disposition. Though she never pricked her finger in sewing, or tumbled from the rock in spinning, and was never known to consider too long about any thing but the arrangement of her hair, which curled very charmingly, still, somehow or other she frequently fell under the admonition of her parents. The father scolded her for being in too great a hurry, and the mother for being always behind-hand. The truth is, she pleased neither, and was sure to offend one in trying to please the other. However, she bore this with a patience worthy of her name, being one of those quiet, sober, steady, immovable persons, who let others say what they like, and do as they please afterwards. It cannot, however, be denied, that she was somewhat vain, obstinate, and self-willed, which is the natural result of learning from experience that it is idle to surrender our actions or opinions to those who never agree about either one or the other. Patience might be called a handsome girl, but the expression of her face was not agreeable. Her eye was cold and somewhat severe; the feelings of her heart never brought a blush to her cheek; and there was a freezing self-

possession in her manner, that made a disagreeable impression on the beholder.

Having thus rather ceremoniously introduced the different members of the family, which I am the better qualified to do from having frequently stopped at the log cabin they occupied, during my fishing days, I shall now proceed incontinently with my story.

The habitation I have been sketching, was exceedingly solitary; the Glen having no road running through it, and no neighbors nearer than the village. With this solitude was associated many of those marvelous tales which constitute almost the only excitements of people whose lives are one unvarying round of common occupations, employing only the body, and leaving the mind to roam at large in search of amusement, where little is to be found. There were stories of fires seen flashing from the side of the mountain at certain hours in the darkness of the night; of strange voices heard crying out in the deep recesses of the forests, heralding the coming tempest; and a hunter, accustomed to penetrate them at all seasons of the year, made his rustic hearers tremble with descriptions of snakes with two heads, wolves with cloven-feet, and other terrible enormities, which, whether true or false, is none of my business. Suffice it to say, that the region had but an indifferent reputation, and the tenants were generally held in great awe, as either witches, hobgoblins or fiends, but which could not be satisfactorily decided, the inhabitants of the village being divided into three parties, who declined visiting each other, and dealt largely in reciprocal scandal.

Such was the general state of things when Patience, having arrived at the age of womanhood, and being, as before stated, very handsome in her way, became rather a belle in the village whither she came every Sunday to meeting. She had already more than one suitor, and began to weigh them seriously in that balance which every prudent damsel uses on such occasions. One of these was a strange sort of an animal, rough as a satyr, and stout and brawny as a Hercules; a sort of Pindar of Wakefield, such as it is said in former times the people of the west were wont to call "the best man in the village," because he could beat all his competitors, far and near, in wrestling, lifting, leaping, running, drinking, and fighting. He reigned supreme at elections, trainings and camp-meetings; and was, in truth, an ignorant, ferocious bully, a scourge to evil doers, a terror to good ones, and a nuisance to the society of which he was an unworthy member. He could neither read nor write; but was shrewd, vindictive and revengeful in the highest degree. The second suitor was a very worthy, industrious, well spoken young man, and as the most expert weaver of romance cannot make a hero out of such materials, the less I say about him the better, more especially as our fair readers, to whom I am altogether devoted, relish nothing nowadays, but heroic transcendentalism.

The name of the former of these suitors was Esau, after that worthy and amiable man, who is generally quoted by this villanous money-making world as a miracle of folly, having, as is erroneously asserted,

sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, though the truth is he was diddled out of it by an unnatural mother practicing on the weakness of a father in his dotage. For my part, I never read the simple yet touching account of his meeting with his brother after a long absence, and seeing him at a distance runs toward him, and falls on his neck and weeps, after which he divides his flocks with him, without being strongly affected with his tenderness and generosity. But the Esau of our village disgraced his name. He had no other known relatives but an aged mother, who was worthy such a son, and of whom I shall say more in the sequel.

Esau had for several years led a sort of rowdy life, to the great scandal of the village, and the select men had long had their eyes upon him, for there was seldom any mischief going on but Esau had not only a finger but his whole hand in the pie. At about the age of seventeen, or it may be a little more or less, it happened that an itinerant preacher, of one of the more zealous sects, in the course of his mission came into our part of the country, and delivered two or three stirring exhortations that shook all the dry bones in the neighborhood. Just before this happened, Esau had his sleeping conscience awakened by what he considered the critical state of his health. The fear of death now began to haunt him by day, and scare him by night, and the recollection of his past transgressions was aggravated by the strength of his apprehensions of the future. It is thus that terror is often mistaken for piety.

Thus he continued for some months, until by the strength of his constitution, or the genial influence of the summer air, his cough was subdued, and he rapidly recovered from both his disease and his apprehensions. But, alas! poor human nature! his devotion subsided with his fears. As his strength revived, he gradually backslided into his former habits and feelings, strengthened and aggravated as they always are by a relapse of this kind. The pent up sin, like the pent up waters, never fails to rage with accelerated fury when it breaks through its barriers, and to spread its devastations with additional power. Esau soon exemplified this melancholy truth, for he returned, like the dog to his vomit, with only a more craving appetite, sharpened by abstinence. Among other habits, he resumed his devoirs to Patience, but that discreet damsel, counselled by her mother, and influenced more especially by her own inclinations, very unceremoniously dismissed him from her good graces forever. Then it was that the fiend took full possession of the empire which he had only abdicated for a season, and he resolved to be revenged for this slight in a manner most unheard of, monstrous and diabolical.

It has been stated that his only known relative was an aged mother, dwarfish, decrepit, and deformed. She was very poor, as all witches are, for it seems, though gifted with the power of annoying others, they cannot help themselves. However, poverty, deformity and old age are the three great constituents of witchcraft all the world over, nor was it ever known that a young and beautiful woman ever dealt

in any other species but that of her eyes. In like manner the wealthy of this world need no other magic than that of gold, and are consequently never suspected of dealing with any other demon than Plutus. But be this as it may, I am free to confess that if ever a combination of age, ugliness and poverty merited the suspicion, it might justly be attached to the mother of Esau. That appalling old woman was a perfect fright. Her body was not only bent, but bent double, and were it not for the apprehension of taxing the incredulity of this unbelieving age, I should not hesitate to assert my conviction that she could tie herself into a double bow-knot had she pleased. It was said, though I never saw her do it, that she had been seen to coil herself in folds, and by some unknown process produce a strange sound, exactly resembling that of a rattlesnake. Her nose rested on the point of her sharp chin, which turned up socially to meet its old neighbor; her eyes gleamed from their deep, unfathomable sockets with an appalling expression of malignant cunning. She limped, squinted and snuffed; her ears were immoderately large, and she could manœuvre them like those of a horse; and there was nothing natural about her but a tongue, which, as the country people say, "ran like a mill-race."

When Esau received "the bag to hold," according to the phrase in our parts, from the inexorable Patience, he forthwith went to his mother in a fever of rage, and besought her assistance in revenging himself on that ungrateful damsel. The old woman entered at once into his feelings, and resolved to resent this insult to the family in a prompt manner. Accordingly she mounted her broomstick, and ascending rapidly into the air, disappeared in the forest at the summit of the mountain, to the great satisfaction of her hopeful son, who knew very well there would be the deuce to pay before long.

That night blue and green flames were seen, by a person of good credit, to issue from the side of the mountain, just where there was a deep cave called the Devil's Kitchen; strange noises, which none could describe or imitate, rumbling apparently deep in the bowels of the earth, were heard; and an old lady, who was very hard of hearing, solemnly asserted she heard the crockery rattling on her dresser. A man who had been chopping wood high up the mountain all day, was found next morning lying flat on his back, his mouth wide open, his eyes shut, and an empty bottle, of very suspicious appearance, hugged close with both arms to his body. On being shaken into something like a consciousness of existence, he was heard to mutter and mumble strangely something like—"Good Lord! what has come over me—I am bewitched as sure as a gun. Um—um—um—come boys, let's finish the bottle." What was considered still more remarkable, when lifted upon his feet, he trembled like a leaf, and could hardly stand. There was, moreover, a strange odor about the spot, which some thought resembled whiskey, but the prevailing opinion was that it was more like brimstone.

All these things, and many more which I shall omit for fear of being tedious, awakened first the wonder, next the terror of the village and neighbor-

hood, which had undergone nothing like an excitement since the visit of the missionary who converted Esau. Every soul had become dull since that time, and it is no marvel if they seized the occasion to emerge from the sleepy happiness which is so intolerable when too long continued. A fright was better than nothing, and accordingly they all became frightened in accordance with the diabolical plan of the old witch, who knew by experience that fear is the parent of credulity. The soil being now in a fit condition, she began to prepare for sowing the seed which was to produce a plentiful crop of vengeance, not only on Patience, but the whole village, against almost every inhabitant of which she cherished some ancient or recent grudge.

She commenced with poor Patience, who, while spinning on the rock, during the long twilight of a sultry summer day, was startled by the appearance of a great black cat, with green eyes, which came she could not tell whence, and sat down right before her, purring, and looking up in her face with its goggle eyes. "S-s-s-catch!" said the affrighted girl, and thereupon the black cat turned three somersets backwards, just like the clown at the circus, and mewing in a supernatural tone, disappeared over the cliff. From that moment Patience labored under a spell, as plainly appeared from her subsequent conduct. She attempted to resume her spinning, but her wheel obstinately turned the wrong way, and instead of humming as usual, produced only mournful sounds, like the moaning of the distant winds in a pine forest, or the groans of a person at the last extremity. When her admirer, Senacherib—commonly called Cherub—came to see her, as he did almost every evening when his work was over, she told him the story of the black cat, which at first he tried to reason her out of; but she—as is commonly the case—became only the more eager to convince him, by adding so many collateral proofs to strengthen her case, that he himself became a convert, and, contrary to his usual custom, went home before it was fairly dark, and made himself scarce for a long time afterward.

When the old people, who had been gossiping down in the village, returned, they found Patience sitting perfectly idle, which she seldom was in their presence, however she might have been in their absence. On being reprimanded for her laziness, Patience related the circumstances connected with the visit of the black cat, with some little additions, suggested either by her imagination, or by a laudable desire of being believed. The mother, as usual, got out of all patience before the story was half ended; but the father, who, as before hinted, was somewhat of a philosopher, entered into a long argument to prove that nothing out of nature could be natural, and nothing unnatural worthy of belief. In the midst of his lecture, a sudden gust of wind from the mountain set the wheel creaking, as it stood out of doors, with what appeared to all a strange, unnatural measure, as well as tone. At the same moment, something in the shape of a cat or a coon, they could not tell which, bounded across the ledge, and disappeared. The philosopher suddenly ceased his disquisition; his

wife sidled up to him right lovingly, and Patience crept between them for protection. There was no resisting the evidences of the senses; and when under the influence of a vague and terrible apprehension of they knew not what—the worst of all apprehensions—they retired to rest, and lay awake in the midst of a violent thunder storm, listening to the roaring of the wind, the crashing of thunder, the rushing of the waters, the creaking of doors, the rattling of windows, and all the combined uproar of a tempest, it is scarcely surprising that the story of the black cat gained additional credence in the minds of the worthy old people. They rose next morning perfect converts.

Thenceforward the sooty wings of the demon of superstition waved triumphantly over the log cabin of the old fisherman. The fidgety dame became a model of elegant lassitude at home, and of incessant volubility abroad, where she was never tired of repeating the story of the black cat, with alterations and additions. The philosopher gradually relinquished all his labor-saving contrivances, and if he ever went out fishing, was always in a state of such abstraction, that the nimble little catfists stole away his bait without his being a whit the wiser. In short, poverty began to be succeeded by scarcity, and all those little homely luxuries which thriving industry can ever command in this our generous country, one by one vanished from their board. The old man began gradually to hang out the flag of many-colored rage, and his wife was no longer the thrifty, tidy dame she was wont to be, ere the wicked old witch made her excursion to the mountain on a broomstick.

But Patience—poor doomed Patience! being the peculiar object of the wicked plot of the old woman, became the principal victim. After moping about for some time in apparently idle, vapid abstraction, she one morning, while poring over the village paper, all at once assumed a brisk alacrity, and putting on a plain, dove-colored, Quaker bonnet, together with her Sunday dress of Calamanka, tripped gayly toward the village, from whence she soon returned, with a fine hat of cherry-colored satin, surmounted by a plume of white feathers, on her head, a silk gown, flounced and furbelowed with vast exuberance, together with a shawl of many colors, carrying her discarded bonnet in one hand and a bundle containing her cast-off dress in the other. This new outfit, instigated by the malicious old witch, she had purchased from a fashionable milliner just established in the village, and who, desirous of getting into notice, had given Patience credit for her finery, on condition of her exhibiting it at church next Sunday. The bewitched girl was better than her word, for such was her impatience to appear in her new finery, that she stopped at a neighbor's house and changed her dress. The next day being Sunday, she appeared at the meeting-house in grand costume, playing off a hundred foolish airs, and behaving in such a manner that the good pastor made several shrewd hits at fine dress and silly affectation in the course of his sermon. All eyes were turned on Patience in the church, and all

tongues were let loose against her when the congregation was dismissed. "Marry come ups," and "my dirty cousins," flew about like hail, and everybody cried shame upon her for thus dressing as if she was no better than she should be. But what was very remarkable, and shows that the whole village was getting bewitched, those very women who railed so discreetly at the poor girl, went early on Monday morning, and pretty nearly bought out the new fashionable milliner. The cunning old woman had devised this new scheme of witchcraft, together with others I shall presently enumerate, because there was no law against turning the heads of people in this abominable and mischievous manner, to the utter desolation of thousands of worthy families.

The stock of the milliner being, as I said, nearly exhausted, she procured a fresh supply from the Great Emporium, or the Modern Athens, I am not certain which, and Patience became one of her best customers, only she did not pay quite so punctually as was desirable. The father and mother noticed this at times with great disapprobation, but on the whole concluded the black cat was at the bottom of the business, and that it was vain to contend against the powers of the air, to wit, witches and broomsticks. But the wicked old hag did not stop here; she cunningly availed herself of that vehement desire of admiration which the indulgence of the vanity of dress never fails to inspire, for the purpose of precipitating Patience from folly and extravagance into pretension and imposture.

Finding that her finery had ceased to attract the admiration of fools, and the ridicule of the wise, Patience became restless, discontented and impatient under the insignificance to which she gradually returned. In this state of mind the old witch so wrought on her by her diabolical arts and incantations, that she one night conceived the idea of becoming the object of wonder, admiration and terror to the village, by pretending to be under supernatural influence. She had seen, even in the limited sphere of her own experience, how prone mankind were to believe in the marvelous; and how dearly they delighted in anybody that could frighten them out of their wits, by strange, unnatural exhibitions, bodily or mental, apparently beyond the bounds of reason or possibility.

She began, therefore, by falling into fits, during which she spoke in an unknown gibberish, which not being understood by a single soul, was believed to be High Dutch, which all considered the native tongue of witchcraft and necromancy. At other times, she would cry out they were sticking pins into her, while she managed adroitly to scratch herself till the blood flowed; and at others she would pretend to fall asleep, and repeat scraps of sermons, such as she happened to remember. This being soon rumored abroad, almost all the inhabitants of the neighborhood came to see her, and among others the old witch, who wished to witness the triumph of her wicked arts, in the deplorable perversion of the mind of this unfortunate young woman. But she had good reason to repent this indulgence, for the moment Patience

saw her, she fell into still more violent agonies, and cried out in a loud, shrill voice—"Why do you torture me so? I never did you any harm, and now you come riding on your broomstick with the wicked one behind you, for I can see his cloven foot and forked tail. Go away—go away, wicked old woman, with your red cap and white face—you only make me worse than I was before." The good people present hereupon began to smell a rat, and shook their heads, and looked so hard at the old hag, that she seemed to hobble away as fast as she could, though Patience declared she saw her fly off on a broomstick through the air, with the black cat sitting on her shoulder.

From that time the old woman was set down for a witch, and there was forthwith a great demand for horseshoes in the village. It was particularly noticed that the blacksmith who furnished them, about this time, had one of his eyes put out by a burning spark, as he was hammering a shoe, and not long afterward was kicked heels over head by a horse he was shoeing, who was never known to play such a prank before. These disasters made the more reflecting, considerate people shake their heads, meaning thereby to indicate their suspicion that the old woman was taking vengeance in this manner for the affair of the horseshoes, which so greatly impeded her wicked designs.

This expedient of insatiable vanity on the part of Patience succeeded wonderfully for a time. But it is proverbial that wonders only last nine days, and the constant repetition converts them into every-day occurrences at last. The excitement gradually subsided, and when all had more than once witnessed the miracle, it became a miracle no longer. There was then no use in talking gibberish, sticking pins, falling into fits, or preaching in her sleep, for no one came to wonder and admire, except two doctors, who, after a critical examination, differed as usual, in toto, as to the pathology and idiosyncrasy of the case; one pronouncing it epilepsy, the other catalepsy, having doubtless in his mind's eye the visit of the black cat. There also came, at different times, the pious and worthy old pastor of the village, who, I regret to say, rather favored the opinion of supernatural agency, either because the purity and simplicity of his heart could not conceive the idea of such an imposture, or from an impression, I believe not uncommon among his class, that the terror arising from the contemplation of such awful and mysterious visitations naturally gave rise to feelings of piety and devotion. I for my part cannot coincide in this opinion, being convinced, both from personal experience and observations on others, that superstition instead of being the ally or auxiliary of true religion is one of its greatest enemies.

But however this may be, it is quite certain that a regular climax of wonders is indispensably necessary to perpetuate excitements among the high and low vulgar; and this Patience, under the influence of the wicked old woman, well knew, for her natural sagacity had been quickened by means of invisible communication with this mischievous baggage. Ever

and anon, as her watchful vanity detected the waning excitement, she was inspired to practice new devices. At one time she would complain of being surrounded by grim and ugly spectres, grinning and pointing their bony fingers at her; at another she would lay on the floor writhing in pretended agony, and crying out they were broiling her on a gridiron, while the fury of her contortions caused the drops of perspiration to run down her face; and again she would utter dismal shrieks, under pretence that they were choking her. At such times she would appear to turn almost black in the face, as many people affirmed, and when recovered pant for breath, like a person on the eve of suffocation. Sometimes her limbs would become so rigid and inflexible that no one could move them, while in an instant they would relax to such a degree that she fell into utter helplessness. One morning she showed her neck, round which was a ring, and declared that the spectres had come in the night and put a noose about it, which almost choked her. Then she pretended to have a great horror of the Bible, and when advised to read it would fall into strange convulsions, crying out at intervals—"It is forbidden me!" Her last feat in this particular species of witchcraft, was pretending that an invisible horse was brought to her, by a little black fellow with white teeth and red gums, upon the back of which she would affect to spring, and placing herself in the posture of a jockey in her chair, imitate, with singular gravity, the different gaits of the animal. After a time she would seem to be at the end of her journey, during which she said she had met certain invisible beings, who taught her certain strange mysteries, which she might one day exhibit to their wondering eyes.

This hint was preparatory to a new and hitherto unheard of deception, which succeeded for a time so well that it has since been repeated on a larger scale, and in a wider sphere, by certain persons who ought to have been above practicing such legerdemain. Being more difficult and complicated than any of her preceding feats, an accomplice was required, and this Patience had found in the person of an itinerant tinker, a shrewd, ingenious fellow, who occasionally visited the village and neighborhood, to mend pots and kettles, run pewter spoons, and do other odd jobs which the wear and tear of time makes necessary. In his peregrinations he had occasionally sojourned a night at the log cabin on the rock, and his latest visit was just about the time that our people began to be somewhat tired of witchcraft and necromancy.

He remained, as usual, all night, and in the course of the evening, being alone with Patience, by a system of artful cross-questioning, joined to the exercise of that keen sagacity which he had acquired by long intercourse and collision with all the varieties of human character, soon discovered the secret of the possessed damsel. He at once saw into the nature as well as motive of the imposture, and totally unconscious that he was himself acting under the same diabolical influence, conceived a plan which he believed, if successfully prosecuted, would lead to more profit, as well as higher honors, than the trade he was

now prosecuting. It had, indeed, greatly fallen off of late, on account of the growing extravagance of the people, who were now in the habit of buying new pots, kettles and spoons, instead of getting them mended, as their venerable ancestors did before them.

He accordingly gradually and cautiously developed his plot, and Patience, seeing so great a falling off among her votaries, as well as such a mortifying diminution of their wonder and admiration, entered readily into his views, displaying a wonderful aptitude in comprehending both the means and object of the scheme. Fortunately for the ends contemplated by the two conspirators, the old people were often called away by various occasions, for a period of several days, during which time the tinker remained at the log cabin on the rock, making himself welcome to the parents by mending the pots and kettles, and to the daughter by the valuable instructions he was giving her in the sublime, incomprehensible science, which, in its wonderful achievements, was destined to put all others out of countenance.

Being luckily seized with a severe fit of rheumatism—at least so he said—he had a sufficient excuse for remaining some weeks, during which time he paid his board in promises, according to the present fashion of not a few of his betters, and taught Patience all that he deemed necessary to his purpose. He instructed her how to counterfeit sleep, so that the most critical observer could not detect the imposition; to discipline her eyes in such a manner that, though apparently shut, she could yet distinguish objects and colors; to comprehend certain occult and almost invisible signs; to translate a hem, or a cough; to understand every wave of his hand; to bear a certain degree of pain without wincing or moving a muscle; to refrain from starting or winking at the occurrence of any unexpected noise, or the appearance of sudden danger, drilling her into this species of self-possession by firing an old rusty pistol he carried under her ear, slamming the door behind her, and various other kinds of discipline too tedious to enumerate. He had little interruption in his lectures, as the father was now cutting and gathering in his crop of hay, which grew on the long narrow meadow along the brook, or lending a hand to his neighbors, and the mother was on a visit to her fourth cousin, wife to one of the selectmen of a neighboring town. Besides, Patience had now few visitors. The young spark, Cherub, kept aloof ever since the visit of the black cat, and the curiosity of the neighbors was pretty well satiated.

All things being in readiness, the tinker and his pupil, without consulting the old folks, departed for the village, where he hired the ball room of the Higgins House, as the only tavern in the village was called, after its owner, a great capitalist, proprietor of the purse of Fortunatus, to wit—a paper bank. Taking the precaution to conciliate the good graces of the only newspaper in the village, by sending the editor a season ticket, he proceeded to announce the advent of a new, unparalleled, transcendent science, by the application of which the professor—as he dubbed himself for the occasion—would de-

monstrate to the senses of all present, that their previous notions of matter and spirit were utterly absurd; that people were far more knowing asleep than awake, and could see much more clearly, as well as a great way further with their eyes shut than open.

This was followed by specifications of the lessons which Patience had learned, in the most pompous terms, and the new science christened with a name which neither the tinker nor any body else could comprehend. The good people of the village stared and doubted. The first night of the exhibition was thinly attended; but those who were present spread its wonders throughout all the village; and when, the next morning, our intelligent, accomplished editor, who was equally versed in philosophy, science, politics and the fine arts—that is to say, equally ignorant of them all—came out with his solemn adhesion to the new science, whose occult principles, wonderful combinations, and unparalleled results he amplified with all his might, all doubts were at an end. They might have demurred to the wonders of witchcraft, or the agency of magic; but to doubt the omnipotence of science, was a crying proof of ignorance, prejudice and stupidity. There was no resisting scientific principles any more than destiny. Every succeeding exhibition displayed fresh triumphs of the new science over human credulity. Increasing audiences and increasing wonder clearly indicated the gradual belief which began to prevail in the mysterious miracles of the new science, which seemed destined to overturn the whole system of sciences. A few sturdy infidels indeed attempted to arrest the delusion, maintaining that all this was nothing more than a clumsy imitation of the juggling tricks of the old mountebanks of the dark ages; but these were looked upon as obstinate heretics who would not believe their own eyes in opposition to the prejudice of ignorance, and were at least an hundred years behind the spirit of the age. In the meantime, Patience gradually acquired additional skill, and with it additional effrontery, while the professor every night brought forth new wonders to stimulate his audience.

At one time Patience fell asleep so profoundly at the waving of the professor's hand, that he pulled one of her teeth, which was just on the point of falling out of itself, without her wincing in the slightest degree or being conscious of the operation when awakened by the magic touch of the professor. At another time she sung a hymn in her sleep, of which she could not recollect a word when she awoke, and preached such an excellent sermon, that our good old pastor was a little jealous, and hinted at a certain text, and about a certain person quoting scripture to suit his purposes. During this absence of all consciousness she would answer the questions put to her by the professor, with the greatest discretion and propriety, although she remembered nothing of it, and could not answer them awake. In a little time the people of the village settled down into a confirmed belief in the miracles of the new science; but this had like to have ruined the whole scheme. From

that moment their wonder diminished by degrees, until it subsided into apathy or indifference; for faith and wonder are incompatible with each other. The moment we thoroughly believe in anything it ceases to be a miracle.

Besides this, more than one young woman, seeing the admiration and awe which Patience called forth by her mystical attributes, and doubtless instigated by the secret devices of the old witch-woman, was smitten with a vehement longing to partake in her glory. They accordingly practiced on each other, and in process of time, acquired the faculty of falling asleep as well as causing their companions to do the same, in almost as great perfection as Patience and the professor.

Perpetual novelties as well as progressive wonders became, therefore, necessary to keep up the excitement, and the professor gradually expanded his capabilities, by introducing new performers to his assistance. There were certain persons, male and female, who had become his most zealous partisans, and from having given in their adhesion publicly to the new science, considered themselves bound in honor to sustain it by every means in their power. Upon this principle and in order, as they afterwards said in their justification, to promote the great interests of science, these worthy people entered heartily into the views of the professor, and agreed to become accomplices in deception, with the sole view of leading others into a belief of the truth.

With this reinforcement the professor entered the lists against the general apathy which began to prevail among the devotees of the new science. Instead of Patience being the great Punch of the puppet-show, several other persons appeared to dispute, or at least divide her honors, who were all more or less "impressible" in their nervous system. Thus reinforced, the professor one night addressed his audience as follows:

*"Ladies and Gentlemen—*The human frame may be likened to a great organ in a church, composed of a number of pipes, all set in motion, or rather all "impressible," by the blowing of the bellows, and all governed by certain stops, at the will of the organist. Each one produces a different tone or note, higher or lower, faster or slower, lively or melancholy, just as the organist pleases. Now, ladies and gentlemen, as I said before, the human frame is neither more nor less than an organ, composed not indeed of mahogany and base metals, but of flesh and blood, bones and sinews, nerves and arteries, each one playing a different part in the harmonious concert of the whole, and each one subject to its peculiar master influence. Now, ladies and gentlemen, by the discovery and application of the principles of this new and unparalleled science, I can play on the living and conscious organ, just as the organist does on the inanimate unconscious instrument. I can govern imperatively both matter and spirit; I can subject the soul as well as the body. Nay, ladies and gentlemen, I can separate for a time one from the other, and render them capable of a distinct independent existence: so that the body shall remain inert as

well as unconscious, while the soul roams at large through boundless space without the incumbrance of its material associate. Do n't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen—I am not going to practice the detestable diabolical arts of witchcraft and necromancy, but to exhibit to your eyes the triumphs of a new science, which I am proud to say stands self-dependent and independent, having neither principles to support it, nor facts to sustain them."

The professor then called a young lady of great impressibility, and put her to sleep by the magnetic process, as he called it. He then touched a part of her head, and questioned her as to her belief in a future state, the scriptural miracles, and the existence of a Supreme Being, to all of which her answers were perfectly orthodox. He then touched another part, and repeated his questions, when, to the utter horror and astonishment of the audience, she denied the whole and declared her disbelief in all revealed religion. The next neophyte was a very pretty and innocent girl, who had been seduced into the scheme. He touched her elbow lightly, when in an instant she started up, not wide awake, but fast asleep, and placing herself in the pugilistic attitude, squared up to a young fellow called Aminadab Chunk, if I remember right, and gave him, as they say in our parts, such a sockdollager right in his mouth, which was providentially standing wide open, that Aminadab incontinently departed, not in peace, but roaring most manfully. Then the professor touched another pipe of the organ, whereat the little damsel subsided into a most loving and dulcet tone of mind, insomuch that opening her arms, she ran toward a young man—not Aminadab, who had not yet stopped running—fell on his neck, and kissing him, exclaimed in a voice like that of a turtle-dove—"My dear—dear—dear Johnny, how I love you!" Johnny blushed up to his ears, and looked very sheepish, but, smacking his lips, stood his ground like a man. After this, the professor called two other persons of great impressibility, and requesting them to stand hand-in-hand with the young damsel aforesaid, he waved his hands behind her back, with such wonderful effect, that the lady fell fast asleep and the two others followed her example from sheer sympathy. Next he operated on the organ of mirth until the disciple actually fell into such paroxysms of laughter, that it was the general opinion she would have gone into hysterics, had he not suddenly touched the organ of melancholy, which in an instant caused her to melt into tears and sing "the Maid of Badean," in a manner exquisitely affecting. The professor then gave an elderly gentleman, remarkably impressible, a book, which he was requested to read, which he did at first with sound emphasis and good discretion until the professor touched the pipe of imbecility, when he stopped short, opened his mouth, displayed a most edifying look of stupidity, and cried out, "What an ass I am!" Others he reduced from Herculean strength to infantine weakness, and by another touch restored them to full vigor again: and one person in particular, being touched by the professor on the acquisitive organ, was detected in picking his own pocket of a ragged

silk handkerchief. Another he sent to Boston in his sleep, who returned in about fifteen minutes, though the distance was more than two hundred miles, and gave an account of what he had seen, so extremely accurate and circumstantial, that as no one could contradict every body believed. A day or two afterward a committee of scientific gentlemen certified to all these achievements of the new science—and the new science was established beyond all doubt in the village and neighborhood.

I happened to be present at this crowning exhibition, and such is the despotism of the senses, not only over reason, but experience, I cannot but confess that though not actually a convert, I was greatly perplexed to account for these phenomena on any other hypothesis than that either the professor's science was fairly demonstrated, or that there was a complicated conspiracy of several accomplices, scarcely to be conceived possible. When, however, I began to calculate the consequences naturally resulting from the general application of this pretended science, which boasts of conferring on the professor almost unlimited power over the motives, actions, passions and impulses of the human race, rendering them mere puppets in the hands of another—mere creatures of his will, to be impelled unconsciously and inevitably to the practice of virtue or the commission of crime, as might best suit his purposes, I came to the conclusion, being a staunch believer in free-will, that a just and beneficent Providence would never delegate to another such absolute control over the minds and bodies of his creatures, as would render it the extreme of injustice to make them accountable for their actions or even their thoughts. It seemed to me also, much more rational to believe in the most complicated and improbable scheme of deception, than in the reality of what equally outrages all our long established opinions of matter and mind, as well as all our experience of the powers and faculties bestowed by the Creator on his creatures.

I confess, however, that I stood alone in this opinion; the infection was now at its height, and the whole village fairly bewitched, by the wonders of the new science, which after all was but an emanation of the diabolical ingenuity of the wicked old woman, who had stimulated the professor and his pupils. The females, instead of attending to their domestic affairs, were one and all taken up with practicing or attempting the mysteries of the new science. The old dames, having the torch of memory relighted at the altar of the professor, began to conjure up all the tales of witchcraft and demonology, that had lain dormant for want of due excitement, half a century perhaps, and passed the greater part of the time in frightening each other with their repetition; while the men were seen each one trying to exceed his neighbor in exaggerated accounts of the miracles of the new science.

The wicked old woman was delighted with the success of her plot against the repose and prosperity of the village. She jiggled and frisked about in a manner altogether unbecoming a person of her years

and deformity, and often laughed over the matter with her son Esau, who was not, however, quite satisfied. He told her he could not well see how he was revenged on Patience, seeing she had become an object of wonder as well as admiration to every body, and was withal filling her pockets with money every night. The old woman acknowledged there was some reason in what he said, and thereupon resolved to complete her revenge in a more exemplary manner. Having made fools of them all, she determined to wind up the farce by making them all ridiculous.

By her diabolical influence she caused a quarrel between the professor and his pupil, about the division of the spoils, which were growing every day more considerable, the result of which was a full exemplification of an old proverb, which I shall not recite on this particular occasion. Patience made a most heroic sacrifice to the public good, by exposing the entire arcana of the new science, with the complete concatenation of its mysterious processes, which proved

so exceedingly simple and vulgar, that at one and the same moment the people of the village all recovered their senses in the same miraculous manner they lost them, and each would have laughed heartily at the other, had not all been equally ashamed of themselves.

It only remains to dispose of the principal characters. Esau, in process of time, disappeared immediately subsequent to the only actual house-breaking I ever knew happen in our quiet little village, and it is said was afterwards seen doing penance in Sinsbury mines. The wicked old woman died quietly in her bed, contrary to all practical justice, for no one suspected her of having had any thing to do with the mysteries of the new science; and the professor and Patience, not being able to agree in the division of their property, concluded it was better to marry than go to law, and accordingly wisely resorted to that expedient for settling the controversy. Of the succeeding exploits of the professor and Patience—behold! are they not written in the book of the chronicles of Gotham!

SUDDEN DEATH.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

How still she lies upon her pillow sinking,
With her white folded hands upon her breast!
The rosy morn disturbs not her sweet thinking—
And falls the lark to rouse her from her rest.
She sleeps as if her soul exhaled in sighs—
As if her lover's kisses closed her eyes!

How still she lies! But list—through her hushed chamber
A sudden sound of childlike glee hath spread;
While little forms with laughing voices clamour
O'er her soft bosom, and about her bed.
They toss their golden locks before her eyes,
Crying, in sportive tones—"Rise, sister, rise!"

"Oh, rise! We've been away among the flowers,
And had such gambols with the bird and bee;
The young things thought to give us chase for hours,
But were not lighter on the wing than we.
And see! we stole their buds and flowers in play—
Oh rise, sweet sister—rise and come away!"

Alas, ye glad young creatures! o'er that fair
And polished cheek your kisses fall in vain.
No sister's voice can wake the stillness there,
Nor bring the red-rose to that cheek again!
Nor wake those smiles—nor bow that lovely head
To meet your soft embraces—she is dead!

Away! bear back your buds and blossoms fair—
Break not the stillness of that awful room!
Your cheerful tones awake no echo there—
Would that your glee could gladden up its gloom.
But 'tis in vain—Death shadows o'er the spot—
Bear back your buds and flowers—she heeds them not!

But for the spell that now her fair form cumbereth,
Soon had she flown your fairy forms to meet;
But Death o'ertook her in her rosy slumbers,

And hushed her answering voice—and chained her feet!
And now with moveless lips and closed eyes,
Pale on her couch your darling sister lies.

Alas, that lovely sister! Yesternight
She moved the fairest mid the festive throng,
With step so joyous, and with voice so light,
That Music's self seemed discord to its song.
Fair, and exulting in youth's fleeting breath,
How long to her seemed life—how distant Death!

And when upon her pillow soft and still,
With her blue eye fixed on the moon's pale beams,
Guileless of heart, and thinking of no ill,
And gliding off, so sweetly, to her dreams—
Death's awful shadow o'er her slumber past!
But life to her was lovely to the last.

Translated thus to lovelier worlds than ours,
Without a pang, she knows not of decay,
Nor how she wandered to those blissful bowers,
Nor what it was that stole her breath away.
Nor feels her bark, safe moored in Heaven at last—
To reach that Heaven—the dreary gulf it past!

Brief was her sojourn in youth's beauteous bowers—
She floated calm adown life's glittering tide,
Bright as the beams, and fragrant as the flowers
Amid whose glowing hues she lived and died—
Ere fickle friendship filled her heart with tears,
Or passion marred the peace of her young years.

And she is dead! Death's cold and withering touch
Hath quenched in that young breast life's perfumed flame.
She whom her fair young sisters loved so much!
She whom her parents dear delight to name!
Frail is the tenure of our mortal breath—
Yea, "in the midst of life we are in death!"

THE OLD BRIDGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I REMEMBER that old bridge since I was so small that my father would take me in his arms and carry me over it, for I was a heedless child, and there was danger that my little feet might slip through the crevices of those time-worn and trampled planks. Besides, the flooring was irregular in length, and here and there was a short or broken board which did not reach the side beams, leaving holes and breaks through which you might see the massive and sodden arches underneath, with the dark, deep waters eddying through them, and creeping slowly away into the sunshine, which fell in sheets of silver light up and down the river, in strong and beautiful contrast with the dense shadows which always slept like a heap of black drapery around the bridge.

How could it be otherwise? One end of the old fabric opened into the very mouth of a sandy gorge cut through a hill that crowded close up to the river, the other was embowered by a clump of chestnuts, which, with a few hemlocks and live oaks, stood upon the outskirts of the splendid pine-grove which spread away from the front of our house, flinging their shadows on the low roof of our cottage in the morning, and enveloping half the old bridge in the afternoon. There was just room to crowd a single dwelling, and give root to a huge whitewood tree, between the opposite end of the old bridge and the gorge just mentioned. From our back windows, in warm weather, we could look across the river and see what was going on through the windows opposite, and the dash and spray of a water-fall above could be distinctly seen and heard from both houses, and, but for the eternal anthem of these beautiful waters, we might have hailed each other across the stream. As it was, we were the most friendly neighbors imaginable, and the old bridge made a capital playground for us children. In the spring time it was delicious to steal down into its shadow and gather violets from the little hollows, where some rivulet had kissed them into early life as it went singing its way to the river. Then on the knolls which first took the sunshine we found the pale azure blossoms of the blood-root, and the rich mosses were variegated with tender young winter-green, where a soft tinge of purple seemed floating on the delicate and half-folded leaves. It was pleasant to see the young willows dipping themselves in the river, and rippling downward with its waves, while the cat-birds and bob-o-links fluttered around the alders and hazle-bushes, and the English robins built their nests on the topmost branches of those trees that towered highest over the river's brink. A tantalizing, impudent bird we thought that flame-breasted English robin. He

had no fear of us, though we sat on the roots of the tree where his nest was building, and flung our caps and sun-bonnets high up in the sunshine to keep him on the wing; for it was like getting a tiger-lily adrift on the wind when we could frighten the beautiful rogue out into the broad noon glare. His outgoing and incomings were always heralded with a shout from our little group, and many a longing wish would we cast on the pretty purse-like nest far overhead, in which his mate was swinging like a southern beauty in her hammock.

There was plenty of amusements about the old bridge in the summer time also. When the waters were half-dried up we loved to wander along their margin, in the cool shadows, and gather the snow-white pebbles that had been worn smooth in the river's bed. Then, for months together, the banks would be crimson with wintergreen berries, and there was no end to the caps and bonnets that we manufactured from the great golden blossoms of the white wood tree which overhung Mr. Haines' dwelling. But the crowning glory of our summer pastime was an old apple-tree, gnarled and twisted into the most comical deformity, which shot out from the high bank just beyond the lowest shadow mark of the bridge, in a direct parallel with the water. At flood time this curious tree was often completely whelmed, trunk and all, in the river, but it contrived to put forth blossoms of richer tint and more abundant in quantity than any tree for miles around. But of the fruit it bore I for one am profoundly ignorant, as no apple was ever allowed to ripen on the boughs in our time, and when I stood upon the bank a year since our crooked favorite had disappeared. I had a heart-ache over the uprooting of that old tree—a memory of its rosy blossoming swept over me—of the fruit rifled from its boughs in the prime of its crabbed acidity—of Dan Haines—

But, speaking of Dan, reminds me that I have a story to tell. He was the youngest son of a large family of boys, who had but one sister, a sweet, light hearted girl—of course very much petted among them, and, if not altogether spoiled, it was owing to the remarkable sweetness of her nature, which received indulgence as the flower drinks its dew, only to become more light and fragrant from the rich overflow of nutriment. Even Dan, the young Turk, evinced a sort of comical and rough tenderness toward his pretty sister, though he loved to tantalize her with the appellation of "old maid," and was constantly tormenting her pet bird, rifling her work-box, and committing the most outrageous depredations on her little flower garden.

The elder brothers always took a tone of mischief from Dan, and it happened that sweet little Matty Haines was known as "the old maid" among us long before we understood the exact meaning of the word. She cared nothing about the matter, for it was only a sort of pet term, and not half as extravagant as many of the strange epithets of endearment that Dan was constantly lavishing upon her.

Old maid, indeed! Never was a term so misapplied. Why the very winds, that become acquainted with every lovely thing in nature, might have been enamored of Matty Haines. She was a bright, golden-haired, and careless creature, graceful as a willow-branch, with brown eyes, shadowed by thin lashes, like a ripe nut in its husk. Perhaps Martha was rather more of a romp than some of our city-bred belles might deem exactly lady-like. She was fifteen when I first remember her, yet it must be admitted that she would sometimes creep out on the trunk of the old apple-tree till the boughs bent beneath her weight, and, dashing in the water, rise again in a shower of spray, when she sprang back to the bank with a flowering branch, which we had been teasing for, between her teeth. Nay, I have seen her standing, for an half hour together, under the old bridge, with her pink sun-bonnet flung aside, and holding Dan's pin fish-hook to be nibbled at by the silver-sided shiners, while he went to dig for earth-worms in a neighboring hollow. But Dan soon drove her from this amusement, though, in the kindness of her nature, she only undertook it to please him. One day, an awkward sunfish—awkward he must have been to deceive himself by that rusty contrivance—happened to get the crooked pin entangled in his gills, and up he came, quivering in the sunshine like a wedge of gold flashing with jewels, and showering diamonds from every agitated fin. Matty's silvery shout called us in a troop from the upper banks. There she stood, with one foot resting on a fragment of rock, the pole planted in a tuft of moss which embedded it, and her beautiful prize flashing in and out, now in shadow now in sunshine, now trembling over the water, again swinging back to the bank, till, at last, the line became entangled in an alder-bush, and with another gleeful shout Matty caught the prize between her little hands, and held it up for us to admire.

You should have seen Dan when he first caught sight of the sunfish. There he stood, with a hand in each pocket, the lapells of his roundabout stuck full of pins—for that was the currency in which Dan gambled—the buff-cap towering like an extinguisher from his narrow forehead, and the corners of his mouth drawn downward into an expression of the most ineffable contempt. For seven days the young Turk had been angling with his rusty pin-hook for that identical fish. He had watched it floating up and down in the waters, and giving a rainbow tinge to every ripple that swept by it as it rose to the surface. Six glorious nibbles had Dan boasted of, and there, in the midst of his proud hopes, was the prize fluttering between the two small hands of his sister. The sight was too much! But Dan was one of those

amiable creatures that express grief or disappointment in bitter words rather than bitter tears. He was a boy of the world—a juvenile philosopher, and I have seen him take a whipping more coolly than most children receive a present of fruit. He cast a sneering glance at the radiant face of his sister, thrust the two small hands deeper into his pockets, and coolly wondered what "the old maid" was raising such a *noise* about. Then tossing his head till the tassel on his buff-cap quivered again, he took up the rod and turned away, commanding me to follow.

I obeyed, meekly, but with a little inward trembling, for we were nearest each other in age, and both families agreed in considering Dan as my little husband, and I must say he was sometimes disposed to carry his authority further than even the blue laws of Connecticut would have sanctioned. Somebody had given him a jack-knife, and he had a fancy for cutting birch sprouts from a particular stump, that grew in the pine woods, which was not always deprived of its shoots for nothing. I scorn to complain, but little girls wore low-necked dresses in those days, and there are pleasanter ways of giving a rosy tinge to the shoulders than a birch sprout, though applied by one's little husband!

I cast a regretful look on the beautiful sunfish, and, gathering up my handkerchief and sun-bonnet, prepared to follow Dan, rather anxious, it must be confessed, to know if the pocket which encased his left hand held the jack-knife also. A sort of ferocious working of the fingers, discernible through the striped cotton that composed his nether garments, and a certain gloom in his eyes, which I had learned to dread, made my shoulders tingle in anticipation. But a new idea seemed to strike him. He looked at me over his shoulder, slowly winked one eye, and giving his head a slight shake to prevent me speaking, wheeled with his face toward the group which still crowded around the sunfish, clamorous to examine the prize. Dan softly lowered his pole till it came under the fish, which had just been taken from the hook, and lay quivering between the hands of his sister. One dexterous upward jerk of the pole, a wicked shout from my little husband, and the sunfish flew twenty feet in the air, and came down, flashing in the sunshine, turning over and over, till it sunk, like a piece of broken opal stone, into its native element again.

"Oh, Dan, how could you?" exclaimed Martha Haines, with tears in her eyes, while her four elder brothers sent forth an angry shout, and sprang after my little husband like so many greyhounds wild for the chase. Dan stood till they almost came up to him, laughing till the tassel on his buff-cap danced again. Then he bounded up the bank with a scornful whoop, and away the whole bevy went, leaping like deer, and shouting till the pine woods rang with the noise. Before his pursuers reached the top of the bank, Dan had disappeared, and they plunged one after another down a footpath which led into the woods, sure of finding him under covert there.

Scarcely was the sound of their voices beginning to grow fainter in the woods, when a chestnut branch, laden with thorny burs, came crashing down at our

feet. We screamed and looked upward. There was Master Dan in the largest tree, some forty feet above us, perched on a limb which shot clear of the bridge, and far over the water. Grasping the stem with one hand, as a good rider might manage a steed, he was swaying the branch up and down in the air, slipping a little nearer the extremity at each movement, and, as it yielded more and more to his weight, increasing our terror by audaciously tearing off the green burs and tossing them now upon us and then upon the waters that were rushing on, dark and deep, beneath him.

Martha forgot her sunfish, every thing, but his peril, and clasping her hands, white with terror, she besought him to come down.

He answered by a more desperate bend of the limb and another shower of burs; for my part, though in duty bound to share in Matty's terror, a saying rife in the neighborhood, that if Dan ever came to an untimely end it would be after a more exalted fashion than drowning, helped me to look upon his dangerous position with considerable fortitude—besides, I really was anxious to know if he would turn as many beautiful somersets as the sun-fish had before reaching the water.

Another vigorous bend of the limb, another branch, heavy with burs, came cracking through the air, and was followed by a sharp report, as if a loaded pistol had just gone off. The limb had cracked!

Martha Haines fell upon her knees and covering her face with both hands, crouched down, shuddering among the stones. I shrieked loudly and also fell upon my knees, but could not resist the impulse to peep a little through my fingers between each shriek.

Almost perpendicular that broken bough hung over the river. Another would have lost his hold with fright, and even Dan turned very pale and I could see that he cast a terrified glance down upon the black waters creeping around the huge supporters of the bridge, far below him.

Another sharp crash! Martha sprang to her feet, flung up her clasped hands, and wildly shrieked for help. I could see the splintered wood parting gradually, and glistening in the sunshine while the branch, half torn from its stem, began to vibrate like a pendulum, under the effort which Dan was making to wind his limbs around it and to grasp the main stem above the riven part. Every instant his feet stripped off a shower of leaves, and he clung, like a wild animal, with hands and teeth, to retain his hold; now and then making a desperate effort to lift himself upward. By this time poor Matty had become almost insane with terror—shriek after shriek rang up the water, and tears flashed in single drops down her white face like hail stones raining over ice.

That instant the sound of hoofs coming through the pine wood turned the current of her thoughts—she sprang up the bank in its steepest part, clinging to the moss and sassafras branches, and almost lifting herself up by them. Her head rose above the side of the bank just as a hoof stroke of the horse sounded on the bridge. A shriek, full of wild joy, broke from her lips, and bending down a young tree, she was

almost lifted to the bank by the rebound, and ran toward the horseman, flinging up her clasped hands, while her pale face became radiant with hope.

The horseman drew his bridle, sprang from his saddle, and came toward her. Again she tossed up her hands wildly and pointed to Dan.

"See, see, it is breaking—save him, save him!"

The youth gave an upward glance, and darting toward the chestnut, wove his lithe limbs vigorously around the rough trunk, and winding in and out through the dense foliage, was scarcely a minute in reaching a fork of the tree just below the broken limb, to which poor Dan was clinging almost exhausted.

"Now then, put your foot on my hand!" he cried out in a voice that reached us where we stood, and extending a firm and sinewy arm toward the boy, while he wound the other firmly to a branch that shot up from the fork, which afforded him a foothold. The effort which Dan made to obey him twisted the torn branch, and but for the aid of that strong arm it would have broken off entirely under his weight, but with singular coolness the young man caught the boy by his jacket as he swung round, and with a powerful jerk brought him into the body of the chestnut, while the branch gave way, in its last fibre, and fell, with a loud dash, into the water.

A shout broke from the tree. The foliage was agitated, and down from one of the lower boughs dropped Dan's preserver, who lodged, with a bound, on the old bridge. The next instant Dan came creeping down, pale as death, and terribly crest fallen. Dropping both hands sullenly into the pockets of his torn clothes, he gave a glance toward Matty, who sat upon the grass weeping and trembling all over from excess of joy, and muttering to himself something about old maids always making a noise for nothing, he slid down the bank, and before the boys had tired themselves out with searching for him in the pine woods, he had fished the branch—which had so lately held him trembling over the water, devoted as it seemed to inevitable death—from the river, and was busy cracking the chestnut burs upon it between two stones, and with his pockets full of green nuts and a formidable pile of burs at his feet, calmly awaited the approach of his pursuers.

Meantime the young man saw Matty sitting there upon the grass, with her golden hair breaking loose over her shoulders, and sweeping down over the hands which still covered her face, tremulous and damp with the tears that now gushed profusely through the slender fingers. He glanced toward his horse, which stood motionless in the shadow of the chestnut with its fore hoof resting on the first plank of the bridge, and then casting another look at the agitated girl, came forward with a smile upon his face, and his broad palm-leaf hat in one hand. I was not near enough to hear what was said, but there was eloquence in those sparkling gray eyes, and the tones of his voice, which now and then reached the bank on which I was sitting, sounded peculiarly rich and musical.

Matty Haines looked beautiful as a grieved Hebe, when she withdrew those small hands from her face,

and sweeping the tresses back from her humid eyes, lifted them half timidly to his. A smile parted her rich mouth, like sunbeams forcing open a wet rose-bud; then seeming to lose all bashfulness, in a burst of joyful feeling she started up, clasped her hands with a gesture full of infantine grace, and poured forth her gratitude.

His eyes kindled up and darkened almost to a deep black, his head was turned toward her with an animated bend, full of natural grace, and the sunshine glancing upon his hair, gave additional spirit to a head which might have won immortalities to an artist. He took her hand, and though a torrent of crimson flashed over her face, she allowed it to rest in his clasp an instant, while her eyes sank as it were beneath the weight of their snowy lids; that instant a chestnut burr went whizzing over my head, and striking the palm-leaf hat which the young man still held, sent it whirling into a neighboring thicket. The crimson again flooded Matty's face, and young Sandford turned his head soon enough to obtain a glimpse of Master Dan, as he plunged down the bank again, calling out—

"Just let that old maid's hand alone, or she'll be bragging about it all next year!"

"Oh Dan, how could you?" I exclaimed, but the sharp application of a sassafras twig checked my lecture in the bud, and I stole off sobbing bitterly, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that I had never been born:

I crept up the bank again, just in time to see Matty and the young stranger passing over the bridge, she leaning with an air of timid confidence on his arm, and he seeming proud of the power to support her trembling steps, while the horse followed them with the docility of a house dog.

"I have a good mind to throw stones," said Dan, who had followed me, and stood peering at them over my shoulder. "What business has that chap to come here and carry off the old maid before my face—why did n't you stop them?"

Before I could answer the sassafras sprout came tingling over my neck, and a shower of pebbles rattled over the old bridge. But Matty and her companion were beyond their reach; and that instant a shout from the boys that had been racing after Dan in the pine-woods, placed the amiable young gentleman on the defensive, and amid a storm of chestnut burs, pebble-stones, and other missiles, I made a cowardly retreat into the house, fully assured that something very extraordinary indeed must happen if my little husband did not get the better of his four brothers.

This was about the last time that Martha Haines ever joined familiarly with our pastimes about the old bridge. From that day she in a great degree separated herself from "us children." This was but natural, as she was entering upon the first sweet dawn of womanhood! Each day her form rounded into richer and more perfect symmetry; her complexion became more brilliant, her eyes deepened in their hue, and took a passionate expression; her soft voice grew sweeter, as if its source were among the

wild-flowers of a pure heart; and the lips through which it came took a riper red, like cherries in the sunshine. She had taken to quiet musing over books, too, and we children really began to look on her as quite an elderly person, before whom it was well that we should be on our good behavior.

Mr. Haines was a dealer in cattle, and the young man who had rescued my little husband from the chestnut bough, proved to be the son of a rich farmer in a neighboring town. It was astonishing how much business he had to transact at the other end of the bridge after this event, and very improper, indeed, we all thought, that he should so often take the Sabbath evening to transact it in. Sometimes, when no sound was abroad but the rushing waters, and the acorns rattling over our roof, I have heard his horse tramping over the old bridge, and disturbing the quietude of the pine-woods with its mellowed footfall long after twelve o'clock at night; but the old people only smiled, and Matty Haines only blushed when we spoke of this the next day. Altogether, things were taking a very inexplicable turn at the other end of the bridge.

One afternoon I was sitting among the rose-bushes in front of our house, sorting an apron full of calicoes, and thinking what beautiful patchwork the crimson and white rose leaves would make if one only knew how to sew them neatly together, when Dan Haines came across the bridge, with his jack-knife open and whittling a shingle with all his might; he passed by our gate and casting an impatient look toward the closed door, abandoned his shingle and began to cut away at the picket fence, muttering—

"I rather guess some of them will come out before I've cut up the whole gate!"

He had just brought both hands to bear on his knife handle in order to force off a large splinter without breaking the blade, when I crept reluctantly out from my leafy concealment, and called him by name.

He tore off the splinter with a noise that might have been heard in the house, pocketed his knife, and beckoned me to follow him. We went down into the shadow of the bridge, and I seated myself on a shelf of the bank upon which the soft wood-moss had spread a cushion like velvet.

"Now you may just get up from there and sit on the stone," said my little husband, pointing to a fragment of rock that lay among the pebbles—"you might have known that I should want to sit there!"

I arose meekly, and sat down on the stone, while Dan threw himself luxuriously along the moss cushion.

"Well, now, what do you think?" exclaimed the amiable youth, dropping the corners of his mouth.

"I am sure I do n't know," was my timid rejoinder, too well convinced that, like a great many other little and great wives, I should never be allowed a thought of my own.

"You never do know any thing but what I tell you—but then you're only a girl!" replied the miniature Turk, with ineffable contempt—"but I know something! I did n't get up out of bed and listen at the out-room door for nothing last night. I suppose

you didn't hear Mr. Sandford's horse when it went over the bridge, either?"

I shook my head.

"There it is," said Dan, slowly drawing forth his knife, and contemplating a clump of black alders that grew near, with a sinister gloom in his eyes; they were a little out of reach, and so he put up the knife again, muttering—"I'll wait till next time; then perhaps you'll listen to hear whether that fellow's horse goes lame or not. The stone that I wedged in his shoe ought to have made him limp like a trapped rabbit."

"And did you try to lame the horse? what for?" I inquired timidly.

"What for? why is not the fellow making love to Matty, and trying to persuade her to give us up and live with him?" exclaimed Dan, clenching his hand in the moss. "I heard it all last night—what does he want of the old maid, I should like to know? The mean fellow, to come here pretending to sell cattle, and only to steal Matty away—I only wish I was large enough to whip him, that's all!"

"But remember, he saved your life only a few months ago!" I ventured to observe, with a glance at the chestnut tree above us.

"There, you are always twitting me of that!" exclaimed Dan, starting up and drawing forth his knife. He had a dexterous hand, but before he had dismantled the alder bush of its most thrifty shoot, I had snatched my sun-bonnet and was glancing over my shoulder at his operations, from the bank above; before he reached that point in pursuit, I had darted through the gate, and with a fluttering heart was witnessing his disappointment from my fragrant covert in the rose-bushes.

Dan must have obtained information of the coming wedding long before it was imparted even to the old people; for though George Sandford came to our neighbor's more frequently than ever, it was spring time again before the publication was read at the old meeting house on school-hill. Early spring it was, for the winter had but just departed, and the hardiest flowers were still asleep in the earth, though a pale green tinge was daily becoming more defined on the banks, and a few birds now and then haunted the chestnut trees with their half-chilled melody.

The wedding was made a sort of joint stock affair between the two houses, and we were all as deeply interested in the event, and as busy in anticipation of it as the parties most concerned. Half a dozen times each day Martha might have been observed coming over the bridge with a parcel in her hand; now it was a lace trimming which our mother was to decide about—then it was a pattern of muslin, or a satin sash, and it was beautiful to observe the downcast eyes and mantling blushes of the sweet bride, when one of us spoke in our childish way of her coming marriage.

Two or three days before the wedding it rained incessantly, and as the stream on which we lived took its source among mountains, yet covered with snow, and received innumerable tributaries, it began to rise with a gradual swell, till we became apprehensive

that one of those terrible spring floods, which had once filled the first story of our dwelling with water, and sent our predecessors into the pine woods for shelter, might follow.

The night before Martha's wedding a high wind mingled with the storm. The rushing waters and the rain mingling with the winds, that rushed in a strong current up the valley, kept us awake half the night, for the naked boughs of the oaks that sheltered our house, kept lashing the roof all night, and we could hear that the waters were swelling deeper and deeper each instant. At daybreak we were up and looking eagerly from the window to see what havoc the storm had made.

The sunshine was flashing strong and bright upon the turbid waters, that eddied and swelled up to the very top of the banks, sometimes overflowing them, where a hollow allowed the water to gurgie through, and whirling around the supporters of the old bridge with a violence that made the crazy fabric tremble in every beam. But the day was beautiful—soft and balmy with the first breath of spring, and taking a summer look from the forest of evergreen pines and hemlocks that swayed their verdant tops to the breeze and sent forth a whispering melody, in sweet contrast with the hoarse and angry roar of waters, swelling tumultuously by, and in some places whirling around their trunks with a violence that made their rich foliage shiver.

When we went over the old bridge that day it was shaking in the waters like a frightened monster; the river had swollen within a few feet of the flooring, and its muddy waves could be seen through the broken planks, whirling on, and seeming to heave upward every instant among the sodden beams with menacing violence.

At first we ventured over the old bridge timidly, quaking with terror as it rocked beneath our feet; but the preparations going on with so much bustle and energy at Mr. Haines' soon made us unmindful of the flood, and every half hour that day some of us were darting to and fro, into the pine-woods for evergreens, or to our own house for glasses, cake plates and waiters, till we got completely accustomed to the groaning timbers and sprang over them with childish audacity.

Never was there such a ransacking of closets as happened in our house that day. Old cut glass goblets, with grape leaves and fruit richly gilded on the rim—champaign glasses, cut in twining flowers, were dragged forth from the topmost shelves and neatly dusted—a pair of antique china pitchers, snow white, and with silver flowers frosted upon them, were intrusted to my little husband, who marched over the bridge with one in each hand, muttering threats of breaking them all the way. Never was there a set of children so busy and full of hope—none of us had ever seen a wedding, and it was a season of exhilarating expectation to us all.

Mrs. Haines and her neighbor over the bridge were intensely busy all the morning in the kitchen, crushing sugar, beating eggs into a white froth, and decanting wines, while they held solemn council with old

Kate, the village washerwoman, over each loaf of cake as it came from the oven. Matty flitted about the house, like a frightened angel, sometimes pale as a lily, and again rosy with blushes, if one of us happened to address her suddenly, or in the most distant manner allude to the approaching ceremony.

Dan was everywhere; now he might have been found in the pine-woods gathering evergreens—then in the kitchen pilfering sugar and sipping the red wine—the next moment he would glide into the parlor, with sparkling eyes and cheeks flushed by these stolen visits, and without speaking a word throw us all into confusion. Dan was seldom riotous, and now he was peculiarly sly and quiet in his movements, but the very sound of his tread would bring the color brightening into sweet Matty Haines' cheek, and when he took a position just beneath her, as she was busy weaving garlands over the wall, with a hand in each pocket, his mouth pursed up, and his little shrewd eyes eloquent of mischief, it was sure to bathe the face, neck and even hands of the sensitive girl with crimson blushes.

Matty was to be married very early in the evening, and before the sunset tints had gathered over Castle Rock, every thing was ready. The kitchen table was covered by a cloth of spotless damask that swept the floor, and on it lay the bride's cake, heavily frosted, and looking as if it had been bathed in a newly fallen snow-heap; decanters of red wine, surrounded by cut and gilded crystal, flung their ruby brightness athwart the crushed sugar, that seemed to have drifted over the cake; and crystal plates full of amber jellies gave richness to the whole.

Old Kate had knotted a crimson and orange handkerchief over her dusky brow, and in a flaming new calico occupied the time by wiping the glasses over and over with a clean napkin, running to the window every other instant, glass in hand, to obtain a first glimpse of the bridegroom, whom she every moment expected to see coming over the opposite hill.

Up stairs every thing was in a state of preparation. Massive garlands of evergreen draped the snow-white walls of the parlor, and crept in wreaths of delicate green around the dimity curtains, a crescent of peacock's feathers radiated over the looking glass, and among the fantastic curves that coiled in and out on the upper and lower portion of its mahogany frame, was entangled a double rope of birds' eggs, blue, brown and speckled, the result of Dan's piracy in the pine-wood.

Mrs. Haines was sitting in her rocking chair, in a dove-colored silk, with a kerchief of snow-white muslin folded over her bosom, and knots of white riband peeping from the borders of her cap. Two or three neighbors from the hill had already arrived, and sat around the room, so upright and silent, that the lightest footfall from the chamber above, where Matty and her bridesmaid were dressing, could be distinctly heard.

Mrs. Haines was an energetic and practical woman, but little given to sentiment, and, though a fond mother, the last person on earth to grieve over the mar-

riage of a daughter. But, spite of herself, she could not hear that soft footfall overhead without a thrill of pain—a sense of bereavement fell upon her heart. She thought, for the first time, perhaps, how lonely the house would be when that sweet girl had carried the light of her smile and the music of her voice to the hearth of another. Lost in these painful thoughts, she did not observe that the kitten was whirling round and round on the sanded floor, and had scratched the broad leaf of the table by dashing its paw at the image of itself reflected there. A guest started up and drove the intruder away, with considerable noise, and was doing her best to restore the herring-bone pattern which it had destroyed in the sand; but even this attack upon the table, that had been polished by her own hand for twenty years, failed to arouse Mrs. Haines from her reverie. All at once her lip began to quiver, the heaving of her bosom was discernible under the thin muslin that covered it, and rising from her chair she went out, turning her head away that no one might witness emotions of which she was half ashamed. While the officious guest was shaking up the patch-work cushion of her rocking chair, Mrs. Haines went up stairs and entering her daughter's chamber, stole softly in. Matty was sitting before the little looking glass, but without giving a glance to the pale sweet face reflected there. The white lids drooped over her downcast eyes, and when she heard her mother's tread, she closed them suddenly, and a tear sparkled like a crushed diamond through the thick lashes.

How beautiful and bride-like she looked in her simple white dress! not a rose-tint broke the pure white of her neck and face; still there was a glow of joy about her that shone in every feature like sunlight on a water-lily. Sweet girl! she would have concealed the tears that gushed from her full heart, like dew shaken from a flower, and bringing away half the perfume with it; for she knew that her mother gave no encouragement to what she might deem sentimental grief. It was natural that she should turn away her head, for the bridesmaid had woven a wreath of white roses among her golden curls, and was knotting it on one side with a satin ribbon that flowed down upon her shoulders, scarcely less white than the neck it touched. A swell of the slender throat, and then a half suppressed sob was answered by a burst of tears from her mother. The young girl started up, and falling into her mother's arms, wept those blissful drops which spring from regrets so sweet and tender, that they seem more precious than unalloyed joy, if that were ever permitted out of heaven.

"You will be lonesome without me, mother?" she murmured, kissing the yet fair cheek resting against hers.

"Yes, Matty, I did not think how lonesome till now. It seems almost like a funeral."

"No, not a funeral; do n't say that, mother," murmured the sweet girl with a shudder.

"Hurra! the minister is coming down the sand-banks, and no Mr. Sandford yet!" exclaimed Dan, rushing into the room with his buff-cap on. "For

my part I do n't believe he intends to come; I always said Matt would be an old maid."

Matty lifted up her tearful face and smiled, while a faint rose tinge stole over her cheek.

"Ah, Dan, you are mistaken this time," she said, pointing through the window. "See, who is that coming down the hill yonder?"

We rose to the window, and there, true enough, was the bridegroom on horseback, winding down the opposite hill. The crimson sunset was around him, and floating downward toward the pine grove like a drapery of gorgeous gauze. Just when its lowest tints melted into the purplish dusk that slept in the woods, a cart with two yoke of oxen and a horse lumbered heavily along toward the bridge.

"The more fool he!" cried Dan, shading his eyes with one hand and looking through the window—"Never mind, the old bridge will break down under him. That's one comfort!"

Martha started from her mother's arm which still circled her, and drew a sharp breath, she cast a rapid glance up and down the river, and when she turned toward us her face was white as marble.

"See how the bridge shakes," she said in a husky voice. "Mother, what can we do?"

Mrs. Haines looked out and a shade of anxiety came over her face.

"The water has risen fast since I looked before," she said; "the bridge rocks as if some of the supporters were giving way."

"Mother, what can we do!" cried the bride, grasping her mother's arm with a hand that shook like a leaf in autumn, while her voice was sharp with terror.

"Think how many times we have crossed it to-day!" said the bridemaid, encouragingly. "It will not take him two minutes to pass over."

The bride shuddered. "See," she cried, "how the water is whirling around the chestnuts; it was never so high before. The old apple-tree is completely out of sight. Mother, he must not cross that bridge."

She threw up the sash as she spoke and waved her handkerchief, wildly hoping that it might warn her bridegroom of the danger and send him back again, but he evidently took it as a signal to ride faster, for he also waved a handkerchief and dashed down the hill. By this time the cart had almost reached the bridge, the driver walked beside his leaders, and checked them for an instant, while he seemed to hesitate about proceeding. It was but for an instant, he gave his long whip a flourish, and urged the hesitating cattle forward as if determined to get over the peril as speedily as possible. As the leading horses placed their hoofs on the first plank, young Sandford rode up at a gallop, and seemed rashly anxious to urge his horse over first, for Matty was at the window, and he saw Minister Brown at the front door, while a crowd of female heads looking forth from the parlor window, seemed to chide his delay. The bridge was narrow, but just as the ponderous and heavily loaded cart had rolled half way upon it, Sandford struck his horse and pushed by, coming out

ahead of both cattle and driver, though his garments touched the side railing and the bridge began to reel under its huge and lumbering burden. The jar of drift wood striking the timbers, which shook the bridge from end to end, seemed to warn the young man of his danger. He looked anxiously up the river, drew his horse up, with an impetuous motion, and spoke to the teamster, who cast his eyes toward the falls, and then looked back, as if resolving the possibility of turning his cart in that narrow space.

"Whip them up! drive on for your life!" Sandford shouted, in a voice that reached us, even above the roaring waters, for it was full of impetuous daring, and striking his horse again he strove to plunge onward. But the poor animal had been frightened by the jar, and shrinking in every limb, began to pull back and tried to edge itself through the narrow space left between the advancing cattle and the side railing. The young man patted his neck and seemed to be soothing him, but another violent jar, which made the old bridge stagger like a drunken thing, drove the animal wild; he pushed back against the railing and reared, till for one instant his rider hung completely over the heaving waters. Just as we expected to see horse and rider hurled into the flood, the horse plunged forward; his hoofs struck the planks with a fierce crash, and grinding the bit between his teeth, he stood motionless, blocking the way and preventing a free passage to the cart.

We saw young Sandford glance upward toward the fall—his face grew white as marble, and lifting his hand he seemed pointing something out to his companion. A shriek broke from the lips of Matty Haines, who had been leaning from the window, extending her clasped hands, white and motionless as a statue, since her bridegroom had been upon the bridge. Now her hands unclasped, and she too pointed with her finger toward the fall.

"There—there!" broke from her lips in a hoarse whisper.

The group around her (even to the youngest child) grew white with horror, for there, plunging over the fall, was a huge tree, with its branches yet green, and a great mass of earth cleaving to the roots. For one instant after being cast over the fall, it stood upright, with its foliage dripping in the sunshine, as if planted in the whirlpool; then it keeled and plunging forward, was whirled on in the boiling current with terrible velocity.

The young man upon the bridge made another desperate effort to urge his horse over, and now the excited creature obeyed the reign, and plunged forward. The first bound was followed by a loud unearthly cry from the doomed cattle, that froze our very hearts with terror. That tree had turned in the current, and instead of forcing a passage, root foremost, through the arches of the bridge, which was our only hope, it struck lengthwise against the centre beams, with a shock that seemed to lift the whole bridge from its foundations. Not a single cry burst from our lips, but white as death, and with cold tears streaming down our faces, we looked on breathless and silent with horror. We saw those huge timbers

sundered by the rampant waters. We saw that heavy cart sink through, dragging the teamster, the yelling horses, and mooing oxen after it. We saw that young man over the boiling whirlpool, high up on a fragment of the bridge which yet clung to the shore. The fatal tree was tangled in the timbers, and with a hurried rise and fall, seemed toiling, like an evil monster, to wrench away his last frail hope of life. And now the horse began to rear again. The young man made an effort to fling himself from the saddle and fell. His head had struck an iron bolt in the planks; he moved and staggered a pace forward, but we could see that his strength was gone.

Minister Brown, with a crowd of helpless women, ran down to the bank, for it was not yet time for our male neighbors to assemble; the minister was old and slow of motion, but though the fragment left from the bridge was separating from the shore with a roaring crash each instant, the good old man would have tottered over it, but the women held him back—they loved the old minister, and his life was too precious. But it was a terrible thing to see that youth lying so helpless, as it were, in the jaws of death—and no one to render aid.

All at once we heard a cry from the house and the bride came rushing toward the bridge. Her soft eyes on fire and her face pale as marble. She darted past the women, tore her wedding garments from the

grasp of Minister Brown, who would have held her back, and sprang on to the groaning timbers. Her foot had scarcely left the earth when a sharp crash followed. The fragment was wrenched away, and with the fatal tree trailing it along, it was drawn into the current with those two young creatures clinging together on the riven planks.

There was not a heart present strong enough to look upon the death of those young creatures. The minister fell to the earth wringing his hands, while fragments of prayer broke from his quivering lips. Mrs. Haines would have jumped into the flood after her child but for the weeping neighbors who held her back. We children stood together in a group, filling the air with cries, and clinging to each other in mortal fear. We saw that fragment as it heaved slowly into the current and was whirled down the flood. We saw when it was hurled against a larger portion of the bridge, and dashed to atoms in the raging flood.

I caught one glimpse of the white wreath and golden hair of the bride, gathered in a death embrace to the bosom of her husband, and then an uprooted tree, a quantity of broken timber whirling on with the flood, the flash of a white arm flung up from the turbid waters, amid the folds of a white garment, or it might be a foam wreath, was all that told us of the horrible scene we had witnessed.

PUSH THE BOTTLE ROUND, TOM.

BY A. D.

PUSH the bottle round, Tom,
Fill your goblet quite up to the brim,
And when Care in its nectar is drowned, Tom,
A pean for Time and for Him!
A pean for Time as he dies, Tom,
Let's hurry him on with a glee,
For the faster the old fellow flies, Tom,
The better for you and for me.

'T is a terrible thing to grow old, Tom,
'T is a terrible thing to perceive
Old Time with his visage so cold, Tom,
Encroaching without asking leave.
And to see the sweet bloom on the lip, Tom,
And the pleasant young light in the eye,
Take flight with the years as they slip, Tom,
So noiselessly, rapidly by.

There is a deepening line on your brow, Tom,
And one at the side of your nose,
And a touch of the old rebel snow, Tom,
Much deeper than you might suppose.
There's a graceless rotund in your back, Tom,
There's a wintriness, too, on your cheek,
And your voice has a kind of a crack, Tom,
More marked when you sing than you speak.

'T is a terrible thing to be slighted, Tom,
'T is a terrible drawback to know
That though you may still be invited, Tom,
You're no longer asked now as a beau—
To be sentenced to talk with papa, Tom,
Though longing the while to take wing,
And to feel that the kindest mamma, Tom,
Considers you not just "the thing."

I wish, now and then, I had married, Tom,
For mine is a sad lonely life,
And who pauses to find just "the time," Tom,
May whistle, we know, for a wife.
Oh ho! for the prime of our youth, Tom,
The bloom of the earlier day;
Could we have it all over, in truth, Tom,
We'd manage it some other way.

But push the bright bottle around, Tom,
And fill up your glass to the brim;
And when Care in its nectar is drowned, Tom,
A pean for Time and for Him!
A pean for Time as he dies, Tom,
Let's hurry him on with a glee,
For the faster the old fellow flies, Tom,
The better for you and for me!

THE SISTER-IN-LAW.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"AND so Helen Alderney—the lovely, petted Helen Alderney—has sacrificed herself to a sober widower with three children. What infatuation!"

Such was one of the exclamations, of a class current upon most marriages, which followed that of Mrs. Waterford. The fair bride herself had no misgivings, whatever might have been those of others less interested. Very few have the lot to enter upon womanhood with so little experience as hers of the ills and evils of life. She was an orphan, indeed, but she had been one from infancy, and she had been reared with parental care, and more than parental indulgence. Never was bird or flower more fondly guarded and tended, and never did a household pet more gratefully bestow a return of melody and sweetness. She had been the belle, too, of her circle, for she was not less beautiful in person than lovely in character, and now that the measure of her success and influence was filled by the strong affection of one she respected as well as loved, she never dreamed of any thing else than complete and enduring happiness.

Mr. Waterford was indeed the father of three children, and a sober widower. Though still in the earlier era of mature manhood, a married life of ten years, one half of which had been passed in anxious and unremitting devotion to an invalid wife, had been enough to subdue him to the soberness of middle age. The gaiety and brilliancy of Helen's polished little circle, to which he had been introduced while on a business tour, were perhaps the more attractive and exhilarating to him from their novelty after the sadness and seclusion of his own quiet home; and in Helen, so graceful, and gentle, and light-hearted, it was easy to see the one who could make that home all he desired. Helen was still too young to see any thing *peculiarly* interesting in handsome widowers; she would never have thought of Mr. Waterford as an object of conquest, but when he had singled her out, the attentions of one so truly dignified and high-minded were very grateful to her yielding and dependent spirit. She could value his extended reputation, and appreciate the talents which had won it; could enjoy his powers of conversation, and enter into his manly and generous sentiments; and when her affections were asked, she felt that she had already yielded them.

During Mr. Waterford's journey homeward with his bride, she had full opportunity to express to him her affectionate wishes and sanguine hopes. She made him describe his children, until a correct picture of each, as she fancied, was impressed upon her

mind, and carefully thought out the line of conduct which was to govern her among them.

"How earnestly I wish," said she, "that all common ideas of a stepmother could remain apart from their impression of me! I should like them to receive me as one on whom they could rely as upon a parent, yet treat as familiarly as a sister. How endearing a relation, when its duties are properly fulfilled, may be made of one which the inconsiderate and the selfish regard as repulsive and irksome! I have always been fond of children, and I think that my own delightful experience has given me the best of lessons to make yours happy. From the chief troubles of childhood, dry lessons through cold or harsh teachers, I shall be able to save them. I was led to learn every thing through love, and so it shall be with them. You will entrust them to me, will you not?"

"Can you doubt it?" returned Mr. Waterford, smiling. "I shall expect great results from such a combination as yourself and the assistant I have already promised you. You could not imagine any one, my dear Helen, better calculated to aid you in any labor of the heart or mind than Lucy Clive."

"True—true!" returned Helen, looking for a moment a little disconcerted, and then she continued cordially—"See what a monopolist I am inclined to be! I had quite forgotten that the aunt of your dear little girls had already anticipated my plans, and that it is nothing but just and natural that their own mother's sister should retain the place which I was thoughtfully scheming to usurp. Still I do not fear that she will refuse me a share of it, nor they a portion of their love. But, do you know, I have sometimes had a thought that I should stand a little in awe of your admirable Lucy Clive? I ought to make you promise, before you bring us together, that you will shut your eyes to my inferiority."

"No danger of my seeing any such thing even with my eyes wider open than usual," said Mr. Waterford, passing his hand over her cheek with the *impressment* of a less experienced bridegroom; "without drawing any comparison between her and yourself, I repeat what I have before told you, that she is a woman who has few equals in manners, feeling, or intellect. When you know her I am sure you will value her as I do. By her unwearied exertion for a sister during an illness of several years, her unceasing watchfulness over my children, and her sacrifices of society in which she was courted and followed—sacrifices that she made continually and

ungrudgingly, until her season of bloom was past—she has earned from me an amount of gratitude and admiration I can never adequately repay. She must love you, my dearest Helen, and I pledge you an assurance, that to no sister by blood could you more safely give your confidence and esteem."

At length the bridal trip terminated, and Helen's heart beat rapidly when the carriage stopped before the dwelling of which she was in future to be mistress. A staid-looking servant man advanced to let down the steps, and, as she descended, she saw standing within the door a lady and three little girls, all in dresses of deep mourning. Nothing could have looked more inauspicious to her than their sombre attire and equally sombre countenances, and she was obliged to lean heavily on her husband's arm as she entered the house.

"My children and your future friend and sister, Miss Clive, my dear Helen," said Mr. Waterford.

The lady slightly touched the cheek of Helen with her lips, and welcomed her with grave but polished courtesy. The little girls embraced their father, but without any of the hilarious eagerness which usually marks the joy of childhood; and then still more silently received the caresses of Helen, who with a chill shaking her whole frame, and a dimness of sight that retarded her motions, accepted the invitation of the aunt to lay aside her traveling dress.

Whilst making her toilet she recovered sufficient composure to examine the appearance of her companion. As Mr. Waterford had said, she was no longer young, but inexperienced as Helen was, she could never for a moment have supposed that the hollowness of her cheek, and the extreme palor of her whole countenance was occasioned by the mere absence of youth. Her figure was very graceful, and every movement bespoke a self-possession and a decision of character seldom found in a woman, while in her large black eyes there was a restlessness and a peculiarity of expression painful to observe, and one that Helen could not have described nor defined.

Mr. Waterford remained near his young wife whilst she partook of refreshment, and until he had seen her established for the evening in the drawing-room, and then, kindly consigning her to the attentions of his children and their aunt, he withdrew for a short time at a summons to his office. Much as Helen had talked on the subject during her journey, she had not realized that her lover was actually the father of a family and the practiced master of a household; but now, soon as it was after her arrival, several little circumstances had given her full confirmation of it. She missed his presence, and though she was vexed with herself that such a trifle disturbed her, she still had a consciousness of needing his support. She vainly tried to be at ease. The deportment of Miss Clive was unexceptionably polite, even approaching to kindness, and her conversation, thoroughly elegant in manner and expression, was the more interesting from an apparent desire to please; yet two or three times a single tone of her voice startled Helen to something like alarm. Usually its modulations were singularly

soft and subdued, but when the young bride, beguiled for a moment of her sense of her new position, had given way to the clear, merry laugh habitual to her, the voice of the sister-in-law, though during scarcely longer than the utterance of a syllable, became shrill and broken. The little girls were pretty, and engaging in their appearance, but the affectionate efforts of Helen to attract and amuse them were met without response. They were not rude nor ungracious; on the contrary, they were trained to a propriety of demeanor, rare at their early years, but they listened silently to her remarks, answered her questions respectfully, and as if to spare her from further thought of them, drew more closely to their aunt.

The house was a handsome one, suitable in every respect to the standing and income of Mr. Waterford. The furniture was well chosen, and arranged with every evidence of good taste; but there was no indication in any article of the slightest change having been made through compliment to a new mistress. The same feeling through which the mourning dresses had been retained seemed to control all the household machinery. When her first disquiet, occasioned by those dresses, had subsided, she endeavored to believe that they were worn in commemoration of some more recent loss, but subsequent observation convinced her that they had been renewed for her predecessor, though at a much later period than custom prescribes.

The many elegant trifles suggestive of leisure and amusement, by which Helen had always been surrounded, were here almost entirely wanting. A piano stood, half hidden, in a recess, and in hope that music might be a relief to her constraint, she approached it, but found it locked.

"Have you yet taken lessons, my dear?" she asked, addressing the eldest of the little girls.

"I once commenced, ma'am," answered the child, "but the piano has not been opened since—since—" and she stopped short, while her face flushed to the temples.

"She means since the death of my sister," remarked Miss Clive, calmly.

When Mr. Waterford rejoined her, Helen felt more at ease, yet many of the little gallantries, gratifying to her youthful romance, were now suspended, and though she had the good sense to understand that they would have been out of place in the presence of his sister-in-law and children, altogether the least happy evening of her life was the first spent in her own house.

Mr. Waterford had so long secluded himself from society that he had few claims upon its hospitalities, and no festivity followed the installation of the bride in her new establishment. There could have been none, indeed, with propriety, for it was literally still a house of mourning, and there was no allusion made to the subject by Miss Clive. The beautiful bridal dress, which Helen had prepared with faultless taste, in anticipation of a different state of things, was never taken from its wrappings. With a delicacy and a sensibility that always governed her, she not only forbore to produce it, even as an object of curiosity,

to the family, but would have considered herself culpable had she named what might have occasioned melancholy remembrances and reflections to those around her.

Though the bride was not *fêted*, she received numerous visits. They were chiefly from the acquaintances of Miss Clive, who evidently was held by them in the highest consideration, and one less unsuspicious than Helen, might easily have fancied that their calls were made as much for condolence with *her*, as for congratulation of herself. They formally went through the usual ceremonies with Mrs. Waterford, and then turned to their friend with questions of deep solicitude about her health, and about the children, softening their voices to sympathetic unison with hers, and wearing upon their countenances looks of commiseration and concern. Helen had an intuition that there was some prejudice against her, and its natural effect was produced upon her manners. She became reserved and embarrassed, and in her cold reception of measured civilities it would have been difficult to recognize her as the warm hearted girl, ever ready with expressions of kind feeling, who, but a few days before, was the delight and admiration of all that approached her.

Even those who visited her for her own sake, seemed to have a supposition that there were two parties in the house—Mr. Waterford and his gay young wife on the one side, and on the other the sister-in-law and his children. This was exceedingly painful to Helen, conscious as she was of the purest and most generous intentions, and every circumstance which reminded her of it, increased her regret and chagrin. Even on her way to a house of worship on the first Sabbath after her arrival, when she was gazed at in the family procession, by the multitude of starers who find their most delectable spectacle in a bridal party, she could have hung her head with shame and sorrow at what she presumed must be the remarks on the incongruity of her own bright and rich attire with the sable weeds of her companions.

Helen had been carefully instructed in every branch of domestic affairs, and having few of the engagements of society to occupy her time, she would have been glad to assume the responsibilities of housekeeping, but the *menage* had been already organized and there was no place made for her. The servants were valued and indulged for their long services. They had been trained under the eye of Miss Clive, and "Miss Lucy's way" was still their law. In the more important arrangements every thing was so well conducted that the most notable or fastidious could have found little excuse for interference; but in minor matters, which more depend upon peculiar tastes and customs, Helen sometimes would have wished for a change. This she never expressed openly, but if, with the most considerate tact, she ventured to approach the subject to Miss Clive, she was answered quietly with "My sister preferred that it should be so, and I have never thought of a change; her tastes have always been sacred to me." And to Helen, also, they were sacred. She was too unselfish and just-minded to have any of the mean feeling allied to

jealousy, which often exists, of the memory of one whose place she had been chosen to occupy. As she was disposed to love all that shared the affections of her husband, so she could think with tenderness of one for whom he had mourned. But the dead wife thus brought daily and hourly to her recollection, her spirit seemed, at last, ever watching near, to control her in her most trivial actions, and to repress the cheerful impulses of her youth.

Months went round, and the patient sweetness of Helen had not availed to produce any change in her favor. The children were still quite respectful toward her, but not less cold nor shy than at first. The servants waited on her civilly, but reserved their alacrity for Miss Clive, to whom they still looked for instruction and authority. The regular visitors, without failing in proper punctilio to Mrs. Waterford, obviously did not consider themselves as her guests, and were too little guarded of their assumption that Miss Clive was magnanimously submitting to a painful position through devotion to her sister's children; and gradually the depressing conviction grew upon the young wife that she was, and must still remain, a cipher in her own house.

Mr. Waterford knew nothing of her endurance and apprehensions. Deeply engrossed by arduous professional duties, he was little observant of trifles not particularly forced upon his attention; and important to her as they were in the aggregate, Helen herself felt that they were but trifles which made up the sum of her discomfort. And in the company of her husband her annoyances were forgotten, for in the enjoyment of a new and powerful affection, such as hers, it must be an uncontrollable anxiety which will obtrude upon the presence of the one beloved. Besides, Helen was too reasonable to complain of what seemed beyond remedy; she could bring no definite charge against any one. She had failed to excite regard, and with the humility of one accustomed to self-examination, she looked for the cause in her own character and conduct. In what was she wanting that crowned the excellence and established the influence of Lucy Clive?

Lucy Clive became her study. From the first she had been struck with her intellectual ability. Her longer experience of society, and more extensive acquaintance with books, gave her ideas a range which Helen sometimes could not venture to follow, and never was her superiority so apparent as in her conversation with Mr. Waterford. Her familiarity with the scope of his studies, her quick perception of his feelings, and her thorough comprehension of his opinions on all subjects, great and small, were surprising to his wife, even after every allowance for her familiar intercourse with him for years as an inmate of his house.

At these times she displayed a brilliancy which strikingly contrasted with the calmness and want of effort that marked her manner toward others. At first, Helen had honored, as a proof of uncommon elevation of character, her indifference to general admiration, and, as one of the loveliest of womanly attributes, her readiness to exert her talents for the

embellishment of the family circle; but afterward she was startled by witnessing in her a nervous straining of her powers to the utmost, and a flush of triumph at the pleasure her brother-in-law did not hesitate to express, when, in her discussions with him, she had surpassed her usual demonstrations of ability; altogether, an excitement greater than the occasion seemed to warrant, and incompatible with the feelings and motives for which she had given her credit.

Having once detected a flaw in a character which she had imagined to be without passion or weakness, Helen found her vision growing more acute. She noticed that when she had herself evaded subjects of conversation as above her ability, or on which she had candidly confessed her want of information, Miss Clive, instead of dropping them, at least in her presence, never failed to introduce them with her most fluent and graceful eloquence, to Mr. Waterford, and that a smile, scarcely perceptible, indeed, would curl her lip; when seeing that his wife sat silently by, he would playfully turn to some lighter topic of which she was mistress. Even that Helen could have borne without much disquiet, for, with her, to be convicted of a want of merit or attainment was but an incitement to improvement. But once, when after such a scene, forgetful of how little interest a man of her husband's years and habits of reflection would be likely to find in such a matter, she had gaily related some thoughtless frolic which had afforded amusement to herself and her young companions, she caught the piercing eye of his sister-in-law stealthily turning to note the effect of her girlish story upon the listener, and from that moment she knew her to be an enemy. Scarcely more withering to Christobel was the "look askance" of her serpent guest, than was that glance to Helen.

Her unhappiness in her new relations was no longer a mystery to her, but she felt not less constrained than before to bear it in silence. Openly the demeanor of Lucy Clive remained the same as ever toward her, and the representation of a single expression of her countenance would, naturally, rather be attributed by Mr. Waterford to his wife's sensitive fancy, than believed to have been reality in one whom successive years had exalted to so high a place in his estimation. And even could he have been brought to participate in her impressions, Helen's forbearing and generous nature would have revolted from the only ostensible means of extrication from her distressing and humiliating position—that of a separation from its cause. Lucy Clive was wholly dependent for protection upon her brother-in-law, and was bound by a death-bed promise to remain as a mother to her sister's children.

Helen was too new to trouble not to be seriously affected by its concealments, and at length it was no longer possible for Mr. Waterford to fail noticing a decline of her health and spirits. His redoubled tenderness proved his concern, but to himself as well as to Helen he confidently held out the cheerful hope that she would soon be herself again.

So passed the year of Helen's marriage. At the end of it a dead infant lay in her chamber, and the

harrowing communication had been made to Mr. Waterford, that the life of the young mother was within a few hours of its close. She had a sense of her approaching dissolution, and bore it calmly, for through her trials of life she had been drawn nearer to Heaven. Her mind acquired a degree of decision new to it, as her bodily powers failed, and gently but firmly she confided to her husband a narration of all her experience since she had been under his roof. A recurrence of circumstances to which he had given little heed as they passed, now flashed across his memory, and, when too late, his heart was wrung with anguish at the thought of his blindness.

"God knows I do not tell you this reproachfully, nor through any unchristian feeling," said the dying wife, as for the last time she laid her head upon his bosom: "but that if the time should come that you will take another to my place in your heart, you may be prepared to guard her earthly lot from the evils which have shortened mine."

She died, and through the dismal night that followed, Mr. Waterford remained alone in the chamber of death. He had watched for years the sinking away, through physical suffering, of one not less beloved—but he had never known such woe as this. As the morning glimmered into the room, he stood in his voiceless anguish, to gaze again, by the light of day, upon the lifeless form, so beautiful in its repose, with his dead boy clasped upon its bosom, when a soft footfall broke the silence, and Lucy Clive drew to his side.

She passed her fingers over the heavy bands of fair hair which still gracefully draped the forehead of Helen, and looked up to whisper a phrase of consolation. But her arm was sternly grasped, and Mr. Waterford exclaimed hoarsely, while he fixed his blood-shot eyes on her face—

"Woman! can you dare to contemplate your own work! Go and look into your heart, and may you find there the reproaches I will forbear to utter."

Lucy Clive grew as pale as the lifeless bodies before her, and for a moment she wildly met his gaze. Then she turned away with a strange smile upon her ashy lips, and with a step firm and measured, as was her wont, she left the room. He never saw her face again.

The day on which the mother and child were consigned to the grave, it was announced that a violent and dangerous fever had attacked Miss Clive. The disease made rapid progress; and a fortnight from the death of Helen, the family vault was opened to receive another occupant. Crowds of friends assisted in the obsequies of the inestimable sister-in-law, and it was easy to account, through his triple loss, for the absence of Mr. Waterford. When all was over, a paper, irregularly traced with pencil, was handed to him by the eldest of his children, who had been directed to deliver it in the event of her aunt's death. Its contents were these:—

"Will you look into the heart by which you mercifully hope to be avenged? When it shall have ceased to beat, its transcript shall be placed before you, and you will see that for long years your image, Charles

Waterford, has been the master of its every pulsation. In my early girlhood, when it was generous and spotless as that of the young creature to whose memory you sacrifice my existence—it was yours. Whilst I listened to the marriage vows that bound you to my sister, and strove against it with bitter, bitter agony, still it was yours. In the days of your intellectual struggles and proud success; and in your care, and gloom, and sorrow, still, still yours. Was this guilt?—I cannot reason now, for my brain is racked and burning—but I *feel* that it was not. I never grudged *her* your love. Witness your own memory—I watched her with a devotion even surpassing your own. That she might have continued to live upon the happiness denied to me, I would have bought her life with mine. When she was taken from us, what was your grief to mine?

"But when the grass began to spring over her ashes in your heart, then in mine was passion first brightened by hope. Had I not by long and unchangeable affection earned what it was yours again to give? From whom had you ever, or could you ever have had such sympathy as mine? Who ever gloried in you, and worshiped you, and toiled for you as I? Whose sacrifices—no! I will not speak of wordly sacrifices for your sake, for what was the whole world to me, balanced with my hidden affection!—Who was your equal in the conquests of mind com-

pared with myself? I say not this in arrogance, and you will not understand it so, for you were my incitement—who so endowed that she might have added honors even to yours? And when the seat at your household altar, which to my aspirations was the holiest and loftiest place on earth, was gaily approached by one untried, one unknown to you but as the companion of a few pleasant hours—was it so trivial a thing to me that I should smooth and adorn that place for her acceptance? When the light which, for half my life, I had shed upon your path, was forgotten for the bloom of a flower thrown casually at your feet, was it for me to aid in cherishing the flower for your bosom?

"Now wonder at the omissions which in your thoughts are numbered as the sins that have rendered your home desolate to your eyes; and wonder that a single sentence from your lips should have had the power to scorch my heart to dust! You have charged me with crushing your flower—which will bloom again for you in a future of bliss—take a yet more fearful condemnation to yourself, you, who have been my past—in whom is absorbed my present of madness! What future have you left to me? In the few blighting words by which you annihilated the hope through which I had lived, and revealed to me that I had lived in vain, you also pronounced the doom of my soul."

THE SOIREE.

BY MRS. ALFRED H. REIP.

"I AM delighted, enchanted, enraptured, at beholding you again, my dear Frank!" exclaimed Harry Weston, as he entered the dressing-room of his friend, who was adjusting the tie of his cravat. "I have just heard of your arrival, and hastened to invite you to the *soirée* my sisters intend giving to-night. Consider yourself a fortunate fellow, for I think I can promise you a very pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most fashionable families in the city, and doubtless we shall have a complete squeeze. I am glad you have returned safely! How did you like 'sailing on the midnight deep?' and how did you beguile the long weary hours of the watch? and how are you?"

"Why, I am here, safe and sound. But, Harry, you run word upon word, and question upon question, with such volubility that I began to think I should never get a chance to answer you."

"Then, let your good looks answer for you, for I never saw you looking better; though the sun and wind of the ocean has effected some little change in your complexion, but all for the better, I assure you, my dear Frank."

"I am perfectly aware of that," replied Frank, carelessly, giving a finishing brush to his whiskers.

"What! as much of a coxcomb as ever," laughed Harry.

"Why, you know, my dear fellow, that, among other blessings, Heaven has given me a passably good opinion of myself, and I have been taught to consider my looks not particularly disagreeable by those fair judges who have them under review," was the conceited reply.

"Allow me, then, to give you timely warning, that you will need your very best looks this evening, for the star who will reign is a cruel fair one," said Harry, still laughing.

"And why a cruel fair one? Have you been led a pretty dance through all the perils of love, then quietly surrendered at discretion?"

"Ah! my dear Frank, that has been the lot of all who have basked in the sunshine of her smile—yet her star still maintains its ascendancy, and she goes on breaking hearts with the utmost industry."

"May I solicit the honor of hearing the name of this dangerous siren?" asked Frank, becoming interested.

"Beautiful Fanny Ashton."

"She is as bewitching as cruel then?"

"Aye! The dullest beau feels inspired by her presence, their language flows into metre as they address her, they become poetic as they catch the light of her smile. Then, so prettily she derides their woes, that mockery becomes enchanting when fall-

ing from her ruby lips—all feel the stroke, but they treasure the missile."

"The tyrant!" exclaimed Frank.

"Ah, such a tyrant was never before seen," replied his friend.

"Can nothing be done with her?"

"Nothing. After numerous encouragements, and repeated repulses, finding 'love's labor lost,' we have stacked our arms *en masse*, declaring the fortress impregnable."

"There is nothing on earth I desire more than to encounter an accomplished coquette," said Frank, as he poured the perfume on his snowy handkerchief.

"I suppose then you mean to attack her, but I caution you to beware," playfully advised his companion.

"May I not be more lucky than the rest?" coquettishly asked his friend.

"And free the world from bondage," laughed Harry, as he rose to leave the room; "but let me again say beware."

"Harry, her cup is nearly filled—the hour of retribution is at hand—I will teach her a lesson."

Frank Belmont was an officer in the United States navy, and had just returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean. He was handsome, had a martial air, and yet was withal somewhat sentimental and poetical, with a fine, clear olive complexion, dark brown hair, and exquisitely turned up mustaches, with eyes "deeply, darkly blue." He was what the girls call "a love of a man." On his inner man we will not enlarge, merely premising that he was called "a pretty clever fellow," also that nature had given him a bountiful share of vanity. How far the fact of his possessing, at the same time, a sufficient quantum of the "filthy lucre," might have gone in softening the ladies in his favor we know not, but certain it is, in process of time, he gained quite a reputation as "lady-killer," without being once unpleasantly reminded that he possessed as much as a fragment of a heart. "T was strange, 't was passing strange," so said the ladies, that his twenty-eighth birth-day found him still hogging his single blessedness.

"I will teach this saucy belle what it is to maltreat my sex," was the thought that occupied the mind of our hero, as he wended his way to the house of Mrs. Weston. "I will teach her a lesson, and revenge the wrongs of her victims. Doubtless she is some pert, forward miss, with a baby face, full of self-importance, and impertinent airs, with neither elegance, sentiment, nor refinement. In my hands she will become a mere plaything; I will take her to pieces with as much ease as a child does a Chinese puzzle. I will flirt with her to her heart's content, then expose all her audacious affectation; place the ridiculous points of her character in the most prominent light, and then overwhelm her with my wit, until, in the agony of her spirit, she cries for mercy." Here his soliloquy ended, for he had reached the brilliantly illuminated mansion of Mrs. Weston. He was ushered into a scene of gaiety, which appeared like enchantment; look where he would his glance was rewarded with visions of beauty; diamonds and

ladies' eyes seemed to vie with each other in brilliancy. A band of music poured out a continual flood of the richest and most inspiring harmony, flowers bloomed around, and the air was laden with incense. What wonder that the eyes of Frank Belmont flashed with a brighter brilliancy, or that his cheek beamed with pleased surprise, as he took a survey of the magnificence before him. Harry Weston advanced to meet him, and led him to his sisters. The Misses Weston were surrounded by a group of lovely girls, to whom he was introduced, but in so hurried a manner as to leave him ignorant of some of their names. A few minutes more found him conversing with one of this group—a young and exquisitely beautiful girl. Never had he seen a being half so lovely. She was very fair, with a pair of melting dark eyes, which the long black fringe of the silken lashes half veiled—daintily curved mouth, with a bewitching smile—a cheek glowing warmly with feeling and animation—rich dark brown hair, profuse in its luxuriance, and dressed in innumerable ringlets down her graceful shoulders, which set off exquisitely her fair and rosy face. Her dress was simple white, made low in the neck, and displayed the outline of her form, which was perfection—her beautifully moulded arms were white as snow, and bare.

"Will you dance?" asked Frank, anxious to keep her near him.

"I have refused several gentlemen," replied the beauty.

"But you will dance with me?" and the look was so entreating.

"I suppose I must." And she suffered him to draw her gently among the dancers—a few moments more found her tripping away as gaily as if her soul was in her pretty feet. The soft, enchanting grace with which she moved and spoke completed the fascination of our hero.

The dance ended, and he drew her arm in his for a promenade. Fanny Ashton was forgotten.

"Do you sing?" he inquired, gazing on her lovely speaking face.

"Allow me to exercise a woman's privilege of answering one question by asking another. Do you write poetry?"

"You see my 'eyes are not in a fine frenzy rolling.' But do not you write as well as sing?"

"I am too merry to string even a few rhymes together," answered she, gaily.

"Then you think to be poetical one must necessarily be gloomy."

"Not exactly so; but one should be lofty, thoughtful, dreamy. I scarcely know how to explain what I mean, but I fancied I discovered some symptoms of a poetical nature in your voice—in your air—in your—but perhaps I am saying too much." She stopped, and cast down her beautiful eyes with bashful timidity.

"I should like to know what you do think of me," said he, after a short silence.

"You are very bold; suppose my opinion should not be very flattering." And the gay girl looked archly in his face.

3

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

2.

3.

"Then you mean to intimate that it is not."

"Never ask a woman what she means," said she, laughing.

"Why not?"

"Because, she means any thing, or nothing, just as she pleases;" this was said with a mischievous smile, her merry eyes dancing and glistening like diamonds.

"But still your words conveyed the idea that I should hear nothing very flattering."

"Do not believe my words," said she softly, as she raised her eyes to his—those eyes which gave a spell-like power to her beauty.

Again they danced together. A lady elegantly dressed in satin, feathers and jewels, who danced near them, recalled Fanny Ashton to his memory—for a few moments he watched her coquettish movements—one gentleman who stood beside her, held her fan, another her bouquet, to a third she whispered—on a fourth she smiled. He had seen enough to satisfy him that this was the celebrated coquette. How persons will differ in taste, thought he, as he turned from the belle, and his eyes again rested on the charming face of his partner. For a time he gazed upon her without uttering a word, with eyes, in whose dark orbs the admiration he felt was apparent to every one around. He was indeed the unconscious subject of general observation, and the spell that bound him was only broken by a tap on the shoulder from his friend, Harry, who was passing with a lady on his arm—the arch look, and light laugh which accompanied it, recalled in a measure his self-possession—and now his whole soul became absorbed in the endeavor to make himself agreeable to the fair creature beside him. The young lady held in her hand a bouquet of freshly culled flowers, and in apparent unconsciousness of her work of destruction, tore the delicate leaves to pieces, and cast them from her, until the floor around was spangled with a variety of soft lovely hues. There was a pensive softness in her air—her eyes were cast down and a gentle blush rose to her cheek, as he playfully gathered the torn and scattered leaves and placed them in his bosom.

"May I keep these?" whispered he.

"Oh they are torn and faded—you shall have something prettier," she replied, taking a white rose-bud but half unfolded from her hair.

"I will look at this when alone, and think of a far lovelier flower," said he, taking it and earnestly pressing the hand that gave it—the pressure was slightly returned, but it thrilled to his very soul—and he fancied those dark eyes beamed upon him with a dewy light, so eloquent with love and truth, that his heart beat with emotions undefinable and new—could

ought mortal wholly resist the intoxication of that moment! The dance was over—and a young gentleman claimed the hand of Frank's partner for the next set of cotillions. Frank engaged her for the reel, and walked with the proud step of a conqueror across the room, where he joined Harry Weston.

"Well, Harry," said he, "I come now claiming to be introduced to the wonderful Miss Ashton."

"I don't understand you, Frank," exclaimed Harry, looking surprised; "I thought you had been introduced to her?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I have not yet met her."

"Not met her!" and Harry roared with laughter.

"No, indeed!"

"Why Frank, you have been by her side nearly all the evening—bending over her like one entranced;" and Harry laughed still louder.

"For a moment Frank stood motionless and speechless, as the truth flashed upon him.

"Surely—surely," said he, recovering his voice—"That angel cannot be Fanny Ashton?"

"No other, I assure you, than Fanny, the tyrant."

"Well, whatever she may have been to others, she will never be cruel to me—Harry, she shall be the soother of my cares—the partner of my declining years—the—"

"Let me beg of you, Frank, not to submit yourself to the mortification of a dismissal!"—cried Harry, interrupting him. "She is either fooling you, or you have fooled yourself."

"Why, Harry, I trust you are not jealous," returned his companion, looking suspiciously at him.

"I begin to suspect you."

"Then I'll say no more." Harry turned away, and Frank again sought Miss Ashton.

"I will call on you to-morrow," he whispered, she prepared to depart.

"Oh no! not to-morrow," she replied.

"Why not to-morrow?" he asked, and his tones were full of tenderness.

"Because to-morrow—but is it possible you have not heard?—to-morrow—to-morrow—I am—to-be married."

Frank looked around and saw a dozen faces grinning with savage delight—then arose the pleasurable anticipation, as he heard the galling laugh that followed, of being ridiculed, bored, and goaded to death in the bargain, if he remained longer, so with a hasty step he made for the door, and rushed from the house.

The next day the rooms so recently occupied by our hero, were found vacated; and, upon inquiry, Harry ascertained that he had been seized with a sudden fancy to make a tour westward.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Like a star that breaks at even,
Suddenly upon the heaven!
Musical as fountain's play,
Comes our sunny Queen of May.

Round her path in fragrant showers
Rosee fall and all sweet flowers—

Light her step as dancing fay,
Gleesome, winsome Queen of May.

She has vanished—like a dream,
Like the sunshine on a stream,
Like a cloud that speeds away,
Dashing, beauteous Queen of May.

KATE O'SHANE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE LINLEY.

PRESENTED BY J. S. OSBORN, 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Andante Semplice.

The cold winds of Au-tumn Wail

mourn-ful-ly here, The leaves round me fall-ing, Are fad-ed and

ere; But chill tho' the breeze be, and threat-'ning the storm, My

heart, full of fond - ness, Beats kind - - ly and warm; Oh!

Den - nis, dear, come back to me, I count the - hours a - - way from

piu lento. *slentando.* *ad lib*
thee; Re - - turn, O nev - er part a - gain, from thy own dar - ling, Kate O'

Shane. - -

'T was here we last parted,
 'T was here we first met,
 And ne'er has he caused me
 One tear of regret.
 Tho' seasons may alter,
 Their change I defy—
 My heart's one glad summer,
 When Dennis is by.
 Oh! Dennis, dear, come back to me,
 I count the hours away from thee;
 Return, O never part again,
 From thy own darling, Kate O'Shane.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Paris, February 27, 1846.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—The literary productions of the day, with the exception of some religious controversies, give way either to the stern proceedings in England against the corn monopoly, or yield to the more gentle personal attractions of the Carnival. There are but two countries which have a Carnival—France and Italy—the others only have an established routine of amusements from Christmas till Lent; during which period they dance, eat, drink, talk, (conversation is only cultivated in Paris,) or play cards, without being able to say they forgot themselves or their business, or their real or mock dignity, for a single indivisible moment. This was not so in France, where enjoyment was the great object of life, and where the gratification of no desire that could be obtained to-day was willingly deferred to the treacherous chances of the morrow. The zeal and constancy which the English display in labor the French had in amusements. And it is, indeed, the only thing about which they are still serious; for pleasure in France is as much of a necessary of life as bread and beef in England, and is generally to be had at all times, and at all prices, to suit the fortunes and tastes of all classes. It is true this love of pleasure begets a vast deal of mischief, and is at the root of every moral and social evil of the country; but, on the other hand, it helps to make life easy, and to beguile even poverty, want and remorse.

The quintessence of a Carnival one must see in Italy—Rome, Naples, or Venice. The higher classes of the French, since the Revolution of July, have become such a would-be sober, propriety-loving people, that masquerades have ceased to please them. To be masked is the privilege of the lower classes. Neither do the higher ones (God save the mark!) join any longer in the procession of carriages that used to line the Boulevards on the last Sunday of the Carnival, and the two days following. The noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain hates to be confounded with the bourgeoisie, and the bourgeoisie have a still greater aversion to the people. There is more stiffness and cold formality in the French, at this moment, than can be found in England; more love and pride of money, more contempt for the laboring classes, than in any other country in Europe. To a person beholding merely the surface of society, the French undoubtedly appear a much more calm, sedate, "respectable" people; but if you will put yourself to the trouble of gently withdrawing the curtain, you find the old vices and national failings, only a little more removed to the interior. The eternal play of propriety covers their secret indulgences—their trimmed phrases in society the absence of high-minded purposes.

Hitherto the French, with all their failings, were an amiable people, who made no attempt to pass for more than they were worth; they have now added to their many vices the hypocrisy of the higher classes of England, without adopting any of the substantial English habits. True, a few of them have introduced the steeple-chase, and commence to dress and talk like Squire Western; others there are, who will pass day and night at the club, and forego the society of ladies; some have become religious, and look exceedingly sober when an allusion is made to the church; but very few of them have any other cause

for their conduct than that it is fashionable. Now, for myself, I would rather see downright vice than this mockery of fashionable respectability, for I can conceive nothing so destructive even to the respect paid to virtue as the subjecting it to the caprice of the day and the ever-changing forms of social intercourse. Imagine a man attentive to his wife, merely because it is the rule of society to be so; or a woman to play propriety, not because this is the essence of her being, but because without it she would be considered out of fashion; or persons of either sex going to the church of St. Roch, merely because one is sure of meeting there the best company!

A sober people the French will never become; nor is there much danger of their becoming Englishmen, except as far as the form of a coat, the building of a carriage, the riding on horseback, and the abolition of those agreeable, graceful manners are concerned, which rendered French society in former days so peculiarly attractive. French society, from the court down, is becoming hideously selfish, gross and barbarous. Whatever the French may have been in former days, they had at least the politeness to appear generous, polite, hospitable, and to value the ease and comfort of others. They consider themselves now dispensed from even appearing what they are not; they reduce life to a mere numerical calculation of chances and probabilities in love, friendship and social intercourse. Talk of our money-making Yankees! When do they sell themselves to the richest heiress, and then deceive and cheat her in the bargain! Where are more love matches made in the world than in the United States? A Frenchman, in addressing a woman in an inferior walk of life, or one who is poorer than himself, is not even supposed to have honorable intentions; because the case occurs so rarely, that when it happens it is quoted as an exception to the rule. These hot-headed Frenchmen—these "passionate, generous southerners," as they call themselves, are never so madly in love, are never so far the children of impulse, as not to count francs and centimes. Great as their passion is, and their vain-glorious conceit about generosity, it never betrays them into a decent act of self-denial.

We have been reproached with loving to be flattered, and our great men have been charged with administering to this morbid appetite of our people; but where is there on the globe a nation so perfectly convinced as the French of her greatness, her valor, her noble sentiments, and the sacrifices she has made to humanity? The French actually believe that they have fought the wars of their Revolution merely for the benefit of other nations—that they never took more from any of the people they conquered than was absolutely necessary for its own good—and that Napoleon has been the great benefactor of the world. The French, if you believe them, never thought of plunder either in Italy, Switzerland, Germany or Russia; they merely wanted to do those nations good, as they have now generously undertaken the civilization of the Arabs, and it was a proof of base ingratitude on the part of those nations, as it is now a proof of base selfishness on the part of Abdel Kader, not to kiss the rod that smote them.

But you will believe I am prejudiced; and for this reason

I quote from the last work of Michelet, (author of "The Priest and the Family," which has lately been translated into English,) entitled "*Le Peuple*." Were an American, an Englishman, or a German, to write something similar, he would expose himself to the most imminent danger of being "straight-jacketed;" but an ex-professor of the University of Paris may write any thing with impunity, especially when he administers to the national vanity of the French people. I will give you a few extracts, adding in some instances the words of the original, lest I should be accused of distorting its sense. Michelet dedicates the work to another ex-professor of the University, Guizot, in these terms—"This book is unself; hence it is thine." This is a phrase—a ridiculous, bombastic phrase—but it is one which is apt to captivate the French people. The author speaks of the growing love of money, (unfortunately the love of enterprise and of labor does not grow with it,) and ascribes to it the wretched condition of the French people. "Money," according to him, "is the seed of hatred, the means of power; it begets cupidity, baseness, servility, and anarchy. Servitude is hatred, love is emancipation."

These thoughts indicate a warm heart, and a mind in search of ideas; but the author stopping at a phrase, gives us the shadow of a shadow. He gives us a fine picture of the people, which is nevertheless more poetical than true. "The people," according to Mr. Michelet, possess "ardor, expansive confidence, vitality, and the grace of simplicity; they are children possessing the instinct of action. And it is not sufficient that the rulers should let the little ones come unto them, but they must go and meet the children." Who that innocent, child-like people is, the French ex-professor of history does not hesitate to inform us. It is the people of France, who never did harm to anybody, and never used the guillotine, except for infantine sports. The French people, according to Mr. Michelet, are the model-people on earth—the incarnation of the divinity—an immediate emanation from the Godhead; and such impious stuff the French public reads and swears by; because it flatters their inordinate, and, to an Englishman or an American, perfectly inconceivable vanity!

"France," says Michelet, "is a Religion!" and then sinking the pathos in the peroration, he continues:

"France, glorious mother! who art not only our mother, but from whom every nation has to be born again to liberty, make that we love ourselves in thee!" (*France, glorieuse mère, qui n'êtes pas seulement la nôtre mère qui devez enfanter toute nation à la liberté, faites que nous nous aimions en vous!*)

"If we were to heap up the blood, gold, and generous efforts of all descriptions which each nation expended in promoting disinterested objects, which were only destined to benefit mankind, the pyramid of France would rise to the skies. . . . And yours, O nations! as many as you are, the heap of your sacrifices would not rise to the knee of an infant!" What stump orator of the far West can, after this, be said to flatter our people, or to give them an exalted opinion of themselves?

I heard the other day, from a most reliable source, an anecdote of Mr. Guizot, who, as the whole Parisian world knows, is the admirer of Madame de Lieven, (or Princess Lieven, as she is sometimes called,) a woman who enjoys a reputation as a diplomatist much beyond her deserts, but with whom Guizot spends the best portion of his leisure hours—perhaps for the purpose of being favorably spoken of to the ambassadors of the other powers. Some months ago, when D'Israeli and Lord Brougham both happened to be in Paris, his lordship happened to drop into Madame de Lieven's boudoir, where Mr. Guizot was already arm-

chaired, and the conversation immediately turned upon D'Israeli.

"I find him a very interesting companion," observed the princess.

"What! D'Israeli? Do you allow that man to visit you? You ought to have had him thrown out of the window!" ejaculated his lordship.

"Indeed! I thought he was one of your cleverest men," rejoined the lady, with a sardonic smile.

"Why, madam, you ought not to tolerate persons of such calibre," persevered the ex-chancellor.

"Indeed, my lord," interrupted Mr. Guizot, "I felt disposed to think well of him, from the great respect with which he spoke of the important legal services you have rendered your country while Lord Chancellor of England, and the conviction he expressed, that, in case of a change, you alone could be thought of to fill that high office."

"Ah, did he, indeed?" rejoined his lordship. "Singular! Well, I dare say, the man is *not altogether* without talent, though I think him sadly overrated. Still, compared with the ordinary run of men, and especially of the writers of the present day, a *certain* talent, as I have just observed, cannot be denied him. In fact, I have had occasion to notice it on several occasions. As I have remarked to you, a little while ago, he is unquestionably a man of talent; indeed, there can be no doubt that his talents are distinguished, and that the man's prospects, if he learn to act with wisdom and discretion, are, perhaps, I believe I may say altogether, brilliant."

"But did he actually speak well of Lord Brougham as a chancellor?" demanded the princess of Mr. Guizot, after Lord Brougham had left the room.

"Not a bit of it," answered Guizot, "but I have them both to dine with me on Monday next, and I have no desire to see them break each other's heads over my table."

Yet this same Guizot uses a singular seal for his private letters to ladies and gentlemen, which, perhaps, is in itself a fine stroke of diplomacy. It is a *straight line*, with the motto—"Omnium recta brevissima!" Such a motto, to a Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, as I learn to-day, will soon be President of the Council, (as Marshal Soult means to abdicate) worth a Jew's eye!

But I must return to the *salon*. That word cannot be translated into English, because the thing itself has no local habitation in England, and consequently no name. Paris is the only city in the world where there are salons, though *saloons* may be found plentiful as blackberries almost in every town. A French *salon* is a room from twelve to twenty feet square, well carpeted and curtained, ornamented with sofas, arm-chairs, and the like, in which the lady of the house receives, at stated times, those visitors to whom she chooses to give audience. During the day the *salon* is never accessible to the full rays of the sun, but in the evening exhibits a brilliant light of wax-candles. During the day, that is, from half past four in the afternoon till six, the lady occupies that place of the *salon* which exhibits her attractions in the most favorable light, and she is then visited principally by those only who do not count the hours they spend in her presence. There is no refreshment handed round beyond a cup of tea or chocolate in the evening. No game is introduced, no dancing is carried on; no music of *dilettanti* fatigues your ears; you are there entirely left to exchange agreeable words with agreeable persons; to mix in private or general conversation; to love, and to endeavor to *deserve* love in return, or to make yourself generally agreeable, as your feelings may prompt you; for the great object of the *salon* is to bring men and women together mutually to heighten their attractions.

If there be any thing in France that can make a stranger forget the many vices and crimes he is constantly called on to witness—the meanness he discovers in the general intercourse of life—it is the grace, agreeableness and generosity of the women. They are the only cement that keeps French society together; that prevents the stock and money jobbers of the present day from plunging again into barbarism. After the battle of Austerlitz, when Austria was laid prostrate before France, Gentz, subsequently secretary of Prince Metternich, wrote to Johannez von Möller, "Believe me, the women alone have yet preserved some value." What Gentz observed of the women of Vienna holds ten times as strong of those of Paris. If there be yet some patriotic sentiments in France, you must look for them among the women; if you want to discover disinterestedness, the women alone have got it; if you desire to study refinement and grace, try to make yourself at home in some agreeable *salon*. An agreeable *salon* is a fortress against "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—an altar where you may either offer incense to the gods for their favors, or gather strength and courage, Prometheus-like, to defy their wrath.

A lady need not be rich to have an agreeable *salon*; but she must be graceful and attractive. Rich people who throw their rooms open once or twice a week, or every evening, cannot be said to have a *salon*; they merely allow other people to make themselves at home in their apartments; they furnishing tea and candles. Unfortunately too many of the *élite* of the Faubourg St. Germain are, by the reverses of fortune, in a condition which compels them to receive their friends and admirers in other persons' houses; which, in part, explains the "distinguished reception (!)" some of our own countrymen have met with in Paris. They received instead of being received; a slight correction, which may, perhaps, be less gratifying to their pride, though more strictly in accordance with truth. Hospitable the French are not; for they consider every thing as thrown away for which they do not strictly receive a return. The different degrees of hospitality vary from a dinner to a few wax-candles. *Elle donne à dîner*, (she gives to dine,) *elle donne du thé*, (she gives tea,) *elle donne des bougies*, (she gives candles.) The women have nothing to give, except their agreeable society; these are said to give to love, (*elles donnent à aimer*), an expression which is certainly as graceful as those to whom it applies.

Handsome the French women may not be called, especially by an American, who has the highest standard of comparison at home, but graceful and agreeable they are in a most eminent degree. Their feet are not small, but well shaped, and they are always *bien chaussées*; the best shoemakers in Europe being, beyond all question, the French, and *par excellence* the Parisian. Their hands, on the contrary, are small, but not beautiful; an American hand is generally much better shaped, and the fingers especially are much more tapering and graceful. Such are the hands of Raphael's Madonnas. The lady's hand in France is small, *potelé*, (fleshy,) with short round fingers, and a soft velvety skin, which gives it great power of grasp, with gentleness of impression; qualities whose full value can only be appreciated in peculiar circumstances, but which I can easily conceive to be not altogether without attraction.

The forms of French women are generally diminutive; beautiful necks and shoulders being much more rare than in England or America. Their milliners, however, know how to supply deficiencies of almost any sort, and are in many instances the true cause of physical attraction. A French lady is truly inseparable from her dress and *entourage*, (whatever surrounds her,) and, seen through that

medium, is rarely without charms. They understand the principle of compensation better than any women in the world, and often supply by taste what they lack in beauty. Their *townures*, in spite of the eulogy bestowed on them by Prince Puckler Muscau, (who merely did so to disparage the English,) I have found no reason to admire generally. They are, if I may be permitted to use so inelegant a word, a little too chumpy, so that even when you admire, you often feel disposed to stretch them a little, for the sake of disengaging their proportions. The best shaped women I have seen in France, are the full length wax figures in the shop windows of the hair-dressers, and they do turn so very gracefully—on a pivot! The only objection I have to them is their revolting *négligé*.

One of the most agreeable *salons* of Paris is that of an American lady, Mrs. C., originally of Virginia, lately of B., a little blue-eyed, black-haired *mignonne*, exceedingly delicate, yet dare-devil looking creature, who, I think, has a peculiar talent for subjecting Frenchmen, and keeping them withal in their proper places. She is constantly surrounded by clever men, and being quite rich and full of talent, is said "to give" every thing—dinners, suppers, teas, music, to love to admire and to wonder at. The French say, *elle donne de l'esprit*, (she gives wit and mind,) and I think that is the truest thing they can say of her. If American women will imitate the French in some of their nobler efforts, I certainly rejoice in seeing them top their Parisian models. I never doubted that our countrymen and women could outstrip Europeans in any thing they were willing to undertake, but more particularly in those which require sense, taste and judgment. One great advantage which they possess over Europeans consists in their greater knowledge of character; developed and cultivated by the greater freedom of our social intercourse, and the genius of our institutions. The French are so much the slaves of conventional forms, and so completely cut after the national model, that the independent individuality of our self-balanced American women strikes them with perfect wonderment, and has at times quite a beneficial influence on their *amour propre*.

Philadelphia is, at this moment, also exceedingly well represented in Paris. The high-minded, talented, generous Mrs. R., has become the lioness of the French capital. No party, no concert, no *conversations* of any distinction can be given without her. She certainly is exceedingly clever, and converses with great grace, and an original yet highly cultivated mind. But it is not Paris alone which will admire and do homage to Mrs. R.; she will be a queen wherever she goes, and, instead of obeying, set the fashions of the day.

During the Carnival booksellers have the good sense not to publish new works that might be very apt to fall still-born from the press. For this reason, Ame'die Pichot has not yet published (though it is ready for publication) Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico." The news from Algiers, and the fear that some of Mr. Prescott's views might too readily be applied or contrasted with the French, has also influenced the cautious translator, who has already distinguished himself by his "*Histoire de Charles Edouard*," a character of whom hitherto very little was known, beyond what readers might have picked up from Walter Scott's novels. This "History of Charles Edward" is now about to be published, in the shape of a translation, in England. Mr. Pichot, as you may be aware, is the editor of the *Revue Britannique*.

I wanted to give you an idea of the literary barons (for literature itself begins to partake of the feudal organization of labor) of this wonderfully great toy-shop, but must defer that pleasure till the next steamer, as I am suffering from an attack of the "grip," which is very prevalent here.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8co.

Jeffrey was editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1803 to 1829. During a considerable portion of that time, party spirit raged with great intensity, and the *Review* was always in the thick of the conflict, where the "death bolts fell deadliest," dealing blows with the utmost heartiness, and receiving them with the greatest nonchalance. It was the organ of the whig party, and the most powerful and influential journal that any party ever possessed. By its courage and perseverance in opposition, it prepared the way for some of the most important reforms. It especially was influential in piercing to the core of tory injustice and misrule, and exposing the inhumanity and corruption which disgraced the tory administration. Most of Jeffrey's political articles, and many of his literary criticisms, which were written under the influence of this partisan spirit, to serve temporary purposes, he has wisely dropped in this collection of his writings.

The articles in this volume are classed under appropriate heads, viz: General Literature and Biography, History and Historical Memoirs, Poetry, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Novels, General Politics, and Miscellaneous. In each division there are essays and reviews which will repay perusal. Among them all, we prefer the dissertation on Beauty, the reviews of Grimm's Correspondence, Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare, the Margravine of Bareith's Memoirs, and Walsh's "Appeal"—and the articles on Swift, Alfieri, Franklin, Warburton, Curran, Mackintosh, Crabbe, Moore, Keats and Mrs. Hemans. The greatest things in the volume are the dissertation on Beauty and the analysis of Swift, though we disagree with the theory inculcated in the first, and think that the second is perhaps too harsh in its tone; but both are ingenious, and finely written.

The wide range of topics handled in this volume clearly evidence the versatility of the author's mind. But it is still versatility—not comprehension. The book is full of information, contains much just and generous sentiment, and is, in fact, a fair expression of a most shrewd, acute, nimble and brilliant, but not profound and earnest mind. There is nothing great and original in the whole octavo. The admiration it excites comes more from the variety of the topics, and the apparently easy manner with which each is treated, than for any striking excellence in any one article. Adroitness and plausibility are the characteristics of the whole. The style is the great charm of the book. Jeffrey was master of a most soft, rich and insinuating diction. It has not much strength or picturesqueness, little true condensation, none of that stern, brief emphasis with which a powerful mind utters its rooted opinions; but it rambles, and glides, and glances, and sparkles along, with inimitable ease. His range of imagery is very narrow, and he even continually repeats a few forms of mistily shining expression; but he still gives the impression of having a wide command of all the resources both of imagery and language. With fancy, wit, and much clearness and acuteness of understanding, he has no shaping or pictorial imagination. He never realizes to his own mind events or characters as vital realities. He stamps nothing on the mind of the reader. His words run from him, and

run through the reader's memory, like water. In the whole range of his compositions there is not an original poetic combination, either of things or words; and in all his criticisms there is no evidence of his reproducing in his own mind the mental state that the author addresses, or of his having any clear insight into the mental condition of any one great poet. Read his article on Burns or Goethe, and then turn to Carlyle's articles on the same men, and the superficial mode of Jeffrey's judgment will be apparent. Jeffrey notices many things acutely which Carlyle disregards, but then he does not, like Carlyle, pierce to the heart of the matter, and seize on the inward vital principles of their character and writings.

The prominent defect of Jeffrey as a poetical critic, is his lack both of refinement and depth of spiritual insight, and his consequent inability to perceive the thing he criticises. He was fine and finical in the detection of minor faults, and infinitely plausible in making great merits appear exceptions to those faults. He had an eel-like way, too, of slipping from his propositions, when they were scouted by others, from the fact that his propositions were expressed in language really indefinite to the mind, while seemingly definite to the ear. His inherent lack of principles grounded in the nature of things, is seen in this indefiniteness of expression. Whenever he obtains a glimpse of a true and deep principle, or intimates it in his flying way, it seems rather caught by chance, and appropriated to serve a special purpose, than a vital idea, influencing his mind in all its decisions. If we look over his judgments on the poets of the century, we shall see the comparative narrowness of his perceptions. Every where we perceive Jeffrey, no where, or rarely, a fair reproduction of the author. Besides, his best criticisms are not on the greatest writers. He could review Moore, Keats, Mrs. Hemans, Rogers, better than Wordsworth, Coleridge or Goethe. Though his various articles on Scott's novels and poems contain much acute criticism, he has not plucked out the "heart of his mystery." He could see nothing but nonsense and jargon in Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Childhood," though the precious article in which his blindness was declared, he has not seen fit to reprint in the present collection. The review of the "White Doe" is ignorant, insolent, and, as a piece of fun, puerile. But the article on Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," is the great critical blunder of the age. Here Jeffrey is really caught. The thing is not without plausibility, but it is sadly without truth. He tells us that the novel is "nowhere probable, or conversant indeed either with natural or conceivable characters;" and, after the "most deliberate consideration," he pronounces it to be "eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, vulgar and affected; and though redeemed by considerable powers of invention, and some traits of vivacity, to be so far from perfection, as to be, almost from beginning to end, one flagrant offence against every principle of taste, and every just rule of composition." In this review Jeffrey's superficial mode of judgment is very happily developed. He does not perceive the law of the work, he does not unfold its meaning, he has no idea of the author's object; but he has a very clear notion of its disagreement with Francis Jeffrey and the run of English

novels, and from his own point of view hits some of its details with much wit and cleverness. In the same way he might review the great works of other foreign literatures, whether of past ages or the present time, and show their worthlessness as works of art. Indeed, in every case where imagination, or depth and comprehension of thought were required to the right interpretation of a man or a book, Jeffrey wrote himself down inferior as a critic to Coleridge, Carlyle and Macaulay, and, we may add, Hazlitt and Talfourd. In those cases in which he excels them the greatest qualities of the critic are not called into play. The best he could do was to tell the truth as it is about the man, not the truth as it is the man. By his agility of movement, his stores of information, his swallow-like skimming over surfaces, his dry, sly, stinging wit, and the sweetness and richness of feeling he occasionally infuses into his diction, he always makes his compositions interesting, and consequently effective.

On the back of the title page of the volume, the publishers have reprinted a newspaper notice of Jeffrey, to guide readers in their judgments. This is in bad taste. The notice is in the highest strain of eulogy, swarms with erroneous statements, and is calculated to mislead those who are but partially acquainted with the English critics of the century. Besides, it is an endorsement of Jeffrey's errors and mistakes, as well as an encomium on his excellencies. The writer states that Jeffrey "was formed undoubtedly to be the first critic of his age; and of poetry he was probably the best judge that ever lived." Further on, we are informed, that only two persons can be brought into comparison with him—Macaulay and Carlyle. The writer "would distinguish them by saying that Macaulay is a good reviewer but a sorry critic; Carlyle an admirable critic but a miserable reviewer"—a distinction, we venture to say, that, with relation to the persons it distinguishes, has not one particle of meaning. It is then added that Jeffrey is "at once the best critic and the best reviewer of the age." The mere statement of such extreme opinions as these is a sufficient reply to them. We should no more think of answering them, than we should an assertion that Napoleon was a good tactician but a sorry general—Wellington an admirable general but a miserable tactician—but that General Scott was at once the best tactician and the best general of the age.

Types: A Peep at Polynesian Life. By Herman Melville. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 parts, 16mo.

This entertaining work belongs to the "Library of American Books." Those who love to roam and revel in a life purely unconventional, though only in imagination, may be gratified by following the guidance of Mr. Melville. He writes of what he has seen *com amore*, and at times almost loses his loyalty to civilization and the Anglo-Saxon race. His pen riots in describing the felicity of the Types; and their occasional indulgence in a little cannibalism, he is inclined to regard somewhat as an amiable weakness, or, at least, as not being worse than many practices sanctioned by polite nations. "The white civilized man," he considers to be entitled, in point of "remorseless cruelty," to the dubious honor of being "the most ferocious animal on the face of the earth." So far he seems to think sailors and missionaries have carried little to the barbarous nations which have come under his notice, but disease, starvation and death. It is the old story of civilization, who, whenever she goes to heathen nations, carries her eternally conflicting implements—rum and religion. Mr. Melville's book is full of things strange and queer to the ears of Broadway and Chestnut street. If the truth about savage

nations were not always a little stranger than civilized fiction can be, we should sometimes be inclined to compliment him for his strength in drawing the long bow of travelers; but his descriptions are doubtless transcripts of facts, not imagination, sounding as they do, "as bad as truth." Those who desire a "Peep at Polynesian Life," had better by all means obtain his work.

The Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 16mo.

These interesting biographies originally appeared in this magazine, where they attracted so much attention as to induce the author to issue them in a volume, with such enlargements and corrections as he has since found opportunity to make. The book contains lives of Bainbridge, Somers, Shaw, Shubrick and Preble. They are written in a style of great directness and much force, not disdaining the use of the most colloquial terms, and never diverging from the line of narrative and comment for the sake of ornament. The volume is full of information on points not generally known. It brings the character and services of those to whom the whole country is indebted, prominently before the public eye for appreciation. Mr. Cooper's power of placing himself in the position of an eye-witness of events, and the vigor and vividness which his narrative obtains from this imaginative self-position, is illustrated in this work as it is in his novels. We can most heartily commend the volume to all interested in our naval history.

Theology Explained and Defended in a Series of Sermons. By Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D., late President of Yale College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4 vols. 8vo.

The high character of this work is evidenced by its hold upon public attention. The present is the twelfth edition. Every student of theology, whether agreeing or disagreeing with the author's opinions, finds it a valuable aid to his studies. It is crammed with well-digested knowledge. The topics are handled with much dogged determination of thought, and the arguments for and against the writer's views, finely arranged. The work enjoys popularity out of the author's own sect, for its clearness and its method. To clergymen, especially of Dr. Dwight's own creed, it is an invaluable manual. The biography of Dr. Dwight, prefixed to the work, represents his character in a most beautiful light. He was a true Christian—cheerful, conscientious, self-denying, deeply pious, and weaving the principles and obligations of duty into the very texture of his existence. A man who thus lived Christianity, was fitted to be its expositor.

The Connection between Geography and History. By Geo. S. Hillard. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.

This pamphlet gives in a very small space, and in very choice language, a great deal of information on the important topic it treats. Mr. Hillard's mastery of the graces and felicities of style is most unobtrusively shown in the character of its diction; and his comprehension of the whole subject is no less evident. We are aware of no work to which we could refer our readers, containing so much generalized information on the intimate relation existing between the physical situation and mental condition of nations, as this little pamphlet by Mr. Hillard. Its publication is calculated to draw attention to a subject, which has been strangely overlooked by most students.

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SYBIL FLOYD.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

They haunt me still—those calm, pure holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams:
The soul of music; that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams;
Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
Is there—and yet how dark a death was thine!—*Mrs. Hemans.*

WE dare only tread on the outskirts of a section of Massachusetts, which Miss Sedgwick has made classical ground by her more powerful pen; but those who wish to know the localities of our sketch must seek a little lake on the edge of Berkshire county. A gem of a lake it is, so hedged in by green hills, and frowned over by rocky mountains, that it is difficult to say whether the sublime or beautiful predominates around it. This body of water is divided by a promontory which shoots through it like an arrow, only falling short of the main land just far enough to leave a little strait, some few yards wide, and scarcely more than that in length. These twin lakes were baptized by the Indians years ago, with the beautiful appellation of Washaning and Washanee, which means great and little water. The waters of these lakes are pure as ice that never felt the sunshine, and so deep that in places the bottom has not yet been found. The crystal belt which links them together is spanned by a rustic bridge, that clasps the arrow-like promontory to the main land. Under its rough logs the waters sing and ripple together, sparkling in and out, and leaving a diamond track as each wave flows with a pleasant murmur to the pure bosom of the other, and catching perfume with a richer tinge from the banks which crowd close together by the bridge, and in the season are a perfect belt of flowery thickets, tangled with vines, rich grasses, and wild blossoms. There is no hour of the day in which a large portion of these twin lakes is not sleeping in the mountain shadow. Altogether it is very much to be doubted if another spot so luxuriant in verdure and so deliciously secluded can be found on this side of Paradise.

A highway sweeps down one of the hills that form a basin for the water twins, and sweeping half round the smaller lake, takes an abrupt curve across the little bridge, and, after threading the promontory, is

lost among the opposite hills. At the sharpest corner of this road, and only separated from the lake by a little wilderness of shrubbery, is a large white house, half embowered with vines and fruit trees. The front door of this house commands an entire view of the smaller lake, and in all this beautiful solitude there is but one other dwelling to be seen, and that lies far away on the swell of a mountain. Still the white house has not always been without neighbors, for back of the hill which shelters it, stands a little cottage, wood-colored and old, with house-leeks and moss creeping over the roof, and tangled to the eaves with honeysuckles and brier roses, all unpruned and left clinging around the empty house, a leafy wilderness for the birds to haunt at will. This house was not always desolate as it is now—there was a time when a sweet faced maiden might have been seen early in a summer's morning hanging her bird cage out of the little window which is now choked up with vine leaves; while an old lady—far too old for any supposition that she was the mother of that girl—sat within the open door, turning her flax wheel with one foot and humming a tune to which the flyers, as they received the thread, buzzed a sleepy accompaniment. In those days the front yard, now overrun with pansies, red roses and white clover, was kept neat and trim as a flower garden. The chickens that swarmed around the fence never attempted to enter that forbidden spot, though the gate were left open ever so wide. The cat, as she lay on the door-stone, dared only half uncloset her eyes and allow the sharp nails to start partially out from her velvet claws as the birds fluttered over her in their musical play among the honeysuckles. The pretty humming birds would dart in and out of the vines all around her, absolutely mocking the hum of Mother White's spinning-wheel, in the most audacious manner and all with perfect impunity.

You never saw a more remarkable little creature than Sybil Floyd. Beautiful she certainly was, but the loveliness of her face was strange and sometimes startling from the brilliancy of its expression. She was very small, but delicately formed and perfect in every rounded limb; though scarcely larger than a child of twelve years, she had nothing of childhood in her appearance, for there was something in the full forehead falling away square at the temples, and in the language of those large black eyes, that made the beholder hesitate while he yearned to protect a creature so full of the dangerous elements of womanhood. Sybil's hair was black as midnight, and so long that when she stood up it swept the floor like a mantle. She had a singular method of coiling it around her head in a massive braid, which seemed too heavy for the delicate temples on which it rested.

Of Sybil Floyd's parentage or history little was known. Old Mrs. White had brought her into the neighborhood when quite a child, after a visit to some relatives in New York, and though dependent on her own labor for support up to that time, and possessed only of the little cottage and its gardens, it was remarked that after Sybil took up her abode there, Mrs. White always had abundance of money without taking in work as formerly, and though she continued to fly her wheel from habit, it was only to manufacture home-made linen, which was regularly made up and piled away for Sybil when she should become a housekeeper.

There was little labor in the household duties of the cottage, and Sybil did not take naturally to it as most New England girls would have done. She loved better to search for flowers and mosses on the mountains, to pet the Canary which Mrs. White had obtained from the city, and to ponder over the few books which the library of a neighboring town afforded, on the banks of the lake, and in all these things Mrs. White indulged her. This wild and beautiful life gave a grace and freedom both of thought and manner to the young girl, that was delightfully fresh and fascinating. Her voice was like the outgushing tones of a bird, and every day of this innocent life gave depth and pathos to feelings that even in childhood were rich with unwritten poetry.

Young Lawrence, who lived at the large white house by the lake, was older than Sybil by ten years, and it was strange that he should have considered her otherwise than as a child, when she was fifteen and he twenty-five—but that year the old gentleman died, leaving his only son inheritor of the homestead with the lakes and their rich banks to the mountain tops that sheltered them. During Mr. Lawrence's sickness Sybil haunted the house like an angel. Sweet girl—she was not afraid of work then—but night after night found her sleepless by the old man's pillow. It was her hands that perfumed his chamber with fresh flowers every morning. It was her gentle voice that read to him in the still watches of the night when death was slowly folding the drapery of the tomb around his couch. Was it strange that the old man should have mistaken her for a guardian angel, ready

to send him up to heaven when the mist of death settled on his vision, and he could discern only the glorious lustre of those large eyes bent tearfully upon him? Was it strange that a widow, lonely and bereaved, should have given her heart to the young creature who had scattered blossoms over the valley and shadow of death which the beloved one had just trod?—or that a son, with his heart gushing over with regretful affection, that had gained overwhelming strength in the loss of its object, should have turned almost with devotion to the child, who, with all the sweetness of youth, had performed more than the duties of womanhood?

There is a little island, green as an emerald, and scarcely more than a hundred feet in circumference, lying in the centre of Washanee lake, directly before the chamber windows through which old Mr. Lawrence looked for the last time on the morning before his death. A single tree waves in the centre of the island, like the plume on a cavalier's cap. Save this one graceful sapling there is neither bush nor shrub on the island, but a rich carpet of turf, variegated with wild flowers, rolls with a gentle slope to the water on every side. Nothing on earth can be more beautiful than this little oasis, rising so freshly from the bosom of the waters, where it lies like a huge emerald flung into a crystal pool.

On this island, and directly in the morning shadow flung by the sapling, old Mr. Lawrence was buried. The coffin was placed in a boat just launched upon the lake. The widow and Sybil Floyd sat by it, and young Lawrence stood at the helm, pale as death and with large drops in his eyes. At his feet crouched an old man, weeping like a child and striving to stifle the sobs that were wrung from his bosom in the folds of a worn handkerchief. He had been an inmate of the house for many years, and it was his mournful privilege to lay the sods upon the bosom of his old friend and employer.

A crowd of persons had come from the neighboring town to render their last token of respect to the remains of a beloved neighbor, but the boat could only hold its freight of death with those who mourned the departed most deeply, so the neighbors who came to the funeral took their places on the bank, forming a mournful crescent, from which the boat moved forth to the bosom of the lake. Slowly, and with its snowy sails spread, like the wings of a great bird ready for its flight toward heaven, the little craft swept onward toward the grave. With their heads reverently uncovered and with heavy hearts, those on the shore watched its progress. They saw the little bark yield up its gloomy freight—they saw the coffin borne across the island between the two mourners from whose trembling hands it sunk through the blossoming sward to its last quiet resting place. They saw the bereaved household turn from the grave and enter the boat again. Now the old man was at the helm, for Lawrence had cast himself at his mother's feet, and with his face buried in her lap gave way to an agony of sorrow that was painful to witness.

"Be comforted," murmured a low voice, and the small hand of Sybil Floyd fell upon his temples with

the lightness of a rose-leaf. "Be comforted—we have only left his body sleeping yonder, among the flowers. He is with us yet!"

The young man lifted his head and looked through the tears that almost blinded him, on the face of that strange child. A beautiful smile played about the mouth, and though the dark eyes bent so earnestly upon him were full of tears, they beamed with an expression of enthusiastic faith that was almost holy.

"Did he not love us?"

"He did—and, oh heavens! how we loved him! Now, now that he is dead we feel *how* much!" exclaimed the young man, grasping his mother's hand, but still with his eyes fascinated as it were by the beautiful face of the child.

"Love," said Sybil, and her eyes turned dreamily on the water, while her hand stole up to her brow as was her habit when musing—"Love is immortal; somewhere this has been said to me. Can death kill that of which God is? See now," added the strange creature, and again the glorious smile came to her face—"Is he, our departed father, not happier than we are? Is it not something to join the wisdom and love of earth with that of heaven, that he may keep guard over us here?"

The young man remained with his eyes fixed immovably on those of the girl—he had ceased to weep, though his lips trembled and there was a flush about his eyes, but the widow covered her face with both hands and began to moan afresh.

"Oh if he could but come back for a single hour," she said with keen anguish. "Now that he is gone I think of a thousand things that in his life-time were as nothing—it seems as if I had never been kind to him."

"You were always kind, always good," cried the son, rising from his knees and passing an arm affectionately around the sorrowing widow.

"Oh that he were here to say this with his own lips, if it were but for a moment," exclaimed the mourner.

"He is here—close your eyes and ask him with the soul voice and through the soul shall your answer come," said Sybil Floyd, and her voice sounded tremulously sweet on the ear of that stricken woman.

"Oh if I could but think so," she said, uncovering her eyes, and turning them on the child with a look of helpless grief, as if she hoped to gather strength from a creature so fragile and yet so full of enthusiasm.

"It is strange," said Sybil, "that you should have doubts of his presence while I have none. We have only lost a friend and gained an angel with an angel's strength and purity, to keep us from harm—so it seems to me, and yet you who have slept near his heart so many years, can doubt because you no longer hear it beat."

"Let us believe her, mother," cried the young man, whose heart began to kindle amid its tears, under the influence of that entralling voice—"Let us believe her and be comforted."

As Lawrence spoke, his eyes met those of the singular young creature whose poetic mind had wrought so forcibly upon his own grief. The mutual glance lasted an instant, and then their eyes fell—a simultaneous shiver ran through their frames, and

while the widow gave herself up to a fresh burst of grief they sat by her side motionless and thoughtful, with the germs of a new and dangerous passion taking root amid their grief. It is a perilous thing when the strong feelings of womanhood are found in the heart of a child.

One year from the day of old Mr. Lawrence's funeral, and the little boat, that carried his remains to the island grave, was out upon the waters of the Washanung. There was a brisk wind roughing up the waves, and the boat flashed through them with its sail outspread, like a bird on the wing. Young Lawrence was trimming the sail, but so changed from the pale and heart-stricken man of the former year that a careless observer might not have recognized him. His clear brown eyes sparkled with joyous excitement; the wind tossed the curls about on his broad forehead, and a ruddy glow brightened on his cheek as he faced the breeze, which was carrying them forward, to speak with a lovely girl who sat at the old helmsman's feet.

She was mocking the wind with joyous snatches of music, that broke from her dewy lips as song gushes from the heart of a woodlark; but with her large eyes all the time uplifted to the young man with a look of deep and almost passionate devotion. Time had given those eyes more depth of expression, and now there broke through the deeper feeling alive the flash of sparkling glee, which gave a spirited and half mischievous tone to her features. She seemed like a creature who cared not to check the graceful overflow of a heart brim full of happiness, and to whom love for one object had become so completely a portion of her being that she could as well have forced back the breath that reddened her lips as control its sweet manifestations. The old helmsman sat quietly at the helm, and a smile even came to his withered lips whenever the beautiful creature at his feet even turned her eyes upon him, and when her silvery laugh of defiance rang upon the breeze as it dashed the spray over her head, the old man laughed also, without knowing it.

"I say, old Nat, does not Sybil look beautiful with the drops trembling over her hair," cried Lawrence, casting a glance of admiration on the tiara of braided tresses that circled the maiden's head as it seemed quivering with diamonds.

"She has always looked beautiful to me since your father blessed her on his death bed," said old Nat, gently passing his hand over her head and brushing the drops away.

The young people looked at each other and smiled, not gaily as they had before, but with a saddened expression. The date of their mutual love ran back to that funeral day, and this thought filled the heart of each with mournful tenderness.

"Let us go to the island," said Lawrence, suddenly reefing the little sail as their boat neared the bridge. "Sunset is coming on and the wind is hushed again. Shall we go, Sybil?"

With that quick transition of spirit common to an ardent and poetical temperament, Sybil had become sad, and she merely answered with her eyes as

Lawrence addressed her. But he had learned to read the language of those eyes, and calling on old Nat to help him unmast the little boat, he sat down and allowed her to drift with the current which drew under the bridge into the Washanee lake.

The work of a minute replaced the mast and sail again, and with a light wind wafting them gently over the waters, which were now taking a crimson and golden hue from the sunset, the little craft made for the island. It was months since the lovers had visited a spot made sacred to them by many solemn memories. Turf had started up thick and grew over the grave, and it was flushed white with a species of starry blossoms in full flower, that covered the whole island as if a storm of heavy snow-flakes had swept over it. Old Nat remained in the boat, with his face turned from the grave; for the mere thought of treading upon the turf that covered his old benefactor, made his heart swell with grief. It seemed to him that the two persons moving toward the grave in the rich sunset, with reverence in their every motion, were still guilty of sacrilege. So folding his arms the old man turned moodily away and pondered the past over in his mind.

Lawrence and Sybil Floyd had a portion of old Nat's feeling as they approached the resting place of the dead. There was something solemn in the calm sunset, that seemed to hush the very beating of their own hearts. The whispering leaves that hung over the grave, bathed in crimson light, seemed to grow more tremulous at their approach. The waves whispered softly among the great leaves of the water lilies, while the blossoms closed their snowy bosoms as if startled by the ripple of a boat so near the waters that cradled them.

"How still it is," said Sybil, almost in a whisper, as she sat down on a little hillock beneath the tree. "I can almost hear your heart beat, Lawrence."

"Sybil," said the young man, and his voice also was depressed—"Do you think now, that the dead are ever with us, that our father is near to know all that we say to each other?"

"I still think so," replied the girl, with a faint shiver, for all her brilliant spirits had fled. "It is this presence of which I am so certain, that makes me sad sometimes when you talk to me of that future, when we are indeed to be his children. What if he should disapprove our love?"

"Nay," said Lawrence, seating himself beside the maiden—"How can this be; were not his last words a blessing on us both? Did he not love you, Sybil, with a deeper affection than he ever expressed for his only son? How could the soul after death condemn that which made the charm of life, even if your pretty fancy of guardian angels were true?"

"It is strange," said Sybil, lifting her eyes to the young man, with an expression that thrilled him with a sort of pleasing awe. "But he seems closer to us here than in any other place. I never sit down under this tree, with you by my side, Lawrence, but there creeps over my heart a shadow, that lies heavy and dark upon it. A vague dread of the future comes upon me, not as if there was wrong in the love we

bear each other, but more like a foreshadowing of sorrow deep and terrible. At such times I am almost afraid of you, beloved!" Sybil smiled faintly as she looked in his face, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Sybil, how strangely you talk," said the young man, sitting down and clasping her hand in his. "Who would think that such mournful fancies ever haunted the brain of a creature so wild with spirits as you almost always are? Believe me, sweet one, it is but a superstition!"

"Or a prophecy impressed here by the close presence of the guardian dead," replied Sybil, pressing a hand over her heart, and speaking with mournful earnestness.

Lawrence drew the strange young creature gently toward him, and pressed her head to his bosom with one hand—

"Listen to me, Sybil," he said, in a voice rich with affection. "These fancies are dangerous, and if indulged in might lead to the sorrows they predict. It is impossible that I should ever do you wrong, ever inflict a moment's pain on a creature that has been and will be the joy of my life. Cast off this injurious thought, sweet child; I would do any thing to banish it from your heart. You have yet to learn how deeply, how almost to adoration, I love you—for a whole year I have scarcely thought of another human being. It is wonderful even to me the vast power you have gained over this heart, for with all your bright intellect you are but a child, my Sybil."

"I know that," murmured Sybil. "But no woman will ever love you as I love. Were you to wrong me by less of affection I should not suffer like a child."

These words were rendered almost indistinct by tears, and the voice that uttered them sounded mournfully sweet, like the murmur of a brook choked up by violets.

"But this can never be," replied the young man deeply affected. "I could not force my heart to love you less. If my father is near in spirit as you fancy, Sybil, let him witness to the oath which I will take here and now—"

Sybil startled from the arms that circled her and stood up, her lips white and trembling, and her eyes turned wildly on the grave—placing her left hand over the young man's mouth she held it there an instant, and turning her eyes slowly from the grave, bent them full of earnest sadness on his face.

"Do not swear, Lawrence," she said in a clear low voice. "Do not swear, let us go home—this is a mournful place, and we shall breathe more freely on the water."

Lawrence was a man of strong nerves, but an indefinite feeling of awe crept over him. He drew Sybil's arm within his and went down to the boat in silence—for the oath to protect and love that young creature forever, that had trembled on his lips, seemed forced back upon his heart with a stronger power than lay in the pressure of that trembling little hand. Spite of himself the strong man was overwhelmed with a feeling of dread altogether unknown to him before.

That afternoon the Widow Lawrence and Mrs. White sat together in the cottage. A tea-kettle was humming merrily in the fire-place, and a golden short cake was slowly baking on the hearth. Mrs. Lawrence had brought her knitting, and after putting on a fresh cap and book-muslin kerchief, in honor of her visitor, Mrs. White sat down to her flax-wheel again, and the two matrons conversed pleasantly together as each pursued her work.

"And so," observed Mrs. White, raising her voice a little that it might overpower the sound of her wheel, "the young folks have gone out on the lakes to-day. Sybil is always on the water now that the pond lilies are open. Did Mr. Lawrence go with her?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lawrence, with a pleasant smile, and dropping her eyes as she went through the intricacies of a seam stitch. "George and Sybil are always together now. You must have noticed that yourself, Mrs. White."

"That is but natural—there are no other young people in the hollow," observed Mrs. White, pausing to change her thread to another hook on the flyer, and giving the wheel a little preparatory whirl with her hand before she dashed off at full speed again.

"But," said Mrs. Lawrence, "their constant companionship will result in something pleasant to us all I fancy. What should you say if we have a wedding among us within the next three months?"

Mrs. White pressed her foot so hard upon the treading board of her wheel that the thread snapped and a handful of flax was torn down from the distaff. She attempted to repair the injury done to her work, but her hands shook, and at last she abandoned the effort; when she lifted her head her usually placid features were much disturbed.

"Sybil is but a child yet," she said—"I did not think of this. Your son, Mrs. Lawrence, does not intend seriously to marry my child—I hope not—I hope not!"

"Sybil is not your daughter, Mrs. White, we all know that. She is not even called by the same name. It was this which I wished to talk with you about."

"I do not wish to talk about Sybil," cried the old lady abruptly. "I never did—she shall stay more at home after this. Mr. Lawrence was so much older, I never thought that he would take a fancy to her."

"But he has taken this fancy," replied the Widow Lawrence, a little nettled at the manner with which her poorer neighbor received her hint of an alliance, which certainly seemed far above the expectations of a portionless girl like Sybil. "I can see no objection to the match. If you have any speak out. If Sybil is related to you, what fault can you find with my son? If not, to whom must we apply for consent to the marriage?"

Mrs. White still busied herself with the tangled flax, but this was evidently a mere excuse for the long silence that followed. When she lifted her face it was composed but pale as death.

"I can tell you nothing about Sybil till I have spoken with her," she said firmly. "I have no fault to find with Mr. Lawrence. If the girl were my own

child he is the man I would choose for her above all others—so don't be angry with me, neighbor."

"To-morrow then," said Mrs. Lawrence, easily appeased, "we will talk this over—there is plenty of time."

"Yes, to-morrow," replied Mrs. White, hastily, "I want time to think. Sybil has always seemed such a child—you know she is very small of her age. I did not expect this!"

The old woman was all in a tremor again—her hands shook, and after a brief struggle she burst into tears. Mrs. Lawrence, though greatly surprised, arose and made an effort to comfort her.

"It is the surprise—don't mind me," said Mrs. White, turning her head away, and rising hurriedly, she put aside her wheel and began to make preparations for tea, but with a nervous and agitated manner quite at variance with her usual placid demeanor.

As Mrs. Lawrence was returning home early in the evening, she met her son and Sybil coming around the hill on their way to the cottage. With an affectionate greeting they turned and walked back to the homestead with her, nothing loth to prolong their walk in the delicious moonlight. Mrs. Lawrence said nothing of her conversation with the Widow White, but sat down in the porch to ponder it over in her mind—while the young people turned cheerfully away and pursued their homeward ramble.

The beautiful night, bathed in moonlight, fragrant with the breath of sleeping flowers, and filled with the soft melody of chiming waters, had tranquilized the excitement which Sybil felt upon the island, and with both hands clasped over his arm, her luminous eyes flooded with tenderness, and her heart reassured by the affection which spoke in every tone of her lover's voice—she wandered on, more thrillingly happy from the agitation that had preceded those delicious moments of repose.

"Another week and your home must be yonder," said Lawrence, pointing to the homestead, where it lay upon the banks of the lake like a great snow heap which winter had left among the trees—once there, and you will not give way to gloomy fancies, such as made you tremble in my arms to-night."

"They are gone now," said Sybil, weaving her fingers more closely over his arm—"I am happy—so very happy, to-night!"

"Still you are sighing again!" said Lawrence, smiling.

"Ah, that is because my heart is so full. It is like a blossom trembling with excessive fragrance. I could weep too, for my spirit seems bathed with the breath of heaven."

"This is heaven," whispered Lawrence, pressing his hand on the delicate fingers woven over his arm, and they walked forward in the calm moonlight, filled with pleasant hopes.

"Sybil!"

"Mother!"

It was late in the evening, and the widow with her charge sat together in the cottage. There was a light in the next room, but it did not reach the window where they were seated, and nothing but the pale

moonbeams that shimmered through the honeysuckles revealed their faces to each other.

"You were speaking, mother," said Sybil, after a long pause, during which the widow was striving to force the words that must be spoken to her lips, and the young girl had fallen into a pleasant reverie.

"Listen to me, Sybil, I must say things that will grieve you, and my heart aches at the thought."

"It will take much to pain me this evening," said Sybil. "Oh, mother, I am so happy it seems to me that sorrow can never reach me again; another week, only six little days, and I shall be living with Lawrence; he loves me, mother, and I love him, you cannot dream how much. You will be close by us always, and my new mother also; with all this joy before us do not think that any thing can pain me."

"Oh, Sybil, I am not your mother," cried Mrs. White, and her voice was full of anguish.

"I know, I know," said Sybil eagerly, "not my mother, and yet more!"

"Your father, Sybil, do you never ask yourself who he was?"

"No," replied the young girl quietly, "I have never thought about it, save now and then for a moment. I believed that he was dead."

"He is dead!"

"Ah, yes, but now, mother, now that you have made me so thoughtful, tell me of my father."

"Your father was from the south, Sybil, a rich planter, and master of more slaves than would populate some New England villages. He brought you to the North when a little infant, and died soon after. He did not leave you without money, child, humble as we live. Young Lawrence with all his land is not richer than you are."

"I am glad of that; but then of what consequence is it? he is rich enough!"

The old lady sighed deeply, and wrung the hands that lay clasped in her lap. "How can I do it?" she murmured, "oh! how can I go on?"

"So my poor father died when I was a babe," said Sybil musingly; "but his wife, my mother, was she with him, or did she die first?"

"Your mother was *not* his wife," replied the widow, almost in a whisper; then her face and withered hands flushed with shame as Sybil, who sat in the moonlight, turned her wondering eyes full upon her.

"Not his wife!" she repeated, in tones of simple wonder, for she could not at once comprehend the shame these words heaped upon her, "not his wife!"

"She was a quadroon, and your father's slave," replied Mrs. White, in a voice so husky that but for the intense stillness it could not have been heard.

"My father's slave!" cried Sybil, with a cry of anguish that rang through the whole house.

"I have told you all," said the widow, in a feeble tone full of touching humility. "It has broken my heart, but I have done right; forgive me, Sybil."

Sybil did not hear the supplicating appeal, but she sat with locked hands and glistening eyes motionless and white as death in the cold moonlight.

"Sybil, Sybil, speak to me!" cried the old woman,

terrified by her deathly look. "Have I loved you the less for this—am I to blame?"

Sybil did not answer, but her pallid lips began to move, and she closed her eyes with a shudder. For the duration of a minute there was profound silence between the two. Sybil did not seem to breathe, and the old woman bent over her white with terror and trembling from head to foot. At length the young girl opened her eyes and stood up. She looked at her companion wildly, and seemed as if making an effort to ask something, but though her lips moved they gave no sound, and entering the bed-room, where a light was burning, she closed the door after her.

The moment she was quite alone the poor child began to unbind the heavy tresses coiled around her head, and with her trembling fingers she tore the braids apart till they were completely disentangled, and fell like a mantle down to the floor. There was a singular beauty in Sybil's hair, which Lawrence had often remarked with admiration; it was too long and heavy for ringlets, but when unbound flowed over her person in ripples, wave after wave, of glossy blackness, till it reached her feet, and there the ends curved up in a host of tiny curls. Hitherto, this unusual beauty in her hair had been a source of innocent pride to the maiden, but now she gazed upon it with a sensation of terrible shame. A little mirror hung near, and, for the first time, she shrunk back with loathing from the beautiful features it reflected. A dusky hue about the eyes, not darker than she had admired a thousand times in others, and noticed almost for the first time, seemed to her wounded heart like a slave-brand stamped upon her face, which every one might read. Scarcely able to support herself from weakness—shuddering with horror and disgust—she cowered down on a low stool by the bed, and covering her face with both hands wept aloud.

The old woman heard her and timidly opened the door—"Sybil, my poor child, may I come in?"

Sybil gathered the dark tresses over her face and shrunk back; even the voice of kindness wounded her. Mrs. White sat down upon the bed, and put her arm around the sorrowing young creature in silence. It was all that she could do.

As they sat together a storm came up, and the wind began to lash the trees which sheltered the cottage. A glare of lightning now and then shot by the window, and thunder was heard in the distance. This strife of elements seemed to arouse Sybil. She put the damp hair back from her face, and looked earnestly into the eyes of her friend. It was strange how calm she had become all at once.

"Mother," she said, grasping the widow's hand with her cold fingers, "you will never mention this to any other person—never! promise me!"

"But Mr. Lawrence," said the widow, whose upright New England nature, revolting at the thought of a fraud that had wrought so much sorrow already, rather than give up a shadow of its stern integrity, "Oh, Sybil, you are so young, and the temptation is so strong, but do not keep the truth from him."

A wild, almost bitter smile, came over Sybil's face. "Trust me, mother," she said, with solemn earnest-

ness that made the widow cast down her eyes in shame that she had ever doubted her high principle for a moment.

"I do trust you, Sybil," she said, kissing the pale forehead of the maiden.

"And you promise, mother?"

"I do promise, my poor child; now undress yourself and let us try to sleep."

Again that wild smile came over Sybil's face—"You know I never can sleep in a thunder storm. You shall go to rest and let me watch awhile."

The old lady was exhausted with the scene through which she had passed, and believing that Sybil had recovered from the great shock that had at first seemed to threaten her reason, she was at length persuaded to lie down.

For half an hour Sybil sat by the window gazing out upon the storm. After that she arose and went to the bed. After gazing upon her old friend a long time, as if lost in a painful dream, she bent down, kissed the withered forehead, and stole softly from the room. She came back again with a fever-spot on each cheek, and her black eyes sparkling like fire. She sat down at a little desk in the bed-room, wrote three or four lines, and left the house holding the paper in her hand.

Poor Sybil Floyd! her wanderings of that night have never been fully recorded, but the next morning traces of small feet were found in the damp earth all around the homestead. On the front stoop, up the staircase, and even in the chamber of young Lawrence, these damp footsteps had left a mournful register of her insane restlessness. They appeared again crossing the road near the bridge and on the bank of the smaller lake. So far old Nat had traced them, in idle curiosity, before the family were up, for the waters were just enough disturbed for the pickerel to bite eagerly, and the old man had gone down to the lake with his fishing-tackle, in search of a canoe which was usually left in the alders near the bridge. The little craft was gone and afar out in the lake; Nat saw it drifting idly about with the current. Muttering complaints of the storm for unmooring his canoe, the old man dropped his line near the bridge, now and then pausing as he drew in a fish to admire the rosy sunrise as it glowed over the waters and that little island, which had taken a more brilliant green from the night tempest.

"I say, Master Lawrence, did you ever see so many pond-lilies in flower about the island before?" said the old fellow, calling to the young man who was coming down from the homestead, walking fast when in motion, but who paused three times on his way, to read a damp scrap of paper which had been found upon his pillow when he awoke.

"Look yonder, just in a line with the old canoe, it seems like a snow drift, they lie so thick together."

Lawrence turned his eyes in the direction which Nat pointed out, and his face grew deathly pale, for his vision was keener than the old man's. Grasping the paper in his hand, he sprang into the boat, calling in a voice sharp with anxiety for Nat to follow him. As the boat cut across the rose-tinted waves nearer

and nearer to the island, the young man grew heart-sick and faint with apprehension. His fears had been aroused by the footprints in his chamber and the paper left so mysteriously on his pillow. Covering his face with both hands, he sat motionless by old Nat, who also became very white as the boat rushed through the tangled lilies up to the object which the old man could no longer mistake for a snow wreath or a mass of blossoms.

"It is poor Sybil, our Sybil," said old Nat, as he fell upon his knees in the boat and strove to disentangle the garments of the poor girl from the lily roots that had kept them aloft. "Help me, help me, Mr. Lawrence, I am an old man, and my arms tremble."

"Oh my God! she is dead, she is dead!" cried Lawrence, and a burst of terrible agony rendered him more strengthless than the aged man by his side. He put his shaking hands down into the water and aided to lift the body into the boat. The effort tore up a quantity of lilies that had got entangled with those loose tresses which the poor child had unbraided in agony of heart the night before. Lawrence grew faint as he thought that it was but twelve hours since she had been talking of those very blossoms now clinging around her in death. It was a strange fancy, and partook somewhat of the taste which made the beauty of Sybil's character, but Lawrence would not allow those blossoms to be removed, and when the maiden was laid to sleep by the side of her old friend, among the wild flowers of that little island, the lilies were left in her hair, with the perfume folded mournfully up in their pure bosoms, but not in a glow of beauty as she had worn them a thousand times while living.

To this day the manner of Sybil Floyd's death is a matter of doubt even to the man who loved her so truly. It is probable that she put forth on the lake in that frail canoe, under a feverish desire to reach the island and there invoke the aid of the guardian spirit, which at all times she fancied could protect and counsel her. Or, it may be, that in her poetical belief that the dead are guardian angels to the beloved of earth, and feeling that an eternal barrier was flung between her and the being who had become to her dearer than life, she yielded to this beautiful insanity and cast herself into the lake. To no living soul was the painful cause which drove her into delirium ever divulged, for when the Widow White died, leaving the cottage to its present desolation, she had been faithful to her promise. The disgrace and secret of poor Sybil's birth perished with her.

"Did I not tell you that he could not approve our love? Did I not feel that his blessed spirit would not allow you to utter an oath which might bind you to love me forever and ever? I am going to counsel with him, Lawrence, to-morrow—listen, dearest, to-morrow I shall be nearer you than I have ever been—do not weep then if you feel that I am nearer. If you only knew all there would be no weeping that Sybil has left you."

This was the paper that Lawrence found upon his pillow the morning after Sybil Floyd's death.

PRIDE AND PIQUE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"I CAN endure this state of things no longer," said Harry Austin to himself, as he closed the door of his office behind him, and proceeded up the street with the firm step of one who has taken a decided resolution, and intends carrying it speedily into effect.

The day was a lovely one, the streets were crowded with the gay and fashionable, but Harry, intent upon his own thoughts, scarcely saw the smiles and bows with which many a blooming face greeted him as he passed, and a short walk brought him to the house it was his object to reach.

"Miss Harcourt is at home, sir," said the servant, and in a moment Harry entered the handsome parlor where the beautiful Georgiana Harcourt was engaged with some other morning visitors. A casual observer could not have told by her reception of the gentleman whether his presence was acceptable or otherwise. It was quiet and well-bred—nothing more—though Harry detected the slight blush and the quickened breathing with which she continued the conversation his entrance had interrupted, and this more than made amends to him for the very small part he was called upon to take in it. He sat, therefore, little heeding the commonplaces which were poured forth thick and fast by the different members of the circle, and gazed silently upon the lovely face of the daughter of the house, until the rest had paid their parting compliments, and the lovers—for such they were—were at last alone.

But it was not only to a lover's eye that Georgiana Harcourt was beautiful. As she stood in the centre of the room, bowing to her departing guests, her tall and commanding form reflected at full length in the mirror behind her, and the rich glow cast by the crimson curtains adding a still deeper hue to the brilliant coloring on her cheek, her large dark eyes sparkling with animation, and her lovely mouth wreathed with smiles, you could not wonder at the exclamation that involuntarily broke from the lips of a rival belle—addressed to one she was intent on captivating—"Is she not a glorious creature?"

"Yes," was the answer; "a glorious creature, indeed—but too proud, too imperious looking, for my ideas of female loveliness—too much of the Juno about her—eh! Miss Grey?"

But we must return to the lovers, who by this time were seated side by side upon the sofa, Georgiana's face still bright with happiness—that of her lover clouded with anxiety.

"Georgiana," he said, "I have come to make a last effort to induce you to consent that I should speak with your father. I have yielded too long already to your wishes in keeping our engagement secret. It is equally repugnant both to my feelings and my principles to be acting the part you impose upon me—that of a clandestine lover, who can snatch but a

stolen interview, and day after day is obliged to behold the smiles that are his only lavished upon every one rather than himself."

"Ah, Harry, you are jealous this morning, I know you are," said Georgiana, laughing—"and of such a person too! Only be quiet now, that is a good boy, and I will promise not to flirt again with Mr. Bostwick for a month at least." She added then more gravely—"Can't you see I only do it for a blind?"

"But I do not see the use of having any blind, any subterfuge in such an affair as this. Why not let all be fair and open? Your father surely can have no reasonable objections to our engagement. My family is good, my character is unexceptionable, and though not rich, I surely have as fair prospects as most young men."

"Harry, you do not know my father! His whole soul is set upon wealth—his whole life has been devoted to its pursuit, and his whole heart is fixed upon my marrying one as wealthy as himself."

"In other words, upon your marrying Mr. Bostwick?" Georgiana was silent. "And knowing this you second his intentions, as you did last night," said Harry gravely, "and, if true to me, would wilfully blight the happiness of another? Oh, Georgiana, you almost madden me!"

Georgiana clapped her hands and laughed heartily. "Oh what an actor you would make, playing the jealous lover to such perfection! I blight Mr. Bostwick's happiness! No, no, Harry—his happiness could only be blighted by setting fire to his houses, devastating his farms, or depreciating his stocks. You are indeed paying me a compliment in supposing I could work such a wonder as that."

"Dear Georgiana, let us be serious"—and Henry took her hand, and with his whole soul beaming in his handsome face, said, "Listen to me, my beloved. For the four months that have passed since we plighted our faith at Newport, I have yielded implicitly to your will. With all my reverence for truth, I have been acting falsely—with all my abhorrence of deceit, I have stooped to meanness and subterfuge—and what is worse even than that, have seen you debase your noble nature by the same disguises. And to what end? The truth must out at last—years must pass before I can hope for wealth—are we to go on plunging deeper and deeper into the tortuous paths we are now treading, the great business of our lives being to conceal the feelings in which we glory, and to deceive those we are most bound to honor? I can scarcely look your parents in the face without a feeling of conscious guilt, knowing as I do that I have stolen their daughter's heart, while they still believe it free and unfettered. I can endure this state no longer, and this day I have determined I will tell your father all."

"And without my consent?" said Georgiana, her face flushing with indignation.

"Nay, dearest, I hope with your free consent and coöperation. Your father loves you, and if you tell him, as you have so often told me, Georgiana, that your whole heart is mine, he cannot be so cruel as to separate us."

"But he can—he will."

"What then is to be done? Disgrace ourselves by an elopement, without even an effort to gain your father's favor? Commence our wedded life by trampling on our highest duties? No, Georgiana, be that far from either of us. I have acted weakly enough in this matter, but wickedly I will not act, so help me Heaven!"

"Trust all to time and secrecy," said Georgiana.

"Better trust all to time and truth!" replied her lover. "Even supposing your father to frown at first, he might gradually be won over to look upon my suit with favor. I cannot think so unworthily either of him or myself as to suppose that impossible."

"I assure you again it is impossible, and insist upon your silence."

"Insist! Georgiana—after I have told you the misery it inflicts upon me?"

"Yes, I insist on it," said Georgiana angrily, "and did you love me half as much as you say, you would bear much more for my sake. I am a better judge in this case than you can be, and no power on earth will induce me to yield my wishes to such ridiculous scruples."

"Georgiana!" exclaimed her lover, in a tone that might have softened a heart less imperious than her own—"My abhorrence of falsehood a ridiculous scruple? Oh! how have I mistaken you!"

"We have each mistaken the other, it appears," said the lady haughtily, "and the sooner our mistakes are rectified the better for us both. I am no weak girl to be led wherever a hot-headed, domineering man chooses to take me; and your affection is worth but little if you are willing to sacrifice nothing to it."

"Oh, Georgiana! I cannot sacrifice truth and honor even to you! Blinded by my mad, my idolatrous passion for you, I have suffered it to lead me—"

"Nay," interrupted Georgiana, now highly irritated, "do not mock me with your professions of passion—sincere affection is proved by deeds, not by words. Say, rather, I love you, but I love my own way better. Or, perhaps, you love still better than all the rich portion my father will bestow on his obedient daughter—and would scarce be content to marry me without it—it is well I understand you at last," and the proud beauty burst into a flood of angry tears.

"Do you really mean what you say, Georgiana?" said her lover, pale with agitation—"Has it indeed come to this? do you really doubt my affection, proved, God knows, by the most blind submission that ever man paid to the caprice of woman, and now believe me mercenary?"

Georgiana vouchsafed no reply, but sat sobbing in the corner of the sofa. Harry rose and stood before her. "Unsay those cruel words—do you believe me the heartless mercenary being you describe? Must

we indeed part thus?" Still no answer, and Harry, after a few more vain entreaties that she would break her stubborn silence, rushed madly from the house.

A few moments afterward, Georgiana ran up to her chamber, where she used such successful efforts to remove the traces of her tears, that by the time she was called to join the family at dinner, she was as calm and cheerful as though nothing had occurred to agitate her.

Georgiana Harcourt was a spoiled beauty, vain, passionate, and impatient of control. Her mother, a weak woman, had indulged her to the utmost point to which her power of indulgence extended—but that power was a limited one. Mr. Harcourt, from whom his daughter inherited her pride and wilfulness, was absolute master in his own house, and nothing but the most perfect subservience to his will could ensure domestic harmony. His wife, early taught the hard lesson of a blind submission, had in some degree indemnified herself for this sacrifice of what—let the champions of the sex say what they may—every woman dearly loves, by striving to compass her ends by the less honorable, but in this case more successful means, of cunning and double dealing; and frequently, while to the worthy husband all seemed smoothly sailing under his own guidance, his wife, by taking advantage of an under current, landed him exactly where she wished. But it was only in small matters that this was ventured upon. Mrs. Harcourt's mind was a small one, and in little triumphs her soul delighted. Her daughter, with more intellect than herself, a stronger will and more irritable temper, worked with the same weapons most successfully upon both parents, and had thus ensured to herself a liberty of action few would believe possessed by the daughter of the stern, uncompromising, opinionated Mr. Harcourt.

Still Georgiana held her father greatly in awe. She knew that he loved her, but it was in his own way; his love was not in the least demonstrative, nor would it lead him to sacrifice one cherished notion to her happiness. But he was proud of her—of her beauty, her talents, of the admiration she excited, and last though not least, of the prospect through her of adding to the wealth it was the great object of his life to amass for his descendants. Three other children, between the eldest of whom and Georgiana there was a considerable difference in age, confined Mrs. Harcourt a good deal to her nursery, and Georgiana had therefore been able for several months to receive the visits of her lover, to whom she had engaged herself during her absence from parental surveillance, at an hour when she knew the occupations of both would prevent their observing upon their frequency.

Ever since this engagement had been contracted, Harry Austin, to whom, as we have seen, the very thought of pursuing a devious path was abhorrent, had been urging upon the woman whose beauty and apparent worth had gained his warmest affections, the necessity of revealing its existence to her parents. But this step Georgiana could not be induced to take. She knew her father had set his heart upon a

wealthier suitor; she knew, too, that this was a matter in which her mother fully sympathized with him, and even if she had not, it was one in which she would not dare to oppose his will; she had therefore drawn her lover on day after day, hoping, as she said, that something might turn up that would be more favorable to his suit. What this "something" was Harry vainly essayed to discover. With the exception of a very small patrimony, he was entirely dependent upon his own talents and industry for his support. He had no rich relations who could possibly die and leave him a fortune, and he saw no other end to his clandestine courtship than in the open and manly avowal of his wishes to Mr. Harcourt, whom he knew to be a strictly honorable man, and one whose prejudices against him, if such existed, might be hoped in time be overcome.

In addition to his other trials, Harry had the almost nightly misery of beholding the object of his affection receiving the devotion of others, while he was prevented paying her more than the commonest civilities, and while he, who, though noble, was like most strong characters rather impetuous, was gnashing his teeth with jealousy, and suffering a species of martyrdom that instead of glory brought humiliation as its reward, she was really enjoying the adulation that was offered her, and doing her best to attract it.

We can scarcely say to what Georgiana looked forward as the termination of her engagement. She had a vague idea that she could in some way get round her father, but how she had scarcely thought. Then there was something so delightful in carrying on a secret affair; indeed, a clandestine marriage would not in any degree have disturbed her ideas of filial duty, and the horror expressed by Harry at the thought of it, had been no slight mortification to her vanity. She also loved dearly to feel her power. To see a strong man grovel under a galling chain her will had imposed on him was a real satisfaction to her—and fully determined always to govern him, she had no idea it should be speedily relaxed. She therefore had made up her mind that their engagement should continue a secret one, and by obstinately adhering to her first intention, hoped to reduce Harry to obedience. There was in consequence, though much real anger at his opposition to her, some "method in her madness;" she did not regret their altercation in the least, and convinced that the next day would bring him penitent to her feet, she gave herself up to her usual occupations and enjoyments.

But the next day passed, and the day following, still Harry came not. Georgiana began to be a little uneasy. On the third day he passed her in the street with a distant bow. He looked wretchedly, however, and this gave his haughty mistress no slight satisfaction. Confident in the power of her charms, she had not the least fear of losing him, but that she should yield, or make the smallest advance toward a reconciliation, was unthought of. Though she had wounded his feelings in the point most sensitive to a lover and a man of honor, it was *his* business to sue for pardon, and Georgiana had in her own mind determined upon the time and place that was to witness her triumph.

There was in a day or two to be a large party at the house of one of Harry's intimate friends. Though he had not appeared in company since their quarrel, there he must certainly be, and Georgiana, who really longed for a renewal of their intercourse, looked forward to the party with the greatest impatience. A few hours before it was time to commence her toilet, she threw herself on the sofa before the fire in her chamber, and gave herself up to happy recollections of the past and hopes for the future. The beautiful dress in which she was to appear was laid across the bed, her maid had arranged on her dressing-table the flowers, laces and jewels that were to adorn her hair, neck and arms, and the young beauty, even lovelier than ever in her careless dishabille, had thrown one fair hand across her brow, and was occupied in weaving a golden web of future happiness in the busy loom of her own fantasy.

She thought of Harry—of the deep and ardent passion with which she had inspired him; of the noble, generous nature which must make the happiness of all connected with him; of his talents and acquirements that necessarily must work their way to independence, if not to wealth. And with a sigh over his present poverty, and another over his strong self-will, she jumped over the difficulties in their path, and pictured herself the presiding genius of his home, the wife that shared his inmost thoughts and feelings, his comforter in the hour of sorrow, and his sympathizing friend in that of joy—until tears of happiness bedewed her cheek, and she felt that at that moment she could sacrifice any thing for his sake. Just then the door opened and her maid ran in breathless with delight—

"Oh, Miss Georgy! the most magnificent bouquet! Not one like it the whole blessed winter!—eight camellias, besides roses and *minnywets*—and—and I don't know what besides," and she laid the costly offering before her happy mistress.

In an instant she decided that it came from Harry, and though much more gorgeous and expensive than those he was in the habit of sending, she saw in this an indication of his anxiety to atone for the offence he had given her. She was lost in admiration of its beauty, and had just decided that one of the splendid white camellias might be withdrawn without injuring the symmetry of the arrangement, to adorn her dark hair—when in a moment of silence, during which she was indulging some very tender thoughts of the donor, the maid suddenly exclaimed that she had dropped the card the boy had given her—and leaving the room, returned directly and placed it in Georgiana's hand, who read—"For Miss Harcourt, with Mr. Bostwick's compliments."

The revulsion of feeling was too great for Georgiana's temper. Her eyes flashed, and with an exclamation of deep disgust, she flung both card and flowers into the fire that was blazing before her. The maid wrung her hands in despair and tried to save them from the flames, but Georgiana prevented her, and stood enjoying their destruction until they were entirely consumed. Soon afterward she commenced the labors of the toilet. The maid sighed

deeply as she placed the artificial flowers in the hair that was to have been adorned by the camelia; and after she had arranged every fold of her costly dress, and placed the rich handkerchief and fan in Georgiana's hand, she ventured to sigh forth—

"Now if you had but the flowers, Miss Georgy, you would be the completest dressed lady there!"

"I would not have carried them for the world," said Georgiana, and with a triumphant glance at her beautiful face in the mirror, she was soon in the carriage.

Her eye wandered restlessly round the brilliant assemblage as she entered the room on her father's arm, but no Harry met her view. At last, after working her way through the folding door, she saw him standing in close conversation with a gentleman, so much engrossed by it in fact that it was some time before he perceived her, and then he merely bowed and continued his conversation. Georgiana felt much provoked, and at that moment Mr. Bostwick joining her, she bestowed on him one of her most bewitching smiles, said she was just beginning to think the party stupid, but would certainly find it pleasant now, and on his expressing some surprise at not seeing the flowers he had sent her, she regretted deeply she had not received them, and suggested that they had probably been left at another house, owing to some mistake in the direction. Very soon after she allowed Mr. Bostwick to lead her to a seat in the corner of the room, and to monopolize her conversation during the greater part of the evening.

Three times in the course of it her eye met Harry's, but there was no apparent jealousy in the glance—his eye rested inquiringly upon her, and she at once coldly averted hers. A week before, how different it had been! How sweet was even the momentary interchange of sentiment that a glance conveyed! But still determined that even by a look she would not make the first advance toward a reconciliation, she only flirted more desperately with Mr. Bostwick than before, and had rarely appeared in more brilliant spirits.

But oh! the storm that raged within that fair and seemingly tranquil breast!—the storm of anger, of disappointment, of baffled hope—but amidst it all she preserved the same gay exterior, and no being could guess that while she exchanged a bright repartee with one, an affectionate adieu with another, and a gentle reply to the soft speeches with which Mr. Bostwick was regaling her, she was almost suffocated with the violence of the feelings she so perfectly repressed. But when the restraints of society were removed—when, after throwing off her gay apparel, she dashed herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of indignation against him of whom a few hours before she had thought so tenderly, all her former love seemed turned to hatred—and how to be most fully revenged on him was her only thought.

"Have you heard the news, Harry?" said young Staunton, as he entered his friend's office, a few days after the incidents we have related. "Georgiana Harcourt is engaged to Mr. Bostwick."

It was well that Harry was seated in his large office chair, or he certainly would have fallen. At last he stammered forth—

"Are you sure of this, Staunton?"

"Sure?—why I heard it from Bostwick himself, man. Never saw a fellow so delighted in my life. It is as fixed as fate, and certainly no one can be surprised at it after the way in which she has received his attentions all winter. It is a capital match—she will do the honors of his grand new house elegantly, and there is no end to the parties she will give—such a fine, dashing, spirited creature as she is. But I see you are hard at work,"—for Harry had again bowed his head over the parchment with which he had been occupied when Staunton entered—"and I will not disturb you. I only looked in to tell you the news." And Harry was left alone—alone with his breaking heart—the beautiful fabric of his once imagined happiness shivered to atoms at his feet.

Could this indeed be true?—could she who but little more than a week before had been his plighted wife—whose vows were still his, and from whom, though for awhile estranged, he had never dreamed of withdrawing his allegiance—thus give him up without by a single look endeavoring to recall him? His first impulse was to rush to her—to reproach her with her cruelty, her treachery, and to let her witness the agony she had caused. But his pride—that pride which in their last interview she had so wounded, —and which had determined him, though suffering deeply under their estrangement, to wait for some sign to show that she regretted it also, restrained him even in that moment of desperation from such an outbreak.

Then came the humbling question—had she ever really loved him? And when the first burst of anguish was over, and he was able to review the past more calmly, he began to doubt whether he had not from the first been the mere victim of her coquetry—whether she had not from the first been sporting with his affections, and leading him to pour out upon her the deepest feelings of his heart, only for the pleasure of breaking it at last.

As Harry had been prevented from revealing to any one his happiness, his misery was now equally his own; and carefully burying it within his own bosom, he soon reappeared among his friends, a shade paler and more serious than before, but outwardly exhibiting no traces of disappointment. Thus Georgiana was deprived of one great source of triumph—but though she saw him unsubdued she knew him too well to doubt that he suffered deeply, and this consciousness enabled her still to act her part with spirit.

In her acceptance of Mr. Bostwick, who had addressed her when her anger against Harry was at its height, her first thought was the blow it would inflict upon him; but the delight with which he received her assent, the joy of her parents at the match, and the splendid establishment that a marriage with him would secure, was not without its effect upon her. As Mr. Bostwick had remarkably soft and insinuating manners, and was really much in love with her, she hoped to be able to govern him completely; she, therefore, tried to forget that he was neither young,

out in walks and planted with trees, in which, until the time of the last governor, prisoners were sometimes permitted to walk; but he, to increase his emoluments, hired it to a market-gardener. The only place in which the prisoners could then take exercise was the Great Court; and this, being surrounded by walls more than 100 feet high, in which there were no windows, was, in fact, a great dungeon, open overhead, in which the heat of summer and the cold of winter were alike intolerable, because in the latter there was no admission of sunshine, and in the former no circulation of air.

The towers were something more than 100 feet high, and their walls were seven feet thick at the top, increasing gradually down to the foundation. Each of them had at the bottom dungeons under ground, arched, lined and paved with stone, dripping with perpetual damps, and dimly lighted only by a narrow slit in the wall, on the side next the ditch. Planks, laid across iron bars, with straw spread over them, were the beds provided for the unhappy inmates of these dreary cells. The doors were 7 inches thick, and fastened with enormous locks and bars.

Above these dungeons the towers were four stories high, each story consisting of a single room, and, in some instances, a small dark closet taken from the thickness of the wall. The floors between the stories were double, with a considerable space between. The height of the rooms in the tower, three stories, was about 18 feet; that of the upper story was much less, and as it was arched overhead, to support the roof, the occupant of the room could stand upright only in the middle. On the towers and curtains pieces of cannon were mounted.

The light admitted to these rooms was of course imperfect, as there was but one narrow window to each, and that provided with heavy double gratings, one at the outside, and the other half way between the outside and the inside of the wall. In the lower stories the lower half of the windows were filled up with planking, to prevent the prisoners from seeing or being seen from without. In the better apartments the windows were glazed, to exclude the wind and rain; but the dungeons were left exposed to all the rigor of the elements.

All the rooms, except the dungeons, had fire-places or stoves; and in winter six billets of wood were allowed daily for the fires. The furniture, as may be supposed, was scanty, and of the meanest description.

The rooms were all numbered, and the prisoners were designated, not by their names, but by the number of the apartments they occupied. Thus the inmates of the tower of Liberty were called the first Liberty, the second Liberty, and so of all the rest. Sometimes, however, a fictitious name was given to a prisoner on his entrance, instead of his own, which was never uttered or written.

Each prisoner was supplied with flint, steel and tinder, a candle once a day, a broom every week, and a pair of sheets once in a fortnight. Their food was paid for by the king, at so much per head; but the supply and distribution of it were left to the

governor, and if he were mercenary and anxious to make profit, as was generally the case, the prisoners fared but poorly, although the sum allowed by the king was liberal. The tariff was about half a dollar per diem for a prisoner of the humblest class, nearly twice as much for a tradesman, a dollar and seventy-five cents for a priest, two dollars and a half for a counsellor of parliament, four dollars for a general, seven for a marshal of France, and ten for a prince of the blood. Notwithstanding this ample allowance, all the prisoners who were released and published accounts of their confinement agree in saying that the provisions were bad, insufficient in quantity, and very badly dressed.

For amusement the captives had the use of a small library, containing about 500 volumes, the donations or legacies of former prisoners. In some few instances they were permitted to read in the library, but generally they were obliged to have the books in their own rooms, receiving such as the turnkey thought proper to bring them. Each book, when returned, was carefully examined, and if any writing was found on the margins of the leaves it was cut out—or if between the lines the whole leaf was torn away.

For religious worship there was a small chapel, containing five closets. When mass was performed a prisoner was introduced into each of these closets, and locked in, so that he could neither see nor be seen. Of course, as mass was performed but twice a day, only ten prisoners could be present—five in the morning and five in the afternoon.

A few words now of the small but potent missive by which unfortunate individuals were consigned to the miseries of the abode we have described—the fearful *lettre-de-cachet*. The literal translation of this name is “sealed letter,” and it was given in contradistinction to the open or merely folded letter which conveyed orders of the king’s commands. The *lettre-de-cachet* was signed by the king, and countersigned by one of the secretaries of state; and although at first it was used on many occasions, and for divers purposes, it came at length to be employed only where the king’s command was for the exile or imprisonment of some individual. Originally, too, it was exclusively an instrument of state; but in the reigns of Louis XIV., XV. and XVI., it was frequently granted on the application of private persons whose rank or wealth gave them influence with the ministers, and was often employed to coerce rebellious sons or daughters who refused to comply with the matrimonial projects that were laid out for them; and sometimes, too, for the gratification of jealousy, hatred or cupidity.

The *lettre-de-cachet* was generally carried into effect with great secrecy, by the officers of the police; and it was no uncommon thing for persons to disappear and be missing for years, while their friends were utterly unable to discover what had become of them; they being meantime immured in the Bastille, or some other prison, by virtue of the king’s sealed letter. Sometimes, however, men of rank were spared the disgrace of being taken into custody, and allowed

themselves to carry the order for their incarceration to the place in which it was to be fulfilled; as was the case, in 1748, with the Prince of Manaco, a general in the army of France. The *lettre-de cachet* addressed to him was in these words:

"My Cousin—Being by no means satisfied with your conduct, I send you this letter to apprise you that my intention is, that, as soon as you shall receive it, you shall proceed to my castle of the Bastille, there to remain till you have my further orders. On which, my cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. Given at Versailles, this 25th of June, 1748.

(Signed) LOUIS.

(Countersigned) VOYEZ D'ARGENSON."

By such a scrap of paper as this might any man in France be subjected to all the horrors of imprisonment for life, without trial, or any means of rescue. The titled harlot whose infamy had been too freely spoken of, the minister whose policy had been criticised, the courtier whose follies had been satirized, the debauchee who wished to remove an obstacle to the indulgence of his passions, and the parent who would tyrannize over his children, all resorted to this ready and convenient instrument, and found it as easy to procure as it was formidable in its operation.

Before concluding our sketch of the Bastille, it is proper to remark that in one respect its horrors have been exaggerated by popular opinion. The cages and other instruments of torture with which it was supplied in the early ages of its existence, had ceased to be employed long before its destruction. The time of their removal cannot be clearly ascertained; the latest period at which we have any account of them is in the reign of Louis XIII., and even then it does not appear that they were used; we only have it on record by a captive named Lapute, that he was threatened with the torture, as a means of inducing him to confession.

But even with this deduction, the miseries of an imprisonment in the Bastille were sufficiently acute and terrible, especially those endured by the political prisoners, whom caprice or the gravity of their offences subjected to the most rigorous treatment, or those from whom it was an object to extort confession. Confinement in dungeons, where the unhappy inmate was exposed to damps, and unwholesome air, and the rigors of the weather, with scanty allowance of food and water, and alike destitute even of the commonest comforts, and of all recreation or employment but that of brooding over his misery, could easily be rendered almost insupportable; and even to the occupants of the better rooms, the governor and his subordinates had the means of rendering their captivity a time of severe privation and wretchedness. Indeed this course was generally pursued for a season—until confession was either obtained or abandoned as hopeless. Every thing seems to have been studiously contrived to break the spirit of the prisoner, to destroy his hopes, and insulate him, as it were, from the sympathies of humanity. He was allowed neither books, nor paper, nor the privilege of attending mass, or of walking in the court; even the little every-day comforts of shaving, washing

and clean linen were denied him—things of which we only know the value when we have been deprived of them—and he was rigidly debarred from speech, and even from the sight of any one but the turnkey, who visited him thrice a day.

Every device was resorted to for obtaining the desired confession and betrayal of real or supposed accomplices. Threats and promises were alternately applied, and every person who was allowed to approach him was a spy, whose particular business it was to notice and repeat every expression that escaped the lips of the prisoner. Sometimes, under the pretext of compassion for his solitude, a companion was given him, represented as a fellow captive—sometimes it was an old soldier, permitted to wait upon him as a servant—sometimes again the turnkey would profess regard and pity, in order to gain the confidence of the lonely and desolate prisoner; but always the seeming indulgence was a snare, and the hopes it afforded were doomed to certain and bitter disappointment.

Visits from without were very rarely permitted, and scarcely ever until after the prisoner had been some months confined, and repeatedly examined. Even when friends or relatives were allowed to see a prisoner, it was only in presence of two officers, who stood in the middle of the room in which the interview took place, while the prisoner was placed at one end and his visitor at the other, so that not a word or signal could be interchanged unknown to the attendants. Intercourse by letters, when allowed at all, was subject to the inspection of the governor; but in general the letters written by prisoners were not transmitted. Equal pains were taken to keep from prisoners all knowledge of what was passing without, and from their friends the knowledge of their captivity. If inquiries were made, the fact of their imprisonment was unhesitatingly denied; and not unfrequently they were made to believe that they were reported to be dead, so that they might abandon all hope of assistance or liberation.

It was by no means an unfrequent occurrence that the mental faculties of a prisoner gave way, at last, under the pressure of his miseries. Shut out from the healthful aspect of nature, the treasures of intellect and the delights of social intercourse—racked by a thousand anxieties, regrets and fears—brooding in deep seclusion over the past and present, and vainly striving to penetrate the darkness of the future, his mind broke down, and madness or idiocy came to afford its dreadful solace to his woes. But if death was his deliverer, after years of suffering, the cruel ingenuity of his tormentors still found a way to carry its malice beyond the grave. The name and description of the dead, inserted in the register of the church where he was buried, were entirely fictitious; and all knowledge of his fate, as well as of the spot where his bones reposed, was denied to his afflicted family and friends. The darkness that fell upon him when he was arrested, was never to be broken by a solitary gleam of light; in death, as in life, tyranny asserted and maintained its absolute dominion over the prisoner of the Bastille.

It is stated in almost every account of the French Revolution that one of the first victims of the guillotine was its inventor, the too ingenious Dr. Guillotin; and a similar coincidence is to be noted in the history of the famous prison. One of the first persons of any distinction, if not the very first, to whom it became fatal, was that same provost of the merchants, Stephen Marcel, by whom its construction was originated. Marcel was a patriot, and sought to reduce the all but despotic authority of the sovereign. He succeeded for a time, and rose upon the tide of popular favor to a height of power which rivalled that of the king himself, and which he employed greatly to the advantage of the people; but some errors of judgment turned the fickle tide against him, and being defeated in a rash attempt to admit the King of Navarre, with whom he had formed an alliance, into the city, he was seized in the Bastille, and almost immediately put to death by one De Charny, who smote him on the head with an axe, while he was yet struggling with his captors. The coincidence is again presented in the history of his successor in the provostship, Hugh Aubriot, by whom the two towers were added in 1389, as we have already mentioned. He was honest and inflexible in the discharge of his duties, and exerted himself successfully to repress the turbulence and licentiousness then prevailing in the city of Paris; by this course he made himself enemies of all the reprobates and debauchees whose crimes he punished with such severity, including many of the clergy, and most of the students and officers of the university; and when the king, his friend and patron, died, these had influence enough to bring him to trial before an ecclesiastical tribunal, on a charge of impiety and heresy. With priests for accusers, and priests for judges, there could be little doubt of his conviction; and it was only by the exertion of powerful influence at court that he escaped condemnation to the flames. As it was, he was adjudged to public exposure and penance, and to pass the remnant of his days in close imprisonment.

He was conveyed to the Bastille, but in less than a year, probably because in that royal prison he was treated with too much lenity, he was removed to another called For l'Eveque, or the bishop's prison, under ecclesiastical control, and there thrown into one of those horrible dungeons which bore the significant name of *oubliettes*—or places in which men were lost sight of forever. There he might have languished long, or perished miserably, but for the insurrection that broke out in 1381, the instigators of which, being in want of a leader, broke open his prison and set him at liberty. But he was too old or too prudent to become the head of a revolt; and seizing the first opportunity, gave his liberators the slip, fled into Burgundy, and there died soon after.

In the long and unhappy reign of Charles the Sixth, who was afflicted with repeated attacks of insanity, the kingdom was torn by factions, and, of course, the Bastille had many occupants. There is little of interest, however, in the private history of the Bastille during this distracted reign, or throughout the next, that of Henry the Seventh. The most remark-

able circumstance connected with it was its possession by the English, who held it, together with the Louvre, the castle of Vincennes, and of course the city of Paris, from 1420 until 1436, when they were finally driven out of France, after a struggle of seven years, in which the famous heroine Joan of Arc played the conspicuous part that has immortalized her name.

The successor of Charles VII. was that cruel, artful and unprincipled, but sagacious monarch whose character has been so admirably delineated by Scott, in his *Quentin Durward*—Louis the Eleventh—whom historians have united in pronouncing a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad brother, a bad neighbor, a bad master, and a most dangerous enemy. His first victim of any note was Anthony de Chabannes, Count of Dammartin—a courageous soldier, who had done frequent and signal service in the long war between Charles VII. and the English, but withal a greedy and ferocious plunderer alike of friend and foe. He had taken an active part in the perpetual quarrels between Charles and his son Louis, and it was he who, acting under the orders of the king, had forced the latter to take refuge in the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy. On the accession of Louis to the throne, almost his first act was to take vengeance on the enemy who had driven him from his father's kingdom. Chabannes was deprived of his office, as Grand Master of France, and ordered into banishment. During his absence his estates were confiscated, and he was summoned to appear for trial—a summons with which he was bold or rash enough to comply. But his confidence in his innocence availed him nothing—he was found guilty and condemned to death. Louis, however, commuted his sentence, and shut him up in the Bastille, where he remained four years, and then contrived to escape. Subsequently he experienced the capricious favor of Louis; was restored to his estates, employed in offices of high trust, and loaded with benefits.

But the fullest and sharpest vial of the king's wrath was poured upon the head of a churchman; for Louis, although perhaps the most superstitious man that ever lived, and the veriest slave of religious fear, had no scruples either of timidity or of conscience, when it was in his power to wreak vengeance on an enemy. In John Balue, the son of an obscure peasant, he had found a ready instrument of his crooked and remorseless policy; and had lavished upon him honors and preferments with a profusion that would have secured the gratitude of any but an unmitigated villain. Balue was able, enterprising, and fertile in resource; and withal quite as unscrupulous as his royal master. His services were rewarded by rich endowments, by appointment to the highest offices in the state, and by elevation to the rank of cardinal. It was, therefore, with no less surprise than indignation that Louis discovered, by intercepted letters and other proofs, that Balue and his friend and agent, D'Haraucourt, Bishop of Verdun, had long been in correspondence with his enemies; and even that it was by their intrigues he had been defeated in some of his deepest-laid and most cherished schemes of policy. Their offence

was great, and it was meetly punished. Their ecclesiastical character sufficed to protect their lives; but Louis well knew how to make their lives a burthen. Balue was consigned to the Castle of Loches, one of the sepulchres in which Louis buried his living victims, where he passed eleven years of solitude and misery, shut up in an iron cage which was only eight feet square—it is said, an invention of his own. His accomplice the bishop was thrown into the Bastille, where a cage of unusual strength was constructed expressly for his reception. It was formed of massy beams, bolted together with iron, and was so heavy that the vault over which it was placed had to be rebuilt in a more substantial manner. In this wretched receptacle D'Haraucourt lingered fifteen years, obtaining his release only on the death of Louis.

At the same time another prisoner was wasting away his life in the Bastille, whose hard fate demands compassion, because it was undeserved. This was Charles of Armagnac, brother to a count of that name, who had taken an active part in the wars and insurrections that disturbed the early years of Louis the Eleventh's reign. He was defeated and slain in battle with the king's troops; but Louis, not to be thus balked of a victim, seized the unfortunate Charles, who had no share in his brother's misconduct, and shut him up in the Bastille, where he was subjected for fourteen years to every torment that ingenuity and malice could devise. His place of confinement was the most dreary and hideous dungeon, the floor of which was always covered with mud and slime, and the walls were ever dripping with water. He, too, was liberated on the death of Louis; but he emerged from his prison a hopeless maniac, and died soon after.

A fellow prisoner with Armagnac was the celebrated Louis of Luxembourg, Count of St. Pol—a brave and skillful soldier, but a cruel and unprincipled man. Louis, to secure his friendship, had made him Constable of France, and besides richly endowing him with territory, gave him his queen's sister in marriage. But St. Pol intrigued with the Duke of Burgundy, the most formidable and most feared enemy of Louis, and, in the course of his dealings with the duke and king, alternately betrayed them both. In one of their brief periods of amity they disclosed to each other the double treason of St. Pol; and the consequence was that after a short imprisonment in the Bastille he lost his head—thus bringing out the point of an ambiguous saying which the king had addressed to him in one of his suspicious moods—"I am overwhelmed by so many affairs," said the Machiavelian jester, "that I have great need of a good head like yours to get through them all."

The last capture of note in the reign of Louis XI., of whom any record remains, was James of Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, the governor of Louis in his minority, and the husband of his cousin Louisa. Engaging in some of the many intrigues by which the nobility sought to limit the growing power of the monarch, he was once pardoned, but again conspiring, he was besieged in a strongly fortified town to

which he had fled and which was supposed to be impregnable. He surrendered, however, on a pledge that his life should be spared, and was thrown into the Bastille, where for two years he was subjected to the harshest usage. Being convicted of treason and sentenced to death, in violation of the pledge, he was beheaded, with circumstances of peculiar horror. A scaffold was erected expressly for his execution, with wide openings between the planks, and beneath, clad in white, with their heads uncovered and their hands bound, were placed his children, that they might be sprinkled with their father's blood. Nor did the vengeance of the king expire with the duke himself; the unhappy children, of whom the youngest was only five years old, were taken back to the Bastille and immured in their father's dungeon, where they remained five years, until the death of Louis. The health of two of them was so broken that they did not long survive their liberation.

In the reigns of Charles VIII. and Louis XII., no prisoners of note appear to have been confined in the Bastille; but in those of the chivalrous Francis I. and of Henry II., its jailors and turnkeys had full employment. Our space will allow of little more than a bare enumeration. First on the list was the virtuous and equitable James de Beaune, Baron of Semblancai, superintendent of the finances under Louis XII. and Francis. Just, able and faithful, he fell a victim to the rapacity of the Duchess D'Angoulême, the king's mother. Lautrec, Governor of Milan, after the conquest of that province by Francis, had been defeated and driven from the duchy; and, on being reproached by the king, boldly vindicated himself by asserting that the troops under his command, discontented at not receiving any pay, had compelled him to give battle and finally deserted him. The king, in astonishment, inquired whether Lautrec had not received a sum of 400,000 crowns which had been sent him for the troops, and answering in the negative, Semblancai was called on for an explanation. He declared that the duchess, vested with authority as regent, had demanded from him the money, which she had appropriated to herself, and he produced her receipt in evidence. The king hastened to her apartment and loaded her with reproaches; and from that moment her revenge decreed the ruin of the upright minister.

She had long to wait for its accomplishment; but the time at length arrived, when in 1524, the king set out in person to renew the war in Italy, again leaving his mother clothed with the powers of regent. A charge of peculation, sustained by false witnesses, was got up against Semblancai, and he was committed to the Bastille. A packed tribunal sat in judgment upon him, having at its head the Chancellor Duprat, his bitterest enemy, and he was sentenced to be hanged—a sentence which was carried into execution soon after.

The Chancellor Poyet next took up his residence in the Bastille—a dishonest judge and unprincipled intriguer, who, after prostituting the powers of his office at the bidding of the king's mother, fell a sacrifice to the enmity of the Duchess d'Etampes, the king's

mistress, whom he had denied some favor she asked of him for one of her friends. He was confined in the Bastille six years, and there died, in 1548.

The next were prisoners for conscience' sake—Anne Dubourg and Louis Dufaur, Counsellors of the Parliament. They were protestants, and Henry the Second, urged on by the bigoted Guises and by his mistress, the Duchess of Valentinois, who expected to fill her coffers with the proceeds of confiscations, remorselessly resolved to carry to its full extent the persecution of the heretics. Dubourg and Dufaur were singled out as the first victims; they were sent to the Bastille and confined in a cage; and the former was eventually hanged and burnt, early in the reign of Francis II. Dufaur was let off with a fine and a suspension from his judicial functions for five years—a sentence against which he boldly protested, and of which, after a hard struggle, he succeeded in procuring the revocation.

The persecution of the protestants continued during the reign of Francis II., and the Bastille received many of them as prisoners; none, however, of any note, in that reign, except Francis de Vendome, the Vidame of Chartres, allied to the princes of the blood and the powerful house of Montmorenci. He was released only by death.

In the reign of Charles IX., the Prince de Condé was threatened with the Bastille, for refusing to abjure protestantism—the king giving him his choice between “the mass, death, and the Bastille.” Condé resisted firmly for a time, but at length yielded, like Henry of Navarre, afterward King Henry IV., and so escaped the threatened imprisonment. Other prisoners in this reign were La Mole and Cocenas, favorites of the king's brother, the duke of Alencon, and agents in the formation of a conspiracy to place him on the throne—both prodigates of the most infamous character, and Cocenas the known murderer of no less than thirty protestants, in the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, whom he ransomed from the populace for the pleasure of putting them to death with his own hand. La Mole and Cocenas were beheaded. This same conspiracy brought to the Bastille two other prisoners, far higher in rank and more estimable in character—the Marshals Francis de Montmorenci and Arthur de Cossé.

Passing over the reigns of Francis II. and Charles IX., in which but few persons of note were consigned to the Bastille, we come to that of the feeble, prodigate and irresolute Henry III., when the vices of that monarch, the remorseless cruelty and ambition of his mother, Catharine de Medicis, the intolerable pride and rapacity of the powerful Guises, and the cruel oppression of the Huguenots, gave rise to a state of things which kept the dungeons of the Bastille full of tenants. Among these were Louis de Clermont, infamous in history under the name of Bussy d'Amboise—a libertine, a professed duellist and a cold-blooded assassin—Nicholas de Salcede, an agent employed by Philip the Second, of Spain, and the Guises in a conspiracy against the king, which he confessed in all its details, but which the Guises had influence enough with the irresolute king to make him dis-

believe, and art enough to make Salcede afterward deny—he was torn in pieces by four horses—Francis Le Breton, a lawyer of eminence, who, unfortunately becoming insane, and writing a pamphlet in which the king was spoken of with great freedom, was first imprisoned and then hanged, although the judges who tried him represented to the king that he was laboring under mental alienation—and Bernard Palissy, who, after sixteen years of toilsome experiments, discovered the art of making the beautiful Sevres porcelain, and who, at the age of ninety, was consigned to the Bastille for refusing to abjure his religion, being a protestant.

At length the hatred of the Guises against the king and the whole family of Lorraine, broke out in civil war. Henry was driven from Paris never to return, and the Bastille, with other fortresses, was seized and garrisoned by the powerful faction before whom he fled. Many prisoners were consigned to it during the brief supremacy of the Guises, but none whose names stand prominently out in history; and in 1594, it passed, with the city of Paris, into the hands of Henry IV.

For some years after the accession of that monarch his clemency and justice prevented the Bastille from having many inmates; and the celebrated Sully being appointed its governor, he converted it into a treasury, or place of deposit for the yearly surplus of revenue arising from his judicious management of the finances. The first prisoner of distinction whom it received was the celebrated Charles de Gentaut, Duke of Biron—one of Henry's bravest and most skillful officers, and a man of high accomplishments, upon whom the king had lavished favors and honors, which, indeed, for a time, he well deserved. A colonel at the age of fifteen, in 1577, he was made a marshal in 1594, Governor of Burgundy the next year, and in 1598 attained the zenith of his elevation, being created Duke and a Peer of France. The king loved him warmly and sincerely; and but for his own vanity and prodigality, the brilliancy of his fortunes might have continued to the end. The first of these led him to imagine that his superlative merit was inadequately rewarded—the other kept him always needy, and made him accuse Henry of avarice and ingratitude because the monarch did not feed his extravagance with boundless supplies. Under the influence of these feelings he listened to the overtures of Spanish emissaries, who tempted him with a prospect of independent sovereignty; and finally entered into a treasonable league with the Duke of Savoy, with whom Henry was at war, and for whose subjugation he had given Biron the command of his army. His reward was to be the erection of Burgundy into a kingdom, on the throne of which he was to be placed, and one of the duke's daughters in marriage. Failing of success in the treason, he was to be indemnified for the loss of his appointments and estates in France, with 12,000,000 golden crowns and an annuity of 120,000.

This treasonable project was not long concealed from Henry; and anxious to save the man he loved, even from himself, Henry took him aside and ques-

tioned him closely, promising a full pardon on confession. Biron did confess partially, but so described his fault as to make it appear trifling, and Henry, trusting that thus warned, he would return to the path of duty, professed to believe that Biron's representation was true, hinting, however, that a repetition of the fault might be attended with fatal consequences.

The warning and the clemency were alike thrown away upon the infatuated Biron. Again he entered into treasonable correspondence with the Duke of Savoy; and he was betrayed by his own confidential agent, who placed in Henry's hands a mass of papers which proved the guilt of Biron beyond all contradiction. Henry was deeply affected. He sent for Biron, and in a private interview again urged him to confess and be forgiven. But the traitor who betrayed had assured Biron that the papers were all destroyed—that nothing was known—and deceived by these assurances, he was mad enough to assume the tone of injured innocence—of lofty and virtuous indignation bordering on insolence. Five times Henry renewed his attempts to save the duke, and as often he was repulsed; and at last he was reluctantly compelled to leave him to his fate. Speaking to Sully he declared his affection for Biron, and his strong desire to save him; adding, "but my fear is that if I pardon him he will never pardon me, or my children, or my kingdom."

Biron was arrested as he was leaving the palace, and conveyed to the Bastille. The shock seems to have deprived him of his reason for the time. Refusing to eat, or drink, or sleep, he incessantly raved, threatened and blasphemed.

He was tried by the parliament, convicted on the clearest evidence, sentenced to death, and executed. Mighty efforts were made in his favor, but Henry was firm, though sorrowful. His deportment while in prison, during his trial, and at the place of execution, was most undignified and inconsistent; but I have not room even for a sketch of it, although the picture would be curious and interesting. Almost his last wish was for vengeance on his betrayer; and vengeance was taken in a singular manner. This man, whose name was La Fin, after a lapse of four years, ventured to return to Paris. In the middle of the day, and in the centre of the capital, he was attacked and slain by some twelve or fifteen mounted men; and these, though not unknown, were never brought to justice.

Another person of rank was implicated with Biron. This was the Count d'Auvergne, a natural son of Charles IX., and half brother of the Marchioness of Verneuil, Henry's mistress. He, too, was consigned to the Bastille, but disclosed all he knew of the conspiracy and was released. Afterward, however, he entered into another plot with the King of Spain, in which he had for companions the marchioness, his half-sister, her father, Francis d'Entragues, the Duke de Bouillon, and some other nobles. The objects and motives of this conspiracy are but imperfectly known. D'Entragues was undoubtedly influenced by a virtuous indignation against the royal seducer of his daughter; she herself is supposed to have been

instigated by resentment at the king's violation of his promise to marry her, and by ambition to secure the throne for her son by Henry; D'Auvergne probably had a natural genius for conspiracies. The plot was discovered and the parties were formally brought to trial. They were found guilty; D'Auvergne and D'Entragues were sentenced to lose their heads, and the marchioness to be confined in a monastery. Their sentences were commuted, however, D'Entragues being exiled to his estate in the country, the marchioness again taken into favor, and Auvergne left in the Bastille, where he remained twelve years. It has been said that the whole object of this trial was in fact to subdue the temper of the marchioness, whom the king madly loved, and who had become refractory.

No other persons of note were sent to the Bastille during the remainder of Henry's reign; and five years afterward he was assassinated by Ravaillac.

We must pass lightly over the regency of Mary de Medicis, and the reign of Louis XIII., although the rapacity of the former, and, after Louis became of age, the tyranny and cruelty of the iron-hearted Cardinal Richelieu, his minister and master, kept the dungeons of the Bastille always supplied with tenants. The extravagance of Mary led to the adoption of many expedients for replenishing her exhausted treasury, and among these a residence in the Bastille was not the least common or effectual; but the only prisoners worthy of particular notice were incarcerated on the charge of sorcery. There were two of these, in especial, whose names history has preserved on account of the extraordinary manner in which they are said to have quitted the world; one was called Cæsar, the other Ruggieri, an Italian. In March, 1615, all Paris was astonished by learning that, in the dead of night, the devil whom they served had come in person, with a tremendous uproar, and strangled them in their beds. A mode of exit which may be accounted for, without calling in assistance from the infernal regions.

Another was Leonora, wife of the Marshal D'Ancre, a favorite of the queen regent. The marshal was murdered, at the instigation of the king, and his body torn in pieces by a mob; and the widow committed to the Bastille on the charge of sorcery—by the exercise of which she was held to have acquired her great influence over Mary, who both loved and trusted her. Some Hebrew books, found in her apartment, were alleged at her trial to have been used for necromantic purposes; and the rest of the evidence was equally absurd. One of the questions put to her by the judges was, by what magic she had gained such influence over the mind of the queen-mother. "My only magic," she replied, "was the power that strong minds have over weak ones." Nevertheless, she was condemned and sentenced to be burnt, after losing her head, and her ashes scattered to the winds—a cruel sentence, which she underwent with heroic fortitude.

In the reign of Louis, after he became of age—or rather of the cruel and despotic Cardinal who tyrannized over the king as much as he did over France—

victims of higher rank were numerous in the Bastille. Among them was the Count de Bouteville, of the ancient and illustrious family of Montmorenci, but one of the most sanguinary duellists the world ever saw. The murderous practice of single combat had been carried to a frightful extent in the reign of Henry IV., and was continued in that of his successor. Scarcely a day passed without at least one duel, and the city of Paris swarmed with bravos ever on the watch to find a pretext for giving or taking offence. Bouteville, who had been engaged in many fatal combats, was selected as one worthy to be made an example of, and although the greatest efforts were made to save him by persons of the highest rank, he was thrown into the Bastille, and finally beheaded.

Alchemy, that pretended science which ruined so many fortunes and not a few intellects, brought Noel Dubois to the Bastille. He was perhaps more knave than dupe; but if so, he displayed a sad lack of judgment in attempting to practice on a victim so formidable as Richelieu. It was possible to deceive that wily churchman in trifling experiments, but when the success of these had convinced him that Dubois really possessed the powder of projection, the natural consequence was a demand for the immediate production of gold in vast quantities. Richelieu required him to furnish weekly not less than 100,000 dollars—and this, or any thing like it, was of course out of the question. Dubois took up his residence in the Bastille—was tried for dealing in magic, condemned and executed. Richelieu did not choose to appear before the tribunal in the character of dupe to a knavish adventurer.

A witty libel on the all powerful minister, brought one Charles Debeys to the Bastille; but luckily for him he was able to prove that he did not write it, and was liberated.

Two persons of distinction, not subjects of the French King, were so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of Richelieu; who did not scruple to violate, in their persons, the law of nations as grossly as in other cases he did those of humanity and justice. One of these was the Prince Palatine, son of the unfortunate Frederick, King of Bohemia. On the death of Bernard, Duke of Saxe Weimar, the possession of his fine army became a subject of contest among all the belligerent powers of the time. The Prince Palatine was among the candidates for this prize, and passing through France on his way from England, to try for it, was seized by order of Richelieu, and shut up in the Bastille, where he was kept until the cardinal had succeeded in purchasing the services of Duke Bernard's officers and troops. Then the prince was set at liberty, with an apology for the *mistake* that had led to his arrest.

The other personage alluded to was Count Philip D'Aglié, minister of the widowed Duchess of Savoy, who was the sister of Louis XIII. Being left regent of the dukedom until her son Emanuel should be of age, attempts were made by her deceased husband's brothers to wrest from her the reins of government, to which end they obtained the assistance of Spain. She applied for help in her extremity to her brother

Louis, and it was promised, but on hard and costly terms—among which was the surrender of her son into the keeping of the French king. To the other conditions she submitted, but this she would not listen to; and her firmness was sustained by that of D'Aglié. By thus fulfilling his duty to his royal mistress, the count incurred the vengeance of Richelieu, and on the first favorable opportunity he was seized at Turin, despite the remonstrances and entreaties of the duchess, hurried to France, and immured in the Bastille, where he was detained until, with many other prisoners, he was set free by the death of the cardinal.

This took place in the winter of 1642. Among his papers was found a moving letter from a person named Dussault, a prisoner in the Bastille, of whom little is known except what this letter discloses. From its terms it would appear that Dussault had been an agent of Richelieu, and been imprisoned for refusing to execute some unjust and sanguinary order. He had been eleven years confined when the letter was written, which was only three days before Richelieu's death. It is doubtful if it ever reached him; but if it did, pathetic as it was, it failed to touch his iron heart. Dussault remained fifty years longer in the Bastille—being liberated at the age of ninety—after having endured the horrors of that cruel imprisonment sixty-one years—almost the term of a protracted life. How worthless must have been the gift of liberty to one so aged, whose kindred and friends must, in the ordinary course of nature, have all passed away—for whom the past and the future were equally a blank!

We come now to the reign of Louis XIV.—which stands out in history the most stupendous monument of profligate, unprincipled, and grinding despotism on the one hand, and of abject submission and general corruption on the other, that the world ever saw. Louis was but a child when his predecessor died, and the kingdom was governed for some years by his mother, Anne of Austria, as regent. There were not many prisoners of note in the Bastille during her sway. The first of whom any mention occurs was a Spanish agent, named Casseluy, employed in negotiating a marriage between Philip IV., of Spain, now become a widower, and the Duchess of Montpensier, daughter of the Duke of Orleans. This marriage did not suit the views of the Cardinal Mazarin, who ruled the regent as absolutely as Richelieu had ruled her husband; so by way of preventing it he shut up poor Casseluy in the Bastille, and kept him there several years.

Another was the Count de Rautzau, a brave and distinguished soldier, by birth a subject of Sweden, but rewarded for his services to France with the high rank of marshal. He was unlucky enough to be suspected by Mazarin of having something to do with one of the plots of the time, and though innocent, was confined for eleven months in the Bastille, where his constitution suffered so much from the imprisonment that he died soon after his release. This poor fellow had lost a leg, an arm, an eye, and an ear, in the service, but the poor remnant could not

escape the suspicions of the conspiracy-haunted cardinal.

Another was the Count de Rieux, who seems to have been shut up for having had his ears boxed by the great Prince of Condé, in the palace of the Duke of Orleans. The duke thought proper to suppose that Rieux had done something disrespectful, so to excite the prince's anger.

When Louis became of age, he at once established that personal despotism which his subjects not only submitted to but consecrated, as it were, by an almost idolatrous worship of his greatness and his glory. Unlike his father and mother, he tolerated no Mazarin or Richelieu; and even at the early age of seventeen, exhibited a strength of will and a sense of royal prerogative such as no sovereign of France had ever before displayed. Mazarin died when Louis was twenty-three, and thenceforth he had no prime minister, but became, in every sense of the word, the autocrat of the kingdom.

One of his first acts was the overthrow of Fouquet, his superintendent of finances—the richest, the most ostentatious, and, for a long time, the most brilliant of treasurers. He was able, but not over honest; and no doubt plundered the treasury to a vast extent. His fatal failing was a magnificent extravagance. On his estate in the country he built a mansion that cost 18,000,000 of livres—equal to about three times that sum at the present day—and gave entertainments to the king and his court, which threw far into the shade even the splendors of royalty.

He was, moreover, a profligate; and it is lamentable to read in the scandalous chronicles of the times the almost innumerable names of high-born and beautiful women, for whose virtue the gold of the munificent superintendent was too powerful. Even the king's mistresses did not escape his licentious ambition and attempts; and this was an affront Louis XIV. was little likely to forgive. In 1661, Fouquet was arrested suddenly as he was leaving the king's presence—his papers were seized, and numbers of his friends and subordinate officers were taken into custody. He was banded about from prison to prison for several years, and finally lodged in the Bastille, enduring his misfortune with great fortitude and dignity. Charges against him were drawn up and a special court was organized for his trial, consisting of twenty-two members, chosen for their known hostility—and at the head of it was placed the Chancellor Seguier, one of his most deadly enemies.

It is creditable both to Fouquet and to those who had shared his prosperity, that he was defended with untiring zeal, both before the tribunal and the nation. Many men of letters wielded the pen in his behalf, with a courage which deserves no small praise; for the Bastille was staring them in the face. The trial lasted three years; and greatly to the disappointment of his enemies, and it is said of the king, only nine of the twenty-two voted for death; the other thirteen were for the milder sentence of banishment for life. But Louis, of his own pleasure, changed this sentence to perpetual imprisonment, and Fouquet was immediately sent off to Pignerol, where for many years he

was treated with great cruelty. There is a veil of mystery over his last days. He is generally said to have died at Pignerol, in 1680; but other accounts say that he was released.

The reign of Louis XIV. stands pre-eminent for the number and importance of the personages consigned to the Bastille by his orders; and it is with exceeding regret that I find myself obliged to pass over all but a few with little more than a bare mention of their names, and that even of those few I can enter but slightly into the history. I could employ hours upon this period alone; but I fear that I have already trespassed on the reader's patience, and there is yet much to be told.

Other prisoners of the Bastille at this time were the gay and witty St. Evremont, who got in by uttering some satirical remarks on Mazarin at a dinner party, and on being released, fled to England to escape a second imprisonment, with which he was threatened for speaking too freely of a peace entered into by the king. Simon Morin, an insane visionary, who believed himself to be the Son of Man, and that in his person the second advent had taken place; after several releases and re-imprisonments, still growing madder and madder, he was at length burned alive, by a most iniquitous sentence. Louis Lemaistre, better known by the name of Laci—an eminently pious and learned ecclesiastic—who took a leading part in the theological war of the Jesuits and the Jansenists, and for that part was immured five years and a half; he employed himself at the Bastille, in making a French translation of the Bible. The celebrated Duke de Lauzun, one of the ugliest, wittiest, and most mischievous men that ever lived—long a favorite of the king, who delighted in his satirical humor, but unfortunate enough to have for his enemy Madame de Montespan, one of the royal concubines, who gave him ten years of imprisonment, five of which were passed in a cell and in great misery. D'Oger, Marquis of Cayoie, brave, handsome, accomplished, but a notorious duellist, and for this offence imprisoned. He owed his release to one of the queen's maids of honor, who had fallen madly in love with him, and used to scold the king like a very termagant, once going so far as to threaten the royal countenance with her nails, if Cayoie was not released. Louis took pity on her, and not only set Cayoie at liberty but made him marry her, although not without great difficulty, the young lady being unfortunately very ugly. Another distinguished name on the long list is that of Louis, Prince de Rohan, also handsome, brave and accomplished, but infamous for his profligacy and extravagance. Ruined by these at length, in fortune and reputation, he engaged in a desperate plot to excite a revolt in Normandy, for which, after some time spent in the Bastille, he lost his head.

In the same year with Rohan, a lad of sixteen, whose name is not recorded, was consigned to the Bastille for three satirical lines which he wrote, reflecting on the servility of the Jesuits, whom he charged with worshipping no other God than Louis. He wasted no less than thirty-one years in the Bastille

and other prisons for this offence; and would probably have never been released but that he happened to inherit a large fortune, which enabled him to buy his liberty from the Jesuits.

Hitherto most of the prisoners that have come under notice were confined either for political offences, or for the gratification of personal revenge; but now we come to a class of offenders, the magnitude and revolting nature of whose crime, if it were clearly brought home to them, would deprive them of all claim to sympathy. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was beautiful, but most profligate and corrupt. Engaging in a criminal intrigue with a young man named St. Croix, her father obtained a *lettre-de-cachet*, for the imprisonment of the latter in the Bastille, where he formed an intimacy with an Italian, named Exili, and from him acquired the art of compounding deadly poisons, then brought to great perfection in Italy. St. Croix communicated his horrible secrets to his paramour, and found in her an apt and willing scholar. Her father, two brothers and a sister were among her first victims, and she is said to have attempted the life of her husband also, but without success. St. Croix died suddenly, and among his effects was found a box, containing a variety of poisons, and a note, desiring that it might be delivered to the marchioness. This awakened suspicion of her, and she, not daring to meet it, fled to England, whence she afterwards removed to Liege, and was there entrapped by an officer of the Parisian police, who made love to her under the disguise of an abbé, and finally succeeded in carrying her to Paris. Among her papers was found a written confession, by which it appeared that many persons had obtained poisons from her, and great numbers were in consequence arrested. After a brief confinement in the Bastille, she was beheaded, confirming before her death the horrible revelations of the written paper. A special tribunal was consequently organized for the trial of the accused, and most extraordinary were the disclosures which it elicited. It was asserted that vast numbers of persons had been poisoned—husbands by wives—fathers by children—public men by their political or private enemies. A widow, named Lavoisin, and about forty other persons, were arrested as venders of the poisons, and all found guilty. Lavoisin, either in the hope of escaping by implicating persons of rank and influence, or through pure malignity, made a confession in her turn, involving the names of many of the noblest personages of the court, who had had dealings with her; among whom were the Countess of Soissons, and the Duchess de Bouillon, the Princess de Tingri, Madame de Polignac, and the celebrated Duke of Luxembourg.

The Countess of Soissons had been in early life one of the king's favorites, and he sent to her a message, that, if she was innocent she had better go to the Bastille and he would befriend her; but if guilty she might retire from the kingdom. She immediately set off for Brussels, and never returned to France. The charge against her was poisoning her husband. The Duchess de Bouillon, her sister, braved out the accusation and was acquitted, as was also the Duke

of Luxembourg. He was accused of dealing in sorcery, which, by the way, was among the crimes imputed to Lavoisin and her confederates. But Luxembourg underwent most cruel treatment while an inmate of the Bastille, being confined in one of the most noisome dungeons, where he was kept for fourteen months. It was to the enmity of Louvois, the minister of war, that he owed this severity.

Lavoisin was burned alive, but the other convicts were let off with exile or imprisonment, and after a season the poison panic died away, like the witchcraft panic in New England, than which it had, perhaps, no better foundation.

Under the regency of the Duke of Orleans the prisons were crowded, but chiefly with unfortunate persons from whom there were hopes of extorting money—the treasury being absolutely bankrupt. A sweeping edict was proclaimed, and a special court constituted for the purpose of reaching all persons who had any connection with the finances or with contracts—the former having a retrospective operation of 27 years; informers were encouraged by a fifth of the money extorted; and vast sums were thus obtained, as well as by monstrous fines and impositions. To give an idea of the extent to which this robbery was carried, I will mention that a list of 4470 persons was made out, from whom was demanded the enormous sum of 220,000,000 of livres—or about 40,000,000 dollars. In all this work the Bastille had its full share, as may be supposed.

Literary men, however, and courtiers, were not overlooked in the distribution of Bastille favors. Voltaire had lodgings there for a year, as the suspected author of a libel on the Regent; and again for six months, some years afterward. Mademoiselle de Launay, a very distinguished scholar and author, remained there two years, for having been concerned in a rather absurd conspiracy against the Regent, got up by the Duchess of Maine, wife of one of Louis XIV's illegitimate sons. William Law, brother to the famous projector of the Mississippi bubble, and two others of the directors, were sent there for a short time when the bubble burst.

Dufresney, a most fertile author, was a frequent visiter to the Bastille. It is said of him that he had become so accustomed to *lettres-de-cachet*, that whenever the officer appeared at his residence he used to tell his servant to pack up at once. Freedom of speech and of the pen was his sufficing cause.

These are but a very few of the prisoners during the reign of Louis XV. I have selected them chiefly because their names have become generally known from other causes. One more I shall speak of, and then hasten to the close.

Henry Masus de Latude, whose strange eventful history would alone furnish abundant material for a longer article than I have written, was a young man of noble family and good education. By a foolish but harmless device, the object of which was to attract the attention and obtain the patronage of the Marchioness de Pompadour, the king's mistress, he affronted that royal harlot, and at her bidding was thrown into the Bastille. Thence, after four months'

confinement, he was removed to Vincennes, where the governor treated him kindly, and even interceded with the marchioness for his liberation, but in vain. Nine months were wasted there, when Latude by a most ingenious contrivance effected his escape. For some days he concealed himself in Paris, and then adopted the romantic resolution of throwing himself upon the generosity of his persecutrix. It was displayed in his reconveyance to the Bastille, where he was thrown into a dungeon and subjected to the most cruel treatment. In a fit of despair and rage he wrote a stinging libel on the marchioness, in the margin of a book, the consequence of which was an increase of severity. Again he effected his escape, after two years of almost incredible labor, and succeeded in reaching Brussels. But the vengeance of a profligate woman was on his track, and he fled to Antwerp, and thence to Amsterdam. But there was no safety for him, even in a foreign country. He was demanded by the French ambassador, and given up by the States General; carried back to Paris and plunged into the most wretched dungeon of the Bastille, with heavy irons upon his hands and feet. It was here that, to relieve the tedium of his solitude, he employed himself in taming the rats that infested his dungeon, of whose demeanor he gives a most amusing and curious account. He had no less than ten of them in training—gave them names, which they learned to distinguish, and taught them a variety of whimsical tricks, such as perhaps none but a Frenchman would have ever thought of. He contrived also, manacled as he was, to construct a sort of rude flageolet, from a piece of elder which he found among his straw—probably much like a child's penny whistle—made thin tablets of his bread, and a pen from a fish bone, with which he wrote memorials to the king, using his blood for ink—which, however, procured for him no melioration of his lot.

Three years and a half in this horrible den reduced him to a fearful state of misery in body, and of despair in mind, and he attempted suicide—first by starvation, and then by opening veins with a piece of broken glass which he contrived to obtain and hide. He was then removed to an upper room—much regretting the loss of his rats—where his sufferings were more endurable. He managed to catch and tame a pair of pigeons, but the brutal turnkey killed them before his eyes.

In 1764 Madame de Pompadour died—a fact of which a friend contrived to give him information, and on account of which he looked upon his release as sure; he had then been fifteen years imprisoned. But Sartine, the lieutenant of police, had become his enemy, and his condition now became worse than ever. He was removed to Vincennes, and again consigned to a dungeon. Again, after 18 months, he contrived to escape, but was retaken and thrown into a frightful dungeon, only 6½ feet in diameter, into which no ray of light could enter. After a time, however, he was removed to better quarters, but not until he was nearly dead.

When he had been 26 years a prisoner the benevolent Malesherbes became one of the ministers, and

Latude was released. But Malesherbes was made to believe that he was insane, and his removal from Vincennes was to a madhouse. Here he remained two years, and was then set at liberty, with an order to proceed at once to his native place, and there remain. Unfortunately he lingered in Paris to draw up a memorial to the king—and when he did set out was again arrested, and again consigned to a dungeon. His memorial contained something by which the ministers were offended. Three years and two months he lingered away in this abode of misery—was again removed, when life was thought almost extinct, and on his recovery was committed to another dungeon, even worse than the first.

At length, in 1781, he was visited by a public officer of rank and influence, who took compassion on him, and promised to exert himself in his behalf. Through his intercession writing materials were given to Latude, who drew up a memorial setting forth his sufferings. The messenger to whom he confided it dropped it in the street, and it was picked up by a young woman named Legros, who carried on business in a small way as a mercer, and whose husband was a teacher. She was deeply interested by its perusal, and devoted herself to his cause. Never perhaps was benevolence more sublimely exhibited. For months she toiled in behalf of the poor captive—reduced to sell her ornaments, her furniture, and even part of her clothing, for the means of subsistence, she besieged the doors of all to whom she could gain access—penetrated to the levees of ministers—resisted the entreaties and even reproaches of her friends—turned a deaf ear to calumnies and threats—although on the point of becoming a mother, went on foot to Versailles in the depth of winter—and at last, after three years of these generous, these noble efforts, succeeded. Latude was set at liberty after 35 years of seclusion from the world. A small pension was bestowed on him, which was increased by private subscription; and in 1793 he recovered heavy damages against the heirs of Madame de Pompadour. He lived to the age of 80; dying so late as 1805.

He published a minute history of his imprisonment, making four small volumes; and it is one of the most curious and interesting books I ever read.

The reader will doubtless be pleased to learn that generous and wealthy individuals conferred annuities on Madame Legros, and that the Montyon gold medal, annually given as the prize of virtue, was unanimously awarded to her by the French Academy.

There were some interesting prisoners of the Bastille in the reign of Louis XVI., but I must close. With the history of its destruction, at the beginning of that awful Revolution of which the causes are to be found in the tyranny and monstrous profligacy of the two preceding reigns, all are no doubt familiar. The ponderous key, which had so often turned to shut out hope and mercy, was sent to our Washington, as a trophy, which could not be more appropriately confided than to the keeping of that great and virtuous man, whose name will ever stand emblazoned on the page of history, a word of fear to despots, of glory and rejoicing to the free.

WORTH AND BEAUTY.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

MR. EDWARD NELAND had the good luck or the misfortune, whichever you choose, to be the own cousin of at least a dozen fine girls. Girls that one might be proud to meet on a winter's morning in Broadway, or a summer's evening at Saratoga, bright-eyed, rosy-lipped damsels, with merry smiles, and soft silken tresses, and—and—bless me! what a task to portray a dozen fine girls at once, a thing my poor every-day goose quill can never accomplish, I am certain, and so suffice it, that Ned had loved and flirted with them all, or nearly all, and at twenty-five was still a bachelor.

While Ned was still in college, his cousin Helen came out. There was a deal of beauty in the Neland family, particularly among the female portion of it, and Helen was a decided belle, *the* belle of the season perhaps; and Edward Neland worshiped her with all the enthusiasm of a first love, the purest, holiest passion of man's heart. But Helen's smiles were not for him; her hopes of conquest soared higher than merely the hum-drum affection of a boy-lover, and while he was sighing his heart away over his books, or weaving sonnets "to his mistress' eyebrow," she became the wife of a southerner, and there was an end of poor Ned's day-dream.

Fanny came next, but Edward had never really loved Fanny, it was only a *simulation*, as Webster or some one else hath it, a side-thrust of Cupid, which proved only a scratch, and when she chose to refuse his invitation to a sleigh ride, and accept that of Ben Lyde, who drove a splendid pair of grays, why, Ned consoled himself with a cigar and a merrier male companion, and after being mad with Fan for a week or two, thought no more about the matter. There was Carry, too, pretty Carry Lindsay, the veriest little flirt in Christendom, whose step was like a fay's, whose cheek made one think of June roses, and her mouth—such a mouth!—reminded you of all sorts of delicious things. Ned fell half in love with Carry when she was sweet sixteen, and he danced with her at the first ball she ever attended: Was n't he proud of his pretty partner? And didn't his heart keep time to the music that night? In fact, I know not what might have happened, but Ned discovered, just in time, that she did not care a fig for him, and so *that* romance was given to the winds. What an unfortunate fellow!

But Ned had other cousins. Kate, a black-eyed creature, with a step like Juno, and a shower of jetty ringlets, that served to shade, without concealing, a pair of dimples, so deep they seemed fit hiding places for Love. There was Emma, but Emma was literary, a bas blue, a scribbler for annuals and the magazines; Ned had a horror of literary ladies, a decided

aversion; he liked woman in her own sweet sphere of home and home duties, a ministering angel to man; a fireside companion; a dispenser of life's charities; but a woman who wrote—a regular book-maker, bah! he could n't endure one, so he turned, as we may, to Harriet and Sophy, because they were sensible girls, but not exactly bookish. Harriet and Sophy were what is styled *clever*; excellent house-keepers, quite celebrated for their preserves and pickles, and famous for delicious crullers and oily-cooks, at Christmas. They were not so pretty, perhaps, as some of the Nelands, but every body liked them, and when Ned dropped in at his uncle's of an evening, he found them sitting with their needlework in such a cheerful parlor, there was n't another like it in all New York: Harriet ready at his first request to play and sing, and as to Sophy, why she was always ready for a waltz, and did n't mind waltzing "*with her cousin*," and so they used to twirl about for awhile, and then sit down round the fire and chat, till the old gentleman would say, "*Sophy, bring out the decanter and some glasses, will you? And the basket of apples, too, Sophy. And, Sophy, some of the pie I saw you making this morning.*" And off trips Sophy, and in a few minutes in comes little black Joe, with a tea-board, and his young mistress all smiles behind him, with a bunch of keys in her hand; and Joe sets the tray upon the table; and Harriet cuts the pie; and Sophy helps papa and mamma, and cousin Ned is told to help himself; and while they are eating, cracking jokes as well as nuts, and drinking the girls' health, the clock strikes ten, or it may be eleven, and it is time to be gone, and Ned often asked himself after one of these social evenings, what there was about them that he liked so much.

Ned was, as all men are, I suppose, an admirer, nay, a worshiper of beauty, with the most susceptible heart that any poor young gentleman was ever troubled with, the most romantic, vexatious, love-making heart in the world; every bright eye shot an arrow which pierced it, and every handsome face left its impress there, as surely as if that heart had been formed of white wax, rather than of real flesh and blood. He knew every pretty girl in Broadway, and scarcely a day passed that he had not a new flame, or did not imagine himself smitten with some smiling damsel, more lovely than the last. Ned, too, was a tolerably good-looking fellow himself, it must be confessed, that is, when he did not disfigure his countenance with a most bearish mustache, and so he was considerably in demand with his pretty cousins whenever there was a party on the tapis. Fanny, and Kate, and Carry, and even Emma, occasionally claimed his services as an escort, and could

you have peeped into his *escritoir*, you would have found numberless little notes running somewhat thus—"Mrs. B. gives a charming party to-night, Cousin Ned, and we are to bring our beaux; of course you are one of them," etc., etc.; or, "Your beauless cousin, Carry, dear Ned, will be exceedingly obliged, if you will escort her this evening to Mrs. D's *soirée*." And upon these occasions Ned could not say nay for his life, and the girls knew he would not when they asked him. What a grand thing it is to be a favorite.

But one September, as ill-luck would have it, Ned was seized with a sporting mania; so with fowling-piece, game-bag, and pointer, off he started for a pedestrian expedition into Jersey. Now the merits or demerits of the case, whether young gentlemen thus accoutred *should* go about the country, popping at all the innocent little birds they see, is a subject which at present we need not pause to discuss, and I shall merely tell you, that after a three days' ramble, Ned Neland, pretty well tired, and considerably "travel-soiled," made the best of his way to the inn of a certain village, where he called for a hot supper and a bed, and inquired for a gentleman of his own name, who lived somewhere in the vicinity.

Squire Neland, so styled by his neighbors, was an uncle, of whom Edward knew comparatively but little; the squire having inherited, and passed his days at the old homestead, while his brothers had left the parental roof early in life, and formed new homes for themselves, and stronger attachments, in New York. The squire was in all respects a man well to do in the world, a farmer on a large scale, a justice of the peace, a violent politician, and a regular good fellow. His opinion was worth something in Jersey, at least for twenty miles round, and was quoted as settling all questions of importance, either in law or equity. Every body knew the squire, as he knew every body, and when Ned made his inquiries in the public room of the inn that night, there were half a dozen voices to assure him the squire was at home, and to direct him by the nearest road to the long, low, antiquated dwelling, beneath the shadow of whose roof-tree the elder branches of the Neland family had gamboled in their infancy and childhood.

Early the next morning, therefore, Ned betook himself to the "old place," where he was heartily welcomed by all, and overwhelmed with questions respecting each and every member of the Neland race. His uncle shook him warmly by the hand, and his aunt wished he had come to them at once, and not spent the night at Jacob Warner's, for a more miserable place to lodge at was not to be found any where. Here, too, Ned discovered a bevy of cousins, of both sexes, whom he scarcely knew existed until now; and among them a hardy youth of sixteen, expert in all manner of wood-craft, who was only too happy to be his companion. How they strolled together all day, and came home to frolic at night, it boots not now to tell, but *this* I must tell you, because it was the pivot upon which the wheel of Ned's fortune turned; that one day while he and Tom Neland were climbing a high wall, some of the stones gave way—

Ned fell, and with him a huge fragment of rock, and that he was taken up with his leg broken, and carried back to the farm, there to remain for months instead of days.

The whole house, and indeed the whole neighborhood, was astir at this disaster. A doctor was sent for and found at last—old ladies came with lotions and plasters—Aunt Neland, pale with fright, drenched him with vinegar—while his cousin Mary held sal volatile to his nose, and bathed his temples with *eau de cologne*. The leg was set with some difficulty—Mrs. Neland summoned to the bedside of her son—and there lay our hero, with the prospect of a long confinement, endeavoring to be patient, although it was a hard task, and deploring the hour he had left home upon this most unfortunate expedition.

But if his mother, with all the tenderness of her nature, watched over him, soothing his anguish, and anticipating his wants, Ned was not without other nurses, nor was any thing left undone by any member of the family, which might tend to pass the time of his imprisonment pleasantly away. Tom slept in the room with him, for Tom had taken a violent fancy to his city cousin, and insisted that if he could do nothing during the day, *he must* be useful at night. His uncle brought him the newspapers, and all the political items he could gather, for he and Ned were on the same side in politics, and the squire deemed every man an honest fellow who agreed with him on this point. Then his aunt made the nicest, the very nicest things in the world, for him to eat, and his cousin Mary sat with him for an hour or so to read aloud, because his mother had requested it, and it made Ned forget his pain and captivity. Now ought any man of common sense to have been discontented in such a situation, even with a broken limb?

This cousin Mary, for it becomes us now to speak of her, was one of your nice girls, not striking, not brilliant, not even pretty—no, she was n't pretty a bit, and of course Ned was in no danger of falling in love with any woman, whose beauty did not at first attract him; so she went very quietly about her daily duties, coming to his room now and then to inquire about him, and Ned resumed his book when she was gone, and thought of something else. What was a plain country girl to an admirer of Broadway beauties? But shut up a man with only a spider for his companion, and he will become interested in it, and it so happened one day, by some unaccountable accident, that Ned made a remarkable discovery, which was, that his cousin Mary possessed a peculiarly sweet voice, that "most excellent thing in woman;" and soon afterward, he came to the conclusion that she had certainly a pair of soft blue eyes, full of truth and goodness. Whether it was that he was so far removed from all other young ladies—that Kate, and Fan, and Carry, and an hundred more of his divinities were out of the way; or how it chanced exactly, I know not, but so it did occur, and he could not help wishing, that some clever fellow would offer himself, for Mary would make a sweet little nurse, and notable housekeeper, and all that sort of thing; never dreaming that he might perhaps secure such a treasure, to

lighten with her presence his own fireside; and when his mother talked of Mary's good qualities, and said in return for all the kindness they had received, she should invite her niece to spend some time with them in New York; Edward merely answered, "Very well, ma'am, I shall be glad if you do," and returned to his book again. Cousin Mary was nothing more to him than a kind relative, that was certain.

By and by our invalid was enabled to leave his room and get into the parlor. How delightful it was to be once more one of the family circle, to meet them all at their merry evening meal; when uncle Neland's mirth-inspiring laugh was awakened by Tom's jokes or Ned's witticisms—where aunt Neland poured out the tea in large generous cups, and little Sue dropped in the sugar, by way of helping along. Ned began to fancy he should like a country life almost as well as he did country fare. Here, too, our hero made still further discoveries in his cousin Mary's character. He saw her with her parents, such a dutiful daughter; with her brothers and sisters, so kind and gentle; with her friends, so courteous and attentive. Every day brought some new excellence to light, which far outweighed the want of personal charms. Personal charms! why she was n't a plain looking girl after all—Ned's opinion was changing—had n't she blue eyes and white teeth? and if her mouth was rather large, was it not garnished with smiles? and was not her hair smooth and glossy? What a sophist had Ned become. But there was one thing which annoyed him a little, though he could not exactly tell why, and that was, the frequent visits of just such a clever fellow as he had wished his cousin Mary might fall in with. A handsome fellow, too, who bore the stamp of nature's true nobility in form and feature, with a well lined purse to boot; a desideratum in those days as well as now. These visits decided the fate of our hero. A man can stand any thing better than a rival, and so one morning,

when his mother and aunt were out visiting, and he and Mary were left *tête-à-tête* in the parlor, Ned popped the question. He did n't go down on one knee, because he could n't, but he just told her that he loved her better than any thing else in the world, and could not be happy without her.

I believe ladies seldom make any response upon these interesting occasions, at least Mary did not, but she suffered him to retain the hand he held, and when she looked up, those gentle blue eyes were full of tears, and Ned kissed them away, and Mary did not forbid him.

"What strange things come to pass sometimes," said fair Carry Lindsay, as she and Fanny Neland were strolling down Broadway, about six months after this. "Who would have thought, Fan, that cousin Ned, with all his boasted love of beauty, would have married such a plain girl."

"Who, indeed?" said Fanny. "He who was such a worshiper of female charms, and once declared that *his* wife should be the most beautiful creature in the world."

"All men are alike," said Miss Lindsay, with a toss of her pretty head, "and are sure to do the very thing they once abjured. You never heard a man rave about beauty in your life, who did not in the end marry a fright."

"And Ned has not proved an exception to so general a rule," replied her cousin, laughing. "Now if Mary had been rich, we might perhaps say he had found something better than a pretty face."

And Fanny Neland was right, though not exactly in the sense in which she intended—for Ned acknowledges that his plain little wife is worth a dozen sparkling belles, and that he has found something far superior to beauty, in her good understanding and warm affections. Something that will last, when Time, with ruthless finger, has stolen the roses from the cheek, and turned each shining tress to gray.

A YOUNG MAN'S SONG.

BY G. FORRESTER BARSTOW.

Oh! why should tears bedim the eye,
Or doubts obscure the mind;
Away let grief and trouble fly,
As clouds before the wind.
The fiercest tempests die away,
The roughest storms subside,
So let our hearts be light and gay,
Whatever ills betide.

When thick and dark the tempest lowers,
And thunders mutter low,
We feel the sweet refreshing showers,
We see hope's varied bow.
When clouds obscure the summer sky,
And hide the sun's warm beam,
From out the darkest clouds on high
The brightest lightnings gleam.

The dew drops, tears of sorrowing night,
Refresh the opening rose,
And in the morning's joyful light,
As beauty's cheek it glows.
New fragrance every floweret gains,
And grows more fresh and fair,
Beneath the frequent summer rains,
Beneath the clouded air.

When doubt and sorrow cloud our sky,
And tears, as dew and rain,
Fall on our path incessantly—
A path of grief and pain;
Why, pluck the flowers upon our way,
And see the lightning shine,
And let our hearts be light and gay,
'Tis useless to repine.

A STROLL ABOUT POTZDAM.

BY E. BAIRD.

POTZDAM is the Versailles of Prussia. It stands about eighteen miles to the southwest of Berlin. Like its French prototype, it is situated in the midst of a country which has but few claims to natural beauty. A barren plain of sand, covered with stunted pines and other small trees, spreads out extensively around it. Here and there, it is true, a farm of greater or less extent occurs to diversify the scene; but as the fields of which they are composed have, for the most part, the appearance of being exceedingly sterile, these cultivated spots serve to render more visible the desolation which reigns around, rather than to relieve it.

It was on one of the finest days in autumn, when the yellow leaf was beginning to show itself on the low oaks and other underwood which is to be found here and there growing among the pines, that we sallied forth from the city of Berlin, by the *Potzdam Gate*. Our road at first lay through a long suburban village, composed of gentlemen's country-seats, taverns, and coffee-houses, which are much frequented by the citizens in the summer season. We passed the Botanical Gardens, traversed the village of Schöneberg, and at the distance of nine miles from the capital came to Zehlendorf. Hitherto the country through which our road lay was considerably cultivated. But beyond Zehlendorf the route was through an almost uninterrupted forest, for nine miles more, till we arrived on the southern or left bank of the Havel.

This river rises in the north, and after receiving the Spree (on which small stream stands the city of Berlin) it flows southward and westward, till it falls into the Elbe. It is a very sluggish river, of no considerable volume, in the greater part of its course. In certain places, however, it expands into small lakes, some of which embosom islets which are not wanting in beauty. Such is the character of this stream in the vicinity of Potzdam.

The road was, at the time to which we refer, 1837, a Macadamized one, and stages passed rapidly six times a day between Berlin and Potzdam. Since 1840 a rail-road has connected these cities, and the ~~fasting~~ steam-engine, dragging a long train of cars, and casting forth steam and smoke, is seen every two or three hours, dragon-like, pursuing its dusky way to and fro, scaring the wild beasts and the birds which haunt the neighboring forests.

Potzdam stands on the right bank of the Havel, which here expands into a long lake, with finely wooded, picturesque and sloping shores. The city lies back from the river from a quarter to half a mile. The site is low, but the ground rises gently as it recedes from the water. The road from Berlin crosses the Havel at a narrow point in its course

which connects two lakes, and at the distance of about a mile above Potzdam. Near this bridge, but on the south side of the river, stands the beautiful villa of Glienecke, once the residence of the celebrated minister of state, Von Hardenberg, but now belonging to the Prince Charles, a brother of the reigning monarch, who has fitted it up with much taste in the English fashion.

The population of Potzdam is about 32,000, including the garrison. The streets are generally wide; many of the houses are large and handsome; and when the court is there, there is a considerable appearance of life. At other times the streets seem to be almost deserted. This is particularly the case in the winter. In the summer the visits of the royal family, and their protracted stays, combine with the beauties of the environs to attract thither many people, citizens as well as strangers.

There are four royal palaces in Potzdam and its vicinity. One is called, *par excellence*, the *Royal Palace*. It stands in the southwestern edge of the city. It contains little that is worthy of special notice, save the apartments which were occupied by Frederick the Great, who built not only this palace, but all the other royal residences in Potzdam, and who was, in fact, the author of all that is either splendid or beautiful in that city, save an elegant church which has recently been built in the vicinity of the palace of which we are speaking. These apartments remain nearly in the same state in which they were at the death of that monarch. Here are shown his writing-table, spotted all over with ink, his inkstand, his music-stand, his bookcase, filled chiefly with French works, and the chairs and sofa which he used, their coverings nearly torn off by the claws, it is said, of his dogs. The bed on which he slept has been removed, because it was worn out, and almost pulled to pieces by curious visitors who wished to carry away some memorial of that great man. Adjacent to his bed-room is a small room provided with a round table that ascends and descends through a trap-door in the floor. It was here that the monarch was in the habit of dining, *tête-à-tête*, with his most intimate friends, without the fear of being overheard; inasmuch as the dinner was served without the presence of a waiter. Many of the rooms of this palace are very richly and even gorgeously furnished. We gazed with a melancholy interest at those which the celebrated Louisa, the late beautiful and excellent Queen of Prussia, and mother of the reigning monarch, once occupied. They remain in the same state in which they were at her death in 1810.

In an opposite direction, and north of Potzdam, is what is called the *Marble Palace*, so named from the

abundance of marble with which it is adorned. Many of its apartments are very beautiful. Not far from it is a little village called the *Russian Colony*. It consists of about a dozen houses, all built entirely after the fashion of the cottages of the Russian peasants. This village is inhabited by a company of serfs which the Emperor Alexander gave to the late King of Prussia. The little church, which stands in the midst of the colony, is beautifully fitted up with paintings, silk curtains, and silver plate, and adapted to the services of the Greek church. A priest of that church is maintained here for the religious instruction of the little congregation, in conformity with the doctrines and rites of their national faith.

Westward of the city, and contiguous to it, lie the beautiful gardens of the Sans-Souci, filled with fine forests, and intersected with extended avenues; whilst many a fountain, with its numerous jets of water, its Neptune, its Amphitrite, and its Naiads add an indescribable charm to the scene. Marble statues, of a merit wholly mediocre, however, are to be seen, here and there, standing on the borders of the public walks. But the most beautiful object in these gardens is the statue of the late Queen of Prussia, made by the celebrated Prussian artist, Rauch. It is to be seen in a small building in the western part of the gardens. It is a copy of the one which is in the mausoleum in the gardens of Chartou-tenburg.

The length of these gardens, from east to west, is well nigh two English miles. Their width is not far from one mile, from the Havel back to the rising ground which forms their northern boundary. A wide avenue runs throughout their entire length, and divides them into two unequal parts. At the western end of this avenue stands what is called the *New Palace*, a large and showy mass, which does not display much taste either in its exterior or its interior.

In the library of this palace there is a copy of the miscellaneous works of Frederick the Great, in French—"Des Œuvres Mêlées du Philosophe de Sans-Souci, avec Privilège d'Apollon." This copy contains many notes in the handwriting of Voltaire, some of which are specimens of severe criticism. And yet there are not wanting remarks which are characterized by the basest adulation. For instance, we find at the end of one of Frederick's letters the following phrase: "*Que d'esprit! de grace, d'imagination! qu'il est doux de vivre aux pieds d'un tel homme!*"*

But the most interesting, by far, of all the royal palaces in and about Potsdam is that of Sans-Souci. It stands on the right side of the gardens of which we have spoken above, and at a short distance from the city. The site is considerably elevated. The ground rises rather suddenly from the gardens. Terrace above terrace mounts up to the height of at least one hundred feet. The palace stands on the uppermost, or rather on the plateau which spreads out beyond it. It is a long low building, displaying no great architectural beauty, but its position is very fine. Facing

* What wit! what grace, what imagination! How sweet it is to live at the feet of such a man!

the east, it overlooks the gardens, their avenues, their basins and fountains, and commands a view of an extensive section of the valley of the Havel, which here has a great width. The terraces are planted with the choicest vines, olives, and orange-trees, and are covered with glass roofs which lean from one to another.

Almost at the bottom of this succession of terraces, stand two outbuildings, at the distance of some forty rods apart. They are low and long edifices. The one on the left, as you stand in front of the palace looking to the south, is the celebrated *Picture Gallery* which Frederick the Great took such pains to form, but which is far from being equal to what one expects to find it, who regards the vast sums which were laid out upon it. Nevertheless there are some good paintings in it. The building on the right is called the *Hall of the Knights*, and is chiefly used for royal dinners, balls, etc., in the summer season. It contains a succession of large square rooms, whose walls are adorned with paintings in fresco.

The palace of Sans-Souci was the favorite residence of Frederick the Great. The portion of it which he occupied remains very much as it was at the moment of his death, which took place in this palace. A clock which the monarch was in the habit of winding with his own hand was stopped (the Prussian cicerones will tell you that it stopped of its own accord) at the moment of his death, and the hands continue to point to 20 minutes past 12. A portrait of Gustavus Adolphus is the only ornament that adorns the walls of the room in which the monarch died.

In the opposite end of this palace, which was many years inhabited by the present king when he was crown prince, were the apartments of Voltaire, what time the "Philosopher of Fernex" sojourned with the "Philosopher of Sans-Souci." Here it was that these infidel philosophers spent their evenings in various discourse, some of which was probably not very philosophical. Here, too, was the scene of their philosophical quarrels!

Tantane in celestibus ira?

And here it was—alas! for poor human nature, even when under the influence of philosophy!—that the philosopher of Sans-Souci literally kicked (at least Lord Dover says so) the philosopher of Fernex out of doors! This, it must be confessed, was not philosophical.

Frederick the Great was a strange mortal. He had no love for woman in his heart at any period of his life; but he had a wonderful affection for horses and dogs. At the extremities of the terrace on which stands the palace of Sans-Souci, are the graves of his favorite dogs and horses. It is said that he desired, and even commanded, that his own mortal remains should repose with theirs! But his will, in this particular, was not obeyed.

At a short distance north-westward from the palace of Sans-Souci, stands the famous *Mill of Sans-Souci*. The history of this windmill is as follows:—It was owned by a man who refused to sell it to Frederick the Great, excepting for an enormous price. Much

as that monarch wanted it, for the purpose of extending his grounds in that direction, he refused to buy it at the price demanded. In revenge, he planted a goodly number of trees near the mill, which in process of time becoming tall, probably served no good purpose so far as the mill was concerned, for they kept off the wind when it blew from that direction. Frederick had malice enough to do any thing that was ill-natured, or even downright wickedness. A few years ago, the present proprietor of the mill, a descendant of Frederick's obstinate neighbor, becoming embarrassed in his circumstances, went to the late king and offered to sell him the property. But the king refused to buy it, saying that it had become a matter of historical association as it stood, and that it must remain private property. He generously, however, relieved the owner from his embarrassments, and settled a pension upon him.

One of the most interesting spots in the vicinity of Potsdam is unquestionably the *Pfauen-Insel*, or Island of Peacocks. It is a beautiful islet, lying in an expansion of the Havel, at the distance of nearly three miles to the north of the city. A carriage-road along the left bank leads up to a point opposite to the island, whence a ferry-boat in three or four minutes carries the visitor over. But we preferred to go by water, from the bridge over the Havel at Potsdam.

The weather was fine, and the occasion was a gala-day. Thousands of people from Berlin and Potsdam were flocking to the scene of pleasure. Our little boat, covered with a canopy to protect us from the sun, and managed by three or four oarsmen, was filled with passengers, all of whom, excepting ourselves, were Germans. Among them were many young men, and some of them were students. And certainly a noisier set of fellows we have seldom met with any where. Drinking beer and smoking the pipe were most assiduously prosecuted. Shouts of mirth made the "welkin ring." *Trinket, trinket, immer trinket, mit dem rauch, mit dem rauch, mit dem rauch.** The sounds, *mit dem rauch*, fairly ring in our ears to this day—so often were the words sung, or rather shouted, the voice of the multitude ascending in each repetition, until the accent became so high as to be reached only by the sharpest voices, and resembled the scream of a cat more than the voice of a human being.

At length we reached the island, and certainly it is a *bijou* of a place. It is a mile and more in length, but is not wide. A pretty little royal summer palace or lodge stands about the middle of it, surrounded with flower-gardens. In one part is a fine grove of large old oaks, elms, and beech trees. The hot-houses are very large, and contain some of the tallest palms and other tropical plants, which are to be found in all Europe. The menagerie is filled with wild animals, and is well kept. The apartments in the palace are very small, but exceedingly neat and chastely adorned. It was a favorite place of visit with the late king. Indeed this island was a sort of *hobby* for that excellent monarch. In the little bedroom of his majesty, there is a charming bust of his

* Drink, drink, ever drink, and smoke, and smoke.

23*

admirable queen, whose death he ceased not to lament till his own decease. It was made by the celebrated Prussian sculptor Rauch.

But to our mind there is nothing in Potsdam more interesting for its historical associations than the *Garrison Church*, which stands at the distance of half a mile or less, to the west of the first mentioned palace. It is in the south-western corner of the city, and not far from immense barracks, which are occupied by several regiments of troops. This church is a large and imposing one. Its services are not only attended by the military, but also by the court, when it is at Potsdam. As in most of the large churches on the Continent, but a small part of the area is covered with fixed seats; the pulpit is on one side, and is a small tub-like affair, that is perched up against one of the pillars which sustain the gallery, from which it is entered. Beneath the gallery at this point is the mausoleum which Frederick the Great erected for the remains of his father, and where his own were deposited. It is about twelve feet square, and is constructed wholly of marble. The entrance is beneath the pulpit. It contains nothing but two bronze coffins or sarcophagi, which lay parallel to each other, and at the distance of some four or five feet apart. That of Frederick the Great is the smaller of the two, and lays on the right hand as one enters; that of his father, Frederick William I., is considerably the larger, and lies on the left.

In the year 1805, the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, visited his father-in-law, the late king of Prussia, for the purpose of engaging him in a war against Napoleon. Days were spent in serious and private consultation on this momentous subject. At length all was settled, and nothing remained but to ratify, as it were, the agreement by a most solemn act. For this purpose the two monarchs, accompanied by the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, issued forth at the dark hour of midnight from the palace, and rode in a gorgeous carriage, with footmen in splendid liveries, down to the Garrison Church. The sexton, with a flambeau in his hand, unlocked the great door, conducted the royal visitors up the nave, opened the mausoleum, and passing between the coffins of the dead, took his stand at the upper end of this gloomy place. The streaming light from the torch gave an unwonted aspect to the whole interior, and rendered it more solemn than ever. The emperor, the king, and the queen gathered around the coffin of Frederick the Great, and there, with hands united over it, they took an oath never to cease to resist Napoleon until his overthrow should be accomplished!

One year passed away. The armies of Prussia were annihilated on the plains of Jena! The King of Prussia fled toward Poland, and Alexander was hastening to collect his Scythians and march to his relief. Napoleon took up his abode for a few weeks at Berlin and Potsdam. He, too, must needs visit the tomb of the Great Frederick. Accompanied by his brother, Jerome, and several officers, he drove down in his splendid chariot, at the hour of midnight, to the Garrison Church. The sexton was ready to re-

ceive him and his retinue. Torch in hand, he conducted them to the tomb, and placed himself at the upper end of it, between the heads of the coffins. Bonaparte entered with a firm and solemn air. His brother stood by his side. His officers arranged themselves behind him. Instantly he inquired of the sexton which of the coffins was that of Frederick the Great. He was told that it was the one on his right.* Fixing his eyes upon it, he stood, with his right hand in his bosom and his left behind his back. The silence of death reigned for several moments. There stood the greatest commander of his day gazing at the coffin of the greatest general of the last generation. What a spectacle!

At length the silence was interrupted by Napoleon, who exclaimed, as he continued to contemplate the sarcophagus of Frederick:—*Grand homme! Si tu vivais encore je ne serais pas ici!*†

* There is a large picture, which sets forth this scene, in the palace of Versailles. But the artist has represented Napoleon as contemplating the coffin of the father of Frederick the Great, instead of that of Frederick himself!

† Great man! if thou wert still alive I should not be here!

After this he stood conversing with his brother a few minutes, and then departed. In a few moments darkness reigned again in the abode of the dead, and the flashing wheels of the conqueror were rolling toward the palace. There, amid festive scenes and consultations with his officers on plans for the prosecution of the campaign, it is not likely that the impression which the visit to the dead had made lasted a long time. In a few days he was *en route* for Eastern Prussia and Poland, in pursuit of his royal enemy—like the eagle hastening after its prey!*

* Some authors, and among them Lord Dover, I believe, state that Napoleon took away the sword of Frederick the Great, which, they affirm, lay on his coffin. But there is some mistake here, without doubt. The old sexton who accompanied Napoleon into the mausoleum, assured me that there never was any sword on the coffin of Frederick the Great. The present King of Prussia, when he was crown-prince, confirmed this statement, and said that there never had been a sword there that he had heard of. It is probable that if ever Napoleon took, or stole a sword of Frederick the Great, it was one which he found in the upper story—which serves as a sort of museum of antiquities—in the old palace in Berlin. The Prussians say that Blücher brought it back from Paris, after the battle of Waterloo.

HEART SORROW.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

DISTANT from thee—yes! distant and apart,
Without a hope that heart shall join to heart,
No more remembered and no longer grieved,
By friends deserted, and of love bereaved,
How slowly, sadly creep my toilsome hours,
As from Life's garland drop the withered flowers!
When to my grave, perchance by strangers borne,
I soon shall journey, darling, wilt thou mourn?
From thy soft eyes will drops of pity fall
For him who loved thee, dearest, best of all—
Who, though sad Fate disceivers from thy side,
Though stern Misfortune must our lots divide,
Still fondly muses o'er departed days,
Still turns to thee his true and constant gaze?
Ah! let my hand, once warmly pressed in thine,
Ere it grows cold, record the earnest line,
To tell how love, by absence stronger made,
Blooms in the mist and brightens in the shade.

Yes, my life's treasure—for thou wert mine own—
Still clings this heart to thee, and thee alone;
And would not give, for all its present toys,
One recollection of our love's deep joys.
How sweet the landscape of existence smiled
For me, a man, for thee, a very child—
A child in heart, whose confidence and faith
Were pure as innocence and firm as death.
No cloud o'ershadowed: in the calm serene
Of thine own nature nothing dim was seen:
All to delight conspired and naught to grieve,
The world thine Eden, thou its happy Eve.
Alas! my dearest, was it mine to doom

Thy light of love to darkness like the tomb?
Was mine the voice to scare thy steps away
From flower-strewn gardens in the smile of day
To that bleak spot, where night and silence brood,
And the heart wastes in hopeless solitude?
Ah, as I ponder on thy patient woe,
I dare not think who caused the tears to flow,
As, through Time's veil, I see thy pleading eyes
Half filled with anguish, half with wild surprise,
When from my lips the cruel sentence came
That we must part, not even friends in name—
Once more the fountain bursts its icy seal,
Once more I learn I still have power to feel.

Think not a moment that oblivion hides
What once was dearer than the world besides;
Think not thy picture, from that inner shrine,
Where feeling bends to memories all divine,
Can be removed or yield its guarded place
To fairer form or more seraphic face.
No fickle canvas doth thy features bear,
To fade in daylight or grow dim in air;
But, by love's ray with sunlike warmth impressed,
Thine image glows unchanging in my breast.
Then think not, darling, though "no more—no more,"
Breaks on our souls like waves along the shore,
With a deep tone of sorrow and despair,
That I can cease remembered love to share,
That I can ever from my heart untwine
Affection's tendrils wreathed by hands like thine,
Or recreant prove to vows so truly given,
Unsealed on earth, but registered in Heaven.

THE VROUCOLACAS.

A TALE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

EVERY classical reader is doubtless familiar with the celebrated Island of Crete, where flourished the illustrious Minos, the pattern of judges; where Jupiter was cradled on Mount Ida; where the great labyrinth exhibited its inextricable windings; where the wine was super-excellent, and the people, according to all ancient authorities, no better than they should be. In the various mutations of this world, the island has changed its name to that of Candia, and the government of Minos for that of the representative of the Prophet. But the wine and the people remain as they were, one fit for the gods, the other for the penitentiary. They fear nothing but the Turks, the Corsairs, and the Vroucolacas.

When a Christian dies in Candia, they cannot afford him Christian burial without giving ten pence to the papas, or priest, two crowns to the bishop, and double that sum to the grand-vicar, the arch-treasurer, and the archivist; nay, it goes hard but the Patriarch of Constantinople comes in for a share. If these things are neglected, ten to one but the unfortunate deceased becomes a Vroucolacas, which, in the modern Greek jargon, signifies the spectre of a dead body possessed by a demon. They are always mischievous, and not unfrequently malignant, according to the previous character of the person they represent, playing all sorts of tricks, and occasionally indulging in cruel, unseemly amusements, not unlike the witches and necromancers of old, as certified by undoubted authority, ecclesiastical, civil and judicial. Having recorded these indispensable preliminaries, we shall now proceed with our tale.

More than a century ago there resided in the city of Candia, capital of the island of that name, and famous in history for sustaining one of the most obstinate sieges on record, a very dignified person of Latin extraction, who either was, or pretended to be, descended not only from the ancient Dukes of the Archipelago, but the Greek Emperors of Constantinople, and carried his head erect accordingly, except in the presence of a turban. Among his down-trodden and oppressed race he gave himself great airs of superiority, but the sight of a turban instantly converted him into a cringing slave, and a visit from a janizary gave him a fit of the ague. His name was Crispo Sanudo; he possessed a house in the city, highly creditable to a people that knew nothing of architecture, and a garden containing abundance of citron, lemon, orange, olive and pomegranate trees, planted without the least regard to order or regularity, and looking very much like a little wilderness. Be-

sides, he paid the highest tax of any inhabitant of the whole island, except the Superior of the Monastery of Arcadi, the monks of which, as is the case all the world over, and more especially in the Grecian Archipelago, possessed the richest lands, and the finest olive and labdanum trees in Candia. In addition to all this, he, as before stated, boasted of having in his veins a sprinkling of the blood of the Comnenii Emperors of Constantinople, the meanest race that ever occupied the throne of the Cæsars. Every thing else that was Greek he despised, but still he gloried in being descended from Michael the Stammerer, whose daughter had married one of his ancestors, a Duke of the Archipelago, of the family of Sanudo.

But his most valuable possession was an only child, a daughter called Florentia, now just on the eve of finished womanhood, and the fairest of all the daughters of the isle. It was a great reflection, however, on her intellect, that she was quite blind to the foibles of her father, and her own beauties, both which were universally acknowledged. But the truth is, she was kept so close that she had no opportunity of comparing him with any body but her old nurse, and a young man she had more than once seen through the lattice of her window, gazing at her with looks peculiarly expressive. Crispo was proud of his daughter, for he had loved her deceased mother as well as a selfish man can love any thing but himself; and, besides this, she was docile as a lamb, and descended from the Greek emperors—not forgetting Michael the Stammerer.

Florentia, though confined to her cage, was as lively as a Canary bird, and tripped about the castle, as Signor Crispo called it, till she was tired, after which she sung the old nurse to sleep with the voice of a seraph, though the poor soul had almost entirely lost her hearing, in her youth, by the tremendous cannonading of the Knights Templars at the siege of Candia. The young Grecian maid was indeed very happy until she attained the age of sixteen, for such innocent beings can be happy almost anywhere. About this time, however, an event occurred, which, in its consequences, led to a gradual interruption of that serenity and repose she had hitherto enjoyed.

She was frequently permitted to walk in the garden, which was surrounded by a pretty high wall, accompanied sometimes by her father, but generally by her old nurse, who was wonderfully addicted to dozing in warm weather, and who, in that state, could only be roused by an exemplary shaking. On one of these

sided in the suburbs of the city, whose name was Policarpo, and who, besides being a thief and a robber, was suspected of being guilty of still more atrocious crimes, died of a malignant fever, and, having neither money, effects nor friends, was buried without the usual fees to the papas, the bishop, the arch-treasurer, the archivist, and the Patriarch of Constantinople. Of course he was a fair subject for the Vroucolacas; and, accordingly, scarcely was he cold in the grave, when the citizens of Candia began to be disturbed at nights with various and unaccountable annoyances; appalling noises and unseemly visitations clearly indicating that the spectre demon was abroad. At first he merely amused himself by entering certain houses, tumbling about their goods and chattels, putting out the lights, and then pinching the inmates behind, black and blue, or raining such a shower of dry blows on their shoulders as was evidently supernatural. It was also affirmed that he dealt in terrible threats in case any one refused his request, whatever it might be, and had been heard to declare in the silence of midnight, in the ears of more than one person of good credit, that unless he was properly conciliated there should be neither rest nor safety in Candia.

Matters became so serious that a public meeting was called, at which Signor Crispo presided, and for which offence he was that very night visited by the Vroucolacas, and pinched and threatened almost out of his wits. Many papas, caloyers, and monks attended, and after long deliberation it was resolved to adopt the only mode ever known to be effectual in silencing these spectre demons, namely, that of disintering the body of Policarpo, extracting the heart, and consuming it by fire. This was accordingly performed with great ceremony, but, wonderful to relate, the Vroucolacas, as if aggravated to new enormities by this rough treatment, became, if possible, ten times worse than before. The good people were, of course, frightened in like proportion, most especially as the person who performed this operation of extracting the heart solemnly declared that the interior of the body, though it had been interred ten days before, was as warm as that of a living person. Others affirmed the blood was most unnaturally red; and others again, that the body was at first perfectly flexible, and afterward became as hard and stiff as a mummy. People gathered together in crowds, shouting through the streets the name of Vroucolacas, and rending the air with a repetition of that musical, sonorous sound. But the obstinate demon only waxed more intractable and tormenting. It was the opinion of some of the papas that they had committed a great oversight in not burning the heart of Policarpo on the seashore, where there would have been plenty of room for the Vroucolacas to escape; but as there was no possibility of repeating the experiment, the truth or falsehood of this theory could not be fairly tested.

Every succeeding night increased the perplexity and dismay of the good people of the city. They met every morning to debate on the subject, and devise ways and means for quieting this obstinate de-

mon, who equally resisted fire and water. Processions were made several nights in succession; they obliged the papas and caloyers to fast till they were almost starved to death; they ran about all day sprinkling the streets and houses with holy-water, washing the doors, and pouring it, as they said, down the throat of the Vroucolacas. They next proceeded to the grave of Policarpo, where they stuck naked swords into it, which they pulled out several times a day, and every time thrust them in still deeper. The failure of this last expedient having occasioned a sagacious caloyer to suggest that the handles of the swords being made in the form of a cross must needs prevent the demon, who of course stood in great awe of such an emblem, from budging an inch; they tried other weapons, but to no purpose—the Vroucolacas was incorrigible.

The consternation now became indescribable, for the demon grew every night more presumptuous and daring—increasing in his pranks with every expedient to keep him in order, while rumor invented a thousand new extravagancies. He took to ordering people to do this, that and the other thing, according to his own will and pleasure, and punished their neglect or disobedience by pinching or beating them soundly the very next night; he was accused of breaking down doors; ripping up the roofs of houses; knocking and chattering at windows in an unknown gibberish; tearing clothes, and emptying all the jars, bottles and wine tubs, for he was a most thirsty demon. In addition to all this, he discovered and blabbed so many secrets, and invented so many scandals, that he nearly set the whole community together by the ears.

What increased the terror and perplexities of the citizens, was the untoward circumstance of the papas not knowing the precise name of the evil spirit who had thus got possession of the body of Policarpo, nor what saint to invoke in this terrible predicament. Whole families began now to pack up their goods, and retreat to the neighboring isles of Syra, Tinos, Milo and Argenteria; and there was great reason to apprehend that if the Vroucolacas persisted in his persecutions, the whole city, if not the entire country, would be depopulated. The demon continued in the meantime to disseminate so many abominable slanders, that almost every family was at feud, and there was scarcely a good character left in the city, except that of Florentia, and the family of Dr. Constantachi, who, it was somewhat remarkable, continued entirely exempt from the annoyances of the demon.

But not so with the illustrious Signor Crispo Sanudo, who had, from the first appearance of the mysterious non-descript, come in for more than his full share of attention. Notwithstanding all the care he took to protect his premises, there being at that time, as at the present, neither locks nor bolts in Candia, the demon never failed in paying his nightly visits, and after diverting himself with a variety of malicious devices, such as putting out the lights, turning the furniture upside down, drinking his wine, and breaking his crockery, invariably concluded by giving him a hearty pinch, and uttering in an awful

voice, "I will never cease until thou givest thy daughter Florentia to my particular friend Miquelachi, son to the great physician Constantachi." Signor Crispo continued, however, to hold out manfully, and swore he would do no such thing; whereupon his pinches were repeated with additions and improvements. Florentia, shut up in a remote part of the house, heard or saw nothing of all this, and when the signor detailed his grievances, would intimate to him that it was in all probability only a dream, arising from eating too many pomegranates for supper.

"Head of my ancestors!" would Crispo exclaim in a fury—"Do you think dreams could cover me thus with black and bloody bruises? I tell you that schismatic hound, Miquelachi, is in league with the Vroucolacas. But it wont do—I tell you it wont do. I'd rather be pinched to a jelly, and be deviled for a thousand years, than disgrace my illustrious ancestors—not forgetting Michael, the Stammerer—by calling that low-born slave my son."

"But, my father, is he not descended by the mother's side, from the Justiniani of Scioe?" said Florentia meekly.

"The Justiniani! pooh, what are they compared with the Pascologii, the Comnenii, the Porphyrogenitii, and the Grand Dukes of the Archipelago—not forgetting Michael, the Stammerer? I tell you, it wont do. I swear by their dust, their bones, and their immortal memory, that sooner than see you the wife of that Greek schismatic, I would consign you to the black eunuch of the seraglio." It should be premised that Crispo said this with a mental reservation, that Djezzar should not propose to him the alternative of the scimitar or the bowstring.

About this period it began to be whispered abroad, from some mysterious source, that all these public calamities were owing to the obstinacy of Signor Crispo, who refused to bestow his daughter on Miquelachi, son of Doctor Constantachi, notwithstanding the repeated instances of the Vroucolacas, who, for some secret reasons of his own, had set his heart on the match. A deputation of the oldest and most respectable citizens accordingly waited on Crispo, to remonstrate against his thus involving his native city in trouble and dismay by his obstinacy, entreating him to relent for the good of the community. But he scoffed at their solicitations, and repeated a hundred times—"It wont do—I tell you it wont do."

The deputation then determined to lay the whole affair before the Bashaw, who had just returned from fleecing his flock in the remote parts of his paschalic, just in time to receive their application. Djezzar forthwith commanded the attendance of Signor Crispo, his daughter and Miquelachi, omitting the Vroucolacas, who was the principal delinquent, for reasons best known to himself. In good time they appeared—Crispo pale with apprehension—Florentia shivering under her long white veil, and Miquelachi displaying the most perfect self-possession. The Bashaw was seated on his thread-bare cushion, his long pipe in his mouth, his scimitar naked by his side as usual, and

attended by two janizaries, the silent executioners of his will and pleasure.

"Dog, and son of a dog," said Djezzar, with great gravity and severity. "What is this I hear? They tell me the good people of the city, not excepting the faithful, are grievously afflicted by the visitations of the Vroucolacas, as he is called in your heathen Greek jargon, to the great damage of their property, their rest at night, and their peace of mind by day, so that many have abandoned the island, and more are on the eve of going. It is moreover delivered to me, that the spectre demon—whom may the Prophet confound—has repeatedly declared that he will never cease tormenting the good people, until thou givest thy daughter, Florentia, to this young man, son to my learned physician, Dr. Constantachi, as his wife, and that thou dost obstinately refuse his reasonable request. Dog, and son of a dog, is it so?"

"I cannot deny it, your highness," faltered the signor.

"And why dost thou refuse?"

"He is not her equal in descent. My daughter is of the Pascologii, the Comnenii, and the Sanudos, while he is only the son of a physician."

"Bah!" exclaimed Djezzar impatiently—"Let me hear no more of this. Is not his father my physician, and has he not the life of the representative of the Prophet in his hands? Doth not this place him above thy dead ancestors, who could not preserve their own lives, much less those of others? And did I not once tell thee I am the son of a slave? Know, egregious fool, that there is but one man above another in this world, and that is the commander of the faithful, my master. All others are equal, and all his slaves. What other objections hast thou?"

"He is of the Greek, I of the Latin Church. He does not acknowledge the holy father at Rome as its head, but blasphemously bows to him they call the patriarch of Constantinople."

"By the beard of the Prophet, but this is a wonderful difference. Is there any other God but God, any other head of the church but Mahomet? And is not the patriarch of Constantinople appointed by his representative, the grand signor, my master, solely in consideration of twelve hundred paras, presented by the scoundrel Greeks, for the pleasure of being plundered and excommunicated for their pains? What use then in differing about one point where all is wrong? Hast thou any other reasons to urge? Be quick, for I am very tired."

"I was about contracting my daughter to a descendant of the illustrious family of the Cornari, in Venice."

"Mashallah! what, the obstinate infidel dog, who defended this city four-and-twenty years against the arms of the commander of the faithful, and occasioned the loss of an hundred thousand of the true believers? Say no more. I will have none of that accursed breed propagated here. But enough. Dost thou consent to the demand of the Vroucolacas and the prayers of thy neighbors?"

"I cannot—my birth, my religion, and my honor, forbid."

The Bashaw made a sign to the janizaries, who seized Signor Crispo, and prepared that fatal bowstring, the very thought of which gives even a true Mussulman a touch of bronchitis. At this moment Florentia reached forward and cast herself at the feet of the Bashaw, beseeching him to spare the life of her father. In her agitation her veil had been cast aside, and she appeared in all the pride of beauty, become more exquisitely touching from the deep feelings of her heart.

"By the beard of the Prophet," exclaimed Djazzar—"a Houri—she is too beautiful for the arms of a Christian dog, and I must consider whether to make her my tenth wife, or elevate her to the celestial happiness of administering to the delights of the commander of the faithful."

Saying this, he seemed to reflect on the subject deeply, while Signor Crispo remained in the keeping of the janizaries, without once thinking of his illustrious ancestors; Miquelachi for the first time exhibited great agitation; and Florentia continued on her knees in agonizing despair.

"It is settled," at length said Djazzar, "I shall send her a present to the commander of the faithful, as a proof of my gratitude for his bounty. She is too beautiful even for a Bashaw of three tails, and shall depart to-morrow in the galley destined for Constantinople, as you Christian dogs call it. Away, fellows! and leave this Houri with me. I have said it."

Florentia sank to the ground, while Crispo remained mute as a statue, overpowered by a sense of his approaching fate, and the degradation preparing for his only child. Miquelachi, after hesitating a moment, came forward, and saluting Djazzar with profound respect, asked in a fine voice—

"May it please your highness, will this rid your faithful subjects of the visits of the Vroucolacas? It was for that we were called before you."

"Mashallah! I had forgot the demon entirely. But there is no help for it now, and he must play his part till he is either tired, or has drank up all the wine, when I suppose he will depart in peace."

"If your highness will recall the sentence against the daughter of Signor Crispo, I pledge my head to rid you of the Vroucolacas."

"Bah! what care I for that fool's head of thine? It is mine already whenever I choose to take it. Depart, I say, or I will make your shadow shorter by a head."

At this critical moment the venerable Doctor Constantachi made his appearance. He was the only man in the island the Bashaw either feared or respected. He stood in awe of his great skill, which had more than once been exercised on his own person, and could never divest himself of the idea that the doctor could as easily kill as cure him. For those reasons he always treated him with great courtesy and respect—partly from gratitude, partly from fear. The doctor came to plead the cause of Florentia, knowing how dear she was to his son, and the Bashaw was pleased to listen graciously to his suit, which involved in fact the only practicable mode of ridding the city of its diabolical persecutor, who had

so frequently intimated the sole condition on which he would discontinue his visits.

"But if he should break his word," cried Djazzar; "these demons are slippery fellows, and fear neither the law nor the Prophet."

"May it please your highness, I—"

"But it does not please my highness that you should give any more pledges," said Djazzar, interrupting Miquelachi.

It is doubtless possible, notwithstanding the testimony of all orthodox historians, poets and romance writers—by which latter we mean travelers—to the contrary, that a follower of Mahomet may, by way of miracle, possess some bowels of compassion, and occasionally, as it were, degenerate into an act of justice or humanity. Djazzar was cruel in conformity with the spirit of his religion and the maxims of his government, which held life cheap in comparison with the mild, merciful, and forgiving doctrines of Christianity. He also was guilty of violence and extortion toward those he governed; but here, too, he only acted in conformity to the universal custom of all the great and little dignitaries of the Ottoman Empire. He had bought his office at the price of eight hundred paras, and considered himself fairly entitled to extract at least three times that sum from the pockets of his subjects; more especially as he at the same time incurred the imminent risk of going the way of almost all Mussulman flesh in high station, and dying suddenly of a sore throat. On the whole, he was not a bad man for a Turk.

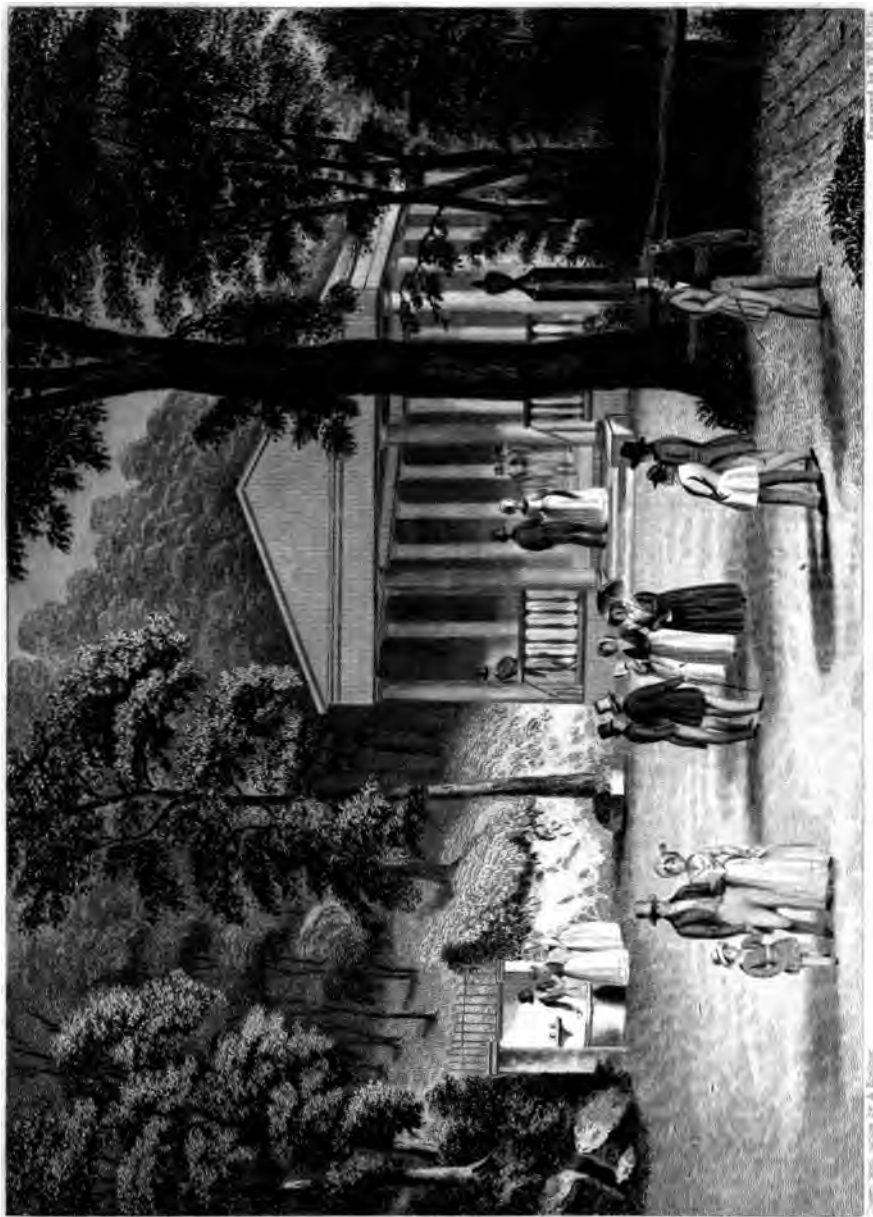
Djazzar had from the first decided on a compliance with the conditions demanded by the Vroucolacas, as a means of quieting the apprehensions of the people, and at the same time doing a good turn to his old friend the doctor, who had traveled a great deal and seen so many varieties of human faith, that so far from being a bigot, he might be said to be almost indifferent to all religions. He was exceedingly fond of his son, and anxious for his marriage with Florentia, because the young man declared it was indispensable to his happiness. It was with a view merely to operate on the personal fears and parental affection of Signor Crispo, that he had affected to proceed to such entreaties. Apparently, however, being moved by the arguments and entreaties of Dr. Constantachi, he addressed himself once more to Signor Crispo, and proposed as the last alternative either that he should give his daughter to Miquelachi, or lose her forever, and his life in the bargain.

While the father was hesitating, the young man suddenly threw himself at the feet of the Bashaw, exclaiming—


"Spare her and spare her father! I cannot consent to receive my happiness at such a price. I resign the dearest treasure of my life, provided you will spare that of Signor Sanudo, and permit his daughter to remain with him, to soothe his declining age."

"And what will the Vroucolacas say to that?" asked Djazzar. "He will rage ten times more than ever, and very likely attack me in my own castle. It will not do—either the consent or the bowstring. I per-

114



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

commonly purified soda carbonate of medicinal value is obtained from the solution. No water is used. The  of the company, Fletcher, S. Anderson & Co., of Philadelphia, has the springs which are the best in the *Solitaire*, the *Sweet*, and the *Chambers* resort. The only one in the United States has more display than Bedford's spring discharges six millions of seven hundred tons.



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ceive maiden thou art going to entreat me again. But spare your words—the consent or the bowstring.”

Signor Crispo was observed to be greatly agitated. The truth is, though a vain and somewhat silly man, he was not altogether insensible to generous emotions. He was, therefore, not a little touched with the frank manly style in which Miquelachi had interfered in his behalf, as well as the disinterested sacrifice he had offered to make. There was, however, a still more powerful motive gradually acquiring greater force and energy, namely, fear of the bowstring, which, not being one of the faithful, he held in great abhorrence. After a succession of writhings and grimaces, and just as the Bashaw had given the signal to the janizaries, there bolted from the mouth of Signor Crispo, as if precipitated by some violent inward explosion, the following words—

“I consent—and may my illustrious ancestors, the Pascologii, the Comnenii, the Porphyrogenitii, and the Sanudos—not forgetting Michael, the Stammerer—forgive me!”

“Mashallah!—by the beard of the Prophet,” cried Djezzar, “but thou hast decided wisely for once, after being a fool all thy life; and as for thine ancestors, with the long names, depend upon it they wont trouble you about the matter. See that thou keepest thy word, and art kind to this young man, who must possess great merit since he is patronized by the Vroucolacas, and most especially to the beautiful Hourî, thy daughter—or,” here he cast a significant glance at the awful bowstring which caused Signor Crispo to tremble even to the soles of his slippers.

The Bashaw decreed that the marriage should take

place on the spot, dispensing with all preliminary ceremonies, such as were practiced among the Christians of Candia. His word was law and gospel too, and the young lovers were forthwith married, to the satisfaction of all parties except Signor Crispo, who looked as if he had just lost all his illustrious ancestors. He continued discontented and sour for some time, but the fear of the Bashaw kept him from any overt act of unkindness; and when in the natural course of human events Florentia presented him with a grandson, he was in great perplexity as to the name he should bestow on him. At last he hit upon the happy expedient of calling the young stranger—who, by the way, had a vivid impression of a pomegranate on his left shoulder—Comnenius Pascologus Crispo Sanudo Miquelachi, with which he was quite delighted, seeing there were four to one in his favor.

The most remarkable circumstance, however, attending or rather succeeding this marriage, was, that the Vroucolacas kept his word like a demon of honor, and from that time ceased his nightly visits. When it was clearly demonstrated that he had departed, the people of the city began at first to doubt whether he had been there at all. Then they began to laugh at each other for believing it; and finally ended in laughing at themselves, perfectly unconscious that if the same thing were to happen again, they would be just as much frightened as before. Whether Miquelachi had any agency in the exploits of the Vroucolacas was never perfectly known. Florentia often bantered him on the subject, but he was too discreet a man to trust his wife with a secret of such consequence.

BEDFORD SPRINGS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

THE celebrated Bedford Springs are situated in a beautiful valley, about a mile and a half south of the borough of that name, in Bedford county, Pennsylvania. The village of Bedford itself is a picturesque place, lying in the lap of the mountains, on the great road leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, 200 miles from the former, and about 98 miles from the latter place. The cool breezes which prevail in the vicinity, and the elevating scenery around, render the place peculiarly delightful to the traveler: these attractions are increased by the curative nature of the springs, which have been found efficacious in removing dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, chronic obstructions, and, in general, in all cases of debility. The waters contain carbonic acid, sulphate of lime, magnesia, muriate of soda, carbonate of iron, lime, &c. There are six springs: Fletcher's, Anderson's, the Limestone, the Sulphur, the Sweet, and the Chalybeate. Fletcher's spring discharges six gallons of

water per minute. About forty rods from the principal fountain is a rich sulphur spring. Anderson's spring discharges twenty gallons of water per minute, at a temperature of 55° Fahrenheit.

The views in the vicinity are picturesque and beautiful. The Springs are fitted up with much taste, as our engraving, representing the principal fountain, will bear witness. Game abounds in the vicinity; so that attractions are afforded to the sportsman as well as to the invalid. The Raystown branch of the Juniata flows by the borough. West of the village is Will's Mountain, elevated more than 1300 feet. On the east is Denning's Mountain, 1100 feet in altitude. And as the bases of these mountains are a mile and a half apart, a more picturesque or salubrious spot could not easily be selected. No watering place in Pennsylvania is consequently so much resorted to: few in the United States have more deserving claims.

I SAW THEE BUT A MOMENT.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

I saw thee but a moment—thou sad and lovely one !
I saw thee but a moment—yet my heart was *then* undone !
Thou didst dawn upon my spirit, in all thy bloom and truth,
A passing vision given to my warm and yearning youth.

I saw thee but a moment—'t was mid the festive throng.
Some happy youths were round thee—they had pleaded for
a song—
The last guests were departing—and I, too, had said
“good night,”
When thy gush of song o’ertook me—and chained me with
delight !

I turned—and oh that vision !—thy beauty, fair unknown !
Still thrills me with a power that I almost dread to own—
There were brighter ones around thee in that gay and
brilliant hall,
But the sweetest face among them, was the saddest face
of all !

I know not what came o’er me in the tumult of that hour—
There were burning thoughts within me—of passion, and
of power !
How sweetly throbbed my bosom, as I listened to thy lay,
But my peace of heart was over, ere the last note died
away !

I know not what came o’er me mid that hushed and listen-
ing band,

As I strove to nerve the spirit that thy music had unmann’d.
I heard some murmured praises—and thy low and sweet
replies—
While harp—and throng—and singer—all swam before my
eyes !

The syren-song was ended—and I paused to ask thy name—
At the memory of that moment, even now, I blush for
shame ;
But the wild blood of my boyhood throbbed at my bosom’s
core—
I heard that thou wert wedded—and fainted on the floor !

The time is past and over—and my dreams have changed
since then—
I have learned to mask my spirit, in my intercourse with
men !
But the feelings of that moment—unconscious of control—
Still send their glowing current like lava through my soul !

The time is past and over—and though madness it may be—
There are moments still, lost beauty ! when I pause to
think of thee !
When I seem to feel thy glances—as they thrilled my heart
of yore—
But the memory hath unmann’d me—I must think of thee
no more !

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ALL within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill,
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still !
To my feet the river glideth,
Through the shadow, sullen, dark,
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a bark :
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me.

Gentle flowers are springing near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around ;
Countless voices rise to cheer me
From the ground :
And the love bird comes—I hear it,
In the tall and windy pine,
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine ;
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me.

Now the moon hath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging boat-like, as ’t would woo me
Far away ;
And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky :
There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me.

Now when flows the tide of even,
Like a solemn river, slow,
Gentle eyes akin to heaven
On me glow ;
Loving eyes that tell their story,
Speaking to my heart of hearts ;
But I sigh, “a thing of glory
Soon departs.”
Yet when Mary fades above me,
I must think that there will be
One thing more in heaven to love me,
Even me.

A LAY OF BRITTANY.

SUGGESTED BY READING MICHELET'S SPIRITED DESCRIPTION OF THIS OLD PROVINCE
IN HIS HISTORY OF FRANCE.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

BRETONS love their native land,
With its coast so dark and sterile—
Men of iron heart and hand,
Trained from youth to cope with peril.
Oft have Breton heads and breasts
Pierce invading cohorts driven
Back, with shorn and humbled crests,
And their armor hacked and riven.
Though the soil is cold and hard,
Small return to labor giving,
Scenes we point to, by the bard
Linked to song forever living.

Name of terror to the brave—
Lair of danger ever lowering,
Grim Cape Raz above the wave
Full three hundred feet is towering.
Thither on the rocking surge
Have the old sea-kings been drifted,
While the tempest howled a dirge,
And rough hands in prayer were lifted.
On our dark and frowning strand
Crushed are vessels every winter,
And in vain a ghastly band,
Drowning, clench frail oar and splinter.

Deadman's Bay within its breast
Hath entombed the *lost* for ages,
For a tide that knows no rest
War against the seaman wages.
Since the bearded Norseman bold
By its hungry depths were swallowed,
Art of man, in sluggish mould,
Deeper charnel hath not hollowed.
In a last embrace entwined,
Wrecked at midnight black and cheerless,
To its custody consigned
Down have sunk the fair and fearless.
Treasure house of wealth untold,
Jewels, amid bones, lie scattered;
Knightly arms, inlaid with gold,
Dinted helm, and hauberk battered.

Islands rise above the wave,
Chained by fearful shoals together,
Where the Sacred Virgins gave
To the Celt sunshiny weather.
There their orgies drowned the gale,
Growling surf, and osprey screaming,
While around the distant sail
Glanced the lightning redly gleaming.
• Mariners, far-off at sea,
To the shrouds in terror clinging,
Heard their chant of hellish glee,
And barbaric cymbals ringing,

Rifted rocks are near the coast,
Girdled by the billows hoary,

And each one of them can boast,
Stranger! its romantic story.
One that lifts its rugged brow,
With the spray around it curling,
Though so bare and dreary now,
Was the haunt of Wizzard Merlin;
Never more will work his spell,
Or the magic rhyme be spoken,
But of him our legends tell,
Though his mighty wand is broken.

Listen to that mournful roar,
To the ground-swell's measured beating!
Clamoring for graves on shore
Ghosts of shipwrecked men are meeting.
Fair the weather, or serene,
Newly-born the day or dying,
Two *black ravens* may be seen
O'er yon rocky islet flying.
They are spirits of the dead—
Of a king whose doom is written,
And a child, whose beauteous head
By the same dark blow was smitten.
On yon rock in thunder rolls,
With its snow-white crown, the water,
Fitting dirge-note for the souls
Of King Grallo and his daughter.

Bretons love their province old,
Rugged nurse of gallant spirits—
Traitors cannot bribe with gold
Heart that Breton blood inherits.
Now, as in the glorious past,
France may trust in Breton daring;
When the sheath aside is cast
Breton steel is aye unsparing.
Hohenlinden's chief was nursed
By a dauntless Breton mother;
Let the storm of battle burst,
Breton prowess naught can smother.

History her leaves may turn,
And no braver name discover
Written than Latour d'Auvergne,
Glory's pure and faithful lover!
When at Waterloo eclipse
Dimm'd our hopes, one brave defender
Shouted out with Breton lips,
"We can die, but not surrender!"*
If in strife we meet once more
British bosoms, wo betide them,
Naught, upon our iron shore,
Foes e'er won but graves to hide them!

* The story runs that it was a native of Nantes who uttered the last exclamation heard at Waterloo—"The guard dies, but does not surrender!" MICHELET.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Paris, March 26, 1846.

DEAR GRAHAM,—There is nothing startling here at this moment in the way of literary productions. Religious and political writers are fast becoming as homespun and insipid as the authors of the modern romantic school. They are printing Lamartine and Delavigne on a new vellum paper; Martin is continuing his History of France, of which he has already completed his *fifteenth* (!) volume, and which promises fair to become as tedious as the work of Sismondi on the same subject; Lamezannis is fortifying his democracy behind Catholicism; a few indifferent *cavadilles* have been got ready for the seasons of the Carnival and Lent, and Sournet has written a bad tragedy, "*Jeanne d'Arc*," especially for Mademoiselle Rachel, of which the French critics themselves aver that it is not quite equal to "The Maid of Orleans," by Schiller. The French are just beginning to find out that their tragical heroes are too much out after the fashion of the old court to please modern French audiences; and that the luxury and splendor of the versification of Racine are not always a compensation for the occasional absence of thought and action. The French public of the present day want to see their stage heroes invested with flesh and blood, after the fashion of the English; they want philosophy and truth instead of the high-sounding stage logic of great sentiments—a little more of the man, and somewhat less of the Titan—for as truth has disappeared from private life, it is a relief to have it sometimes told anonymously from the boards.

By the bye, speaking of Mlle. Rachel, she is really a great tragedian, and deserves the praise so lavishly bestowed on her. She looks like the very impersonation of Melpomene—a marble statue of antiquity imbued with life, which reminds you strongly of the story of Pygmalion. Her face and body are quite classical, and admirably adapted to the free play of passion. Her being a Jewess only gives to her features a higher southern expression, and that peculiar oriental type which adds so much to the beauty of the daughters of Israel when they are handsome, and renders them so much more hideous when they are unable to please. Mlle. Rachel has great command over the muscles of her face, and succeeds admirably in complicated intrigues, or fierce maddening passion; but I find her deficient in those parts which require simple grandeur—the majesty of repose which distinguishes the godlike on earth; and this is perhaps less the fault of her art than her person; for it must be admitted that Mlle. Mars, from her commanding figure, had in this respect a great advantage over her. As *Jeanne d'Arc*, I did not like her, though I admired her talent; in *Athalie* I found her admirable.

The taste for theatrical performances has very much declined of late years; without, as one would suppose, the opera or the ballet gaining by the change. They, too, have declined wonderfully, especially the comic opera, which I found almost entirely deserted. So it appears that the Aubers, the Boileux, the Herolds, and a host of minor stars will, in the end, be entirely driven from the stage. The Grand Opera (*l'Académie Royale de Musique*) has commenced giving Italian operas in French translations; but they have as yet not gone beyond *Lucia di Lamermoor*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Norma*. The Italian Opera has been doing a slim business, and obliged to come

back to the compositions of Cimarosa to draw full houses. Neither the opera, nor the ballet, nor the Academy of Music, possesses any decided talents. Griali, at the Italian, has culminated; her sister Carlotta dances very pretty steps, but is neither very handsome (she is pock-marked) nor very graceful; and the rest of the *ballerines* are mere figurantes. Lablache has no longer any silver in his voice, but the more brass, for he attempts parts which, from the almost entire failure of his voice, he must either half omit, or sing an octave higher or lower than was intended by the composer. Notwithstanding this visible decrepitude of age, he is still extremely jealous of all new comers, and determined to sell as high as possible the few miserable fragments which are left of his once wonderful capacity. Duprez, of the Grand Opera, is in the same predicament. He is still a great artist, but his voice is gone, and the directors of the opera are at a loss how either to get rid of or to replace him. The only times the Grand Opera draws full houses are, consequently, the nights on which public balls are given, and even these, alas! the present jealous government of France seriously contemplates abolishing. The French government seems to be afraid of all public assemblages, even for the purpose of amusement; and bent on putting a restraint even on the exercise of feet and ankles. Since the late unfortunate attempt at revolution in Poland, even the Polka and Redowa are banished from the stage, for fear that the graceful *pirouettes* and *entrechats* of the opera dancers might be more eloquent appeals to the sympathies of the people than the long windy speeches in the Chamber of Peers.

Felicien David has composed a new oratorio, "*Moses on Mount Sinai*," which was performed the other evening for the first time, and had what the French call a success of esteem, (*succès d'estime*.) The man of the desert, whose inspiration came after his brains were half scorched by a tropical sun, has, in my humble opinion, been much overrated. He is an agreeable, not a great composer, with thoughts serious, not profound. He would like to conjure up "phantoms from the vasty deep," but they are unfortunately but the well-known mirage of Egypt—curious enough but not original. His success is great, because he is the first Frenchman that has attempted serious compositions; but he is on that account neither as fertile and graceful as Haydn, as creative as Mozart, or as philosophically profound as Beethoven. On his late tour in Germany he met with but indifferent success. His *Desert* has been placed by the side of other good compositions, but not in the foreground.

Jose's oratorio, "*The Temptation*," has also been performed, and the French critics, who are rich in words, if not in ideas, have instituted a very pretty comparison between it and the *Desert* of Felicien David. "The one," (the *Desert*,) they say, "is a landscape; the other a panorama." I have no doubt this will explain to the readers of the Magazine as effectually as if they had heard the music. A wag, to ridicule the facetiousness of the modern *maestro*, has announced a great oratorio, "*Citrouillart au Désert*," (Squash in the Desert,) which, according to the bill, is to consist of the following parts:

Part I. "Tired of the Desert!"—chorus with full orchestra accompaniment.

Part II. "Simond and Riffard," (Storm in the Plane,)—solo of rain, for wind instruments.

Part III. "The Rope Dancers of the Desert"—Polka solo by Madame Sacqui.

Part IV. "The Sun perceives the dawning of Day"—chorus of rays and shadows.

Part V. "Chant of the Mute Zim"—sung by himself.

Part VI. "Great Fugue of the Camels"—*morceau d'ensemble* on four legs.

You will see that almost any music will answer to these heads—rays, shadows, rain, daylight, mutes and camels being expressive of almost any sentiment, from laughter to melancholy, and from the amorous to the most profound feeling of piety. What a scope this to the composer, who can traverse the desert first lengthwise, and then throughout the whole extent of its breadth!

Among the greatest curiosities of Paris but a few weeks since was a remarkable girl, who, like the electric eel, possessed the power of "shocking" people when brought in contact with her, unless they were made of glass, or kept at a respectful distance. She was possessed of a most acute magnetic sensitiveness all over her body, and able, by the more exquisite feeling of her fingers, to tell, blindfolded, the positive and negative pole of a galvanic battery. But the centre of her magnetic attractions and repulsions had been so disposed of by nature, that wooden chairs and benches which were brought near her were instantly upset and flung to a great distance, for which reason she was, by the public prints, called "*la fille au se'ant électrique*," a scientific appellation, which, though it is very good French, I cannot, at this moment, translate into elegant English. Thus endowed, the young Angelina Cottin became, as you may imagine, the rage of Paris. There was no party, either in the *Faubourg St. Germain* or *St. Honoré*, where she was not invited to upset a few chairs, or to remove a sofa, until her fame became so general, that ordinary people seriously thought of providing themselves with small lightning rods, in case they should chance to meet "the electric lady." The Academy of Science, always on the alert for the investigation of new bodies or phenomena, though none of its members has as yet discovered a new planet, deemed it their duty to take the matter in hand, and to investigate it with that degree of attention, and that freedom from vulgar prejudices, which has ever characterized that learned and august body. A committee was accordingly appointed, of which the illustrious Arago, President of the Academy, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, was chairman, and which, with solemn and measured step, such as became the new scientific discovery on which they were to shed the light of their knowledge, wound its way to the house of the wonderful creature. But merit is not always crowned with success. No sooner was the committee announced at the drawing-room of the young lady than all electric phenomena ceased. Her body, so far from exhibiting any of the above described repulsions and attractions, resembled a Leyden phial just discharged of its contents, and all efforts of the academic committee to charge her again proved fruitless. So the committee had to return to the hall of the Academy on the other side of the Seine, where they gravely discussed the question whether the members were to make an *officious* or an *official* report of their proceedings. After a long and learned debate, the latter was thought the safest course, and accordingly adopted. But there was still an obstacle to a final conclusion on the subject. The parents of the young lady had declared that sickness was the cause of the failure of the experiments made on her body, and the Academy concluded, therefore, after mature deliberation, that the young lady should be given time to recover, when the committee, with their illustrious chairman, Member of

the Chamber of Deputies, at their head, should once more attempt to investigate the interesting subject. Meanwhile, some young physicians amused themselves with imitating the young lady, and actually succeeded so far as to throw chairs and benches, with great success, by the same electric motion. This led the Academy of Science to suspect foul play; but its reputation for learning was at stake; science required that the truth should be positively ascertained, and Mr. Arago, President of the Academy, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was not to yield to the wild pranks of a few young students.

A second procession of the committee, therefore, was organized; but strange to say, on its arrival at Mlle. Angelina Cottin's the electric phenomena had again ceased—perhaps from the sudden appearance of so many non-conductors! The matter was here dropped; but the young lady continues to perform her feats at *parties*, where, instead of the cold searching looks of science, her electric faculties are re-kindled by the more generous spirit of social freedom. Had such a thing occurred in New York or Philadelphia, the French sages would only have shrugged their shoulders and exclaimed—"How can you expect science to make any progress in a country whose inhabitants are entirely absorbed with the one idea of making money?" But having taken place in Paris, where such vulgar imputations are instantly refuted by a thousand men of letters, the efforts of so learned and *paid* a body of sages as the academy may boast of, can only be ascribed to "a sincere love of investigation which considers no subject above or beneath its consideration, which may add, however small a portion, to the aggregate stock of human knowledge."

I have above mentioned the gradual falling off of the Italian opera; I will in proof of it give you all the names—from which you will see that among the *corps d'artistes* there are very few celebrities, or such only as have long passed the zenith of their reputation. The names of Grisi, Persiani, Teresa Brambilla, Librandi, for *soprano*. Marietta Brambilla, Ernesta Grisi, *alto*. Mario, Malvezzi, Corelli, for *tenors*, and Lablache, Ronconi, Derivis and Tagliacoff for *basses*, present no great galaxy of talent, or are only remnants of former greatness. The time when first dancers and singers received from 50 to 100,000 francs a year for the exercise of their talents is passed in Paris; the government being tired of paying large subsidies, and the financiers who are at the head of modern society, preferring to invest their surplus revenues in railroads.

But it is not only the theatres and public amusements in general which have deteriorated in France; society itself has become far less attractive than it was in former times. The fact of the country being divided into so many political and religious parties, all of which are represented in the capital, alone sufficed to introduce a spirit of cliquism scarcely equalled in any other city. There is the king and his court, with his retainers of manufacturers and bankers and the staff of the national guards—there is the *corps diplomatique*, with its formal receptions and its official attendance, resembling very much a parcel of hotel keepers, obliged to entertain at their cost—then the *cliques* of the different suburbs, at the head of which (and in their own estimation, far above the king himself) stands that of the *Faubourg St. Germain*; then the English and American cliques, who generally contrive to live either in the city or in the neighborhood of the *Rue Rivoli*, the *Place Vendôme*, *Rues Catiglione, de la Paix*, the *Boulevard Italien*, and the avenues leading from the suburb St. Honoré to the *Champs Elysées*;—then the *Quartier des Finances* of the *Rues Tailbout, Lafitte*, (Rothschild's quarter) *Bergère*, (Messrs. Hottinguer) and *Place St. George* (the old stand of our own Messrs. Wells & Co.) The society of the faubourg

Poissonnière is composed of the smaller business men, in money, silks and dry goods, and farther up the Boulevards, beyond the *Temple*, no one is allowed to have a *salon* or a drawing room. The same spirit of cliquism is manifest among the literati, the members of the academy, and the professors of the different colleges. The *Pays Latin* (the Latin country,) in the neighborhood of the university, and the Garbonne, is equally thrown into social anarchy, and the spirit of faction extends even to the theatres. The company of one is of course not considered fit company for the other; and those which resemble each other most, but are nearest on a par with each other, hate each other with the most profound hatred. This holds particularly of the *Théâtre Française*, which is styled the *clique Richelieu* (from the location of the house at the extremity of that street and the Palais Royal) and the *Odéon*, on the other side of the river, in the neighborhood of the Palais Luxembourg and the centre of the old aristocracy. In all Paris there are not more than half a dozen—perhaps a dozen—original drawing rooms, where you meet every species of society—the staff, as it were, of all the cliques of the French Persepolis. To these you may reckon the *salon* of Princess Lieven, Princess Gortoriska, Monsieur de Lamartine, the Russian *salon* of Count S—w, which is closed this year on account of a death in the family, but which is one of the most agreeable in the whole town, from the fact that you are sure to meet there with every distinguished literary or political stranger in Paris, and a few more which I do not chance to remember at this moment. With the exception of these few, you meet in every one of them, night after night, the same faces, hear the same trite, trifling, unmeaning conversation—the same stereotype phrases which have become current in each clique, so that they might serve as free-masons' signs, by which their respective members might know each other in the dark—and the same absence of all the nobler aspirations of our nature. Each lady has a particular evening in the week, set apart for her reception, and you are not supposed to be *obliged* to attend regularly every week, but if you do not, you may rely on the lady's being piqued; for though there is apparently the greatest freedom in French intercourse, French ladies never pardon the slightest neglect; though they but too often forget injuries. To be well received in Paris is to become the slave of all the cliques; for there is no society in the world more slavishly bound to forms, more used to mannerism, or more accustomed to pass counterfeit money by which no one is deceived, from the fact of every one's knowing the baseness of the metal, and the character of the counterfeiter, than the French. But every one pays in the same coin, and is, therefore, willing to receive it from his neighbors—the persons really deceived by it are only the strangers.

French tyranny is, in the first place, exercised in the despotic laws of dress. No matter whether a lady have a cold or be half gone in consumption, she *must* be *décolletée*, whether that style of dress is becoming to her or not; for a certain degree of communicativeness is *de rigueur*. The art of pleasing consists, as far as French women are concerned, in the art of exciting, and agreeably surprising men. A French woman is always new. No matter whether she be a diamond, a ruby, a topaz, or merely a piece of colored glass, you always meet her in a fresh setting, and forget her age, her experience, and her sufferings. If she have suffered any injury, the manner in which the little jewel is set is sure to conceal it; and she will probably succeed in dazzling you with what remains of her. She knows that to enjoy is to be well deceived, and consequently practices deception with an innocent heart and a clear conscience. An English or American woman, under

similar circumstances, would look very awkward, as all persons do who act without a design.

What is excusable, if not justifiable, in women, becomes in men often a hideous deformity. A man who wants to become a lady-killer, through his toilet, which sets his person off to advantage—who studies attitudes and practices them in society—who smiles to show his white teeth, and plays the coquette to heighten his attractions, is to an American mind always an insufferable coxcomb; but when men have no other *pursuits* than these, as is generally the case with French coxcombs, they are not worth our contempt. Their conversation is just as affected as their whole carriage and demeanor, with the exception of a certain swagger which is quite natural to them, and from which you are led to infer that they have never yet met with a repulse. They affect an air of security with women which is indescribably disgusting, and, according to English notions, the most offensive thing a gentleman can be guilty of in regard to a lady. Let a woman be distinguished by beauty, wealth, grace or position, and hundreds of Frenchmen will exercise their utmost assiduity, not indeed actually to please her, but to obtain the *reputation* of being preferred to their competitors. The artifices to which they resort on such occasions, are scarcely credible. One will call every day and keep his carriage waiting at the door, so that his livery and his escutcheon may be seen—another, who has not even the full *entrées* of her house, will manage to find out where she is driving, or walking, or visiting, and contrive, accidentally, to meet her in order to have the reputation of having received a *rendezvous*; a third will affect to be jealous; a fourth will only watch her at a distance, and occasionally whisper a few hurried words to her, to conceal his good fortune to the world; a fifth contrives to creep into her box at the theatre, and affects to gape by her side, to make the world believe he is already tired of her; a sixth assumes an air of intimacy by approaching her without form, throwing, as if by forgetfulness, his arm on the back of her chair or sofa, taking familiarly hold of her hand in conversation; appearing, in fact, to exercise all the time nothing but long conceded rights, without regard to the company in which he happens to find her; and so on. I was present the other day, when an English lady, vexed by this species of assurance, threw herself back in her arm chair, and with a voice in which contempt almost surpassed mockery, requested the gentleman not to take such an air of possession with her, as the company might believe he was her lover. This was a Waterloo defeat for the young man, who looked quite as sheepish as the guards, who "sooner died than surrendered," after their return to Paris. I have very little doubt that a Frenchman paying his court to a fashionable woman, values her favors only for the price set on them by the world. He is so much of an actor in the various positions of life, that he requires "forty centuries" to look down on him from the top of the Egyptian pyramids, when he is fighting a battle on the Nile; and a long train of enviers when his individual affections are returned. His life is a continued struggle for victory and glory; for he is never without a real or imaginary audience, and can enjoy no triumph without fame. Whether enlisted in the wars of Mars or Venus, he is a gladiator who, in the midst of the combat, looks for applause from the arena to the galleries. These follies, when first beheld by a stranger, furnish much innocent, though not very instructive amusement; but you soon become tired of them, and discover that the play is not worth the candle.

The *Memoir Littérature* continues in England, and a few stupid flings have been made at our country, which is growing so large that Great Britain seems to think there is not room enough for her to stand by our side.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and Other Parts of Europe, During the Present Century. By Samuel Laing. Philada. Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

Scenes and Thoughts in Europe. By an American. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

These two books of travel well illustrate two classes of minds. Mr. Laing is an honest hard-headed Scotchman, with a shrewd observing eye, and a statistical mind, looking at things as they affect the economical condition of states and their population—Mr. Calvert, the author of "Scenes and Thoughts," is a man of letters, full of enthusiasm for art and literature, and more curious to see prominent individuals than to observe masses of men. Mr. Laing, accordingly, furnishes us with facts and reasonings about the law of primogeniture, and the effect its abolishment will have in France. Mr. Calvert speculates on Napoleon, complains that in his aims there lay no "deep hope," and that he gave birth to no "great ideas," to "fructify" among men. Ideas never fructify, and deep hopes never appear, in Mr. Laing's pages. He watches the operation of Functionarism in France, and its pressure on the time and industry of the people. Mr. Calvert regrets that French literature has no soul, and, therefore, don't take hold of him. Mr. Laing has no love for the great works of art, indeed thinks it ridiculous to estimate the power or the happiness of a nation on any æsthetic principles, but talks about tariffs, commercial leagues, manufactures, agriculture and the like; Mr. Calvert discourses of Wordsworth, Goethe, Dante, and the "poet's function." Mr. Laing is never on the stilts, Mr. Calvert is never off. One loads us with detail, the other with rhetoric—one shows us countries in relation to their legislation and industrial capacities—the other in relation to himself; one is all economy, the other all poetry. There is no book of equal size which contains so much generalized information on the European mode of government and policy, and the moral and social condition of the people, and so much acute criticism on both, as that of Mr. Laing. There are few books which give, in such small space, so many allusions to topics interesting to the lover of literature, as that of Mr. Calvert. Both will find readers, but few readers will peruse both. They do not belong to the same parish.

Mr. Calvert's volume, though somewhat imposing in manner, possesses considerable interest. His notices of persons, however, are apt to be meagre and pointless. He saw Wordsworth, Wellington and Carlyle, and these he thinks England's greatest living men. Mrs. Gilman talked to him about Coleridge, but he communicates nothing new of the "rapt-one, with the godlike-forehead." She gave him a sonnet written by Allston, on the death of Coleridge, the "most beautiful thing of the kind he ever read," but he gives us no opportunity of agreeing with him in judgment. He is very close with respect to Wordsworth's conversation, and after quoting two bits of nothing that dropped from his lips, hopes that the poet will not "regard the record as a violation of the sacred privacy of his home." We hope not too. Of Carlyle, he certifies that "his countenance is fresh, his bearing simple, and his fre-

quent laugh most hearty. He has a wealth of talk, and is as shrewd in speech as in print in detecting the truth in spite of concealment, and letting the air out of a *windbeutel*." Mr. Calvert is a warm lover of Goethe, and while at Frankfort journalized some thoughts about the great German and his art. "No man of the age," he says, "has so widened the intellectual horizon of his country, so deepened and freshened the common sea of thought, so enriched the minds of his contemporaries with images of beauty and power"—a very fine sentence in two senses. The notices of the American Sculptors in Italy, are interesting. Powers is highly praised. On the subject of art Mr. Calvert gets excited. He speaks of the statue of Eve, as evincing the "richest resources of imagination under guidance of the severest purity of taste;" and says what stamps Powers with greatness, is "the completeness of his endowments with all the requisites of sculpture." Greenough, Brown and Kellogg also come in for a share of Mr. Calvert's eulogy.

Our tourist was disappointed in the reading of Petrarch and Macchiavelli. The sonnets of the former "are written more out of the head than the heart. They sparkle with poetic fancy, but do not throb with sensibility." The highest power he concedes to Macchiavelli is "subtlety in the discussion of points of political expediency." Alfieri's verse, he says, is "swollen with wrath." Dante "sets his rhetoric boiling." "Conceive," he remarks, "the statuesque imagination of Michael Angelo united to the vivid, homely particularity of Defoe, making pictures out of materials drawn from a heart whose rapturous sympathies ranged with Orphean powers through the whole gamut of human feeling, from the blackest hate up to the brightest love, and you will understand what is meant by the term *Dantesque*."

Were Mr. Calvert's book shorn of its pretension, and its calm, mysterious sublimity, and if he had condescended occasionally to let down the pegs of its rhetoric, it would be much more pleasing and interesting. A bit of old Samuel Laing's utilitarianism would make it much more valuable. The author gives undoubted evidences of scholarship, but strangely lacks all sense of the ludicrous. However, it is, with all its faults of manner, one of the most readable of the "Library of American Books."

Thoughts on the Poets. By H. T. Tuckerman. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

The essays of which this volume is composed, were originally published in the magazines of the day, and in that form attracted much attention. Though not written in the dashing dare-devil manner which forces so much equivocal criticism down the throats of the public, and hardly characterized by that intensity which comes from passing literary opinions through the blood as well as the brain, they are conceived with much force of mind, and written in a style equally elegant and condensed. The title of the book is no misnomer. It is filled with thoughts, and thoughts, too, which evince a clear comprehension of their subjects. The author seems to have no other object

than that of perceiving and elucidating the truth. He is the fanatic of no critical system; he betrays no anxiety to sacrifice one poet at the altar of another. This must be deemed a great merit to all who appreciate the difficulty of avoiding the spirit of partisanship in criticism, and of separating, in literary judgments, taste in itself from the tastes of the individual. To assume an author's own point of view; to look at nature and life with his eyes; to appreciate the influence operating upon his mind in giving tone and direction to his genius; to allow for all those variations in the externals of poetry which the varying circumstances of different ages produce; and after this fair and complete view of the man, to estimate his relative rank in letters, requires no small exercise of intellectual power and intellectual integrity. The very process sobers the mind of the critic, and prevents him from exercising the flashing methods of the vehement advocate or adversary.

This volume contains twenty-six essays on as many poets. Several of them were written a number of years ago, before the author's style had assumed its present copiousness and warmth, and accordingly often display a hard though shining aphoristic manner. The sentences do not melt and run into each other, but stand too much by themselves, the records of separate thoughts, rather than of connected and consecutive thought. This effect is produced by an attempt to cram opinions and feelings into the smallest possible space. In the later essays this manner wears off, and the style assumes a wider sweep and more careless elegance. The beautiful essay on Petrarch is in the author's best manner.

The value of this book, as an introduction to English poetry; as a help and guide to those who are reading without any system, and obtaining no notion of the relative position of English poets, can hardly be too much estimated. We know of no volume, at least from an American pen, calculated to serve the purpose we have indicated so well. It includes a survey of English poetry from the time of Pope and Young, with searching expositions of the spirit of the different authors, and of the different periods in which they flourished. A very large amount of information is given in a compact form. The page is brightened with illustrative extracts, selected with the nicest tact. The cheap, popular form in which the volume is issued, brings it within the means of the humblest. We cordially wish it a pleasant journey through the land, and sympathetic greetings from all the lovers of poetry it chances to meet.

Self-Formation; or The History of an Individual Mind: Intended as a Guide for the Intellect through Difficulties to Success. By a Fellow of a College. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume has already excited some attention, and is probably destined to enjoy no little popularity. It belongs to the class of mental biographies, and exhibits the inward causes which obstruct the mind's progress and elevation. The writer gives the reader the advantage of his own experience. He details all the steps of his own education—shows the mistakes he committed, as well as the discoveries he made—and is especially felicitous in depicting that state of lassitude and idleness in which his mind weltered and morned during one stage of its development. The connection of the sentiments and passions with intellectual advancement is also well set forth. Few persons can read the book without receiving some benefit. Its faults are arrisance and diffuseness. The style is always gossiping, and sometimes pert and jaunty. We frequently

are compelled to wade through bogs of verbiage and impertinence before arriving at his ideas. In spite of provoking faults, however, the volume contains much important and valuable information.

Thiodolph, the Icelfander and Aslanga's Knight. From the German of the Baron de la Motte Foqué. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

These tales hardly equal Undine in strangeness of effect upon the imagination, but are still characteristic of the author's genius. The American publishers deserve praise for introducing Foqué to their countrymen. He speaks to the romantic feeling of the soul, in a new language, and wakes emotions out of the reach of most English novelists. The strange mysterious delight felt in reading one of his tales for the first time, is one of the happiest experiences of literature. The enchanting softness, tenderness and purity of his sentiment, and his power of connecting natural with supernatural feelings, so as to make them blend without destroying the romantic illusion, are recommendations of his works to which the driest reviewer cannot be insensible. Scott and Coleridge both held him in high esteem.

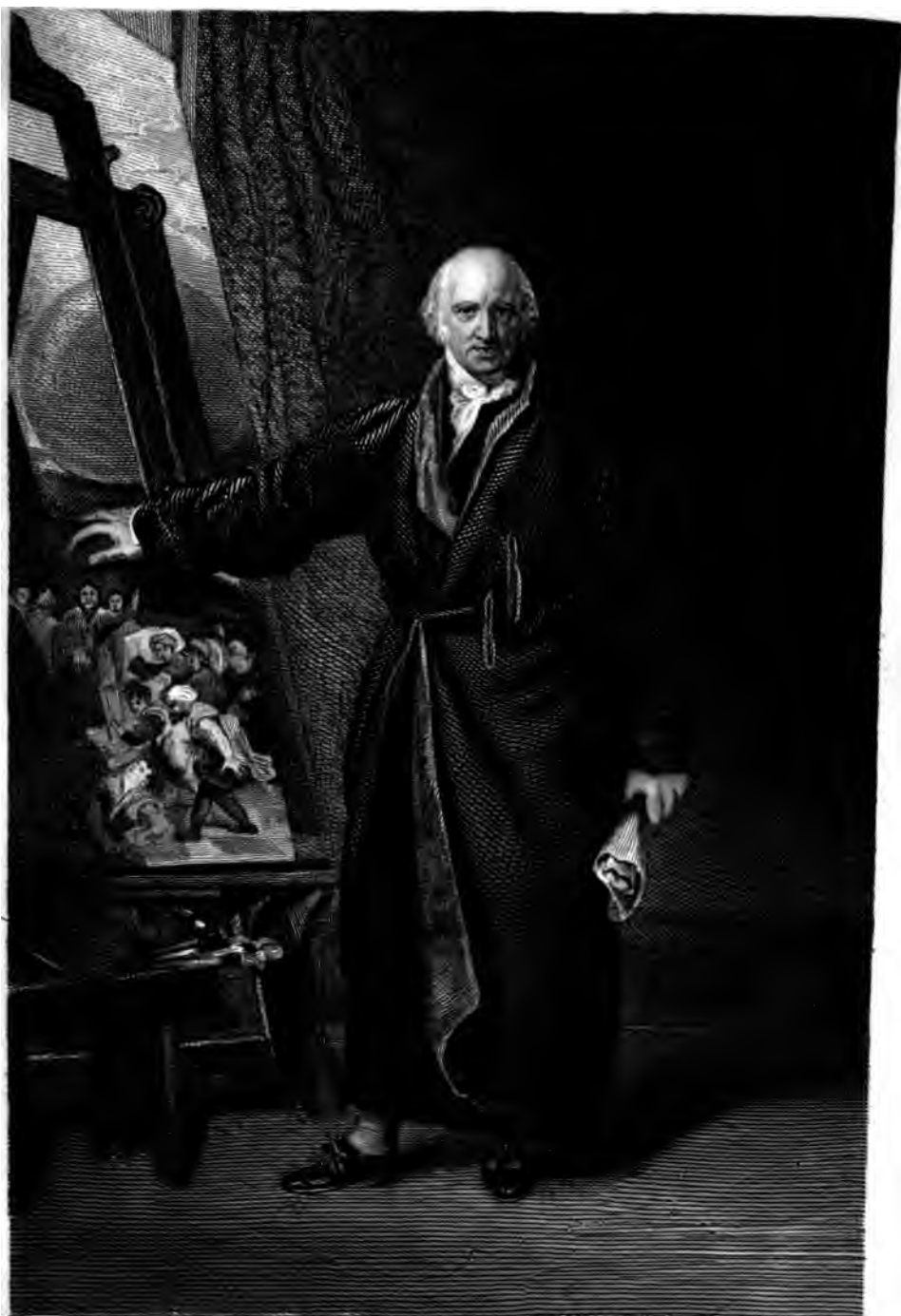
The Wilderness and the War-Path. By James Hall. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

The "Library of American Books" reaches, in this work, its fifteenth number. Among the collection are brilliant volumes of travel, by Headly and Dr. Cheever—tales and poems by Poe, full of imagination, and occasionally bristling with mischief—Mr. Mathews' grotesque "Big Abel"—Mr. Melville's interesting "Typee"—The delightful "Western Clearings" of Mrs. Kirkland—and Mr. Simms' various stories of the "Wigwam and the Cabin." Mr. Hall's book is original and aboriginal. He writes tales of the Indians from an intimate knowledge of their customs and peculiarities. His book is interesting and instructive.

Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mr. Darwin gives in this work a journal of researches into the geology and natural history of various portions of the world, kept during the voyage of the Beagle round the world. This voyage was undertaken for scientific objects, at the expense of the British Government. The book relates to a wide variety of subjects, and is replete with interesting narrative and description. In the present rage for voyages and travels, it is likely to find readers, even among those uninterested in the important sciences to which it more directly refers. The matter is cast in a popular form.

THE NEXT VOLUME.—Our new volume commences with the next number, and by reference to the Prospectus upon the cover, it will be seen that we propose to increase the literary department of the work. The American periodicals have latterly devoted too much attention to mere embellishments, and we think that we can add to the usefulness, character and stability of this important branch of our national literature by the improvement proposed. At the same time we shall maintain the high character the Magazine has attained for elegant engravings and its beautiful Paris Fashions. We believe that our next volume will be the most popular we have ever published.



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CONTENTS

OF THE TWENTY-NINTH VOLUME.

JUNE, 1846, TO JANUARY, 1847.

A Trip Across the British Channel. By FRANCIS J. GRUND, - - - - -	1	The Husband's Ruse. A Tale of Spanish Jealousy. By T. MAYNE REID, - - -	144
Athenais. By FRANCES S. OSGOOD, - - -	141	"To be Weak is Misery." By Mrs. E. F. ELLETT, - - - - -	181
A Day's Hunting About the Mongaup. By ALFRED B. STREET, - - - - -	189, 222	The Islets of the Gulf; Or, Rose Budd. By J. FENIMORE COOPER, - - - - -	205, 277
A Literary Aspirant. By S. A. T. - - -	227	The Rose of Jericho. (From the German.) By MARY E. LEE, - - - - -	216
A Trip Across the Channel. Part II.—The Return. By FRANCIS J. GRUND, - - -	204	The Wife's Confession. By MARY DAVENANT, - - -	237
Battle-Fields of the Revolution. Saratoga. By CAROLINE MORRIS STARK, - - -	116	The Study of Nature. By Mrs. MARY ANN GALLAGHER, - - - - -	259
Bessie Bell. By Mrs. CAROLINE H. BUTLER, -	177	The Squatter's Wife. By the Author of "Tom Owen, the Bee-Hunter," etc. - - -	290
Catharine Clayton. A Tale of New York. By Mrs. J. C. CAMPRELL, - - - 21, 78, 121,	160	The Mad Wolf. By "SOLITAIRE." - - -	304
Eveline De Rosieres. Or A Summer Night's Adventure. By HENRY W. HERBERT, -	131		
Elizabeth Fenwicke. By R. K. WILLISTON, -	147	P O E T R Y.	
Game-Birds of America, - - - - -	249, 309	Aspirations. By NELL, - - - - -	120
Life of Benjamin West. With a Portrait. -	101	Agnus. Or the Little Pet Lamb. By T. H. CHIVERS, M. D., - - - - -	129
La Cantatrice. By ENNA DUVAL. - - -	288	A Dream. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR. - - -	146
Mount Holyoke. (With an Engraving.) -	150	A Leaf from the Past. By T. B. READ, -	160
Marginalia. By EDGAR A. POE, - - - 245,	311	Another Heart Broken. By T. MAYNE REID, -	160
Not Great, But Happy. By T. S. ARTHUR, -	50	An Evening in Summer. By JANE C. CAMPBELL, - - - - -	221
Our Contributors—No. XXII. Alfred B. Street.	61	A Legend of Love. By J. B. TAYLOR, -	308
Old and Ugly. By Mrs. HUGHES. - - -	84	Bunker Hill. By CHARLES J. PETERSON, -	19
Our Contributors.—No. XXIII. Dr. Reynell Coates. By Prof. JOHN S. HART, - - -	157	Boccaccio at the Tomb of Virgil. By Mrs. E. J. EAMES, - - - - -	130
Off California. By HARRY DANFORTH, -	232	Blake's Visitants. By W. H. C. HOSMER. -	151
Regular Correspondence. From OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD, - - - - -	56	Captain May. By W. H. C. HOSMER. - - -	100
Rebecca and Brian de Bois-Guilbert. With an Illustration, - - - - -	316	Covenant-Song on the Morning Before the Battle of Danneberg. From the German of Koerner, - - - - -	140
Seventeen and Thirty-Seven. By ENNA DUVAL, -	161	Crowning of Petrarch. By Mrs. E. J. EAMES, -	248
Sir Henry's Ward. A Tale of the Revolution. By ANN S. STEPHENS, 45, 67, 109, 194, 252,	265	Cristine. By T. BUCHANAN READ, - - -	314
"She Was the First Love of My Heart—the Last Love She Shall Be." By L. - - -	302	Duty. By H. ELLISON, - - - - -	149
The Great March Holiday. By FANNY FORESTER, - - - - -	8	Epigram. By Hon. RICHARD H. WILDE, -	128
The Fairy Ring. By Mrs. A. M. F. ANNAN, -	13	Flowers from the Coliseum. By Mrs. JANE C. CAMPBELL, - - - - -	293
The Autumn Storm. By HARRY DANFORTH, -	31	Greeks at the Well. (With an Engraving.) By E. M. SIDNEY, - - - - -	119
The Cousins. Or Who Would be a Genius? By Mrs. ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER, -	37	Give Back, O Grave, the Beautiful! By CATHARINE WEBB BASHER, - - -	244
The Punca Indians, - - - - -	72	Gethsemane. By A. D. - - - - -	313
The Trials of Timothy Tantrum. By JOSEPH C. NEAL. - - - - -	73		

Hymn to the Deity. By Mrs. S. J. Howe,	20
Lines. By S. WINNER.	83
Life in Death. Inscribed to S. Gordon Nash. By ALICE G. LEE.	90
Lines Suggested by Crawford's Statue of the Dying Indian Girl. By R. T. W.	99
Lines. By P. P. COOKE,	143
"Love's Blind, They Say."	298
Mort de Napoleon. By L. J. CIST,	20
My Home in Connecticut. By NELL.	100
Music and Moonlight. By J. S. BELL, M. D.	287
Nell's Home on the Hudson. By PSYCHE,	168
Olivia. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ,	55
On a Windy Parson,	199
Paraphrase of a Figure in the First Volume of Eugene Aram. By Hon. RICHARD H. WILDE.	102
Rome. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR.	103
Rosenbrook. By KATE DASHWOOD,	114
Song. The Streamlet. By CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN,	12
Song. By F. COSBY, Jr.	12
Sonnet. By E. J. EAMES,	18
Song. By SEPTIMUS WINNER,	36
Sonnet. By THE PRIVATE SCHOLAR,	54
Shiloh. By T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.	103
"Sorrow as on the Sea." By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	120
Stanzas. By ERNEST HELFENSTEIN,	244
Stanzas to Leila. By L. W. WINSTON,	260
The April Rain. By R. H. BACON,	7
The Two Lives. By Miss H. E. GRANNIS,	30
The Death-Dirge. A Legend of Hamburg. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	42
The Builders. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	55
To My Daughter Lilly. By P. P. COOKE,	66
To Lady Blanche. By H. T. TUCKERMAN.	77
The Death Lamp. By ANNA T. H. TAYLOR.	98
The Power of Cupid. By THE JERSEY MIN- STREL,	115
The Home of Love. By BLANCHE BENNAIRDE,	151
The Bride. (With an Illustration.)	166
The Enchanted Island.	167
To the New Moon. Passing Behind Monument Mountain, Stockbridge, Mass. By WILLIAM PITT PALMER,	176
The Heavenly Temple. By T. H. CHIVERS,	180
The Deserted Hall. By W. H. C. HOSMER,	188
They Tell Me Thou Wilt Pass Away. By KATE DASHWOOD,	188
To Niagara. By Mrs. MARIA BROOKS,	199
The Widow's Lover. By ROBERT MORRIS,	215
To C—. By S. A. E.	221
The Wren. By HENRY B. HIRST,	231
To J. G. P. on Her Wedding Day. By MARION H. RAND,	236
To Kate. By M. J. HEADE.	236
The Two Friends. By E. M. SIDNEY,	251
The Unknown Way. By WM. C. BRYANT,	293
The Household Pet. By ALICE G. LEE,	301
What Can the Reason Be? By Miss EMMA WOOD,	214
What Katy Did,	261
Wildwood Notes. By A LADY OF MICHIGAN,	276

REVIEWS.

The People. By M. Michelet,	50
Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd,	60
Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By James Stephen,	60
Poems. By Thomas Hood.	106
Recollections of Mexico. By Waddy Thomp- son.	106
Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens.	107
Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. Edited from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott. By George Gibbs,	108
Minstrelsy. Ancient and Modern. By Wm. Motherwell,	152
The Life of the Rt. Hon. George Canning. By Robert Bell.	152
Memoirs and Essays, Illustrative of Art, Lite- rature, and Social Morals. By Mrs. Jameson,	153
History of the Roman Commonwealth. By Thomas Arnold, D. D.,	153
Responses on the Use of Tobacco. By Rev. Benjamin Ingersoll Lane,	202
Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles. Edited By H. Hastings Weld,	202
Papers on Literature and Art. By S. M. Fuller,	262
The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philan- thropist. By Charles Sumner,	262
Sermons. By Robert South, D. D.	263
Heroes and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle,	263
The Miscellaneous Works of Sir J. Mackintosh,	317
The Complete Poetical Works of R. Southey,	317

MUSIC.

The Daughters of Columbia. A Terzetto. Words by JULIAN CRAMER. Music by Wm. J. WETMORE.	104
The Flowers that Blossom in the Vale. Words by J. Pocock. Music by B. HIME,	200

ENGRAVINGS.

Parental Felicity, from a painting by Kyle.
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.
Benjamin West, engraved by A. L. Dick,
Punca Indians, engraved by Smillie.
Alfred B. Street, engraved by Welch & Walter.
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.
The Disturbed Fisherman, engraved by Croome.
Greeks at the Well, engraved by W. E. Tucker.
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.
Mount Holyoke, engraved by H. L. Fisk.
The Bride, engraved by Jackman.
Dr. Reynell Coates, engraved by Welch & Walter.
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.
The Two Friends, engraved by W. Welstood.
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.
Rebecca and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, engraved by Jackman.
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.



THE INFANT FAMILIARITY,
from the collection of the National Academy of Design.

ray's Guide Books. No one—I beg the ladies to be assured—can have a higher regard for the domestic circle than my humble self; but I wish happiness to be extended to a wider sphere; and this, I apprehend, is not the case in England. I do not object to the degree, but to the moderate quantity which is found on the British islands.

Whatever may be said of the charms of English

religion and politics. The reason is, the possessing classes of France are without hope; while the laboring ones still have the *prestige* of a great nation. Whoever handles money in England, whoever is connected with labor in any shape, except, perhaps, the heads of commercial houses and manufactories, is by the "upper classes" considered as unfit for social intercourse, and, what is worse, and constitutes



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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

A TRIP ACROSS THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

NO. I.—THE TRIP.

HAVE you ever been in England? If you have, gentle reader, imagine yourself again ready for a trip across the Channel. Take your place by my side, and assist me, in a few bold dashes, to depict the contrasts between the Anglo-Saxon and Romanic races. It is rich and entertaining, and if you are inclined to reason, full of moral lessons to both nations. The fundamental character of the people on the one side is so entirely different from that on the other, that after a sojourn among either, a change of position affords agreeable relief. A German writer, I believe it was Jean Paul Richter—an author who usually said more sentimental than clever things, but on this occasion almost approached the satirical terseness of the French—once remarked that a widower, whose first “sainted one” had been French, ought, if resolved to marry again, to give the preference to an English woman, and *vice versa*. The quiet in the one case, and the excitement in the other, could not but be pleasing to a man of tender sensibilities; the English woman would act as a sedative; the French as a flesh-brush.

I shall not here attempt to reiterate the attractions of “English society”—depict the happiness of English “family circles,” or make an attempt at British politics. For all these things I am entirely unfit, and besides, I have too much respect for the better portion of my audience to bore them with the stale repetition of things they have already read in Murray’s Guide Books. No one—I beg the ladies to be assured—can have a higher regard for the domestic circle than my humble self; but I wish happiness to be extended to a wider sphere; and this, I apprehend, is not the case in England. I do not object to the degree, but to the moderate quantity which is found on the British islands.

Whatever may be said of the charms of English

country life, and the refinement and luxury of the higher classes, it is no less true that the great bulk of the British population is the most unhappy in Europe. Perhaps this may soon be otherwise; but as the case now stands, the only land on the globe, in which the wealthy man may eat his rich meal in peace, without being troubled by phantoms of starving millions—where the taste of food is unalloyed by remorse, and the sounds of merriment never jar with the discordant notes of want, is our own dear America; and the city which most bears the stamp of universal comfort, our own one of “Brotherly Love,” its occasional errors notwithstanding. Let these be buried in Christian affection, or remembered only to be shunned in future. If any town in the world was made for people to be happy in, it was Philadelphia—why then distort its tranquil features, or its geometrical placidity? Surely the streets and squares look as if they were *done by rule*; why should not their inhabitants, God bless them, be as good as their dwellings?

What strikes a person most in England is, that the moment you quit the gentleman, you fall at once, with one fell swoop, into the hands of the mob. In France the case is reversed. As long as you move among the laboring classes, you can trace actions to internal principles; but once introduced to the fashionable drawing-room, the mere caprice of the day sways the most important sentiments of morals, religion and politics. The reason is, the possessing classes of France are without hope; while the laboring ones still have the *prestige* of a great nation. Whoever handles money in England, whoever is connected with labor in any shape, except, perhaps, the heads of commercial houses and manufactories, is by the “upper classes” considered as unfit for social intercourse, and, what is worse, and constitutes

the great difference between the English and the French, *the laboring classes of Great Britain subscribe to this universal excommunication of their race*. By a singular paradox of the English mind, it is precisely the poor who are the true worshippers of wealth, as it is the laboring classes who are the worst toad-eaters to the nobility. There is a dash of poetical justice in this self-condemnation of the English people, which reconciles the stranger in England to the otherwise shocking scenes around him, and enables him, after a short time, to eat, drink and frequent agreeable society, without being sensibly affected by the sight of poverty, vice, degradation or crime. But this happy indifference as to the fate of your next-door neighbor, if he do not belong to your caste, which is the basis of the quiet reserve that characterizes an English gentleman, is, after all, tiresome to persons not accustomed, as the English are, to move in concentric circles. There is humanity in the friendly, or at least unrestrained intercourse of persons partaking of a certain degree of education, and a considerable amount of barbarous ferocity in the exclusion of men from society who possess all the requisites of an agreeable intercourse, merely because they are placed in circumstances inferior to our own. Worse than this by far, and more offensive to the self-respect of a properly constituted mind, is the patronizing, by wealthy or titled persons, of men on whom nature has every way imprinted the seal of superiority, and whose Christian charity or philosophical endurance is daily taxed with making allowances for the ignorance, prejudice, or downright stupidity of their patrons!

It is only of late that sciences have become somewhat *popular* in England; and the arts, to this moment, instead of reflecting on the national mind, or creating a national consciousness, serve but to *amuse* the privileged classes. No wonder, therefore, that thousands of Englishmen should annually flock to the Continent to escape from the social (some there are who avoid the legal and judicial) tyranny of their country. The continent of Europe is cheaper, its amusements adapted to all classes, and consequently to every purse; its climate is better, at least steadier than that of England, and its population, in addition to the planetary motion round kings and nobles, have a rotary one of their own, which constitutes at least an agreeable variety, if not an absolute progress. The police regulations on the Continent, especially as regards passports, may be annoying; but then you are not troubled with the impertinent intrusion of your acquaintances; the sun may be more burning, but you get rid of the eternal smoke and fog of London; the people among whom you sojourn are, in the main, poorer than "the shopkeepers of the world," but they are more happy and contented; they may not have made as much progress in political freedom, but they are further advanced in humanity and the great science of life. An Englishman, who at home will scarcely reach the threshold of nobility, may, if he be educated, frequent the courts on the Continent; a fortune, which in England would scarcely suffice to maintain

respectability, will, on the Continent, secure comfort and elegance; a young lady ineffectually exhibited by her mother for two consecutive London seasons, may still charm a Continental count or a baron, and be saved a passage to India.

Above all things it is the desire to escape from observation, which induces Englishmen to resort to the Continent of Europe. Exclusiveness is one of their greatest enjoyments, so that when they cannot gratify their taste legitimately at home, they prefer migration to the adoption of gregarious habits. The very languages on the Continent, which in most cases they speak and understand but indifferently, prove a comfort to them: they help to establish a line of demarkation between themselves and those with whom they are obliged to associate. An Englishman who has nothing to do with the setting of the fashions of his own country, draws the first free breath on the Continent. He may there enjoy exclusiveness, without seeing it practiced against himself.

But with all these foibles of the English, they possess sterling qualities, which not only entitle them to our respect, but to our affection; and we may truly add, that all these have been substantially transferred to our own country. It is impossible to conceive a nation with more social slavery than the English; and yet, if you sum up all the *pros* and *cons*, they are the only nation in Europe fit for manly freedom. To be free on the Continent of Europe is to be permitted to move within the police regulations of the town or country in which you live. The people on the Continent are free like fish in a pond; they may move round and round, thinking they are progressing; or they may jump out of the water—to be fried—but their idea of independence is ridiculous.

The only thing I complain of about the English on the Continent, is that the smallest number of them cannot live comfortably together. Wherever three of them collect in a place, they set themselves with the utmost patience to investigate each other's pedigrees and connections, and ten chances to one, they will form three distinct coteries, acting in regard to each other on the principle of the most refined exclusiveness. Should the place be large, and there be more than one person in each set, then the respective claims to distinction are frequently referred to persons residing in England; such as some member of parliament—a general officer in the army—sometimes his grace F. M. the Duke of Wellington—an admiral in the navy—or the Bishop of London. And all these persons are plied with letters to settle the question as to which of the company was presented at the court of St. James, and is, therefore, entitled to be presented by any British minister abroad; and who, from particular circumstances, which are *always* mentioned, is not entitled to that honor. The smaller courts of Europe are incessantly annoyed by these pests of English travelers, who are all fit companions of princes, though at home they wait very patiently, year after year, for admission into a respectable club.

At the German watering places, in Belgium, and in some of the smaller states of Italy, you will always

find some Englishmen ready to act as voluntary police-agents, and to take upon themselves to inquire most diligently into the fortune, standing and respectable connections of each new comer; saving by that means a deal of trouble to the regular police officers of the place, and making themselves quite useful as scavengers of the drawing-rooms of dowager queens and duchesses. But I refrain from appearing ill-natured, which I assure you I am not; for if I have any talent in the world, it is for taking things easy, and having no regrets for those which cannot be altered. I have found English society more agreeable in England than on the Continent, because at home it was more at ease; but that does not prevent me from being on very good terms with a great many English men and women, who are almost at home in France, Germany and Italy. There are agreeable exceptions everywhere, and may be social vices among "the upper ten thousand" of our own country.

Since the introduction of steam navigation, traveling from curiosity, as well as cheapness, has swelled the list of English travelers. Italy and Belgium have each its regular English mob—the South of France (Tours, Montpellier, &c.) are colonized by it, and even Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and the Rhine, are annually overrun by British tourists. But it is not true that these English tourists materially enhance the price of living; they merely introduce the principle of haggling for every thing: the luxurious travelers are the Russians. The damage done by the English, wherever they go, consists in the destruction of the simple habits of the people, and the corruption of their customs and manners. The English themselves are in despair about it. "Many Englishmen about here?" is one of the first questions asked by them, whenever they feel disposed to remain a few days in some romantic or sequestered spot; and, on an affirmative answer being given, post horses are called for, the bill paid, and the maid ordered to take her place outside with the valet; usually the only two servants who accompany an English family on their Continental excursions.

The English, all over the world, are guided by their standard of manners at home, so that wherever they may chance to fall in with their own countrymen, they are sure, even after an absence of many years, to relapse into their aboriginal habits. This makes them so dreadfully afraid of one another. Even English trades-people do not make an exception to this rule; though they may have the hardihood to stare a continental baron out of countenance, or to conduct themselves with a respectable amount of insolence toward their own degree, they are instantly down on their marrow bones, and literally refuse to open their mouths, if in Florence, Rome or Naples, they happen to discover the atmosphere impregnated by the breath of one of their own nobles. In this respect things on the Continent are not so highly regarded by their own subjects, as the British nobility by the inferior classes of their country. Aristocracy is so essential to the life and well-being of an Englishman—he is so accustomed to *look up* and to *look*

down, that the lack of either would make him resemble a piece of canvas protruding beyond the frame of a picture. Such acute sensitiveness exists in America only between whites and negroes, and is productive of similar consequences. It renders one class secure and the other contented—the beau-ideal of felicity, according to English notions, from the mere fact that it is seldom if ever attained.

And there is, after all, even more real contentedness in America, from the fact that our people are more occupied, and have consequently less time to be unhappy. The curse which fell upon man in consequence of the fall of Adam, becomes, in a country civilized and governed like our own, indeed a great blessing. Labor is a curse only when it is inadequate to satisfy wants.

Such were my reflections as I ordered the waterman at London Bridge Wharf to take care of my luggage, and put me on board the Ostend steamer. The evening was one which, in the English metropolis, might have been called beautiful. The stars twinkled through the mist, as tears in women's eyes; the smoke ascended perpendicularly from the thousand craters with which the borders of the Thames are studded, and the moon, half risen, spread a soft halo over the massive bridges, the only thing white beside the London monument I could discover anywhere near me. On my left was a dense forest of masts, before me a number of hissing steamboats, which had just returned from Greenwich, and to the right, a number of gondolas, not exactly like those of Venice, and from which, instead of some stanzas of Tasso, sundry monosyllables, equally pithy, but less poetical, struck the ear of the amazed wanderer.

London does not strike the stranger as other cities do, through the magnificence of its architecture, its domes and spires, or the ostentatious display of military power. It awes you by its immensity—by the *tout ensemble* without beginning or end—by the infinite conglomerate of houses, and streets, and squares—the solid wealth which conceals more than it shows—the power which arises from the co-operation of wealth and labor on the most gigantic scale. London is a vast bee-hive, with its millions of cells, and its honey extracted from the flowers of every clime. People flock to other cities to amuse themselves, to spend money, and to commit all sorts of follies; but the vast majority of those traveling to London go thither to do business and to make money. London is a place to work, not to live in. Even the best society *meets* in London only during the season when parliament *transacts business*—while the temporary London residences of the nobles are beggarly huts by the side of their country residences. The trades-people of other large towns administer chiefly to the wants of the inhabitants; but the people of London work for the world. And they all *do* work, Heaven knows! from morning early till late at night, day after day, Sabbath only excepted, without thinking of any other relaxation, but taking food and rest, according to their circumstances. However the

English may ridicule our own American business habits, and the degree of pleasure we associate with successful labor, they themselves furnish the identical patterns of our industrious habits, though probably from their age, there is less vivacious activity in their work; for London, taken all in all, looks the very grandfather of our own Gotham.

The boat which was going to Ostend that night, belonged to the General Steam Navigation Company—and was called the *Lady*—. She was perfectly safe, as the captain assured me, though she was built during the earliest period of the application of steam to the purposes of navigation; because she had not further back than two years been treated to a new boiler. This explanation was, of course, perfectly satisfactory; steamboats and piano-fortes having this in common with one another, that they are never broken up except by some great event beyond the control of their owners. The *Lady Arabella* (I will call her) was quite a slender creature, not more than one hundred and twenty feet long, and about twelve or fifteen feet wide, and would have done honor to our Pennsylvania canals. She had an aft and forward cabin, and a flush deck, and drew about twelve feet water. Her machine had four and a half feet stroke, made about sixteen revolutions in a minute, and propelled us at the rapid rate of from six to seven knots in fair weather. Hearing so good an account of her, and knowing that the Dover boats of the same company were a great deal worse, I resolved at once to engage a berth.

I descended a winding staircase of such miniature dimensions that it would have been impossible for two persons to pass one another without a mutual embrace and a cordial squeeze. Arrived at the cabin, which was of the size of a steward's pantry on board of one of our respectable New York or Philadelphia liners, I discovered about a dozen gentlemen stowed away as well as circumstances permitted, some in berths, of which there were six or eight, some on a hair-cloth covered bench (I cannot call it a sofa) which ran along the sides, and one or two had taken possession of a table, a sort of furniture omnibus, which served as bed, chair and dining apparatus, very much after the fashion of some of our crowded canal boats in the early history of our internal improvements. The cabin, I should suppose, was not calculated to hold more than half a dozen persons comfortably; the number of passengers, however, could not on that occasion have been less than from sixty to eighty, which at once convinced me that the flush deck was the principal accommodation on board. I mention these things merely because English writers on America forget to speak of our floating palaces, in comparison to which their ordinary steamboats are floating tea-kettles, just able to carry you, and making you thank your stars on escaping from the loathsome dungeon.

The gentlemen's cabin was a jewel compared to that of the ladies, which was but half the size; but in which double the number of persons were about to take refuge. How I pitied the poor creatures, some of whom certainly looked as if they were not

altogether incapable of inspiring sympathy. There were three rows of berths at a distance of not more than twenty inches from one another, and in addition to this, the floor was covered with mattresses placed close to one another; a practice certainly the most disgusting and filthy I had noticed in all my travels. What will become of the lady passengers in case of sickness? I asked a bucksome woman who acted as stewardess. "Bless your soul!" she replied, "they help themselves. I do what I can for them; but *they crowd me so* that I cannot get into the room. It is cleaned, however, *after each trip*," she added with a toss of her head; perceiving my evident concern at the sinister looks at what she was pleased to call "a room." The smell of bilge water was intolerable—but this, I was told, would disappear as soon as the vessel would get under way; other inconveniences, however, remained, and among these a legion of vermin of the kind that is yet remembered with horror by the British officers of the peninsular war, was not the least conspicuous.

The English never travel without a number of children; and this I think is rather in their favor; but it does *not* increase the comforts of a steamboat. The ladies' cabin being already crowded to excess, the nurses with the little ones claimed, of course, the indulgence of the gentlemen—which, I was surprised to see, was most readily granted. The gentlemen, so far from being put out of humor, entered into conversation with them, and one or two, if my memory do not fail me three, offered them even wine and soda water. These English nurses, however, I must confess, were very clean and neatly dressed, and looked the very reverse of *Lady Arabella*—the General Steam Navigation Company's fastest boat in the Ostend line. Frenchmen are in that respect much more fastidious, and never kind except to their own degree.

Perceiving that there was no chance for my finding shelter below, I quietly resigned myself to the fate of a deck passenger, which gave me at least the advantage of air, though I could have wished the season a little further advanced, and the atmosphere somewhat less impregnated with moisture. Others had already established themselves there for the night, and among them, much to my surprise, was a number of ladies. One of them particularly struck my attention as being rather more than good looking, and receiving the most studied attention from a gentleman just old enough to be—her husband. It was evidently a newly married couple, who escaped from London to pass the honey-moon on the Continent. The attentions to a lady of an Englishman are very different from those of a Frenchman—there is in his whole bearing an air of submissive duty, which I think is just the thing a properly constituted woman would be most flattered with; while the devotion of a Frenchman is usually too pressing not to annoy when it ceases to be acceptable. A subdued Englishman is like a well-trained saddle horse—obeying the slightest impulse of the bridle; a tamed Frenchman always retains some of his ferocious habits, and requires constant management and ab-

stemious diet, not to run wild again. Were I a woman—and especially an English or American woman—I would never marry a Frenchman, from the mere fact that it is impossible to be intimate with him without loosing his respect.

To say that English women are as handsome as the American were a gross falsehood. English women of all classes have a cold, or at least a chilly appearance. Though often brilliantly handsome, they rather resemble Juno than Venus; for they lack (even the highest of them) that peculiar soft delicacy and grace which in France, independent of all external advantages, render the society of ladies so attractive. Our American women always appeared to me elaborately re-chiseled from the rough but classic English mould, with a goodly admixture of the sprightliness and imagination of the women of southern Europe. Our country is a "sunny England;" our American women are English Andalusians. The English have begun to admit this, in part; the French made the discovery some time ago.

The young married couple—for such I am convinced they were—was the most easily accommodated of any on board the vessel, for they sat almost motionless, side by side, seeing nothing but the moon and her reflection in each other's eyes; which evinced a capacity for abstraction for which I truly envied them. She was neatly and tastefully dressed, with the exception of a *black silk veil over a straw bonnet*; the never-failing hideous characteristic of an English woman on the Continent. The gentleman looked somewhat stiff, either from the chilliness of the weather, or from the tight fit of his clothes—an inconceivable taste in Englishmen, who, in other respects, as for instance in the Oregon question, are fond of *taking so much latitude*!

At two o'clock the Lady Arabella began to move, but the sun was high up the next morning before we lost sight of the banks of the Thames. Our lovers, for such they were still, scarcely perceived that they were at sea, though the most indubitable symptoms announced that others were less indifferent to the motion of the vessel. So it would appear, after all, that love is a preventive of sea-sickness; for which reason I would recommend to all English couples, who have a curiosity to see the Continent, to cross the Channel during the honey-moon.

At last the bell announced that breakfast was ready, and some of us actually mustered courage to go down to look at it. Gracious Heaven! I do not believe that an Arab Goum, just after a French *razzia*, ever looked in such a state of confusion. Tea and coffee pots without noses, half-broken cream jugs, and cups of different colors, mutton-chops fried in lard, and junks of beef, such as are bought up by Jewish sausage-makers, ornamented the table. The gentlemen were sitting, standing, or lying, according to the strength left them from such a night's encampment, and the treacherous sawing of the billows. Boots, caps, shoes and slippers were thrown about like metaphors in the speech of a stump orator, and the faces of the company

looked as ghastly as a penny transparency over a barber's shop.

"Take a cup of tea, sir?" asked the steward.

"Yes; but you must bring it on deck: I have no stomach for such a pandemonium." The waiter stared at me, but obeyed. They seldom reply to any thing said to them not relating to their business, and for a very good reason—they know nothing beyond it, and care less. A minute after, he came with a blue cup and saucer, containing some darkish brown liquid, which he stirred with a dirty *peuder* spoon.

"What in the name of goodness is that?" I exclaimed, horrified by the sight of the liquid.

"Did n't you ask for a cup of tea?"

"And is *that* tea? Let me smell it."

"Take a chop with it?" continued the waiter, without paying the least attention to my remarks.

"Have you no other spoons but these?" I demanded.

"They are the *Company's* spoons, sir," he replied in a husky voice. "We hav'n't got the furnishing of the cabin."

I felt that the man was right, and that I had "barked the wrong tree;" so I quietly took the cup, and inquiring when we should reach Ostend, (which was only late in the afternoon,) swallowed its contents with my eyes shut, and a tumbler of water on top of it.

"Such are the accommodations on board of English steamers," I exclaimed to a lady of Philadelphia, married to a gentleman from South America, who was crossing over with us, and who had preferred sleeping on deck, in a cold and foggy night, to inhaling the putrid atmosphere below. "Do you not think that every Englishman who finds fault with the accommodations on board of our American boats ought to be lynched?"

"I have certainly seen nothing like this before," the lady answered, "and would sooner re-cross the Atlantic in one of our packets than the Channel in one of these boats."

Toward two o'clock we made the Flemish coast, the most dismal looking object in all Europe, at four we saw the light-house, and a little past five we were all safe in port. Here re-commenced the apprehensions of the ladies in regard to the severity of the officers of customs, who had already engrossed their conversation for the last two hours; but we were assured that the Belgians, though generally very fiscal, were the last persons in the world to treat passengers uncivilly, or to detain them without cause. As usual, we were allowed to take our carpet bags ashore, the trunks being, from the hold of the vessel, transferred to the custom-house, whence we were to claim them on the following morning.

I shall not relate how I slept that night. Suffice it to say that I took a late dinner, and that the transfer from "the Company's fare" to that of the good citizens of Ostend was too much for my delicate nerves. It threw me into a fever, which was rather increased than diminished by an elegant spring-bed, silk coverlets, and pillows filled with down. I had a dreadful

nightmare, and awoke in a most profuse perspiration, for I had fancied myself on one of the *General Steam Navigation Company's* boats—bound for India!

Early in the morning I received a delicious little note, written on satin paper, carefully put up in a gold-embroidered envelop, and bearing the inscription, "*Monsieur F. J. G—d, En ville,*" written in the exquisitely fine yet firm handwriting of a lady. I pressed the note to my lips, and with trembling hands opened it. Ladies' notes being usually read backward, like Oriental manuscripts, I followed the inspiration, and commenced with the signature. It came from my respected townswoman, the young *distinguée* looking lady from Philadelphia, who had crossed over with me, and ran thus:

"SIR,—Being unacquainted with the custom-house regulations of this place, and you knowing all about them, I would thank you to aid me in getting my baggage through. My negro woman has the keys, and will hand them to you. Yours respectfully," &c.

"Anybody waiting for an answer?" I demanded of the waiter, who seemed with difficulty to restrain a smile, and looked at me in a most impudently scrutinizing way.

"Yes, sir."

"Who is it?"

"A black lady."

"Let her come in," and in stepped a majestic-looking dark-colored Virginia woman.

"Will you please to present my homage to your mistress," said I, "and to inform her that I shall be ready at eight o'clock to do as she desires me; that being the earliest hour at which the custom-house will open. I will do myself the honor of waiting on her a few minutes before that time."

The waiter, who all this time was loitering about the room, shook his head as she abruptly left me, and demanded what I would like for breakfast.

"Nothing," I replied, being somewhat put out at the fellow's impudence. "I want to be left alone."

"Monsieur is undoubtedly invited to breakfast in company?" rejoined the brute, attempting a satirical grin.

I paid no attention to him, but was looking after the boot-jack. When I found it the waiter had left the room. By the bye, Continental servants are much worse, and a great deal more impudent, than the English, as most American travelers will have discovered without my telling them. You have to keep them constantly at a distance, if you would not be insulted by their stupid, arrogant familiarity.

I do not remember whether I spent more than the usual time in arranging my toilet; for the lady's note, as my readers will kindly admit, was couched in the strictest and most distressing terms of propriety; but I am quite certain that I did not permit her to wait a minute for her humblest servant, so that precisely five minutes before eight I was ready to receive her commands.

She received me very graciously, apologized for the trouble she was about to inflict on me, and did not feel quite certain that *she had a right to do so*. I, of course, assured her that she was indeed

affording me a great deal of pleasure, in honoring me with her commands—that I should most gladly receive any opportunity of serving an American lady, but more particularly a Philadelphian, and, *par excellence*—I was about to say herself—but the word died on my lips, so coldly kind and proudly compassionate did her dark hazel eyes, from under their long-fringed curtains, scan my poor person—"par excellence," I repeated, after some hesitation, with a profound reverence, "*a lady whose servant does not speak the language of the country.*"

A keen glance of her eyes convinced me that she perceived my embarrassment; but so far from taking pity on me, as perhaps some other lady in her situation might have done, she at once referred to the *business* that had brought me thither, asking me whether it was necessary for herself to go to the custom-house, or whether it would be sufficient to send her woman with the keys.

I at first started back, as if a deadly blow had been aimed at me; but collecting myself, and feeling more piqued than angry, coldly assured her that the custom-house need not at all interfere with her convenience. "The keys of your trunks and portmanteaus are all that is desired on such occasions," I added with some accent.

"Well, I am glad of it," she said, with the serenity of one of the purest spirits of Heaven, "for I feel very tired."

This cold-blooded remark gave me back all my strength, and with a manly dignity which I can well put on when I am mad, I rejoined, "I have asked all the ladies to give their keys to the *commissionnaires* of their respective hotels, who will arrange every thing in the best possible way, I answering for their honesty."

"What a gallant gentleman you are!" ejaculated the lady with a hysterical laugh, and a slight inclination of her head, which was equivalent to showing me the door. "I declare our American gentlemen are the most polite in the world."

By this time I was standing between the open wings of the door, bowing myself out with an unintelligible mutter, when the lady exclaimed—"Oh, do n't you think, Mr. G., I had better send my negro woman now?"

"By all means," I cried, hastening to get off. "I have no doubt she will be very much admired."

Arrived at the custom house, I found trunks and portmanteaus in no small confusion, and no inconsiderable bustle among our fellow passengers of the previous day. How much trouble these people might save themselves by giving a few francs to the *commissionnaires*, who generally know how to make good use of them, and how ridiculous it is to appear before the searching officer, accompanied by many servants. The worst person, however, that you can possibly take with you to the European custom-house, is a negro woman, especially if she be stout and majestic, as the Virginia servant of my accomplished lady, from Philadelphia.

The moment she entered the room, officers, *commissionnaires*, *vérificateurs*, *douaniers*, in short the

whole company fixed their eyes on her. She remained, however, undismayed, and stepped up to me with the conscious pride of her race, dressed in stiff silk, and a beautiful Madras handkerchief coquettishly tied round her head.

"Here are Missus' keys," she said, with a countenance as bright and radiant as a newly finished bronze-cast of an ancient goddess. "Do n't let more trunks be opened than is absolutely necessary, and see that they don't turn every thing topsy-turvy. Missus has some lace that she don't wish to be spoiled."

Unfortunate confession! I thought, as I took the keys. "You are no longer required," I said aloud to the good woman. "You had better go and wait on your mistress."

But I had counted without mine host, for just as the sable goddess from Virginia was about to withdraw, one of the officers stepped forward and gently tapped her on the shoulder.

If it had been possible for the poor creature to blush, she would have done so with rage and indignation. As it was, she darted a fierce glance at the man, and demanded in a most defying voice and attitude, what he wanted.

"No insult, *Mademoiselle*," the officer replied, with one of his deepest bows; "I would merely request *Mademoiselle* to step with me into one of these rooms." As he spoke he accompanied his words with a slight motion of his hand, pointing to the door of a little cabinet which was half open.

"What does the fellow mean?" she cried in accents stifled with rage.

"Why, he wants you to follow him to that room. He probably wishes to examine you!"

"Examine me, sir?"

"Why I believe they have a right to do so; you ought not to have mentioned about the lace; they manufacture it in this country."

"Good gracious! you do n't mean, sir, that they are about to examine me? Oh, oh if I had only known it, I should never have made the tour of Europe!"

I walked up to the officer and endeavored to interfere; but the more I pleaded the cause of the poor woman, the greater became the suspicions of the government officer. I saw the man was bent on the sacrifice, and that all I was able to do was to induce him to use his power with as much gentleness as the revolting case admitted. I told the crying negro-

woman that according to the strict letter of the law, officers had a right to cause her to be searched—that for this purpose a number of females were employed, and that I should remain in the vestibule to protect her in case of rudeness.

This had the effect to calm her a little; but when the officer approached her to repeat his request, she again burst into a passion.

"Do n't you touch me, sir!" she cried, and the shrill notes of her voice, joined to her daring attitude, made the poor Fleming quail before her. "Do n't touch me, if you value your life;" and then, as if she had spent the last remnant of her moral and physical power, she quietly followed the trembling officer.

There is after all, I thought, a vast deal of ready dignity in a regular, well-nourished, self-confident, black Virginia woman, and Rosalia—this was the name by which her mistress called her—possessed it in a most uncommon degree.

When Rosalia had entered the room, a new altercation ensued. The women appointed to search her insisted on examining her head gear. The exaction was almost as insulting as the requisition to a Turk to have his beard shaven; but resistance was vain, as the strictest orders had been given to look through her *hair* for—Brazilian diamonds! Poor Rosalia had to submit to the ignominy; and I could not but think poorly of the existence of laws which require such means to be enforced, and are certainly little calculated to impress the stranger favorably with a country which subjects him, on its very threshold, to such severe and humiliating treatment.

They kept the poor woman for more than half an hour. At last the door opened, and out jumped Rosalia, like a starved panther from a cage. Her features, as a Frenchman would say, were classical—the very type of the tragic muse. *Rachel* herself could not do greater justice to Melpomene.

I have since met Rosalia in Paris, and alluded jestingly to her adventure in Ostende. On inquiring how she liked the French, she assured me that she thought them quite as forward as the Belgians.

"Oh, if that *tour* of mistress' would only finish!" she exclaimed, "and if I were only once more safely back in *Virginny*, nothing in the world should ever take me out again!" What a lesson this to the gentlemen of the "World's Convention."

END OF PART I.

THE APRIL RAIN.

Soft comes the April rain to bud and flower
And tender grass:—the shrinking violet
Unharm'd receives the gently falling shower,
And scarce her petals by its gift are wet:
The blue-bell, peeping from the trellised bower,
Holds up her tiny goblet to the sky,
Till on its rim a dainty pearl is set,

Such as the Indies cannot give, nor buy:—
Hid in the fragrant blossom sits the bee,
Secure:—the oriole forgets his melody,
And trails his scarlet wings, his ebon bill
Uplifting gratefully:—And, as I look, the hill
Is bathed in sunlight; ceased the gentle rain;
And bird and bee take up their song again. R. H. BACON.

THE GREAT MARCH HOLYDAY.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

THE boisterous, bustling, blowing, chilling month of March! Ugh! it makes me shiver to think of it! Even its smiles are undesirable—mud-producers as they are. But yet it brings, like every other part of the year, its own peculiar pleasures. It is, indeed, a season of the utmost interest and importance to a large class, quite as likely to supply us with future statesmen as college walls or city boundaries. It is strange how much, and yet how little, we are indebted to position and education for what we afterward become. The pale student, with his classic face, soul-beaming eye, and graceful step, bows himself from our presence on commencement day; while our hopes and good wishes follow him on what we believe will be a bright career; and we never hear of him again. The awkward, square-shouldered country lad comes trudging into town with his grain, perhaps, and at evening slips away to the lecture-room. We observe neither his coming nor going, but if we did we could scarce see the strong intellect bursting its rough kernel. Years pass, and suddenly a great man rises before us—a kind of intellectual miracle. The district school was the nursery of this intellect; a country newspaper lent its aid to foster it; books, old dry books, that those acquainted with modern literature would never think of reading, hedged it round with common sense; occasional visitors and occasional visits added to the fund of information which the newspaper supplied; thought, driven to feed upon itself for want of other food, wrought itself into a giant; and so the wonder grew.

So the district school is a very important thing; and hence we are not disposed to undervalue the holyday at its close—a great and important day, not to be surpassed by Fourth-of-July independence or Christmas feasting and frolic. The close of the winter school is very much like the breaking up of a half-tamed menagerie. As some of the more loving sort of animals linger around their keeper, for old affection's sake, so Lucy or Tommy hang, finger in mouth, upon the door-latch, or creep, pussy-like, near the desk, half-ashamed, yet loath to go without the farewell smile. Others stand undisturbed and unmoved, like sturdy bruin or Moses Meecham; while a few of the wildest, including the whole catalogue of apes, enter upon some mischievous prank, as Zeke Brown removes the door-step, or Fred Lightbody purloins the schoolmaster's spectacles, and kindly adjusts his wig on one side of his head. But by far the greater part of these freed prisoners (from both menageries) scamper as though for dear life; and scarce knowing whether their feet are in the air or on the ground, give such an idea of

Babel as your imagination never conjured up. Oh, those are very desperate *hopefuls* that in March break from the bondage of the district school!

I once had the pleasure of spending a winter where sleigh rides and apple-bees, and spelling schools and grammar schools, constituted a very delightful complement of the useful and ornamental, and made the weeks and months go by with the rapidity of a season in town, with the advantage of coming from the winter's dissipation with added freshness and vigor. Our school-house was a little square box of a thing, tucked down at one corner of a piece of woodland—not for the advantage of shade—oh no! All the trees that would be likely to keep off the broiling sun in summer, or in winter prevent the snow from drifting eve-high before the door, were carefully cut down and cleared away. It must be owned that this was not the best situation for the school-house, but Squire Jones wanted it in the eastern part of the district, and Doctor White was determined that it should be in the western, so, to settle the difficulty, the puzzled managers, who were expecting nearly all the funds from these two titled personages, decided on what they considered a central position, measuring off equal distances from each hearth-stone. The result was, both great men were offended, and kept their insulted purse-strings tight. But the school-house was built at last—a little "teenty taunty" nut-shell of a "concern," the roof making a rather steep inclined plane from ridge-pole to eaves, which latter just overtopped an ample row of good sized, well glazed windows. People seem to have discovered an intimate connection between physical and intellectual light, imagining probably that there is some kind of a filter in the brain, by which the eye-blinding stream is converted into a yet more subtle fluid—the inner light which it is shockingly transcendental to furnish with a name. Our school-house, which was fifteen feet square, was furnished with eleven full-grown windows; from some one of which a pane of glass was always broken, and its place supplied by hat or shawl. Between two of these windows was the mouth of the little den, and, all around it, the walls were ornamented with carved work, displaying the artistic developments of many a youthful master of the jack-knife.

You must not imagine that none but very small children attend the district school; for the winter brings together a motley assemblage of all ages, from the sturdy little chap in his linsey-woolsey and checked apron, to the merry maiden of sixteen, who decorates the parlor of a Sunday evening for the reception of a lover, and the comely youth whose

strong arm in summer guides the plough and swings the scythe. It is a happy place, that district school; overflowing with the genuine cream of fun; gay, busy, mischief-hatching, and gloriously mischief-executing. A very happy place is it; and I cannot imagine what creates the undefinable longing for the "last day," which seems to be the prevalent feeling among the young tyros, any more than I can imagine why, in our highest state of happiness, we are ever looking forward to the morrow. Whatever may be the reason, the arrival of the "last day" is carefully watched for; and, despite the old adage, it comes at last; while, with smoothed aprons and cleaned faces, and all bedecked in holyday finery, the future statesmen and (provided success attend some of the reformers of the present day) stateswomen, sally forth to the place of action.

I have hitherto neglected to describe the interior of the Maple Bush school-house; but while the young belles are peeping at each other over the tops of their books to see which is best dressed, the beaux penning their last doggerels, and the younger lads and lasses alternately sitting bolt upright, toes to the crack and arms twisted on the breast, like a Holland dough-nut, and lolling half over to the floor in forgetful laziness, we may get time for a glance.

Yet, now that I think again, you will not need a description, for I am on an old theme; and the ranges of seats, the schoolmaster's throne, with its "might-makes-right" corner, appropriated to crumbled ginger-bread, half-eaten apples, broken jack-knives, strings, whip-lashes, tops and spring-colored love-letters, the pine floor which is scrubbed twice a year, the evergreens, the ferule and the rod are no new things to you, particularly if you have ever happened to meet with "The District School as It Was." One thing, however, has been changed since those days. The old-fashioned fire-place, which formerly yawned on one side beneath the stick chimney, has within the last dozen years been superseded by a rusty smoking stove, on the top of which the children roast the apples and cheese for their dessert. You would wonder, if you were acquainted in the Maple Bush district, how such an innovation was ever admitted into a place where all are such sticklers for ancient customs. It was done, as most things are in this world, whether good or bad, from a spirit of opposition. Nobody had a stove, or dreamed of having one, until an old man of our vicinity, who had been paying a visit in town, happened to get into a rage one day about "these new-fangled notions for picking honest folks' pockets." Then, as in duty bound, to prevent a man's storming for naught, and wasting his eloquence on the empty air, there rose up a number of his neighbors to oppose, and thereby *test*, his opinions. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary for every man of the stove party to be in possession of the article in question; and so absolutely did these men bear sway, that at last the offensive stove found its way even to the very school-house. Never was there a greater warfare about old and new measures than was carried on in this case; but the stove men had strong

limbs and powerful voices, and, above all, their chief speakers had, if not full purses, full granaries, so they came off victorious. The result was, the anti-stoveites gave due notice that they should withdraw their patronage from the school; kept their word; and, in process of time, removed to some more congenial neighborhood, where, if they were obliged to look now and then upon a stove, nobody would know that the sight was at all offensive.

Well do I remember my last day at the Maple Bush school. The grand event had been anticipated for a long time previous; and, for a whole month, scarce any thing had been talked of but the last day, and what would be fitting and proper for it. We had conned the spelling-book, grammar and geography, till the contents of our juvenile works were at our tongues' ends, and could be rattled off as a pedlar rattles over his assortment of "pins, needles, scissors, thimbles, gloves, silks, laces, black ladies' hose, shoe-strings," &c., &c. Not that we pretended to know the *meaning* of the words which rolled over our pouting lips so glibly: we had never dreamed that *written* words were "signs of ideas." A class of young mathematicians had managed, without the aid of the now essential black-board, to show a tolerable acquaintance with Daboll's Rules, (rules, by the way, not intended to explain the after process, but set up to be explained when practice had made their meaning deducible;) the "first class" had read for the twentieth time "Address to the Young," and "Oh, solitude, romantic maid!" from the English Reader; and the principal spelling-class had practiced on "Michilimackinac," "phthysic," and the changes of "ail-to-be-troubled-table," until quite out of breath. But Jack Winslow and Peter Quim! ah, they were the boast of the school, and to their histrionic powers the proud heart of Mr. Linkum owed its highest swellings. Nothing could equal the grace with which they flourished hands and feet, or the grenadier style of their strut, as they paraded up and down the little corner which had been allotted to their scenic performances. To be sure it was a very small corner, but then it required fewer blankets to partition it off, and much less time and talent to decorate it with proper scenery. Never was a school better prepared for the final ordeal; and never was a teacher better satisfied with the success of his drilling than our honored Mr. Linkum.

Fond of mental display as we were, it is not to be expected that we should neglect every other kind; and, for more than a week, we had employed every leisure moment in decorating the walls with evergreens, consulting with each other how our simple furniture should be arranged, and practicing bows and courtesies. Anxiously had we watched the clouds for many days, fearful of a March storm; but with what joyous heart-boundings did we hail the morning of our gala-day. The air had that rich, pleasing softness, which, although it makes the earth seem about to melt away beneath our feet, we welcome so gratefully, loving to feel its delicious kiss on cheek and forehead. Here and there the snow had melted off, exposing little patches of faded green,

where nestled the spicy blossoms of the trailing arbutus, amid piles of withered leaves, blown together by the winds of the preceding autumn. Then, on one knoll peculiarly favored by the sun, the little pink-eyed *claytonias* had actually congregated in tribes, and amid the moss in the centre—no, I was not mistaken—the *hepatica* itself! That snowy white, variegated by the faintest tints of pink and blue and purple, was more familiar than the alphabet; for it was in that fragrant alphabet that I had taken my first life-lesson. Oh, that bright, rich March morning! Gladness was in the sky, and on the air, and upspringing from the earth. And those were light hearts indeed which came out to welcome it.

The sun had crept up the sky but a little way before we were congregated about the door of the little school-house at the corner of the woods; and the commingling of merry voices, if not quite as musical as that of the summer birds, was certainly as glad. And what was the source of all this gladness? We loved dearly to be together, loved our good Mr. Linkum, loved our sports, and some of us loved our books—and we had come together for the purpose of parting. How could we be glad? Oh, a bright day was before us, and it was quite too early to begin to grieve. Surely children, with their determined joyousness, in the face of shadows, and tears, and death itself, are the true philosophers of this world. A kind Providence has so mingled our cup that the sweet is always beside the bitter; the wise man sips at the bitter, and murmurs constantly; the child drinks down the sweet and never looks at the other.

The "last day" passed pleasantly with us all. Fathers and mothers, older sisters and brothers, fond chuckling grand-papas, and aunts still more fond, came crowding in, and listened with rapt attention to the doings of the youthful prodigies. Then two grave gentlemen rose slowly from their seats and made some flattering remarks; suggesting, however, as ballast for their praise, that the girls might have read a little louder, and the boys a little slower, and that by the copy-books they had discovered a prevailing propensity for crooked-backed t's, and fingerprints done in ink. This done, the company retired, and then the grand treasure was unlocked. Did you ever, dear reader, *did* you ever stand on the tip-toe of expectation, the blood tingling in your veins away down to the tips of your fingers, and your eyes sparkling with the brinnings of a heart crowded with pleasure, while the blue, and red, and green, and yellow treasures were scattered among your companions? Then when your own turn came, and the bow and "thank you, sir," were given with shame-faced exultation, and you had lifted the cover and found precisely the thing you were hoping for! "Little Red Riding Hood" perhaps; or maybe the "Children in the Wood," all done in the quaintest of rhymes, with the quaintest of cuts to illustrate them. Do you recollect that day? and do you ever expect or wish to be happier?

In addition to the gifts usually made on such occasions, it had been the practice of teachers at the

Maple Bush to award a prize to the pupil who had made the greatest proficiency. This plan is doubtless ill-judged, being productive of many evil consequences; but it was formerly extensively practiced, and may be none the less so now. The result of the harmful spirit of rivalry thus excited, is usually a period of contention, and finally a settled dislike, which strengthens into hatred for the successful candidate. This hatred is often too deeply rooted to yield to the influence of time; and with some it mingles as a bitter ingredient in the cup of their after life. It was not, however, so at the Maple Bush; though justice and equity had but little to do with keeping off the evil. We very well understood (no disrespect to our half-year monarch, whose taste and judgment cannot be too highly commended) that the prize was not awarded to literary merit—for somehow the good schoolmaster, by a process of reasoning unknown to some of us then, though we are all wiser now, contrived to have some favorite bear away the prize. I say the process was unknown to us then; for we had not learned how strangely a pretty face (or even a face that is not pretty, if one can only imagine it is) distorts the mental vision, and invests those favored with our partiality with all the qualities we wish them to possess.

Dolly Foster, a dark-eyed, roguish-lipped, merry-hearted specimen of bright sixteen, with more mischief in her than erudition, and more of kindness than either, had so often won the prize at the hands of admiring schoolmasters, that it had become quite a matter of course; and certainly no one had reason to suspect a failure on the part of the belle of the Maple Bush this season.

"I wonder what the prize will be—something nice of course."

"Ah, catch Mr. Linkum giving any thing not nice—ch, Dolly?"

And then Dolly would blush; and then *suck* a shout! Laughing is healthful; and I have no doubt but the foundation for many a good constitution was laid in that school-house at the Maple Bush.

The winks and innuendoes by which pretty Dolly Foster was so nearly demolished, were not altogether the result of a love of teasing. There was something to tease little cherry-cheeks for. Every girl and every boy in our school remembered how on one occasion a whole party of disobedient sliders had been most unexpectedly forgiven; and when, in a state of pleased wonderment, they looked about them for the cause, there stood Miss Dolly, the foremost of the transgressors, close by the soft-hearted Mr. Linkum, looking up, oh so pleadingly! and he, the drollest combination of would-be severity and embarrassed relenting that ever was seen. The little community *said* nothing; but there was an instantaneous illumination of countenance, as though an idea worth having had flashed in upon them; and henceforth Miss Dolly became a sort of scapegoat for the whole.

Then on another occasion—ah! Dolly had dared too much then; it was an act of downright disobedience, and could not be tolerated. She took her

stand beside the master's desk with a kind of abashed sauciness; confident, yet timid; evidently a little sorry that there was quite so much roguery nestled in the curve of that pretty lip of hers, or that being there it could not keep its niche without creeping down to the naughty little fingers, and at the same time pleased with the opportunity of testing her power. At first she called to her aid her ever-ready wit, and endeavored to turn the whole affair into ridicule; then she pouted, trotted her little foot in anger, and looked sulky; but Mr. Linkum, though evidently distressed, was not to be thus baffled. My readers must remember that some dozen years ago, "government by moral suasion" was not so fashionable as at the present day; and no age or sex was exempt from birchen-rod or cherry ferule. Dolly could go a little further than any body else; but there were bounds even to her liberty, or the dignity of the schoolmaster would be sadly compromised. Dolly must be punished, that was certain—and neither laughing nor pouting could save her. The poor schoolmaster, the greater sufferer by far, was not the only one in the room who would have taken a hundred blows to save her pretty hand one; and, as we saw him eyeing his huge ferule with evidently murderous intent, a strange silence reigned throughout the circle. Even the girls, after slightly fluttering the leaves of their books, and shuffling their feet carelessly, as much as to say, "Who cares? What better is her slim little contrivance of a hand than ours?" seemed to partake of the general interest. Mr. Linkum eyed the ferule sternly—a kind of desperate sternness like that the timid sheriff feels when he adjusts the fatal knot; then seized it resolutely, and petrified us all by the low terrible words—"Give me your hand!" All were petrified but Dolly herself; she, poor child, was meekly, hopelessly heart-broken. Timidly the pretty hand was extended; but there was a heart-throb in every dear little finger, which poor Mr. Linkum must have been insane to think of withstanding. Oh, there is witchery in a hand, in some hands; and the soft, beseeching touch of Dolly's, all quivering as it was with agitation, went (I cannot say precisely how, but doubtless Neurologists might tell) to Mr. Linkum's heart. He suddenly turned very red, as though that delicate touch had pressed all the blood from his heart; then very pale, as though it had called home the crimson tide and buried it there—and the hand clasping the raised ferule, dropped helplessly by his side. Sweet little Dolly (her head had been drooping on her bosom for the last half minute) raised her soft blue eyes pleadingly to the master's face, and the next moment they overflowed—the big tear-drops gushed from their sunny fountain and fell in a sudden shower upon her own hand and his. Poor Mr. Linkum! what a savage he felt himself! It was too, too much.

The poor fellow turned suddenly to his desk—Dolly, among the dozen seats which were offered her, sought the nearest, and hid her burning face in a neighbor's apron, while a simultaneous titter went around the room; and there was a general tossing of

pretty heads and ominous shakes of would-be-wise ones. Fred Lightbody (but then Fred was a wag, and was seldom more than half believed) asserted that when Mr. Linkum turned from the desk where he stood for several minutes intently examining a book which chanced to be open at a blank page, his eye had a singular dewiness about it, and we all observed a tremulous faltering in his voice when he ordered us to our books. We remarked, too, that he did not look at Dolly again that day—and that unusual flashes of red spread now and then across his face, as though his anger were quite uncontrollable.

That was the last time Dolly Foster ever transgressed. She was just as mischievous, just as full of fun and frolicking as ever; and at the spelling-schools, singing-schools and apple-bees, she played off a thousand pranks on wise, sober Mr. Linkum—but in the day school pretty Dolly was as demure as a kitten.

All these things were called to memory on the morning of the "last day;" and who of us could doubt but Dolly Foster would receive the prize? She had won it before, when there were not half as many indications of partiality.

"I wonder what the prize will be."

The same wonder had been expressed a hundred times that winter.

"Something handsome, of course."

"Oh yes, *of course*." And then a merry burst of laughter went the rounds.

"What *can* make Dolly Foster so late?"

"What *can* make Dolly Foster so late?" was echoed and re-echoed, as the hour of nine drew near. We knowing ones were of the opinion that she was detained by some toilet difficulties; that her beautiful hair had taken a fancy just now when it should have been most pliable not to curl, or that the mantua-maker had ruined her dress. But these were trifles to Dolly Foster, and we were confident that they would not keep her away from school. What then was our disappointment, our consternation, nay, our vexation (people are always vexed when they guess wrong,) when not only on the morning but afternoon of the last day, it was found that Miss Dolly had absented herself. It was perfectly unaccountable. She was not ill, for she had been seen flying from one part of the spacious farm-house to another, by those who had passed there, as blithe and happy as a bee; and when her brother Dick was questioned about the matter, he laughed and looked at the master, while the master blushed and looked out the window.

As I have said before, the last day passed off finely, except that Mr. Linkum made some mistakes, such as calling Fred Lightbody *Dolly*—and when he was asked the time, saying eight o'clock instead of three. And, as I have *not* said before, the prize was this time really a reward for application. It was won by Abraham Nelson, the great awkward but perseveringly studious son of Nelson, the day-laborer; and Abraham Nelson was persecuted forever after. It was not strange. Vanity is undoubtedly everywhere the same reprehensible thing; but the vanity

of a pretty girl has something rather fascinating in it, while that of a great lubberly boy is unendurable. Abraham Nelson's vanity took on the most disagreeable form, and so both parties were sufferers.

Mr. Linkum was a general favorite notwithstanding his partiality in a particular case, and I believe the "big boys" of our school (that is, all the *hopefuls* between fourteen and twenty-one) never felt more inclined to be sadly serious than as the hour of four drew near on that long-expected, long-desired March holyday. They gathered around the master—each one dreading to give the good-bye shake of the hand—and I remember that for one I felt exceedingly vexed by his seeming indifference. He was evidently embarrassed; he half wished to appear serious, as became the dignity of his station; and yet there was a look of mirthful exultation surmounting all, which made the expression of his face irresistibly comical. He saw that all were imbibing his spirit, and finally

he broke away from the circle with a "Never mind, boys, we will have fine times yet;" and jumping upon a passing sleigh, he was carried out of sight. Mr. Linkum did not promise without cause.

There was a wedding at the Maple Bush that evening—a quiet, cosy, family affair; and the pretty belle of the district, though quite as pretty and quite as mischievously attractive, was a belle no longer. Bright, witching Dolly Foster! What a dear little neighborhood blessing she had always been, with her sunny face and sunny heart and open hand! And what a charming little bride of a Madam Linkum she made! How every body loved her! How the old ladies praised her docility and teachableness! and how the young ladies doted on her as a model of taste and socialness! Oh, Dolly Foster was the flower of the Maple Bush—but bewitching Mrs. Linkum was its gem—its lamp—its star.

SONG.—THE STREAMLET.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

How silently yon streamlet slides
From out the twilight-shaded bowers!
How, soft as sleep, it onward glides
In sunshine through its dreaming flowers!

That tranquil wave, now turned to gold
Beneath the slowly westering sun,
It is the same, back on the wold,
Whose foam this morn we gazed upon!

The leaden sky—the barren waste—
The torrent, we this morning knew,
How changed are all!—as now we haste
To bid them, with the day, adieu!

Ah thus, should Life and Love at last
Grow bright and sweet when Death is near,
May we, our course of trial passed,
Thus bathed in beauty, pass from here.

SONG.

BY F. COSBY, JR.

WHERE the fountain gushes
From its crystal shell;
Where the wild-rose blushes,
And the violets dwell;
Where the bee comes sated
From his luscious toil;
Where the winds come freighted
With their fragrant spoil;

Where the birds' sweet voices
Cheer the live-long day;
Where the Spring rejoices
In the wealth of May;
Where the fire-fly gleameth
Like a shooting star;
Where the young moon beameth,
From her silver car:

There, when Eve reposes
In the dappled west—
While its light discloses
All that we love best;
We will meet—as often
We were used to meet—
And thy heart will soften
In a place so sweet.

Thou, I know, wilt listen
With believing ears,
And thine eyes will glisten
With delicious tears;
When I tell how lonely
All the world would be,
But for thee—*thee* only—
And thy love for me!

THE FAIRY RING.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

AUTUMN is a merry time to the happy, with its wandering leaves whirling and floating like their own gay thoughts, its fruits plump and ruddy as the cheek of health, and its brisk winds hurrying the light step to a quicker and easier motion; but with the sorrowful its breeze chills the blood already too sluggish, the ripeness of the fruit is soon to mellow it to decay, and the dancing of the leaves is painful to the eye that has a tear in it.

All this passed through the mind of little Rose, though she did not think it in words. She shivered as the wind swept by with a sound which had still been as cheerful to her as a herd-boy's whistle, but was now as doleful as the whimper of a wounded deer. Her eyes, that had been wont to glance brightly and restlessly around, always looking for something to make her still happier, were fixed on the white walls of the cottage, which they did not see, but instead of them the gray stones of the church-yard, where the watchful guardian of her infancy and the fondest friend of her childhood had just been left never to return. A brawny hand, so rough that it caught up the silken curls across which it passed, was laid upon her head. She took it between both of hers, and then laying her soft cheek upon it, her tears rolled over it like rain-drops over a coarse leaf.

"Whilst we are above the ground, little Rose, we must think of how we are to live," said her remaining protector, trying to speak firmly, though his voice quavered in his throat; "we may have our seasons of grief for the dead, but we must think of the wants of the body, of food and raiment, and of the shelter that is granted to us. You are not quite a woman yet, though you are now mistress here, and a woman's duties lay before you. Though your father's father, I am still a hale man, and my labor will supply plenty for our need, but it must be your care to use it for our comfort. I shall not ask too much of you—we who can gain nothing but by hard bodily toil can learn to have few wants. Let me see a clean floor and a bright fire when I come home to rest, and a light loaf on the table; have fresh white linen to make my hard bed sweet, and tidy garments, coarse as they may be, in which I can work decently, and I ask for no more."

Thus for the first time seriously admonished in her own person of the actual necessities of life, Rose tried to collect her thoughts and understand what was to be done, while the tears dried in her eyes of themselves. She looked round the cottage when her grandfather had left her, and though it was a pretty

one, having white walls, and latticed windows, with pots of house-roses on their broad sills, she felt no pride in being its mistress. She remembered that her good-humored, ever-busy grandmother had often laughed about the small value that men attach to women's work, and when she thought of what was henceforth to be her own lot, she was half angry that her grandfather had seemed to think it would be light. Even if she had had no grief at heart, she could not have laughed. A bright fire and a clean floor it was easy to talk about; as to the fire, indeed, there was a forest close by, and the shed never lacked its pile of dead boughs, and a fire, when once kindled, grows bright of itself; but that clean floor, which had always been the pride of the cottage, how had her grandmother swept and scoured and sanded it to keep it so spotlessly white! and the savory brown loaf, what skill it required before it could be placed smooth and light upon the table, and what labor the cone of golden butter which must always stand beside it! then the webs of well-bleached linen that had been her grandmother's boast, how often the wheel had had to whirl, and the shuttle to fly at the old loom in the corner, and how many trips were taken in the morning dew and the mid-day sun before they had been completed! and the stout clothing of her grandfather, which must always be so clean and whole, what shaping and sewing and knitting and darning and washing were needed to keep it in order! And all this must be done by herself, who, though full fifteen, had always been humored like a pet kid, and been almost as useless, only gathering fruit and tying nosegays for her grandmother to take to market, driving the sheep to the hills and the cow to the meadow in summer, or, at most, weeding the garden and carrying the water-pail to and from the spring; and, in the winter, feeding the hens and the starling, and sweeping the wide hearth on which she could sit reading story-books, or knitting clocked stockings to wear on holidays. She could never do it, never!

The setting sun threw the reflection of the western window, with its flower-pots, upon the opposite wall; the tinkle of the sheep-bells, as the flocks traced their homeward path, echoed through the forest, and the cow lowed on the green slope before the door, but still Rose sat rolling one of her long curls round her fingers, and giving way to her discontented spirit. Sometimes she wept, but her face no longer looked sweet and touching as when she was shedding tears of affectionate sorrow. At length she was aroused by a clear, pleasant voice calling from the door—

"Good even, little maid, may I rest awhile, and warm myself by your fire?"

Rose looked hurriedly up, and saw a plump, rosy, merry-eyed little woman standing on the threshold. She was dressed in a snow-white ruffled apron, a stiff, clear cap and a gaily flowered gown, and looked like a thrifty, well-to-do farmer's wife, somewhat consequential, and accustomed to comfort and industry.

Rose involuntarily glanced about her and blushed, for, little as she liked work, she had been so habituated to seeing order and neatness, that the condition of the cottage gave her a feeling of shame. The floor was unswept, the fireplace was dark and cheerless, with but a single spark twinkling now and then on the black brands, which had broken asunder and rolled outward upon the ashes; the bowls and platters of the mid-day meal stood unwashed on the table, and nothing was seen of preparation for an evening repast. She did not, however, amidst her confusion forget to hand the stranger one of the flag-bottomed chairs, and then she gathered up the scattered embers which required hard blowing with her chubby lips before she could kindle them to a blaze. When the fire began to flash and crackle, the little woman drew her chair beside it, and put out one plump foot, and then the other, smoothly covered by nice stockings with crimson clocks, and warmed them with an expression of much composure and satisfaction.

Meanwhile Rose hastily threw a napkin over the unwashed things on the table, and gathering up a handful of crumbs commenced dropping them through the wires of the cage to the starling, which, after long complaining in vain, seemed to have made up its mind to go supperless to its perch. The stranger eyed her now and then with a side glance, and at last observed, "You have a snug nest of a cottage here, my maid, you ought to be very happy in it."

Rose looked down, and, rolling some of the crumbs into pellets between her fingers, remained silent.

"But you are not—so your face says," continued the stranger, smiling; "is that true? There were tears in your eyes when I came to the door, and I should like to know the cause of them. It always pleases me to see people happy, and if you will tell me your troubles perhaps I can help to cure them. If I cannot, they will be none the heavier for having another besides yourself to be sorry for them."

There was something so kind and cheering in the voice and manner of the stranger, that Rose felt encouraged at once to confide in her; so she sat down on a low stool before her, and told her of all that was on her mind, from the death of her indulgent grandmother to the toil and care she expected to have in succeeding to her place in the household. In particular she dwelt upon the recent discourse of her grandfather, and she did not conceal what had been her reflections upon it. How should she ever be able to do as her grandmother had done, who could work more and better and faster than any body else? It was out of the question.

"Not quite," said the stranger; "you can do as well as she did if you bear in mind a very simple rule of hers—to do willingly whatever is to be done."

Rose opened her hazel eyes very wide, and then seemed inclined to laugh.

"You look as if you do not believe that was the whole secret," said the little woman, smiling; "you can soon find out by trying. I know you think the floor ought to be swept, and I think so too. Don't wait for me to have gone, but just get your besom at once and go to work, and first make up your mind that it will be as easy to use your arms in that way as in swinging yourself from a cherry tree."

Rose obeyed readily, and in a few minutes the floor looked, as she thought, like itself again.

"Well, there is so much done," said the visitor, "and you feel nothing the worse of your labor, do you?"

"Oh, no!" returned Rose, her cheeks dimpling with the success of her experiment.

"Now, what next?—ah, yes!—the cups and dishes under that napkin—they ought to have been shining on the shelf long ago. Be quick with them—the water begins to sing over the fire for you."

Rose colored a little as she exposed the unwashed things, which she thought had escaped the stranger's eye; but nothing seemed to escape it, for it twinkled and laughed at the blush, and Rose laughed too. And in the shortest possible time the dishes, still warm from the hot water, and bright from the napkin, stood in a row upon the shelf.

"Now is it not better to go to work cheerfully, and be done with it, than to sit moping and grieving about it, and trying to put it off?" asked the little woman.

"Yes, indeed!" answered Rose, and after a moment's hesitation she added, not quite so cordially, "but this is nothing to what I shall have to do, and when there is so much to be done, suppose I can't always feel willing?"

"That is very well thought of, and what I intend to provide for," returned the stranger. "You will not always be in good spirits. People cannot know how their lot is determined, and the young, who take the trouble to reflect, as I hope you do, regarding the future as a long and uncertain period which may be bright or may be gloomy, naturally feel as much disheartened at times as elated at others, to say nothing of many little vexations about passing things, that those longer accustomed to life would bear almost without a thought. At such times work will drag heavily, and something is needed to strengthen the will. I can do more for you in that way than you may suppose, and if you will dutifully obey the instructions I am about to give you all will go well. Now first bring here the sand which your good grandmother still used to garnish the floor."

Rose in silent wonder produced the box of sand, and the stranger continued—"Now we must make a ring in the middle of the floor;" she walked round describing a wide circle with her foot, which Rose, at her instruction, marked by evenly pouring down the sand from a little wooden ladle.

"This ring you are to preserve with the most especial care," she proceeded; "let nothing cross it, and if by accident any portion of it be destroyed, renew it, and always keep it as perfect as now."

"Off, Druid, off!" said Rose, as the great house-dog smelt round it, and began to paw it with his foot.

"That's right," said the stranger, "be particular to teach Druid to keep on the outside of it, and even train your kittens that they are not to run over it. As to yourself, there is room plenty on the floor for you to come and go and leave it undisturbed. But if in your sweeping and scouring you wish to remove it, to have every part of the floor nice and white alike, why, do so, but immediately replace it with another. As long as you attend to this, your work need give you no uneasiness, and all will go well with you. You must say nothing about me to your grandfather, and he will think the ring merely a fancy of your own, and will keep clear of it. No one else has a right to question you. Now go and see to your cow, my little maid, and as long as you deserve it good luck will be with you. Don't stop here on my account, I am too good a housewife myself to be willing to interfere with the business of others."

Notwithstanding the pleasant looks and cheerful tones of the stranger, Rose by this time felt such an awe of her that she was very willing not to be detained, and on returning from milking, with all her gratitude for the apparent kindness of her intentions, she was not sorry to find her gone.

Rose had a bright smile for her grandfather as she placed the brown loaf and the smoking basin of boiled milk on the white tablecloth before him, and the meal he loved was all the sweeter for his seeing that she looked happy in performing her new duties. After she had seated herself at the table with him, she rose once or twice to drive away Druid, who was again pawing at the mysterious ring.

"So, so! little Rose," said the old man, with a smile, "you have hedged in the middle of the floor, to keep it bright and clean!—as you please—there is room enough for Druid and me to walk round;" and no further explanation was sought.

When the day's work was done, and the fire, which now was as pleasant to the eyes as the moonlight had been in the past months, blazed in the wide chimney, and lighted up the cottage with its genial glow, the old man sat down to his usual evening's occupation of weaving baskets, with Druid at his feet, and Rose, without having to be reminded of it, drew the spinning-wheel from the corner, and made her first serious attempts at drawing out the fine flax, which she continued with an earnestness that proved her determination to succeed. Against bedtime she had exultingly called her grandfather to witness her progress, and she had never felt his praise so deeply as when he laid his hand upon her head with a thanksgiving to Heaven for so dutiful a child. A few mournful thoughts came over her, when she lay down in her little bed, of the kind hands that had been wont to smooth her pillow and her soft cover-

ing, but her labor had so prepared her for sleep that her sadness was soon forgotten.

The first thought of Rose in the morning was about the ring of sand. She had not a single doubt of its efficacy, for her confidence in the strange little woman was established by the proof she had already experienced of the power of a willing mind. So with a light heart she commenced the duties of the day, and when night came she could not help wondering at her own strength and skillfulness. And so it was day after day. She still found time for occasional recreation, and one of her diversions was to train her kittens to run their races round the outer side of the ring, which she did by drawing a switch before them, and tapping them with it on their sleek sides if they made a movement, in their gambols, to trespass on the forbidden ground. Druid learned to respect it still more easily, and so well he understood the countenance of his young mistress, that if a visitor came in and approached the mystic sphere, he caught him gently by the arm and drew him aside.

Notwithstanding her faith in her talisman, Rose sometimes felt a little weariness of spirit at the weight of her duties, but it never lasted long. If at night she had lain awake thinking of a hard day's work of scrubbing and scouring, she was certain to find in the morning that the windows were clearer, and that the floor and wooden utensils were cleaner than she had supposed. If before retiring to rest she had filled the churn, apprehending that from the frosty weather she would have a long and tiresome toiling at it the next day, when the day came, after a few minutes' hearty exertion, she found the lumps of rich yellow butter, for which the cow was famous, dashing about in perfection. If some extra labor kept her later than usual from her wheel, and she feared she had fallen short of the task she had allotted to an evening, the next time she resumed it the spools were better filled than she had anticipated. And then she was happy again and reproached herself for having been discouraged.

The neatness and industry and good temper of the little housewife became a topic of praise among all the neighbors round. The old and experienced were glad to give her counsel and assistance, and to the young she was held up as an example. Among those who stopped the oftenest to chat with her, and who had the best opportunities of observing her diligence and thriftiness, was the old steward of the great estate to which the cottage belonged. He was her grandfather's best friend, and Rose was always ready to welcome him with the deepest chair by the fire-side, and a pitcher of the richest milk of her little dairy. He sometimes brought his son Harold with him, a modest, graceful youth, who had been so carefully reared at the castle that he might have been supposed to be of gentle blood. He never joined in the flattering speeches that his father made to the young girl, and, indeed, he spoke but little to her on any subject, of which she was very glad, for she would have been sadly embarrassed to answer him. But sometimes he would stop at the door, and leave

her a basket of rosy-cheeked apples from his father, or after he had been walking in the forest, would bring her garlands of evergreen to hang round the cage of the starling.

Thus passed the time until Christmas, and then a new course of events began with Rose. All sorts of curious games and tasteful diversions were devised for the celebration of the holidays at the castle, and she was summoned to take part in them. Harold had been ordered to select from the peasant girls on the estate all that were very pretty, and the first he thought of was Rose.

Never in her life had our little maiden entered the castle. She had walked round it with her grandfather, and timidly crept among its grottos and fountains and arbors, and gazed up at its tall turrets, its great stained windows, and the sculptured and gilded crests over its huge doorways, feeling all the time as if it was a mansion of a different world, and now elated as she was at the summons, her heart sunk when she was to obey it. But at the appointed time her grandfather, who had many misgivings, but durst not risk disobeying his lord, led her to the room of his old friend the steward, and holding his hands over her, prayed for her safety. Beautiful dresses were brought her, and of all the young girls that had been collected she was given the finest parts in the various pageants. Sometimes she was a shepherdess, dressed in flowing muslin and a straw hat with a wreath of flowers; sometimes she was a wood-nymph in a drapery of green, with her hair bound up in bands of silver and crystals, which shone upon it like drops of dew; and sometimes in robes of satin and velvet, she carried the trains of princesses and queens. Fine speeches were made to her which she did not half understand, and which frightened her so much that she could not even attempt to answer them, and often she heard whispers about her beauty, but as every thing that was said and done seemed to be part sport and part earnest, and she was not able to separate one from the other, she did not know what to believe. Harold was frequently engaged in the same games with herself, and watched over her like a brother. He contrived to be near her as much as possible, to instruct her in what was required of her, to relieve her of her tremors, and to extricate her from her perplexities. Toward him she soon lost her shyness, for he was the only one among the whole crowd she had known, and she felt grateful to him and disposed to confide in him as her best friend—next to her grandfather.

At length her services were no longer needed, and she received permission to return home. How gloomy and how mean the cottage looked when she entered it, after the spacious and lofty rooms she had left behind, with their velvet seats, and glittering lamps, and marble statues, and tapestried walls! She threw herself on a stool and burst into tears. Her grandfather looked at her in sorrowful silence. The starling chirped a welcome, and Druid came and laid his head in her lap, but what was the poor starling, fluttering behind its little black wires, compared with the bright-plumaged singing-birds, in

gilded cages, which had made such sweet melody in those echoing halls? And, poor Druid! he was a coarse looking brute creature, compared with the graceful spaniels and delicate greyhounds that the white hands of the ladies had fondled. Her grandfather placed their cottage fare before her, and she wondered that she had ever thought it sweet. She had eaten off silver, and seen long tables covered with hundreds of things, of which she did not know the names, beautiful to the eye and delicious to the palate, and she turned from the simple porridge and coarse bread with disgust.

The old man continued his efforts to restore her better feelings. He spoke of the circle with which it had been her fancy to ornament the floor, and kindly said that he had been as careful of it as she could have been herself. Rose heard him without reply. She despised the ring of sand as she did every thing else in the cottage, and she had not the least wish that she could be willing to return to her old duties.

Several days dragged on, lengthened to her by her discontented and rebellious spirit. Every thing was neglected except what was absolutely demanded by the necessities of the hour. The cottage was untidy, her own person slatternly, and she even took a perverse pleasure in trampling on the ring of sand, mentally scoffing at its alleged virtue, and at length she swept it quite away.

One morning she was sitting idly with her head between her hands, before the dusty and blackened hearth, when Harold entered. He started at the change so perceptible in herself and in all around her. He had not seen her since her return home, yet he showed no pleasure at meeting her. He sat gravely for a few minutes, avoiding any talk about the entertainments at the castle, and then withdrew.

When he had gone Rose wept bitterly. She could bear the sad and severe looks of her grandfather, but those of Harold went to her heart. With her grief was mingled a degree of shame at being discovered so surrounded by untidiness and disorder, but she was not yet ready to indulge that feeling. She preferred to think that Harold, like herself, had conceived a contempt for humble life from the brilliant scenes at the castle, and that she, in her homely attire, was as distasteful to him as were her rude abode and vulgar occupations. The idea struck her that she would try to look as she had done in the proud pastimes of the holidays, and the next morning at the hour when Harold usually passed to look after the woodmen in the forest, she smoothed and recurled her hair, decorating it with rose-colored ribands that had been given to her by the ladies of the castle, tied a gay girdle round her waist, and a showy necklace on her neck, and stood at the window to await his appearance. He came along as she expected, but merely saluted her with a brief "good morrow," without checking his pace.

Poor Rose was now really miserable. The loss of Harold's regard was a trouble of a sort very different from those of indolence or ambition. She tore the ribands from her hair and looked on unheedingly

while her kittens dragged them away, and pulled at them with their sharp little claws as if they had been tangles of yarn. She covered her face with her hands and sobbed, "Oh, that I had always stayed at home!—I shall never be happy again!"

"Remember the ring of sand!" said a voice which Rose knew well. She hurriedly turned toward the window whence it proceeded, with her face and neck all crimsoned at the thought of meeting the eye of her former friendly adviser. It was, indeed, the little woman, who stood looking in, her countenance marked with both sorrow and displeasure. Rose had a single glimpse of her and then she was gone.

Rose was now so oppressed with unhappiness that she was thankful for a prospect of alleviating it. She remembered the neglected words of the singular stranger, "Obey me and all will go well;" and she determined to try again the power of her talisman. To prepare for it she began sweeping the floor, and whilst at it, she involuntarily glanced at the cobwebs on the walls, the stains on the table and dresser, and the ashes scattered over the hearth, and her face burned still more at the thought of what must be the reflections of the shrewd little woman who had again seen the effects of her idleness and ill-humor. The faster she swept the more willing she felt to go on, and when she had restored the cottage to a tolerable degree of neatness, and sanded the ring on the floor, she felt happier already. All day she worked, and when night came, she drew out her wheel for the first time since her visit to the castle. Her grandfather made no remarks about it, but only talked cheerfully, and commenced a new work-basket for her of willow as white as ivory. She spun on until he had gone to his sleeping-place overhead, and then she mixed up a batch of bread in the kneading-trough, to let it rise in a warm corner until morning. When she was done she sat down before the fire to rest, for she had exerted herself so little of late that the labors of the day had wearied her unusually, and drawing a large cushioned chair in front of her low seat, she laid her head upon it, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

How long she had slept Rose could not have guessed, when suddenly she was awakened by a gush of music of entrancing sweetness, distinct in every note, yet scarcely louder than the ticking of the clock-beetle in the old wood-work, or the falling of rain-drops from the eaves. The cottage was filled with a light more beautiful than day, and more dazzling than that of the sparkling chandeliers in the castle. She saw that it emanated from within the ring of sand, which was glistening like a little wall of crystals, and enclosed such a scene of splendor and beauty as made all the pageants of lords and ladies in her memory seem homely and dull. Close to the inner side of the ring, at uniform distances, were tiny columns of silver, each surmounted by a lamp small as a star, yet bright as the morning sun, and at their bases were divans of velvet, of alternately blue and purple and crimson, draped with gold fringe, on every filament of which hung a seed pearl. In the centre of the circle was a throne of

the finest gold fillagree work, seeming to be suspended in the air from the beaks of four humming-birds, which poised themselves so gracefully and naturally that they might have been presumed to be living, but for a certain glitter and transparency of their wings that betrayed them to have been made of rubies and emeralds. The throne was composed of several seats, fronting different directions, and on one of these sat a little lady of surpassing beauty, attired in a lustrous robe of pure white, and without any ornaments except a chaplet on her head, which seemed to be of delicate flowers like grass blossoms. On the steps of the throne stood rows of ladies similarly dressed, though in various colors, and still others walked and danced here and there with gentlemen in mantles of green embroidered with gold, while outside of all, regularly ranged against the ring, were guards in polished breastplates and helmets, with gleaming spears in their hands. A double line of the guards was formed from the throne down to the ring in front of the queen, for such, no doubt, the conspicuous little lady really was, and at the end of the vista thus made was a band of musicians playing on tiny harps, the music of which had broken the slumbers of Rose. At the first glance not one of the company seemed taller to the bewildered girl than her hand, but the longer she looked the more they increased in size, till at length they appeared quite as large as the guests of the castle when sometimes she had looked down upon them in the grand saloon from a lofty gallery.

At a signal from the queen the chief musician began a mournful chant about the gloom and terrors of the winter—about the snow-wreaths whirled over the fields, hiding the rings in which the fairy race were safe to revel in the summer moonlight; the ice binding the streams that they could no longer float on them in pearl-lined shallops of muscle-shells; and the winds howling through the forests and wrenching the boughs from the trees whose shade they loved, and burying the soft moss beds under drifts of withered leaves. Then all the band joined in an exulting chorus of which the astonished Rose herself was the theme, invoking health and happiness for the cottage maiden whose care had nightly left them a charmed ring in which they could disport themselves unmolested, kindly sheltered while they breathed the free air of the earth.

The twanging of the little harps grew louder and louder, and at last Druid and the kittens were also aroused from sleep. They sprang forward toward the ring as soon as they had opened their eyes, but so well had Rose trained them that they made no attempt to cross it. At this there was a commotion among the little people as if they were preparing for some rare merriment. The queen waved her hand, and a score or two of the guards bounded upon the top of the ring with the aid of their spears, and then leaped upon the back of Druid, clashing their bucklers, and looking as proud as a company of ancient warriors on a battle elephant. Druid in vain tried to shake them off; they pricked him with their spears, until he started wildly and careered round

the ring, faster and faster, with the two kittens following close at his heels, and the little gentlemen waved their caps and feathers, and the ladies clapped their hands, and even the queen arose from her seat, and laughed as gaily as the rest. At length Druid began to pant and hang his head, and the kittens to relax their speed, and at another signal from the queen, the guards sprang back to their places as nimbly as they had left them, and the three coursers, looking quite worn out with their race, dropped down on the hearth, and in a moment were asleep.

And then a new scene followed. With the quickness of thought the tasteful court dresses of the ladies disappeared, and were replaced by a simple housewife costume of mob caps, white aprons and short-gowns. The gentlemen laughed even more at this than they had done at the race, and then gallantly handed the transfigured dames over the ring, keeping at the command of the queen their own stations inside.

Rose now trembled with fear, though she was so snugly hidden behind the cushions of the chair that she believed if she kept quiet she would not be seen. So, without moving, she waited for what was to be done next. A party of the little women flocked to her wheel, and set it humming, some of them turning it while others drew out the thread as if they had been accustomed to the business all their lives. Others mounted the dresser, and began scouring the shelves with all their might. Others climbed the churn and pounded the dasher up and down to a merry sort of tune, until, according to their own talk, the butter was almost ready to come, and others gathered round the kneading-trough and thrusting down their little white arms paddled the batter about till they seemed to be satisfied that it would require very little more labor.

Whilst all this was going on, Rose, notwithstanding her fear and amazement, had still the curiosity to peep sometimes to see what the queen was doing. Her dress also had changed, and she looked quite as much of a housewife as any of them, and not less interested than themselves in their various employments. At length she raised her voice to a high pitch to give some commands about the work, when Rose was startled to recognize in it the very tones of the friendly little woman who had come to teach her to be useful and happy. And not only in the voice but in the countenance was a resemblance that could not be mistaken. Quite forgetting herself, Rose sprang

to her feet, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. In an instant the brilliant light was extinguished, the little figures vanished, and standing alone on the spot where the throne had been, in the dim firelight, of full size, and dressed in the same large flowered gown, stood the good dame of whom Rose had been thinking. Without saying a word, but with a mischievous smile on her face, she stepped forward and catching the frightened girl by the hand, led her round and round the ring in a rapid romping sort of dance, which she had no power to stop until she grew faint and dizzy, and sunk down again on her stool as fast asleep as the kittens beside her.

When Rose awoke, the gray light of dawn was glimmering into the cottage, and gradually the recollection of what had passed during the night became distinct to her memory. She went about her work with a thankful and trusting heart. The consciousness that she was aided by benevolent beings of supernatural power made her more grave and thoughtful but happier than ever. Even when she thought of Harold she was no longer depressed, but felt an assurance that all would be well. And she was not disappointed. The old steward called that day, and when he had glanced in at the window, and heard the voice of Rose, sweeter though lower than usual, as she sung at her wheel, his face cleared of a cloud that had rested upon it. He saluted her with more than his accustomed kindness, and told her how fearful he had been that the gaieties and idleness of the castle had spoiled her for common peasant life, and with blushes and a few tears she confessed how nearly it had done so, and how unhappy she had been, and told how differently she would try to act and feel for the future.

And Harold came that evening, more frank and merry than he had ever been before, and sat several hours trying to learn basket-weaving of the grandfather.

Against spring it had been talked of between the two old men, that when Rose was a few years older, it would be a happy thing for them all that she should be the wife of Harold. And so in time it happened. She became the mistress of a great farm-house, instead of the humble cottage, and in rosiness, plumpness, and activity, the counterpart of her potent instructress in the ways of doing well. She never forgot the source of her prosperity, and never for a single day of her life was the white floor of her kitchen without its fairy ring.

SONNET.

Come back, my heart—thou wanderer—come back!

Recall thy lone thoughts to their lonelier urn—

There let them dwell in quiet. Oh return—

Nor journey on a solitary track!

For thou wilt come unsatisfied at last,

With vain regrets, vain yearnings, and unrest;

With deeper loneliness around thee cast—

And silence like a spell within thy breast!

O heart!—send through the future hours no vision.

To clothe that haunting image of thy brain;

Weave no ideal robe in hues Elysian,

'Tis but a dream—O, then, return again

To thine own home, the Past! *that* world is thine—

Bring back thy thoughts unto their other, earlier shrine!

E. J. RANKE.

BUNKER HILL.

A BALLAD, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN REHEARSED BY A VETERAN OF JUNE 17, 1775,
AT THE OPENING OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, JUNE 17, 1843.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

'T was early summer, comrades, the violet month of June,
When in the wood with happy brood the robin pipes his
tune.

'T was here upon this very hill—how well the spot I
know!—

That Freedom was baptized in blood, eight-and-sixty
years ago.

The night was dark upon the bay, the crescent moon was
down;

And shadows, like the wing of Death, hung o'er the sleep-
ing town—

When forth we marched from Charlestown Neck, a thou-
sand was our band,

With silent tread to Bunker Hill, and up to where I stand!

A royal frigate lay below, whose weary sentry slept;
He sudden woke and looked above, a sound across him
swept:

Like funeral mourners in the sky, the wind went wailing
o'er—

The wave that lapped beneath the hill seemed sobbing on
the shore—

Across the distant meadow-land he thought he saw a gleam
Like sheeted ghosts advancing, but he fancied it a dream—
And while he slept, again we kept our silent Spartan way,
Firm as the band that went to die at old Thermopylae.

All through the night with spade and pick we piled the
ramparts high,
Till o'er the morning sun they blazed, a beacon in the sky!
O'er land and sea it wavered far, a sign of dark presage,
On patriots arming stoutly, on the Briton white with rage.

The royal leader looked amaze. "What, bearded by the
slaves!

Ho! treason," loud he shouted, "cord and gibbet for the
knaves."

"We'll ride the clownish rabble down," Burgoyne said
with a sneer,

"As when we hunt the sullen boar, with merry shout and
spear."

The laugh was loud among the chiefs, the jest was light
that day,

The soldiers caught the mockery, and harnessed for the
fray.

Though many a townsman muttered low—"they'll rue it
ere the morn"—

The ribald music gayer came, and louder was the scorn!

All day we toiled upon our lines, and bore the fiery rain
From fort and fleet, whose shot and shell were ploughing
up the plain:

From morn till noon we sternly toiled, but thought with
joyful pride

How ages since at Bannockburn brave hearts for freedom
died.

The noon had past, when o'er the bay, from Boston came
the blare

Of trumpets rousing up to arms: bombs whizzed across
the air;

Boats o'er the Mystic crowded fast; troops landed 'neath
the hill:—

Then spake brave Warren with a voice that made each
bosom thrill—

"Now by your happy homes in sight; and by your wives
who weep;

And by the church beneath whose elms your saintly moth-
ers sleep;

And by the mem'ry of your sires, the men of Plymouth
Rock;

And for the freedom of your sons—stand fast before the
shock!"

On came the British myrmidons, it was a gallant sight;
Their fifers playing words of scorn, their banners flaunting
bright:

And fast around fell shot and shell, and wide our ranks
were torn,

As when a storm of sudden hail beats down the summer
corn.

But firm we stood, each heart beat high, for in the distant
town,

From roof, and church, and lofty spire were thousands
looking down.

It fired our bosoms, and we felt 't was no ignoble fray,
But latest time should thrill to hear the deeds we did that
day:

On came the British myrmidons, when sudden, from the
rear,

Rose woman's shriek, and distant shouts, and sounds of
rage and fear.

"'T is Charlestown," was the warning cry, "the foe has
wrapped in flame—

Now by your hate of ruthless wrong avenge this deed of
shame!"

We looked behind: thick puffs of smoke were rolling to
the sky,

The red flames roared intense beneath, or leapt and hissed
on high;

The bells rung out, in wild dismay our wives ran to and
fro—

We saw it all, and clenched our guns, then turned and
faced the foe!

Breathless and eager there we stood; old Putnam in the
van;

"Hold back," he cried, "for sure revenge, and each one mark his man."

Dark scowls our only answer were, but hoarse along the line

A murmur went, as when the wind runs through the mountain pine.

Nor long we stood ere volleys fast came rattling from the foe,

My comrade at my side was down, I panted for the blow;
"Stand firm," came Prescott's voice, "and kneel;" each yeoman trailed his gun;

"Ha! how the cowards shrink," cried Howe, "St. George! the day is won."

Their feet were nearly at the ditch, we heard their quick command:

"Now is your time," the watchword went, "and God defend our land!"

Straight, like an earthquake, flame and shot in one wild burst awoke—

Hurled back, the shrieking foe recoiled amid the sulph'rous smoke:

A moment and we saw them not: then rose the eddying veil,

And down the hill they swept like dust whirled in the summer gale.

In vain their leaders bade them stand, still panic-struck they fled;

The wounded, struggling as they fell, died by their comrades' tread.

At last they rallied on the shore: the life was heard again;
And at the sound, like angry wolves, they foamed with shame and pain!

"Redeem the laurels lost," cried Howe, "shall peasants bid us flee?"

A howl replied, as when Nuhant roars in the wintry sea.

Once more we waited still and stern; once more we marked our prey;

Our volleys sped, once more they fled, God fought for us that day!

And when the smoke uprose, we saw high-heaped the piles of slain—

Oh! never saw I such an hour, and ne'er shall see again.

Then thanks were poured to Heav'n on high, and tears of joy were shed;

We clasped our comrades still alive, and mourned the glorious dead:

The wounded showed their hurts with pride, and prophesied the day

Heroes should envy them the scars won in this sacred fray.

But short our rest, our triumph short, an hour had scarcely past,

When o'er the wave, with colors brave, fresh troops came hurrying fast;

Pitcairn was there, and stern Pigot, and Clinton towering high—

The fiery shells the blue arch crossed like meteors in the sky.

What need to tell you, comrades, the tale you oft have heard?

Has not the brutal story each patriot bosom stirred?

How when our weapons failed we turned, how thousands gained the day,

But sullen yet and slow we went, still fighting grim at bay!

They stabbed the wounded where he fell, they brained the beardless youth,

They slew the sire beside his son—God look on them with ruth!

They held the field; but ours the prize; if e'er a war you see,

May Heav'n on Freedom's foes bestow just such a victory!

And now yon lofty pile is reared, high glistening in the sun,

To tell to future times that here heroic deeds were done!

And ever far at sea our sons shall view, with holy thrill,

The first, last beacon of their land—the shaft on BUNKER HILL!

MORT DE NAPOLEON.

BY L. J. CUST.

"His last words, uttered in a state of delirium, on the morning of his death were—'*Mon fils*'—soon afterward, '*Fils d'Armée*'—and lastly, '*France*'—soon after which he expired."

THE conqueror of mighty kings—
The victor in a thousand fields,
Lies low in death!—All feebly springs
Life's current up, as nature yields.
Death! to the mighty of the earth?
Aye! to the conqueror of all—
ALL, from the prince of loftiest birth
Down to the meanest slave, must fall!

He, to whom kings had bowed them down,
Laid prostrate by a mightier shock!
The "throne-dispenser" overthrown,
And captive on a barren rock!

By Seine and Rhine, and Eastern Nile,
His banners once waved proudly high;
But now, in lone Helena's Isle,
The warrior lays him down to die!

What thoughts in that stern moment shook
His burning, fever-maddened brain?
"*Mon fils*!"—Then longed the sire to look
Upon his darling boy again!
Anon—wild dreams of battle dance—
Armies obey his high behest;
Once more—it is the last!—"La France!"
And that fierce spirit was at rest!

CATHARINE CLAYTON.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

HOURS OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

In the parlor of a neat but unpretending dwelling in one of the crowded streets of New York, were assembled the family of Mr. Clayton. It was a pleasant bright morning in September, and the blinds were carefully drawn to exclude the sunshine, which nevertheless found its way through one small aperture, and the golden dust danced gaily in its light. A lovely little girl was looking intently upon the sunbeam, and shutting her tiny hand with a tight grasp, would open it again, with a look of childish wonder and disappointment.

"What are you doing, Amy?" said Mrs. Clayton, who had been for some time watching the child.

"I want to get some of these beautiful things coming in the window, mamma, but I can't reach them. I wish papa would try; he's so much bigger than me."

"Papa can't catch them, dear, any more than little Amy," said the father, taking the child in his arms—"But come, give me one kiss; I must go away for a whole day, from my darling."

"Will Catharine help me, then?"

"I fear even Catharine will find it difficult to help you," said her father with a smile; "but you know Willie is coming home to-day, and he will try and do every thing you want him to do."

"Oh, yes, dear brother Willie; but you will be home to-morrow, papa?"

"Yes, my love, and Amy will be a good little girl till pa comes back, will she not?" The promise was given and sealed with another kiss, and after taking leave of his wife and eldest daughter, Mr. Clayton rode from the house. His wife and children watched him from the window until he was out of sight. There was a shadow on the mother's brow as she stooped to kiss the forehead of little Amy, who stood on a chair by her side, and there was a tear glistening in Catharine's eye, which she wiped away unperceived, as she turned and said—

"It is only for one day, mother; to-morrow night father will be with us again."

"Yes, my dear, it is but for one day, and may God watch over him till his return." The mother and daughter were soon busied with their household duties, while Amy kept her place at the window, watching for the stage which was to bring home her brother Willie. At length a shout from the little one when she saw it lumbering up the street, brought her

mother to her side, and in a few minutes Willie had alighted and sprung into his mother's arms.

"Where is father?" was the first question the boy asked on looking round and missing him from the group.

"He was obliged to leave home to-day, my son, but he will be with us to-morrow. Why how you've grown, Willie! and you look so rosy; your father will be delighted to see you."

"Oh, mother, we've had capital fun!"

"Capital fun! I hope you have not neglected your studies; your father and I would be greatly grieved if you had done so."

"Oh no, mother; wait till I show you my medals—but after school, you know, we used to go down to the river with the teacher and bathe, and we had such times hunting for squirrels in the woods, and once we killed a snake as big as my leg. Charley Bogert and I were together, and Charley saw it first and struck it on the head with a stick, and oh mother, if you had seen it stand straight up and hiss, I guess you'd have been frightened!"

"I didn't know snakes had legs to stand on, Willie," said Amy, who was listening earnestly to the story.

"Well, neither have they, Amy; but I meant that he reared himself right up on end, and then I flung a stick at him, and he fell down, and Charley crept behind him and gave him another hit on the head, and then I got a big stone, and we soon killed him. Oh, we had capital fun!"

"Come with me, brother, come," said Amy, "we have another Canary bird, and oh, it's one of the sweetest singers, and we call it Willie. Come and hear it;" and the little one took her brother by the hand and led him away.

The day passed quickly, and before retiring for the night, Mrs. Clayton knelt with her children and asked the protection of that all merciful One, who never slumbers nor sleeps. She asked it for the beloved partner who shared her every thought: for the children, who were dear as the life-blood that warmed her heart; for herself, and for all God's creatures, and she quietly slept the sleep of innocence and peace.

"When will father be home?" asked Willie in the morning; "I want to see him so much."

"He will be here by four o'clock at the farthest," said his mother.

"Well, when I see him coming I shall go and hide behind the parlor door, and after he has kissed you

all and sits down in his chair, I'll steal softly behind him and put my hands over his eyes, and tell him to guess who's there? won't that be fun! Now mind you do n't tell him, Amy."

"I aint a tell tale," said the little one, pouting her pretty lip.

"I know you're not, Amy, but you'll be so glad you might forget and tell father; now I want to surprise him. It will be such capital fun!"

Long before four o'clock, Amy and her brother were stationed at the window, where they were frequently joined by their mother and sister. Five, six o'clock came, but the father had not returned. Catharine was busying herself in arranging the tea-table.

"Look, mother, what fine light rusk, you know father is so fond of them, and these preserved strawberries, they are his favorite fruit. Now Amy, do n't forget to hand father his slippers, he always likes you to do it."

"And what am I to do?" said Willie, who thought he was slighted in having no particular task assigned him.

"Oh, you are to stand behind the door," said Catharine, laughing, "and to put your hands over father's eyes."

"But I want to do something more than that, and if I can't do any thing else, I will set his chair at the table, and get his light coat for him, and have the newspaper ready."

During this conversation between the children, Mrs. Clayton was at the window, straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of her husband. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the dark evening shadows were fast gathering on the horizon.

One by one they rose, and mingled, and came trooping up the sky, like spectres from the spirit-land. Fainter and fainter grew the daylight, darker and deeper hung the shadows, till the whole heavens were shrouded in one impenetrable pall!

The children drew close to the side of their mother—little Amy climbed upon her knee, and nestled in her bosom. "How dark it is, mother; oh why do n't father come?"

The rain, which had been rapidly gathering, now fell in torrents, and the thunder and lightning became so appalling, that the mother and her children left the window, and the shutters were closed upon the storm.

It was ten o'clock, and the tea things still remained untouched upon the table. Mrs. Clayton strove to conceal her anxiety, while her prayers were silently ascending to the Almighty, for the safety of her husband. All at once the whole group started. A horse was heard approaching the house, and Willie flew to open the door, wholly forgetful of the little stratagem he had planned to surprise his father. On the side walk were two men bearing a litter, while a third was holding a horse in the street. Mrs. Clayton's face turned deadly pale, and her heart died within her; she could ask no questions.

Slowly the men entered the doorway, and gently placed their burden in the hall. Willie rushed toward

it and raised the cover—"Father is dead! father is dead!" shrieked he in agony and terror.

"Willie, Willie," said Catharine, laying her hand on his arm, "dear Willie, think of mother." But the poor boy was nearly frantic with grief, and Amy joined her cries with his, while Mrs. Clayton stood in a state of stupefaction.

"I am sorry for you, ma'm," said one of the men, drawing the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, "but it can't be helped; accidents will happen."

The wounded man groaned. In an instant his wife was at his side. "Oh, William! William! what a return is this!"

"I fear it is all over, Mary; but God's will be done," faintly articulated the sufferer, and then relapsed into insensibility.

"The doctor will soon be here, ma'm," said one of the men; "Matthew Green, that brought home the gentleman's horse, stopped and told him of the accident."

In a few moments the surgeon arrived, and after examining the wounds, shook his head, and by his manner alone, crushed the last spark of hope that lingered in the wife's bosom! Mrs. Clayton was a woman of delicate frame and exquisite sensibilities, yet possessing withal uncommon energy of character. Now that she had learned the worst she asked God for strength, and sought to nerve herself for the hour of trial.

Mr. Clayton had been detained some hours longer than he expected to be, and when within a few miles of home his horse had been startled by the lightning, and set off at full speed. Mr. Clayton was thrown from the saddle, and one of his feet being entangled in the stirrup, he was dragged along the road, his body bruised and torn, and his head mangled in a shocking manner. The infuriated animal was finally stopped by a man who lived in Mr. Clayton's neighborhood, and he, procuring the assistance of others, had the unfortunate man conveyed to his home.

Another pleasant bright morning broke in beauty on the earth; another sunbeam stole through the closely drawn shutter, but they were all unheeded, for William Clayton's wife was a widow, and his children fatherless. A dark shadow had settled on the once sunny home.

CHAPTER II.

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

About eighteen years before the events already related, William Clayton had commenced practice as an attorney and counsellor at law. His father, a man of moderate income, had expended the greater part of it on the education of his son, and was rewarded by seeing him win the highest honors of his class. Near where young Clayton resided dwelt the widow Stewart, and her only child, Mary, a girl of nineteen. Mrs. Stewart had lost her husband early in life, and her small annuity had been eked out by the aid of her needle. Mary was her idol, her all, and to maintain and educate her child in such a manner as her father would have wished, was the

widow's constant and untiring aim. And well the gentle girl repaid her mother's love. A diligent and apt scholar, Mary won the hearts of her teachers, and when at last Mrs. Stewart proposed taking her daughter from school, as she was unable any longer to bear the expense of her education, the principal begged that Mary might remain, saying that her services would be a sufficient compensation for the instruction she would receive in the higher branches. To this proposal her mother joyfully acceded, and soon had the gratification of seeing Mary fill the place of assistant teacher, with a salary which added considerably to their limited income.

Young Clayton had met Mary Stewart at the house of a mutual friend, and the casual acquaintance soon ripened into an intimacy which led him often to the widow's dwelling. When at length assured of Mary's love, he asked her mother's consent to their union; Mrs. Stewart frankly told him "She would commit her daughter's happiness to his keeping, provided there was no opposition offered it by his father."

At first the old gentleman demurred; he persisted "That his son was too young to think of matrimony. Miss Stewart, though a very amiable young lady from all he had heard of her, was without fortune; not that he cared for it,"—and here the old gentleman slightly hesitated—"but he thought it better they should have something to begin the world with."

"Dear father, how often have I heard you say that you had but a few hundred dollars when my mother and you were married, and in my whole life I never heard either of you regret your want of fortune."

"True, true, but there are few women in the world like your mother. She was always happy at home, and no matter how fretted or anxious I might be through the day, I was always sure of a loving word and a pleasant smile in the evening. When I returned wearied and exhausted with the cares of business, she never pestered me to take her to some place of public amusement. I never came home and found the house in disorder, and her away at a revival-meeting, or running after some popular preacher; yet she was a woman of deep piety, and showed it by doing her duty in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call her. No, no; there are few women like her; in the twenty years we lived together, I don't think there was an unkind feeling between us."

"But, dear father, Miss Stewart may be all that my mother was."

"I doubt it; girls are brought up very differently now-a-days; they dance, they sing, learn to play on the piano, dress, visit and coquette; Heaven help the man of moderate means who gets one of them for a wife."

"You forget, father, that Mary has not been brought up in such a manner; her mother, you know—"

"Yes, yes, I know Mrs. Stewart is a prudent woman, but what warrant have we that her daughter will be the same?"

"Dear father, if you but knew Mary. Why will

you not go with me and see for yourself whether she is not worthy to be your daughter?"

"Certainly, if I saw with your eyes she would be most worthy; but it is no way to learn a woman's character by visiting her when she is prepared to receive you; I want to drop in at any time, and judge what she is at home. As I said before, if you were wealthy and could afford to indulge your wife in extravagance, it would be well enough; but you are not, so take my advice and give up the project."

"I must speak seriously on this matter; give it up I cannot; to marry without your consent I do not wish, neither would Mary, nor her mother, consent to any thing of the kind."

"What's that? She would not run away, think you?"

"No, father, not even were I to urge it; Mary has too much firmness of principle wilfully to violate a known duty, that of obedience to parents."

"So, so, well, she may be a good girl after all; that is just like your mother; a good daughter will make a good wife, but I've no great opinion of the woman who proves her love for a man by forgetting to honor her father and mother. There's a great deal of false sentiment abroad in the world about such matters. When a girl runs away, and marries a man in opposition to the wishes of her parents, it is usual for people to talk of the sacrifices she has made, and the strength of her affection for her lover. Now the matter does not strike me in this light; on the contrary, I conceive it to be a most selfish and unfeeling act. The grief of a mother, who has hung over her cradle, nurtured her in her bosom, watched by her sick pillow, and borne with all her childish waywardness; and the disappointment of a father, who may have garnered his hopes of happiness in his child's obedience, are all flung to the winds; self-denial is too painful a task, and her own gratification is all the lady thinks about. And the man who could urge a woman to such a course, if his wife afterward carries out the lessons of disobedience and deception which he by that one act has taught her, and practiced them upon himself, why should he blame her? I'd like to see this girl, who would not run away with you, and will take a walk there this evening."

William Clayton had gained his point; he was sure that if his father once became acquainted with Mrs. Stewart and her daughter his scruples would vanish.

The event justified his hopes, and a year saw Mary and himself united.

Years rolled by, and many wondered that William Clayton did not advance in the world. Other members of the legal profession, who had entered the arena with himself, rose step by step, built or rented fine houses, had them magnificently furnished, their families dressed expensively, and were received into fashionable society, while Mr. Clayton and his wife were scarcely known out of their small but select circle of personal friends.

"Why don't you dash out and make more show?" said a lady visitor who called one day on Mrs. Clay-

ton; "if you always live in this plain, quiet manner people will know nothing about you, and, depend upon it, unless you make a genteel appearance, the world will take little notice of you."

"I do not exactly know what you mean by a genteel appearance, there are so many different standards of gentility, but I am sure neither Mr. Clayton nor myself would ever submit to keep up a *false* appearance."

"Oh, I am as much opposed to false appearances as any one; but, for instance, if you were to take a larger house, and have it more fashionably furnished, and entertain more, you would be more thought of, and Mr. Clayton's practice might be enlarged; and this I am sure you could better afford than some others I could name of our acquaintance."

"It is a matter of little moment to us how others do, we must act as will be most prudent for ourselves. Mr. Clayton is not rich, nor will he ever be. When he commenced practice at the bar, it was with the firm determination never to undertake any case in which he was not fully convinced of his client's right to justice. He could not plead the cause of a bold, bad man, and, by some trifling legal technicality, gain his suit, and 'make the worse appear the better reason.' No, I thank God, his energies are always employed on the side of right, in the cause of the widow, the orphan, and the destitute, though it must be confessed these are the persons who pay the smallest fees, and very often none at all."

"Bless me, what an eccentric man! But don't Mr. Clayton think he owes a duty to his family? There is Catharine will soon be old enough to be brought out, and I can tell Mr. Clayton he will have her long enough on his hands if he keeps her moped up in an old-fashioned house like this."

Mrs. Clayton smiled. "Certainly. Mr. Clayton knows there is a duty owing his family, but he does not think that duty consists in obtaining money at the expense of his conscience, and hoarding it up to buy a husband for his daughter. He is in no hurry to get rid of Catharine, but would rather she remained under the paternal roof until her character was fully formed, and then he would wish to see her the beloved and honored wife of an estimable man, possessing habits of self-respect and self-reliance, rather than the fashionable lady, whose husband was the silly possessor of thousands."

"Why, how strangely you talk, Mrs. Clayton! I can't believe you think wealth of no value."

"I have not said that I thought it of no value; on the contrary, it is to be sought after as a means for supplying us with much that renders life desirable; and, above all, as the means under God of benefiting our fellow creatures. All I wish to convey is, that wealth is too much the end and aim of every exertion. The man of business toils for it, as the galley-slave at the oar, denying himself the needful time for repose or recreation; and too often the endearments of home are sacrificed on the altar of Mammon."

"O, that is all very fine talk, but you can't make

your way in the world without money; for my part, I hope Mr. Archer will drive business until he has amassed something handsome."

"But if your husband is from morning till night in his counting-room, and comes home with his brain filled with invoices, balance-sheets and ledgers, you lose, what appears to me the most valued and delightful, the society of your husband, and the leisure which might be devoted to intellectual enjoyment. Would it not be better to live in a smaller house, and in plainer style, on a more limited income, than to have your husband's whole time given to the tear and wear of toiling for money?"

"As to my husband's society, that makes little difference, for I am generally out, or engaged with company, when he comes home. The closer he attends to business the better, for I mean to ride in my coach as well as that upstart Susan Jones, who married Wilson. You remember her, don't you? We all went to school together at Mrs. Barclay's. Two years ago the Wilsons hired a house in Washington Square, and I was determined I would live no longer in White Street. I found out where they were going to, and gave Mr. Archer no peace until he succeeded in getting one a few doors from them; so we auctioned off all our things, and, would you believe it? many of them brought no more than half what was paid for them, although they were all new the year before; but it couldn't be helped. Our new house is furnished in the most expensive manner, and next year we will have our carriage. Mr. Archer says I will ruin him, but I do n't believe it, for I know he has made some good speculations lately; bless me, it is nearly three o'clock, and I have a long walk to take yet to make a call on Mrs. Bishop. She is a sweet, fashionable lady, and I must time my visits there to a minute, her dearest friends would not be admitted if she were about to dress for dinner. Good-bye, my dear, what a pity that you don't visit in a fashionable circle," so saying the giddy Mrs. Archer took her leave.

Mrs. Clayton could not help smiling while she took a retrospective view of the past. Sarah Grant, now Mrs. Archer, was, in their school days to which she had alluded, a pretty girl, with a great fondness for dress and show, and a large fund of animal spirits. At a ball she attracted the attention of Mr. Archer, a bachelor on the shady side of thirty, who thought it would be delightful to have such a young sprightly creature for a wife. "I cannot bear a dull prosy woman," said he one day to a bachelor friend; "I want something to amuse me when I return from the counting-room, and, besides, she is so young I can train her as I wish." And with his head full of plans for his future training, Mr. Archer, who was neither remarkably good-looking, nor interesting, but who had the name of being a man well to do in the world, was married, after a short courtship to the pretty Miss Grant. The honey-moon was scarcely over when Mr. Archer began to feel he had been too precipitate, his pretty young wife would not train.

"Sarah, my dear, sing me that little Scotch ballad

to-night, you never sing or play now as you did before we were married."

"Oh, I'm tired to death! I've been shopping and making calls to-day, and, besides, you always ask for such old-fashioned ditties; I hate them!" In a few minutes the little lady added, "I thought you were coming home to take me to the opera to-night, and I hurried my life almost out to get through in time, and ordered a beautiful head-dress of silver tissue and marabouts, which has been home this hour."

"Why, my dear, I thought you were too much fatigued to use the least exertion, even to sing for me."

"Well, I am, but I could go there. I will wear my velvet mantilla thrown gracefully about my shoulders, and my new head-dress; that will be delightful! You can get ready in a minute, you know. I bought myself half a dozen pair of white kid gloves this afternoon; yours were not much soiled, and I thought they'd do well enough, people won't look so much at your hands as at mine."

"I cannot go to-night, Sarah," said Mr. Archer, with some severity of tone, "it is too late to procure tickets, and, besides, I am too much fatigued. You have been out every night for the last fortnight, and you might, I think, please me this once."

"That is always the way when I set my heart on going any place, I must sit and mope here with you."

The lady pouted, and grew more sullen every moment, until at last she left the room. Mr. Archer waited some time for her return, but in what is called "a fit of sulks" she had retired for the night, and left him to his own reflections. And these were bitter.

He had married a wilful, wayward, spoiled girl, whose education had been neglected to make room for showy, superficial accomplishments, who had been brought up with a love for display and extravagance; who was never happy but when surrounded by silly foplings ministering to her vanity, and who regarded her husband as the last man in the world it was worth taking any trouble to please. Like many other men, who, when they have reached the meridian of life, think themselves far-seeing, and suppose that they cannot be deceived in their estimate of female character, Mr. Archer found that he had been short-sighted in the extreme. He had been duped by an affectation of child-like simplicity, and amiability of manners, and he began to fear that he had been loved for his reputed wealth, and not for himself alone; his pretty wife would not train!

One more scene and we will leave them.

"My dear, I have been looking at a very airy and convenient house; it is in a pleasant situation, and I think the rent will suit us: we have been a long time boarding, and you know I never liked it."

"What is the rent of the house?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Has it marble mantels and folding doors?"

"No, my dear, but it is large and airy, though not built in modern style, and I think it will answer very well."

"I shant go to any house that has n't marble

mantels, and folding-doors, that can be thrown open when I have company. There's Susan Jones has a beautiful house, with two elegant parlors with white marble mantels and folding-doors, and her husband is no better off than you are."

It was useless to remonstrate. Mr. Archer was weary of boarding, and longed for the quiet of a house of his own. He had often, while a bachelor, thought what luxury it would be to go home, put on his slippers, and seat himself, newspaper in hand, with a sort of Alexander Selkirk feeling, "I am monarch of all I survey," while his wife with her own hands arranged the tea-table, and the evening closed with a book, or music, or a few choice friends. Alas! these bachelor dreamings of married comfort were dashed to the ground. His wife would not play for him alone, she disliked reading, her mind was wholly uncultivated, so that he often blushed when she spoke, and, worse than all, she would not train! All thought of the old-fashioned house was given up, and one at seven hundred dollars a year was rented in White Street, from which, as we have seen, the lady pestered her husband to remove into Washington Square. Poor Mr. Archer!

CHAPTER III.

TIME'S CHANGES.

More than a year had elapsed since the death of Mr. Clayton, and his widow still occupied the house endeared to her by so many hallowed associations. From the time of her marriage, Mrs. Clayton had made it an invariable rule to live within their income, and as the state of her husband's affairs was always known to her, she could regulate her household expenses accordingly. If a new article of dress or furniture was proposed, the first question asked was, "Can we afford it? can we pay for it now, or run in debt, and thus voluntarily place ourselves in a state of dependence, and lose our self-respect by so doing?" The answer invariably given was "No; these things can neither make us happier, nor wiser, nor better; we can wait for them."

By this mode of procedure, Mr. Clayton was enabled to lay by a small sum annually, which he invested in bank stock, so that at his death his wife and children were not left dependent on the charity of others. Let not the reader suppose that either Mr. Clayton or his wife were niggardly, far from it. He was a man of the most generous impulses, and his wife might have obtained any thing she chose to ask; she was aware of this, and was only the more careful not to abuse his confidence. If she deprived herself of luxuries, it was because she knew they would be purchased by her husband's renewed toil and greater exertion, and to this her unselfish nature was decidedly opposed.

They had every thing necessary for comfort, what should they wish for more? If there were times when the resolution of both husband and wife failed, it was when tempted by a new book, or an object of charity.

As we have said, Mrs. Clayton was still in her old home, faithfully devoting herself to the duties which had devolved upon her at the death of her husband. William had just returned to boarding-school, after spending the summer vacation with his mother and sisters. Amy was conning over her lesson, and Mrs. Clayton and Catharine were engaged in conversation.

"Your term at school has expired, and I fear before commencing another I shall be obliged to keep you at home a few days, Catharine."

"Dear mother, I am so glad to think you will allow me to stay; I was afraid to ask, although I saw you were looking pale; but you are so anxious that I should complete my education."

"I am anxious indeed, my love, because it is all the fortune I shall be able to give you, and I wish you to have resources of your own, on which to rely in time of need."

"Well, mother, you know I am now in my seventeenth year, and am only revising my studies, which I can do equally as well at home, with your assistance."

"I would have preferred your remaining at school, but just now it cannot be," and as Mrs. Clayton spoke she fell fainting into the arms of her daughter.

"Oh, mother, mother," cried little Amy, starting from her seat. "Oh, Catharine, how white she looks; she will die like father!"

"Hush, Amy, run and bring Sally." The little one flew out of the room and called the maid.

With the assistance of Sally, Mrs. Clayton was laid upon the sofa, her hands and face washed with cold water, and she slowly returned to consciousness, but not to health. For nine weeks she lay prostrated with a low nervous fever. At length she was convalescent; and sitting up, supported by pillows, she watched with tearful eye, and thankful heart, her devoted Catharine gliding about the room, and arranging every thing for her comfort.

During her mother's illness she had never left the room, except to give some necessary directions, or to prepare some delicacy with her own hand, and she was rewarded by seeing her beloved parent restored to health, and able once more to take part in her domestic duties.

"You will not ask me to leave you, now that you are well again, dear mother; I am afraid if I were gone you might exert yourself too much, and bring on another attack of that dangerous fever."

"No, my daughter, your aid is invaluable, and I am afraid that we must soon devise some plan by which we may be enabled to add to our resources. The expenses attending on my illness, you know, were so great that our interest was not sufficient to discharge them, and we have been obliged to break upon the principal; this will never do. As for Amy, you and I can educate her at home, but I cannot bear the thought of taking William from school. It was his father's wish that, after passing through college, he should study for the ministry, but the expense to be incurred is so great that I fear the wish can never be realized."

Catharine's countenance brightened, a happy thought had occurred to her. "Mother, if I could obtain a situation as governess, my salary might pay for William's tuition."

The mother kissed her daughter's cheek. "You forget, my dear, that I can hardly spare you from home, and, besides, you are too young to be received as a governess. It occurs to me that we might do something together, something which would not require a separation; what do you think of our making arrangements to take a few pupils?"

"Oh, that will be better still, then I can remain at home, and be always near when you want me."

"The grocer says this is a bad bill, ma'm," said the servant entering the room, and thereby interrupting the conversation. "I brought the things, and he says I can pay him the next time I go there."

"Mr. Briggs must be mistaken, it was a city bill I gave you."

"Yes, ma'm, so it is, but he says the bank broke yesterday, and it's not worth a cent."

Mrs. Clayton took the bill from the girl's hand and examined it; true enough, it was the same she had given her. "Sally, step over the way, and if Mr. Rodgers is at home, ask him if he will be kind enough to come here for a few minutes; he is a bank director, and will know whether the rumor is true or false."

"He will be here in a minute, ma'm," said the girl, quickly returning, "I met him on the stoop, he was just going down town, but said he would come here first."

"Good morning, Mrs. Clayton."

"Good morning, sir. Can you tell me, Mr. Rodgers, whether the reports about the C— Bank are true or not? I sent one of the bills with my servant this morning, but it was refused, and they told her the bank was broke."

"I hope you have but little of that money, madam, for it is utterly worthless." Mrs. Clayton turned pale.

"So, so," said Mr. Rodgers, "this comes of not taking my advice; I told Clayton not to invest his money in that stock, but he would not heed me, and now see how it has turned out."

"Mr. Clayton did what he thought was for the best, sir."

"Yes, yes, I do not doubt it, my dear madam, but he should not have been so obstinate. Good morning, ladies," said the bank director, looking at his watch, "it is nearly ten o'clock, and it is time I was on my way to Wall Street." He suspected that the widow's all was gone, and with some forebodings that if he staid longer she might possibly want a loan, without security, he hurried from the house.

It was some time before either mother or daughter recovered from the shock. They were absolutely penniless; all the money they possessed being on the one broken bank.

Catharine was the first to rouse herself—"Mother, we must obtain money to live upon until further arrangements are made; we might get credit for a

time, but eventually the bills will have to be paid."

"I know it, my child, and there is half a year's rent due; Mr. Morris was out of town at the end of the last quarter, and the whole amount for six months is now lying in the house utterly worthless. God help us!"

"God will help us, dear mother, you have always relied upon him, and he will not now desert us."

"True, my child, he may see fit to try us, to bring distress upon us, but he will not forsake us in our extremity."

Mrs. Clayton was not the only one who suffered by the failure of the bank. There were mechanics, hard-working men, earning a subsistence for themselves and their families by the sweat of their brow—laborers, toiling like beasts of burden under the scorching summer sun, for a scanty pittance barely sufficient to provide them with the common necessities of life—women, overtasked, emaciated women, plying with weary fingers their needles all day, and far into the solemn night, for employers who were battenning on the life-current that ebbed from their breaking hearts—widows, who had treasured there the portion of their fatherless and helpless little ones—on all these was brought ruin and desolation. And what was the cause? Defalcation! And were the workers of this great wo punished? Were they pointed at with scorn? Were they frowned from society, where they festered like a moral pestilence, destroying all belief in integrity and honor? No! Society had not the moral courage to cast them off, or to brand their crimes with the dark names they deserved. No! they were courted, and carressed, and their homes were the abodes of luxury, while the cries of their victims went up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth!

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOVERNESS.

All Mrs. Clayton's plans were frustrated. The house must be given up. The necessary arrangements were made as speedily as possible. Part of a small tenement was hired, and as much furniture as was absolutely necessary for housekeeping removed to it; the rest had been disposed of at auction. Sally was dismissed, or rather forced to go; her attachment to her mistress being so great that she entreated to remain at half her former wages. Even that half Mrs. Clayton found she could not promise, and the faithful creature was obliged to leave. There were no accommodations in their new home for the reception of pupils, so this favorite project was wholly abandoned, and they must now resort to some other means for procuring a livelihood.

Mrs. Clayton wished, if possible, to keep William at school; she could not bear the thought of taking him from his studies and placing him in some situation where they must be wholly neglected. Early trained herself to habits of self-denial, she was willing to make any sacrifice for her children.

From the death of her father, Catharine's native

energy of character had been brought fully into action. She was her mother's comforter, companion and friend, and often the widow thanked God for having given her such a child.

"Well, Catharine, which of these plans do you think best?" said Mrs. Clayton, after they had been for a long time talking over the past, and trying to think what was to be done for the future.

"Why, mother, if I could obtain a few young ladies to whom I might give lessons in music, I think I should like it better than any thing else. I could go to their houses, and on my return assist you and teach Amy. Perhaps I might make more in this way than in any other, and you know it is what will bring most money that we want just now." Mrs. Clayton could not forbear a smile.

"How calculating you have grown, Catharine! one would hardly suppose you were the same girl who once thought money of no value, and gave away almost every thing of your own to your playmates."

"And, dear mother, if I had the means I would do so now; but what was then mere generosity would, under our present circumstances, be thriftless prodigality. I do not believe I could ever become covetous or miserly; but I trust I shall be prudent and economical."

"But how are you to obtain those music pupils?"

"We can have circulars printed, and as the terms will be low, for I think it best to ask but ten dollars a quarter, I am sure I will soon have as many as I can attend to."

"Your plan is a good one, but don't be too sanguine, my dear, you may be disappointed; I do not say this to discourage you, but only to moderate your expectations."

The circulars were printed and distributed. A number were left at Mrs. Archer's, who had kept up a calling acquaintance with the Claytons while they remained in their old home. True, they had not seen her since their removal, but that had taken place so recently that they were not surprised at her absence.

"I would not wonder if Mrs. Archer gave me her two girls for pupils; and she has such a large circle of acquaintances, that she may obtain a great many for me," said Catharine, the day after the circulars had been left at that lady's house.

"I do not know, my dear," said her mother—"Mrs. Archer is very fashionable, and prefers foreign music teachers for her daughters; but as she has always professed a friendship for us, perhaps she may influence some of her friends in your favor."

Day after day passed away in uncertainty—no applications were made—"but they might be to-morrow"—morrow after morrow came and went, bearing its heavy burden of disappointment, until at length Mrs. Clayton and her daughter sorrowfully felt that some other means must be adopted.

Catharine had never wholly abandoned her first favorite plan of being a governess, and again she spoke of it to her mother. "Al! I regret is that I cannot be at home with you every evening, dear mother; but upon the whole it will be better—my salary will be permanent, and I shall be at no expense

whatever, and as I am fond of children it will be a labor of love to me."

Mrs. Clayton sighed; she did not wish to part with the society of her child, but there was no alternative. "To-morrow, mother, I will look in the papers, and if there are any advertisements I will make application immediately."

Catharine's eye ran eagerly over the list of Wants in the morning newspapers, and found no less than four advertisements for a governess. The advertisers all resided in different parts of the city and at great distances from each other; but distance was no obstacle, and she left home determined, if she could, to find a situation before her return. At the first place she called she was told they had already engaged a lady, who was coming that morning. She turned away somewhat disappointed, but as this was only one, and there were still three left, she would not allow herself to be discouraged. She had now a long walk before her, the day was sultry, and completely exhausted, she rang at the door of a large and fashionable looking house in the Fifth Avenue. After waiting a long time in the hall the lady of the mansion made her appearance. Catharine rose and remained standing, while answering all her questions, while the lady herself placed one shoulder against the parlor door, and stood playing with the silk tassels of her embroidered apron, apparently forgetful that, by any possibility whatever, the young creature before her might be fatigued. At length her ladyship came to the point—she had three children—they were very young—and as she saw a great deal of company she had no time to look after them herself. She wished the governess to take sole charge of the little ones—to wash and dress them—look after their clothes—take them out to walk—teach them their lessons, and in the evening after they had gone to bed, assist with the plain sewing of the family.

Catharine was astounded, and thought she must have made some mistake in reading the advertisement. Intimating that it was not the situation of child's maid, but of governess, that she sought, she took her leave. She had now to go to the lower part of the city. Her feet were swollen with walking—her head was aching, and much as she grudged spending a solitary sixpence, she found it must be given for a ride in an omnibus. On reaching the house she was in quest of and making known her errand, she was shown into a parlor, where a middle aged lady, wearing an immense turban, was seated on a sofa. This lady received her very graciously, and began to extol the children for whom the governess was wanted. "They were little angels—there would be no trouble in the world in superintending their education—it would be a pleasure for any young lady to have them under her charge; would it not, my dear?" she added, turning and addressing a rather pretty languishing-looking woman, who was reclining on a divan, with a new book open before her. "I have not heard a word you were saying, mamma, I am so absorbed in Ernest Maltravers that I can think of nothing else; do, pray, arrange that

matter without troubling me—its the affair of the governess, I suppose?"

"My daughter is so nervous and so full of sweet sensibility, that common matters jar upon her delicate and susceptible nature; for this reason I take sole charge of her children. She can't bear to hear them cry, and her heart is so tender that she never can remain near them when they are ill; indeed she never sees them except when dressed to dance in a ballet; but her taste in those matters is so exquisite, that they are then submitted to her approval."

"How many children are there?" asked Catharine, wishing to direct the lady's attention to the object of her visit.

"Three, my dear—Adeliza, Ethelinda and Mortimer Grandison—the latter was named after Lord Mortimer in the Children of the Abbey, (you've read the Children of the Abbey, hav'n't you?) and Sir Charles Grandison."

"What salary do you propose giving, madam?"

"Why, my dear," said the lady, drawing closer to Catharine, and assuming a confidential tone—"I don't think we will dispute about that."

Catharine's heart beat quickly—"how liberal!" she thought.

"You see, my dear, we don't want the governess to be like a stranger in the family. When she is not engaged with the children she can sit in my room and read to me, and if she has a taste for making pretty nic-nacs, as most young ladies have, she can assist me in making fancy articles for the ladies' fairs. So you see it will be quite a home to her, and more than that, she can have her washing done in the house."

"Well, madam, what will the salary be?"

"Oh, child, I forgot; we will give fifty dollars a year into the bargain! Now is not that something handsome?"

"I believe, madam, I cannot accept the situation," said Catharine, rising.

"Not accept it? Why, child, I never heard any thing so absurd! Remember, you get your washing into the bargain!"

"It will not suit me, I believe. Good morning." And with a heavy heart Catharine left the house.

One place still remained—fortunately it was not far off, and thither the weary girl bent her steps. It was outwardly a house of plainer pretensions than either of the others, but the interior was shining with vulgar finery. A dumpy woman, who tried to look consequential, made her appearance, and proceeded at once to business.

"So you've come to be taken as governess."

"I have come to ascertain whether the situation will suit me or not."

"Suit you! I dare say it will; there's but two children, for you see my husband was a widower when I married him, with two sons grown up young men; one's gone to sea, and the other's a clerk in Pearl street, but I suppose he'll go in business for himself next year. I aint got but two children of my own, as I told you, and I want them taught every thing. They're both girls, and I do n't intend keep-

ing them in the back ground, I can tell you. Of course you read what I wanted in the advertisement, and if you had n't known how to teach all the branches you would n't have come. There's been a good many here already, and my husband said I was too particular, I'd never be suited, but I told him this morning that I'd have one before he came home to-night, and I mean to stick to my word."

After some preliminary matters were talked over, Catharine ventured to inquire what was the salary? It was more than she had supposed would be offered, and she readily promised to be there on the following morning. With the prospect of a situation before her she could afford to spend another sixpence, and the omnibus soon whirled her near home. All that had taken place was soon related, and Mrs. Clayton could not forbear smiling when Catharine told her of the liberal offer of "fifty dollars a year and her washing into the bargain!"

The next day saw her installed in her new office of preceptress to two great, ungainly, ill-bred girls; who thought there could be no better sport than pinning rags and papers to the dress of the governess, sticking pins in her chair, placing something in her way that she might stumble in the dark, with other such refined and lady-like amusements. The girls continued rude and untractable, while their mother, of course, blamed the governess, and was seldom civil to her, except when she expected company, and wished Catharine to entertain them by playing on the piano.

"Mirandy, why is n't your hair platted this morning?"

"What makes you say *platted*, ma? Governess says it's *plaited*."

"I'll teach your *governess*," (there was always great stress laid upon this latter word,) "I'll teach your governess to know better than to make you disobedient to your parents, finding fault with every word that comes out of my mouth; a pretty piece of business! Why is n't your hair platted, you minx?"

"Governess did n't attend to it this morning, and she would n't wash Hester Maria's face, neither."

This was a falsehood, and the girl knew it, but she hated Catharine for endeavoring to restrain her unruly habits, and did every thing in her power to annoy the sorely tried girl.

Poor Catharine! every day some new duty devolved upon her, which she had never thought of being asked to perform. But she bore all with unwearied patience. Her mother was toiling at home, and their earnest desire of keeping William at school, could only be accomplished by her remaining where she was. She had a high and holy mission to perform, and what cared she for self-sacrifice? But at last she was subjected to insult, and the libertine addresses of the clerk in Pearl street drove her back to the shelter of her mother's roof.

In a short time William, too, was there, and the widow and her children were wondering how and where they would find employment.

[To be continued.]

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

I BLESS thee, Father! that thy breath has given
Existence unto me—a broken reed!
That 'mid the griefs with which life's ties are riven,
Thou hast bestowed thy strength in time of need!
Thine arm upheld me when my life was fraught
With griefs, that wrung my full heart to the core;
Then, I perceiv'd not 't was thy hand that brought
The "balm of Gilead" to the festering sore!

I bless thee, Father! for the well upspringing—
A well of pleasant thoughts, within my breast;
That e'er hath been like summer flowerets flinging
Their richest perfume o'er the traveler's rest!
A well which oft has cheered my weary hours,
And led my spirit upward to thy throne,
That strewed my humble path with gentle flowers,
And brightened those that laid beside my own!

I bless thee, Father! for the sunlight streaming
In golden showers, alike on hill and dome,
And for the blessed stars, like watch-fires gleaming,
On heaven's high walls to light us to our home!

3*

And for each little flower that lifts its cup
Of simple beauty through the emerald sod,
Sending its perfume—nature's incense—up
Unto thy throne, I bless thee, oh my God!

I bless thee, Father! for the pleasant faces
That gather round my hearth when eve comes down!
The chain is whole—there are no vacant places!
Thou hast not broken my domestic crown!
They still are here! bright eyes, and sunny smiles,
Tried, gentle hearts, which make the stars of life,
Hearts that mine own may lean on, 'mid the wiles
And griefs with which the world is ever rife!

I bless thee, Father! for the light that shineth
Clear and unbroken o'er life's rugged way—
A ray from Thy pure throne, that ne'er declineth,
But ever brightens till the "perfect day!"
That Thou hast taught my heart in every state
To be content—"to suffer and be still!"
Through years of exile patiently to wait,
Till I have done on earth my Master's will!

THE TWO LIVES.

BY MISS H. E. GRANNIS.

Still have we roved, Felicia, hand in hand—
Forever drinking at one fount of bliss—
Though thou 'rt a wanderer of the spirit-land,
While my frail steps tread down the flowers of this.

Still to my thrilling heart, with love untold,
Returning, from thy heaven of fadeless flowers,
Thou sweep'st, with seraph's hand, thy harp of gold,
To cheer the lagging of my prison hours.

We scarce were twain, my sister—from one breast
We sprang together to the gladsome earth;
Each in a kindred spirit's answerings blest,
And each most grateful for the other's birth.

Together learned we, on the taintless air,
All reckless of the spirit's treasured worth,
The burden of our swelling hearts to bear,
And pour in words life's earliest music forth.

Together nestled on the emerald lawn,
From angels' urns with heavenly waters laved,
When the fresh flowers, awakened by the dawn,
In worship pure their odorous censers waved.

Together from the bending grass we gleaned
Her freight of gems; or sought the violets blue,
With modest eyes that o'er the brook-side leaned,
To catch from thence the sky's reflected hue.

All the bright summer days, through wood and glade,
With burning bosoms, and with busy feet,
Home where the chattering squirrel dwelt, we strayed,
Or sought in vain the cuckoo's lone retreat.

Amid the wild nooks of that shadowy glen,
On whose steep banks the earliest strawberries grew:
How were our hearts like opening rose-buds then,
Swelling with perfume, and oppressed with dew.

How peered through the deep heavens our wondering eyes,
How bent we, listening, at the fountain's side,
Learning the mysteries of th' o'erarching skies,
Or the sweet language of the voiceful tide.

How turned we ever at the hour of rest,
When closed the sunlight of thine eyes divine,
Thy coral lips upon my cheek impressed,
And thy soft floating curls inlaced with mine.

How often then, sweet one, I watched thy sleep,
Amid the gatherings of the twilight shade;
Bidding my faithful heart thine image keep,
As if I knew its light were soon to fade.

When, like the lark, thy joyous spirit rose,
Wild at the chorus of the matin hours,
Thy lisping "Lella" wooed me from repose,
To join thine orisons among the flowers.

At length there fell a silvery voice from heaven,
Like one that called an absent angel home,
And closer twined thy clasping arms that even,
As if thy heart within my breast sought room.

There stole a fearful stillness o'er thy rest,
And ere my wondering soul thine absence knew,

The violets that our cheeks so oft had prest,
Through those bright summer hours, above thee grew.

And on that spot, where fell my footsteps first,
Cast, in the wild abandonment of wo,
Ere scarce life's beauties on my vision burst,
I learned the mysteries of death to know.

But while, with breaking heart and flowing tears,
I only sought thy silent couch to share,
Soft as the music of the upper spheres,
Thy soothing "Lella" trilled upon the air.

And like a spirit's touch, each rounded arm
I felt once more about my form entwine,
While thy cheek's velvet, and thy bosom warm,
With wonted fondness still were pressed to mine.

Thou hast not left me: on the path of life
Still have I journeyed with thee day by day:
From pleasure's mazes, or from worldly strife,
Forever turning at thy smiles away.

Rejoicing most, amid earth's joys, whene'er
The summons of thy soft aerial tone,
Like heaven's own music, charmed my waiting ear,
And, turning from the household group, alone,

Some silent haunt my willing footsteps sought,
The treasures of my soul with thine to pour;
And though perchance they deemed I loved them not,
I did but love thy sainted presence more.

I see thee not, I do not seek to tear
The veil that shrouds thee in thy spirit-land;
Enough for me that still our hearts are near,
And, through two worlds, we journey hand in hand.

True gems thou bearest me of thy boundless store,
And flowers from heaven athwart my path to fling—
Rich lessons hast thou breathed of spirit lore,
And taught my soul the songs that angels sing.

When turning from life's conflicts, faint and worn,
Beneath its toils my heart was fain to sink,
Pure waters, from immortal fountains borne,
Thy hand hath proffered for my lips to drink.

Though music floats earth's fairest bowers along,
And joy's bright forms around my path may be,
Thy soft lisped "Lella" woos me from the throng,
In words unuttered to commune with thee.

But the gay crowd from whom my steps divide
Have heard no heavenly harp's deep gushing tone,
And seen no spirit wandering at her side
Who in life's loneliest hours is not alone.

And when earth's magic strives to woo my ear,
And forms and sounds unnoted round me rise,
They know not that I turn—from lips more dear—
To list the sweeter language of the skies.

Thus shall we rove, Felicia, hand in hand,
For aye, unsevered from our hour of birth,
Though thou 'rt an angel of a happier land,
And I a pilgrim 'mid the thorns of earth.

THE AUTUMN STORM.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

CHAPTER I.

It's hame, it's hame, hame fain would I be,
Oh! hame, hame, hame in my ain countrie!
Allan Cunningham.

It was toward the close of an autumn day, when a gallant ship might have been seen standing in toward our Atlantic coast. Her rusty chains, and her weather-beaten sides, showed that she was approaching the close of a long and boisterous voyage. The land was not yet in sight, but the captain said it would be spoken in less than twenty-four hours, and accordingly his passengers were in the highest spirits.

These passengers were three in number: a gentleman advanced in years; his only daughter, a beautiful girl of nineteen; and an elderly lady, who was her traveling companion. They were now grouped together on the quarter-deck, admiring the gorgeous autumn sunset. A thin, golden mist hung around the northern and southern seaboard, assuming toward the west a soft, green, apple tinge, and changing into a deep and glowing purple, crossed by streaks of brilliant crimson in the immediate vicinity of the declining luminary.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the maiden. "Did you ever see such tints, father? And there—look—yonder wave glitters as if a sudden shower of gold were falling upon it! Even Italy has nothing to compare with this."

"It is indeed *very* beautiful," said Mrs. Montague, the elderly lady. "And it seems the more lovely to me, because I recognize it as an American sunset: it tells of home: nowhere else does one behold such a magnificent mingling of gold, purple and crimson."

"And see," exclaimed Miss Palmer, for that was the maiden's name, "the clouds roll back from around the sun like parted curtains: then, how lovely the long line of light that glistens on the top of every wave—does it not remind you of the child's beautiful idea, that it was a bridge on which the angels walked to heaven?"

Mrs. Montague smiled at her young friend's enthusiasm; but it was a sad smile, as if the image brought up melancholy thoughts to her heart. And well it might, for she was a childless widow, the last of her once numerous family.

"Yet glorious as is this spectacle, my dear," she said, "I fear it portends us no good. They say the sweetest flowers contain the most subtle poisons: and so the brightest skies often conceal an approaching storm. I have crossed the ocean before, and just such an evening as this ushered in the most fearful tempest I ever saw."

The face of her young companion lost all its gayety at once, and she looked inquiringly at her father.

"Mrs. Montague is right," he said; "I like not that golden haze, nor yonder deep bank of clouds which you think so beautiful. We shall certainly have a gale before morning. But there is nothing to fear," he added, seeing how pale his child had grown, "our ship is good and new; and our captain an experienced officer: the worst thing that can happen in consequence of it will be a delay in reaching port, for we may have to haul off from the coast and get an offing."

"I think not, Mr. Palmer," said the captain, at this moment approaching. "We are a day's sail from land, according to my last observation: besides, I think the gale will favor our passage, and carry us directly into port. We shall all be glad to be at home; yet I do not regret that we are to have a bit of a hurricane. Miss Palmer never saw the sea in a storm, and, so long as there is no danger, I know she will be gratified."

"Oh! I should like it indeed," she said enthusiastically: then, as she caught her father's anxious look, she added, "at least if there is no real peril."

"A parent, you see, has more fears than one of your profession, captain," said the father; and he drew the beautiful girl toward him and kissed her forehead.

"I should be anxious, too, perhaps," replied the weather-beaten officer, in a milder voice, "if I were the parent of so sweet a child. But come, this will not do," he added quickly, "we are all becoming melancholy. I really do not think there is the least cause for alarm: so, my dear Miss Palmer, you may continue to admire the sunset without a pang."

The party continued on the quarter-deck until night set in. Slowly and majestically the sun sunk into his ocean bed; yet, long after his disappearance, the western sky continued to blaze with splendor, while in the east all was dim and chilling. Gradually the cold, gray light of that quarter of the heavens stole up to the zenith, while the gold and purple of the west changed slowly to a pale, faint green; this finally subsided into an almost imperceptible streak of light; while, in all other quarters of the horizon, dark and foreboding shadows crept over the scene. The air grew damp and chilly: the wind began to be heard in moaning gusts: here and there dark green rollers lifted their crests suddenly out of the gloom; and strange, mournful sounds, such as the superstitious sailors attribute to the evil spirits of the ocean, seemed to rise up out of the deep, and sub-

side mysteriously, like the heavy sighs of suffering Nature.

The party continued watching these gradual changes with feelings that insensibly grew affected by the altering scene. At first, encouraged by the captain's words, the spirits of Miss Palmer rose, and she sung, from time to time, simple airs; the sailors pausing in the waist to listen to her sweet tones as they melted on the evening air. But gradually the ominous changes in the sky affected her spirits. The words of the conversers became few: the fair girl no longer warbled happy airs, but suddenly found herself singing a melancholy tune; and, bursting into tears, she gave way to the indescribable oppression that hung around her heart.

"Poor child! You are unnerved," said Mrs. Montague, endeavoring to cheer her, though she felt herself the same ominous sensations. "Let us go below. A little sleep will restore you, and the sight of your friends, in a day or two, will bring the roses back, brighter than ever, to your cheeks."

The fair girl smiled faintly, took her companion's arm, and walked toward the gangway. The father followed her with inquiring eyes: then turned and sought the captain. But the assurances of that officer again quieted the parent's fears, and like his child he sought his couch.

The first sleep of girlhood was scarcely over when Miss Palmer was awoke from her rest by the rapid tread of feet overhead, the creaking of blocks, the shouts of the officers, and other alarming sounds on deck. She rose hastily and attired herself with trembling hands. At the door of the state-room she met Mrs. Montague, who, already dressed, had come to seek her. The pale and agitated expression of the elderly lady's face showed that her usual composure had deserted her.

"What *can* be the matter?" said Miss Palmer, with a face as white as death. "Where is my father?"

"He has gone on deck, my dear. There is a terrible storm overhead—God grant we may not be its victims!"

"But did not the captain tell us there was no danger?"

"There is *always* danger," said Mrs. Montague emphatically.

"You conceal something from me, I know," replied Miss Palmer. "A mere storm would not thus alarm you. Have we sprung a leak? What *is* the matter?"

At this moment her father appeared. His gray hairs were covered with salt brine. As he entered the cabin the ship gave a sudden heel; then she quivered in every timber, and a torrent of water poured down the companion-way.

"Where are you, my child?" exclaimed Mrs. Montague, blinded by the inundation. "Come to me, and let us die together."

"Nay!" said Mr. Palmer, holding his child above the waters, "we are not yet lost, but only in great danger: do not weep, Mary dear: God will protect us."

The poor girl, unused to such dangers, had laid her head on her father's bosom, and was sobbing violently, but his words reassured her, and, ashamed of her weakness, she brushed the tears from her eyes and strove to smile.

"Tell me all the truth," she said earnestly.

Her father accordingly narrated what he had learned by going on deck. The gale was raging with terrific violence, and blew directly on the coast: this, if they had an offing, would be of little moment to them; but, about half an hour before, breakers had been seen on the lee bow. This proved that the captain's reckoning was wrong, and that they were a day's sail nearer the coast than he had thought. Their position was accordingly extremely precarious. The captain was exerting himself gallantly in this emergency, by spreading more canvas, to claw off the shore. "I hope, nay, I think he will succeed," said Mr. Palmer in conclusion. "The ship is a stout craft, and so far she carries her press of sail nobly. If the spars and duck only hold firm we shall escape."

This explanation in part quieted the agitation of the females. The noise on deck, however, still continued. The ship evidently was tasked to her utmost capacity, and her struggles, consequently, at times were fearful. Once the captain came down to speak a word of cheer to the ladies. Every thing was going on favorably, he said: by morning he hoped to tell them they were out of danger.

An hour passed away. The peril did not appear to have lessened, for the conflict of the elements, and the struggles of the ship, were by no means diminished. Every now and then a gigantic wave would strike the weather quarter of the vessel with the force of twenty forge hammers, often deluging the decks, and spending its fury down the companionways: at such times a thrill would run through the timbers of the ship, as if she were an animated being, and, staggering an instant, she would heavily and wearily recover from the blow.

Suddenly a crack like a clap of thunder was heard overhead.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Mary, as the ship plunged desperately to leeward.

"It is the foretop-sail, I fear, torn to ribbons. God preserve us," said Mr. Palmer, rushing on deck.

Mary hesitated a moment, and then with resolute heart followed him. She knew enough of a ship to have learned where to direct her eyes, and she looked instantly to the foremast. The huge sail was indeed gone, but she saw some white fragments, like wreaths of smoke, disappearing to leeward; they were all that was left of their only hope, the lost foretop-sail.

Clinging by the companionway she looked eagerly around. The night was still dark, though less so than when she retired; and she could distinctly see, close under their lee, a long line of breakers, where the huge waves, shattered into fragments, boiled and foamed as if in some infernal caldron. Beyond, in that direction, all was mist and gloom. She knew, therefore, that these breakers covered the terrible bar

of which she had often read, that, at the distance of two miles from the coast, uplifted its treacherous bosom in this vicinity. At this moment her father approached her, clinging to the ropes as he staggered along.

"My dear child," he exclaimed in surprise, "this is no place for you. And Mrs. Montague, too!" He could say no more: emotion choked his utterance.

"Wherever you go I will go," replied Mary, unconsciously adopting the language of scripture. "All will soon be over; I see that already; then, while we live let us be together."

"The poop cabin will afford some sort of shelter," said Mr. Palmer, yielding to this solemn appeal. "There we can see and await the end. In a few minutes we shall strike, for the ship is drifting rapidly toward the breakers. Come to my bosom, pledge of your sainted mother, and let us perish, locked in each other's embrace. Thou art All-mighty, oh! God," he exclaimed, lifting his eyes above; "have us then in thy holy keeping."

Thus, clinging to each other, they awaited the terrible moment when the ship should strike. Already the captain had ordered minute guns to be fired for aid; and as their sullen report boomed across the night, they sounded to the ears of the listeners like funeral guns over their graves.

CHAPTER II.

Help, Cassius, or I sink.—*Shakspeare.*

On one of the wildest portions of our Atlantic coast stands a small fishing village, composed of a few straggling houses, with one inn, which is resorted to by a few persons in the summer season for bathing, but in the bleak winter months is entirely deserted. The village stands on a sand bluff, beneath which there is a beach of considerable extent, which it is necessary to traverse before reaching the ocean.

On the night to which our story relates, the long disused parlor of the inn was tenanted by two travelers who had stopped there for the night. They were young men, whose dress and manners bespoke a refinement not often seen in the little fishing village; and now, having laid aside their traveling equipments, they sat before a roaring fire, a bottle of not indifferent wine from their own stores beside them, and a cloud of smoke rising up from their fragrant cheroots.

"A hard night, Trevor," said one. "How the wind rattles these old windows and shrieks down the street. Egad! it's lucky you knew of this village and turned aside to find it, for I should not have liked traveling to Edenton, as we otherwise should have had to do."

"Oh! I know every nook and bar in this vicinity," replied his companion. "The folks, I see, do not recognize me, but when I was a boy I used to be here every summer. Many a sheep's head have I caught off this bluff, and in early autumn many a wild duck have I brought down in the salt marsh a mile below the village."

There was a silence of several minutes now, during which the two friends continued silently enjoying their cheroots, while occasionally they sipped some of the rich red wine that stood at their elbows.

"Hark!" suddenly said the last speaker; "surely that was a gun—and out at sea, too—Heaven defend the craft that gets on the bar to-night!"

As he spoke he replaced on the table the goblet which was half raised to his lips, and with one ear a little inclined, sat listening intently. His companion followed his example. At first nothing could be heard but the wind whistling around the chimney, and the deep angry roar of the neighboring surf. But finally the sound of a cannon was distinctly recognized; and at an interval of an instant its distant roar was made out again.

It was a strange and startling sound, the boom of that cannon across the night! It bore to the listeners' ears a tale of peril, nay! of death perhaps. Miles away from that comfortable fireside, far out on the stormy deep, human beings were struggling for life. There was something inexpressibly solemn in the constantly recurring sound, calling, as it did, for succor and pity, through the darkness of the night. He whom his companion called Trevor started to his feet and seized his hat.

"Where are you going?" said his companion, retaining his seat.

"To see if any aid can be rendered. Come along!"

"What nonsense!" replied his friend. "We can do nothing. If any help is possible the shoremen will render it. 'Faith, you must be less tired than I am, if you do not prefer this warm fire to the cold rain out of doors,'"—and as he spoke he gave his shoulders a comprehensive shrug.

His companion had his hand on the latch, but he turned back at these words, and, approaching the other, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Palmer," he said, in a strange, earnest tone—"suppose you knew there were friends of yours on board this ship—would you sit idly here and let them perish? I tell you I know those shoremen; they are brave fellows, but they want a leader; and if we sit here, criminally indulging our own comfort, ten to one every soul on board that ship will be lost. What would you think if you were to remain at this fireside, and learn to-morrow that your sister and father had been passengers in this vessel?"

"Good heavens! you alarm me," said he rising, "I never heard you talk thus. But Mary could not be on this coast; it is so far out of the track of the London packets."

"There may be sisters on board who are as dear to others as she is to you; I never saw her, nor have I a relation in the world; but I cannot sit here while human beings are perishing for want of aid. Let us go and rescue them or die in the attempt."

"Well, since you are going, I will go too," said the other, who did not want for spirit. "But I know not what has come over you, Trevor; you look like one possessed of some wild spirit—your gestures and words are strange and startling."

"I feel as if these people would die but for us—we lose time, however—let us go to the beach and see what can be done."

With these words Trevor flung open the door. A gust of wind whirled in and scattered the fire over the hearth; but regardless of this he hurried forward, followed by his friend, each pressing his cap down on his head to preserve it from the violence of the gale. Arrived at the beach they found a crowd already collected. The assemblage was composed altogether of fishermen, for the wreck master lived several miles off. Each one was discussing the probable character of the vessel in the offing, but none offered to go out to her; and some talked already of returning home, as nothing, they said, could be done for her assistance. At the sight of the strangers they appeared surprised, and several tipped their hats respectfully.

"The vessel has struck, has she not?" said Trevor, addressing a person next to him, "I do not hear her guns."

"We heard them a minute ago, sir—ah! there is one now."

As he spoke, the distant report of a cannon was heard, apparently from a spot directly in front of that where the group had assembled.

"That's close to the Deadman's Bar," said Trevor—"They'll be on it in a minute. There!"

It might have been imagination only, but as he suddenly uttered this word it seemed to those assembled there as if a distant crash was heard in a lull of the tempest; almost immediately afterward the flash of a cannon was seen for an instant on a line with the horizon.

"They are not all lost yet," said Trevor, drawing a deep breath. "Where is the life-boat that used to be here?"

"You have been in these parts before," said the man whom he addressed, in a tone of wonder; "but Heaven bless you, young man, you do n't know any thing really of the coast, or you would never propose going off to the wreck in such a night as this. If the vessel has struck nobody is left alive there. No, no—I have been a fisherman nine and fifty years, and am not afraid of ordinary rough weather, but I'd sooner, this minute, stand a shot from Jim Buckland's gun at twenty yards, than launch a boat into the surf to-night."

"I know it is perilous," said the young man firmly, "but I have resolved to make the trial if I can find enough to second me. My friend here is willing to go. Surely," he added, addressing the crowd, "you, who have braved so many storms, will not shrink back from our lead?"

"It's because *we* are accustomed to the danger of such storms," said the old man, taking on himself to be the spokesman of the crowd, "that we refuse to go; and it's because *you* know nothing of what you wish to undertake, that you are willing to tempt death. Bravery is bravery, but fool-hardiness is not courage—excuse me for speaking so plainly."

Trevor turned away; the crowd was evidently of the old man's opinion. For one instant he thought

of abandoning his desperate undertaking; but he looked seaward and he fancied he saw the form of a ship, crowded with human beings imploring help. He knew it was only a fancy, but it nerved him anew.

"It will be but one more if I do perish," he said mentally. Then addressing the old man again he said—

"But where is the life-boat?"

"Just under the bank," was the reply, "in its shed; but it has been out of use so long that it is scarcely seaworthy. Take an old man's advice who means you well, but do n't tempt Providence."

"I know you mean no offence, Mr. Simpson," said Trevor, addressing the old man by his name—"but I am resolved to go; and I will give fifty dollars to any one who will help to man the boat. Come, Moore, Johnson, Stevens—will none of you go?"

There was a dead silence for a minute—at length a voice spoke—

"You seem to know us, sir, and your offer is liberal; but money can't buy us. If we'd go at all, we'd go for nothing. We've wives and families, sir, as well as other folks. Besides, if that ship struck on the Deadman's Shoals, she has gone to pieces before this, and every soul is lost. We hav n't heard a gun these five minutes."

"Good God!" said Trevor, "in all this crowd is there no young man who will risk his life to do a noble action?—for I cannot believe that the crew are all lost. Ah! here comes Jack Wharton," he said, as a young man was seen approaching from the bluff. "You'll go with your old playmate, Fred Trevor, to see if some of these poor creatures on the wreck cannot be saved?"

"Why, yes, captain," said the new comer, seizing the speaker's hand eagerly and giving it a hearty shake. "But who'd have thought to have seen you here? Lord! how we used to gun and fish together. Certainly I'll go," he added, scratching his head as he looked seaward, "though it's a confounded surf that's on to-night. Jack Wharton never hesitated to follow where any man led."

In these words the young man sketched his character better than we could do it in a page. He was one of those generous and daring spirits that ever set cold calculation at defiance; and having by his boldness achieved more than one deed which older heads had regarded as impossible, he had come to be looked up to as an example by the other young men for them to imitate. Several, therefore, whose hearts had burned at Trevor's words, but who had been kept back by the opposition of the old fisherman, now sprang forward and offered their services.

"The sky is brightening," said Mr. Simpson, when he saw that his opposition was fruitless, "but if you would wait till morning your chance of success would be greater."

"No, no," said Jack Wharton, as they proceeded to launch the lifeboat. "'Now or never' is an old and a good motto; and Mr. Trevor, who leads us, is as much of a sailor as any man here. I know little of you, sir, begging your pardon," he said frankly,

though somewhat abruptly, addressing Palmer; "but I suppose you can pull an oar. If not, and a pretty stout one too, you'd better stay on shore."

"Oh, I can do my share," said the young man, now without a trace of the indifference he had shown at the inn. "Haste and let us be off."

"Are you all ready?" said Trevor.

"Ay! ay!" was the quick response.

He gave the word; the boat was launched, the men sprang to their work, and after a short but desperate struggle the light craft breasted the waves and was seen making her way out to sea.

Long did those left on the beach watch her progress, as now rising on a surge, and now sinking from sight, she battled her way against wave and tempest. Three several times they thought her lost. At length she dwindled to a speck in the distance. Then all at once she disappeared. For minutes they strained their eyes to catch sight of her again, but to no purpose. Whether she had sunk forever, or whether she still gallantly kept her way, the Omniscient Eye alone could tell.

CHAPTER III.

The waters wild went o'er his child.—*Campbell.*

The Deadman's Shoal was a bar of considerable extent, placed in the confluence of two currents, and celebrated for the number and fatal character of its shipwrecks. Few vessels that struck upon it were able to hold together through the night; they generally went to pieces in less than an hour.

Toward this terrible bar the ship, which contained Mr. Palmer and his family, was not long in drifting; and when she struck it was with a jar that flung the sailors from their feet, and snapped the foremast off like a pipe-stem, close to the deck. The captain had ordered the minute guns to be still fired, and as the ship brought up on the bar one was discharged; immediately afterward, with a loud crash, her hull broke in two, and the whole forepart of the vessel, with the gunners and a majority of the crew, disappeared in the wild vortex of waters. A few shrieks arose, a form or two was seen struggling in the abyss, and then nothing was heard but the roar of the tempest, nothing was seen except the boiling and tumbling surf.

The after part of the vessel still remained, however, though every wave broke over it. The three passengers, with the captain and the remainder of the crew, were collected together under the lee of the round-house, partially protected from the surge.

"How long do you think the stern will hold together?" said Mr. Palmer, addressing the captain.

"Not long, I fear—an hour at most; probably not five minutes," he replied, in a whisper.

The father made no reply, but he pressed his child closer to his bosom. The captain continued—

"I fear they have not heard us on shore, or will do nothing in our aid. Your only hope now is the boat. I must stay by my ship—but you—will you trust yourself to that?"

But before Mr. Palmer could reply, a groaning was heard in the timbers below, and the crew crying that the stern was going to pieces, made a rush for the boat, which they filled before it touched the water. Mr. Palmer arose instantly and hurried to the ship's side, but before he reached it the men had pushed off. In vain the captain called to his mutinous crew to return—fear was more powerful with them than humanity—they bent their oars to the water, and the boat shot off toward the land.

"They will not go far," said the captain. "Few boats could live out yonder, and those mutinous rascals are alarmed and flurried. There—I told you so."

As he spoke a fearful cry arose. The boat had filled, and every man in her disappeared. For several minutes those still on the wreck watched where the mutineers sunk, but not a living soul was seen. Alone of all that vessel's living freight, the captain and his three passengers remained alive.

"They surely must have heard our guns from the shore—why do they not light a fire as a signal in reply?" said Mr. Palmer.

"Alas!" answered the captain, "few who strike on the Deadman's Shoal—and I fear there is where we are—ever live till assistance can be rendered them. The shoremen no doubt think us all dead. If the wreck holds together till morning an effort may be made to save us."

"And you think it will not hold together till then?" said Mrs. Montague, speaking for the first time since the disaster.

"It is a miracle we have held together so long," replied the captain, and wishing to cheer her, he continued, "but having resisted the waves till now, I am in hopes we shall hold out longer than I thought possible at first."

They now relapsed into silence. Who shall tell the thoughts that coursed through the bosoms of each as that weary night wore on, and they sat there, on the exposed deck, trembling every moment lest the next wave should submerge them. This was the storm with which the captain playfully had promised to gratify Miss Palmer!

The wind still blew with violence. The waves chased each other by through the gloom, their white crests flashing ghost-like across the darkness; while the terrific thunder of the surf, breaking on the bar around them, appalled the heart. Now and then a gigantic roller would be seen coming in toward the ship, its vast front rising high over all surrounding waves, towering and towering as it approached, until finally it would plunge headlong down upon the wreck, burying the round house for a moment completely out of sight. One of these huge billows had nearly swept the little crew from their shelter, and even the veteran officer trembled for the result of such another surge, when Mary suddenly exclaimed, lifting her face from her father's bosom—

"Hark! did you not hear a human voice?"

The light of hope beamed in every eye. The captain turned a practiced ear to leeward. But only the rush of the waters, the whistle of the spray, and the roar of the surf replied.

"I can hear nothing," he said sadly. "God help us!—we must not look for human aid." There was a solemn pause. Then Mary again spoke.

"Surely I am not mistaken now," she said—"I heard a hail as distinctly as I ever heard such a thing in my life."

"If there are human beings nigh, they can hear us better than we can them, for they must be to leeward. I will shout, and if they are near they will answer."

With these words the captain, placing his hands to his mouth so as to make a sort of speaking trumpet, cried at the top of his lungs,

"Hil-hil-lo-o! Hil-lo!"

Panting and exhausted he paused. His companions listened with life and death hanging on the result.

"Ahoy!" came faintly up the wind—at least so the excited hearers thought.

"Hillo! hil-lo-o-o!" shouted the captain again, prolonging the last sound with desperate energy.

"Ahoy! a-ahoy!" came back in reply, clearly and distinctly. There was no longer any doubt. Succor was indeed at hand. And at that thought how each bosom thrilled!

They now strained their eyes through the gloom in the direction whence the hail proceeded. The practiced sight of the captain was the first to detect the approaching aid—it was a stout but buoyant boat, urged through the water by practiced hands.

"God be praised," he said, "a life-boat is coming to us. See—see!"

The father raised himself up to his full height, and with his dim eyes at length beheld the joyful messenger.

"You are saved, my darling," he said, almost frantically embracing his daughter—"rejoice with us, Mrs. Montague. Oh! my child, my child"—and he burst into a passion of tears. Mary and her companion were too full of thankful emotions, too much overpowered by the reaction of their nerves, to speak.

The boat in sight was that of Trevor and his gallant companions, as the reader has already divined. As soon as he approached near enough to be heard distinctly, he spoke words of cheer, and gave orders for the passengers as to the manner in which they

might be taken off. This was no easy matter. But, at length, availing himself of a momentary lull, the life-boat was approached near enough to allow the females to be transferred to her: the captain and Mr. Palmer, seizing a rope thrown from the boat, leaped into the water and were thus drawn on board.

What was the astonishment and gratitude of Trevor's friend when he found that it was his own parent and sister they had thus rescued from a watery grave. He trembled like a child; while his heart smote him with the thought that but for Trevor he would have remained idly in the inn.

With difficulty the life-boat reached the shore again; no craft less buoyant could have survived that night: but it seemed as if the protecting hand of Providence rewarded her gallant crew for their heroic exertions, by bringing them, with their precious freight, in safety to the land.

The next day dawned fair and smiling. The sky had cleared off, and the sun shone merrily. Birds were glancing to and fro, dipping their white wings in the surf, and then shooting to the sky, where they went screaming down the wind. The sea, however, was still in wild commotion. The first look of Trevor, as he left the inn, was turned in the direction of the Deadman's Shoal. The surf broke fiercely there, flinging its spray far up toward the sky; but no vestige of the wreck was visible. Had it not been for the still enormous billows that rolled thundering in upon the strand, and the fragments of the wreck strewn everywhere along the beach, the events of the last night would have seemed to him like a dream.

"How shall we ever sufficiently repay you?" said his fellow traveler, approaching him. "I have been looking for you these ten minutes, as father and Mary desire to express their thanks to you."

Love, says the old adage, often springs from gratitude; and it must have been so in this case, for, before a twelvemonth had passed, the newspapers announced the marriage of Frederick Trevor, Esq., to Mary, only daughter and co-heir of the Hon. Edward Palmer. The many endearing qualities of the bride, without her wealth or beauty, accounted to Trevor's friends for her taking captive his heart.

SONG.

BY SEPTIMUS WINNER.

THE scenes of many days may fade,
Their forms may pass away,
But should the vows of Friendship made
By thee sink to decay,
I ask when lonely hours present
The past once dear to thee,
Thou wouldst but give thy spirit vent
To rest one thought on me.

While ling'ring through this weary life,
If thou shouldst feel undone,
Remember, in the worldly strife,
To love thee there is one;
And if afar from home to rove
Should be thy drear decree,
Think on the friends whom thou didst love,
And then remember me.

THE COUSINS.

OR WHO WOULD BE A GENIUS?

BY MRS. ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER.

"Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all."

ON a bright and beautiful morning in the summer two females were seated in an apartment, which was evidently devoted to study. The dark mahogany bookcase on one side of the mantel-piece was exactly matched by the one that filled the other recess, and the beautiful writing table of rosewood had its counterpart on the opposite side of the room, while near each window stood a curiously wrought tablet, containing a little pallet and some implements of drawing, all combining to show that the room was intended for the accommodation of two persons. At the same time the refinement and taste displayed in the selection of the furniture and the adornments of the apartment, evinced the arranger to be influenced by affection and delicacy of feeling. The occupants of the room presented a striking contrast. One was seated at a study table, deeply absorbed in the volume whose open pages lay spread out before her, while even in the quiet repose of her manner there was a native dignity that could not fail to inspire respect. The other had drawn an embroidered sofette toward the open window, and partly reclining upon it, she by turns played with her long ringlets, or read the book which she held in her hand, occasionally stealing a mischievous glance at her companion. At length she slightly raised herself, and for a moment poised the open book in her outstretched hand, then suddenly closed it with great force, which caused so loud a report that the other lady lifted her eyes in amazement from the page she was studying.

"I congratulate myself, Cousin Fanny," exclaimed the laughing girl, as she resumed her reclining posture, "on being able to arrest your attention. Do close up that musty old tome, over which you have been poring these two hours, and talk a little nonsense with me by way of relief."

"Two hours is but a short time to spend amid the beauties of Sophocles," replied the fair student, as she quietly closed the volume, and rested her large, intelligent eyes upon the first speaker.

"Pooh, pooh, had you been weeping over the loves of Petrarch and Laura, or even Paul and Virginia, I could have forgiven you, and lent you the assistance of my tears; but these dry old Greek poets and historians I cannot endure. You are smiling at me, and I doubt not pity from your heart my lack of genius and want of soul. Craving your pardon, most learned coz, I do not believe that Greek

and Latin were ever meant for woman's study. Leave them, with those abstract principles that require unwearied research, to the strong minds of the male part of creation."

"Then my Cousin Kate admits the vile aspersion on our sex, that we, that is womankind, are an inferior order of beings to man."

"Your Cousin Kate admits no such thing. I believe that in the depth and energy of intellect man surpasses woman. Woman's empire is the affections. It is her ready imagination, the quickness and delicacy of her perceptions, and the sincerity and constancy of her love, that place her by the side of man and make her a fit companion for him."

"I do not suppose that woman was intended—

 'To guide the storm of war,
 To rule the state, or thunder at the bar.'

But I dare not accuse Nature of partiality in showering her favors upon part of her creation while she left the other deficient; therefore I am fully persuaded that woman's mind, when cultivated to the same extent, is as strong and vigorous, and as able to receive or produce grasping and comprehensive ideas, as man's; and when necessity demands she is just as capable of governing herself and others. Look at Elizabeth of England, who for a series of years, controlled the affairs of that powerful kingdom, with wisdom and prudence, that won the hearts of her subjects, and the admiration of all Europe and succeeding generations."

"I beg you will not mention old Queen Bess as a specimen of female perfection. She was doubtless a wise sovereign, and for that her masculine character was well calculated. The only thing womanly about her was her vanity. I confess that my sympathies are with her beautiful but unfortunate victim, Mary of Scotland, notwithstanding her numerous faults, rather than with the cold perfidiousness of Elizabeth. Neither do I think that great intellectual attainments are calculated to make a woman happier. A woman possessing a powerful and well cultivated mind, would be apt to foster a passion that should never live in woman's breast—ambition. I conceive this to be the cause of the unhappy domestic relations in which you so often find illustrious women plunged. Confident of their intellectual powers, and depending on their own resources, they feel themselves to be their husband's equal in intelligence, and con-

sequently lose that sense of dependence on his superior wisdom that constitutes the pride and happiness of the wife."

"I cannot agree with you, Kate, for a woman of the mind you have described would scorn to assimilate herself but with a spirit that would share her enthusiasm, and respond to the high impulses and noble aspirations of her soul. She soars above the petty feelings of ambition and jealousy, and her genius seeks only sympathy from his."

"And if she does not find such a spirit," urged the mischievous Kate, "what then?"

"She has the courage to become—an old maid," replied Fanny, laughing.

"Which she will most certainly be—for a man of genius rarely chooses for the companion of his life a woman of great mental endowments. He needs a gentle and dependent being, devoted entirely to himself, and who is conscious of and happy in his pre-eminence. Intellectual superiority lessens a woman's chance in marriage, though it makes an incomparable old maid."

"Your head seems so full of matrimonial schemes, Kate, that I think we had better postpone the discussion of graver subjects for the present."

"You are severe, coz," replied the blushing Kate, "I was not aware that I said so much about matrimony in particular. However," she continued in her usual gay tone, "it seems to come so natural that you must excuse me. Certain I am that my literary attainments will not prove a serious obstacle to my settlement in life."

"According to your theory, Kate, you would degrade woman to the abject servitude of ancient days, or to the cruel and unjust disparagement which at present exists among Eastern nations with regard to her."

"After all, Fanny, I am very much inclined to doubt whether our Eastern sisters deserve or thank us for our pity. I confess I do not see any thing so very dreadful in having a fine palace to dwell in, and some one to love and pet you forever. They are as happy as my sweet Canary, who I am confident would not exchange situations with a bird of the brightest plume and loftiest flight."

"For shame, cousin, to speak so lightly upon a subject of such importance. Think of the condition of woman at the East. Her birth is considered a misfortune, and to atone for this, she is shut up in a prison-house, where it is a matter of danger even to look upon her. At the convenience of parents, without any regard to her taste or affections, she is disposed of to her future lord and tyrant, whom she has never before seen, and now seeing, despises, to occupy the second or third place in his affections. Her mind is a wild waste, overrun by her naturally acute sensibilities and romantic imagination. She fears no God. She knows not that she has a soul to save. She lives only for the present. Under such circumstances, who can wonder, though many may condemn, that yielding to the dictates of her woman's heart, she listens to the impassioned words of a daring one who has risked his life to obtain but a

sight of her. You know her fate—the dagger of her lord's officers, or the dark river that flows by his palace, satisfies him, and she sinks to death forever."

"Not a very agreeable prospect, certainly, but these Blue Beard notions are going out of fashion, and if the Eastern woman loves her husband her lot is far from being an unhappy one. Accustomed from her birth to imprisonment, she never pines at its restraint, and dreams not of what would seem to her the wild liberty that we enjoy. In her calm seclusion the strife of life's storms comes softened and almost hushed. She has never known the disinterested affection of the ball-room belle, and the purity of heart to be met with in fashionable life. She warbles her untaught songs, braids her beautiful hair, and decks her lovely form, to please one alone, and if she is so fortunate as to possess his love, her happiness is complete."

"I am perfectly astonished, Kate, to hear an enlightened girl of the nineteenth century talk as you do, and were I not persuaded that you do it merely for the sake of argument, I should—"

"Deem it your duty to acquaint papa with my strange ideas, and compel me to study Sophocles as a punishment and means of reformation. But seriously, cousin, I am more than half in earnest respecting what I have said. I care not with how much of intellectual power, fire and originality of genius and strength of principle you invest man. We look for it there, and turn away disappointed when we find it not. Light and trifling as you may think me, Fanny, my heart whispers that it could never yield its homage, but to one possessing a mind essentially masculine, whose decided and energetic character, lofty sentiments, and superior mental faculties, would gain an ascendancy over the understanding as well as the feelings. Let there be nothing effeminate in him; in his lightest and most playful thoughts I would have manly dignity and self-respect. As for the affections of such a heart, they would be deep and enduring, yet mingled with a delicacy and tenderness that would charm, at the same time that it exalted, the object of his love. I suppose you are ready to wonder what all this has to do with learned ladies—well, I'll tell you. I have drawn a portrait of the man I could respect and admire, I dare not say more lest you laugh at me, and now we want a reverse of the picture to complete the representation. Where can we find it if not in woman? It is a relief after contemplating the deep rushing stream of man's powerful intellect, to turn to the soothing murmurs and bright wavelets of woman's fancy. Then let her forbear to rush into the arena of competition for greatness or literary fame, and be content to diffuse her influence in the unobtrusive yet certain manner which Heaven has ordained. To a man of sense there can be nothing more ridiculous or disgusting than a pedantic blue stocking."

"Or, to a woman of sense either," replied Fanny, smiling. "A woman of truly great mind is far removed from the conceited pretender to learning. Her desire is not to shine before the multitude, but

to benefit her fellow-beings; therefore she thoroughly investigates the subjects to which her attention is drawn, in order to find the truth, and when her opinions are formed, and occasion requires it, she declares them freely and decidedly, without any effort to conceal or display her acquirements. This I believe to be the part that woman's Creator intended she should act. I know my little cousin will differ from me. She thinks woman was created for a gentle and loving minister to man's happiness. A very pretty idea, and sounds well in romance and poetry, but I very much doubt its adequacy to make one content amid the tame and sober realities of every-day life. A few more summers over that golden haired head of thine will curb its wild fancies. In the mean time I fervently hope that my Kate may be kept from lavishing the rich stores of her affections upon one who will not appreciate the treasure, as full well do I know that her fond and sensitive heart could not survive so rude an awakening from its dream of felicity."

"Cousin, dearest cousin," exclaimed the impulsive Kate, as she threw herself into Fanny's arms—"were I but half as good as you, I might hope to be useful, but the foolish and romantic notions in which I indulge, will, I fear, spoil me. Oh cousin! teach me how I may be like you."

Fanny gazed upon the sweet face that lay upon her bosom, over which the tears of pure affection were stealing down, and lifting her heart to heaven, prayed that the loving spirit of her cousin might be consecrated to the God who formed it—the guarantee of usefulness to others and happiness to herself.

Upon the death of her parents, which happened when she was a child, Fanny Woodville was adopted by her maternal uncle, and by him cherished and educated as was his only child—the lively Kate. Brought up together from infancy, and receiving the same attentions from the parents, the girls loved each other with the tenderness of sisters. Mr. Byington had acquired a handsome property by the practice of law in a beautiful village of New York, where he resided. Being a man of talents and much devoted to literature, he determined that no expense or pains should be spared in the education of his daughter and niece, and all the advantages to be derived from the classic wisdom of the past, and the more graceful and accomplished learning of the present time, should be bestowed upon them, in order to make them intellectual women. Fanny Woodville fully realized the hopes of her uncle, and proud was he to exhibit her sound reasonings, glowing sentiments, and cultivated taste—the results of an education which he had personally superintended. But the wayward Kate fell far below Mr. Byington's expectations. She was not the right kind of material out of which to form a genius. She understood French and Italian well, because they suited her taste, but by dint of tears and smiles freely bestowed upon her father, she had managed to keep Greek and Latin at bay. One would have expected as soon to hear the tall and dignified Fanny Woodville talk folly, as the pretty little Kate Byington discourse

upon wisdom. Many thought Kate a wild reckless being who never had a serious thought, but in this they were mistaken. She had a heart full of the tender and beautiful in nature; but Kate was the creature of impulse; as she felt at the moment, so she spoke and acted, without thinking what effect it might produce upon others; consequently she was frequently misjudged, and very few really understood her except her cousin. Fanny, on the contrary, never betrayed her feelings. Whatever she felt or thought was locked up in her heart, and she kept the key of it. Fanny Woodville possessed uncommon mental abilities, which had been highly cultivated, but these by no means lessened the feminine delicacy of her character. She had always been a kind and affectionate girl, and the few faults she had were generous ones. But even these were being corrected, for Fanny had learned to love, and was unconsciously moulding herself to the taste and opinions of him, whom her affections had enshrined in the temple of her heart, and before whose image she bowed down as reverently as ever Pagan maiden worshiped at the altar of her idol god.

Francis Staunton was the son of a wealthy neighbor, and during the childhood of the girls had been their playmate and champion. After an uncommonly protracted college term, he had spent several years in traveling; sometimes along the inland seas and over the mountainous districts of his own country, or amid the orange groves and spicy breezes of the West Indies and South America. Thus had time flown on, so that upon his settlement at home, he was as much astonished to find that the sedate Fanny Woodville and the prattling Kate Byington had grown to be women, as were they to discover the boyish companion of former days, in the perfect gentleman and ripe scholar, who was presented to them as Mr. Francis Staunton. Frank, for so Kate persisted in calling him after the first embarrassment wore off, soon became an intimate and welcome visitor at Mr. Byington's. His genius was of a high order, the leading features of his mind being strength and vigor. To these were added rare poetical abilities, which study and travel had greatly enriched. His conversational powers, naturally good, had been much improved by his acquaintance with society, and for this he was particularly acceptable to Mr. Byington. Hour after hour passed in intellectual enjoyment, while some favorite topic was discussed with spirited animation by Mr. Byington, Frank and Fanny, enlivened with an occasional *naïve* remark from Kate. All this time there was weaving round Fanny's heart a web of delicate texture, but so inflexible and intricate in its meshes, that the arrow of death alone could free from its entanglement. The high toned character and far reaching thought of Francis Staunton, gave to him such superiority over the common order of men, that a feeling of reverence mingled with her love, and she felt that in yielding her judgment to his there would be no sacrifice of her independence.

With what different feelings did Staunton regard her! He thought her the most talented woman with

whom he had ever met—delighted in her conversation—and was astonished at the sound arguments and correct inferences which she drew from the various subjects that engrossed their attention. He admired and respected her, but that was all; for a mind like his could not relish the idea of female dictation, which he felt confident might be expected from such a woman as Fanny Woodville. It was the lively, thoughtless Kate that convinced him there were other things in the world worthy of attention beside Syric characters and Grecian antiquities, for Frank had discovered a fact that most other people seemed not to be aware of—namely, that Kate possessed a heart, and a feeling one too—still he was obliged to confess that it was an odd sort of heart—very different from his own, (which only enhanced its value,) and assumed such various phases, that, had it not been upon one or two occasions its pulsations were so audible as not to be mistaken, he would certainly have persuaded himself that it was a kind of counterfeit heart. However, he thought it worth studying, and accordingly applied himself thereto with silent diligence. Kate's deference to his opinions was sweet flattery, and her trusting and dependent disposition called forth the deep tenderness of his soul. He would stand at the piano enraptured, while her fairy fingers ran over its keys, or her sweet voice sang the verses he had composed for her. But, after all, he could not understand Kate Byington. He loved her, but he was confident that she entertained for him no warmer feeling than friendship. It is true she sang his poetry, and admired his sketches, but it was evident that mere politeness influenced her; she would as soon have sung any one else's poetry, or admired another's sketches as his. Everybody said she was gay and inconsiderate—Frank was at times half inclined to believe it, and felt afraid to trust the happiness of a lifetime with one who was apparently so thoughtless. Piqued with Kate for remaining so indifferent to his attentions—chagrined with himself for falling in love so easily—and still more provoked at not being able to fall out of love with the same facility—he suddenly determined to settle the matter for the present by a visit to Europe, hoping that a few years would convert Kate into a thoughtful woman. Acting upon the resolution, he made immediate preparation and sailed. Not long after his departure Mr. Byington received the sad intelligence that the bank in which the whole of his property was invested had failed, and that the loss of the stockholders would be total. Mr. Byington saw the fortune which the hard labor of his mind, together with years of industry and economy, had secured to him, swept away in a moment, and buried amid the ruins of a moneyed wreck. He was advanced in years, and felt unable to commence anew the toils of life, therefore poverty was the inevitable fate of his family. His distress of mind brought on a state of nervous excitement and a high fever, which in a short time terminated his life. Here was distress. A family cherished in the lap of luxury suddenly reduced to indigence. The un-

broken quiet of the sodded grave lay upon its head and protector, leaving his heart-stricken companion inconsolable, and the child of their love sunk in the depths of disconsolateness. The ardent temperament of Kate had received a shock so sudden and violent, that for a time it seemed to deprive her of vitality, and when she somewhat recovered from the terrible blow, it was to settle down in a kind of despairing grief, that rendered her utterly incapable of action. It was now that the true beauty of Fanny's character shone forth. Her anguish was heartfelt but restrained. She felt that upon her alone hung the dependence of the family, hence the necessity there was for her collectedness and fortitude. She spoke words of consolation to her afflicted aunt, and though she could do little else than pray for her cousin, she failed not to use this means. Her plans were soon formed, and, being approved of by Mrs. Byington, were at once executed. After the settlement of the estate the fragments of the property were gathered, and, by the advice of a few influential friends in the city of New York, they removed thither, and Fanny opened a seminary for the instruction of young ladies, for which her kind heart and highly finished education so well qualified her. It was a new sphere of life to Fanny, but, as might be expected from one whose mind had been disciplined as was hers, she soon learned to fill it with propriety and judgment, and enjoyed the sweet satisfaction of rendering comparatively happy those who were dear to her as life itself. Had Fanny Woodville forgotten her lover? Oh no. After the toils of the day were over, and she had retired to her own apartment, the womanly part of her nature would rise up, and assert its prerogative with arguments which Fanny found it impossible to withstand, then would she give loose rein to imagination, picturing the time when *he* would return, and all her trials be forgotten in his approval of the course she had taken. The unremitting exertions of Fanny at length aroused Kate from the lethargy which had fallen upon her, and, at her earnest request, Fanny consented to admit her as an assistant. Fanny inwardly rejoiced at the change in her cousin, knowing, as she did, that activity and a desire to be useful were the surest means to lighten her sad heart, and win her back to cheerfulness. The graceful accomplishments, in which Kate so excelled, and her affectionate manner, soon made her a general favorite. Besides, Kate Byington was a changed girl. Affliction had corrected the faults that prosperity only fostered, and when she returned to society it was with the gentleness of a subdued child who was conscious of its errors and anxious to amend them. Three years had elapsed since the establishment of the school, and in the mean time pressing invitations had been received by the girls to visit their native village.

Fanny, ever unmindful of herself, and thinking only of the comfort of others, insisted that Kate should go. The close confinement was evidently injuring her health, and Kate, feeling it was her duty to use some means for its restoration, yielded to the

solicitations of her mother and cousin, and soon found herself amid the familiar scenes of her early life. The day after her arrival, Kate strolled along to a little skirt of woods in which she had so often played when a child, and seated herself upon a fallen tree. Directly before her was the old homestead, through whose halls her merry laugh had so often resounded. To her right lay the village grave-yard, and she could distinctly see the waving of the young cypress which she had planted over her father's grave. It was autumn. The withered leaves were rustling around her with a low melancholy sound. As the decline of the year had tinged with sadness the face of Nature, so Kate felt had the early frost of sorrow desolated her spirit, and consigned its bright hopes to premature decay. Her heart was full almost to bursting, and covering her face with her hands she wept long and uncontrolably. When she again raised her head there was one standing by her side whose features were too well known to be mistaken.

"Frank Staunton!" exclaimed the astonished girl; and Frank Staunton it must have been, for surely none other than such a young, old-privileged friend would have seated himself beside her and pressed his lips upon the small white hand that lay passively in his. The history of the past three years was soon recounted. The letter that was intended to inform him of the misfortunes of the Byington family never reached him, and, with the exception of the painful intelligence of his father's death, which occurred soon after he left, he had received no communication from his home until he arrived at Boston. He there, for the first time, learned the sad changes that had taken place, and hastened on in order to discover the abode of those he best loved. Upon leaving the house of Kate's friends he traced her steps to where he had found her.

"And now, dearest Kate," said he, after he had finished his narrative and told the story of his love, "will you confer upon me the privilege of becoming your protector?"

It is not necessary to record Kate's answer. If the reader be a lady, she will easily imagine it. If a gentleman, the effect would be greatly heightened by listening to it from sweet vermilion lips, or reading it in the depths of soft violet orbs, and, what would appear very silly if written out on paper, would, under the aforementioned circumstances, produce a very lasting and decidedly favorable impression.

A few days after Kate Byington arrived in New York accompanied by Mr. Staunton. She found her cousin in her own room, and throwing her arms about her neck fondly returned her tender caress.

"He loves me, Fanny," said she, laying her head upon her cousin's shoulder. "Is it not strange that I should have been so mistaken? I always thought that he loved you, and was half provoked with you, because I knew how little you cared for him. We are to be married immediately, and you, Fanny dear, are to be my bridemaid."

"Of whom are you speaking?" inquired Fanny.

"Why, Frank Staunton—but come down, he is in the parlor waiting to see you. What makes you tremble so? Are you ill, dearest cousin?" she said earnestly, as her eyes glanced on Fanny's pale face. "What can I do for you? Thoughtless creature that I am, I have left you too long to toil alone, and care and fatigue have impaired your health."

"No, no—I feel better now," replied Fanny, in a low, faint tone. "Go down, and I will soon follow you."

Kate obeyed, and Fanny Woodville was left to bear her grief alone. The heart's trial! Who hath not known it? When the cherished bliss of years is suddenly changed to the keenest anguish—when the light of existence seems blotted out, and life robbed of all that gave it value—when hope, that heavenly consoler, ceases to whisper of brighter days, and cold despair creeps closer and closer round the heart. The transition from tranquil happiness to the deepest wo. Alas! who can tell it?

Fanny's heart was pierced, but her strong spirit obtained the mastery. The veil was lifted from her eyes, and she saw upon what a groundless foundation she had built her hopes of happiness. She called to mind Staunton's attentions to her cousin, and wondered that she never before understood their import. She felt that she had been cherishing a love so engrossing in its nature, that it was fast alluring her from her Creator, but now the spell was broken, and naught on earth would again call forth the tenderness of her heart. She knew that her destiny was fixed, and kneeling before her Maker besought grace to support her, and it was granted.

Fanny Woodville stood beside her cousin and listened as the man she loved pronounced the vows that bound him forever to another, yet she was calm and composed; none supposed that she had ever thought of him but as a friend.

Mr. Staunton had purchased the family mansion of the Byingtons, and caused it to be repaired and elegantly furnished for their reception. Kate used every art of affection to induce her cousin to live with them, and warmly was she seconded by her husband's cordial invitations. Fanny affectionately but firmly declined their entreaties, preferring, as she said, to pursue the course of life she had chosen. No doubt her experience had taught her the truth, if indeed she had not derived it from a higher source, that, in the present infirm condition of human virtue, it is always safest and best not voluntarily to "enter into temptation."

"Dearest Fanny," whispered the blushing bride, as she lingered on her cousin's bosom in bidding her adieu, "what would have become of us in those dark days of our adversity but for your Greek and Latin? And, as for Pacha love, I have done with that forever, for if I thought Frank's affection for me were divided with mortal creature, I should be as miserable as I am now happy."

THE DEATH-DIRGE.

A LEGEND OF HAMBURG.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

THE lengthening forest-shadow threw
Its gloom upon the wave below,
While deeper still the twilight grew.
And veiled the sunset's purple glow.
Night on the tide came down afar,
With tempests lurking in her train;
The crested swells gave back no star,
But darkly burst and sank again.

The lovers lingered by the shore,
Yet neither dared to break the spell:
Young, full of life—to meet no more!—
What lip could utter first "*Farewell!*"
How, when their memories wandered back
Along the Past's love-lighted track,
And fondly lingered on the hours
When Time's gray brow was hid in flowers,
Could either dare to turn the gaze
Amid the fearful gloom before?
Where bliss, that rose on earlier days,
Beamed on the blighted soul no more!

His face was pale—yet darkly glowed
An eye with mastered anguish wild;
Alone, his heart had overflowed,
As with the weakness of a child;
But she, who needed strength, was there,
With her blue eye and golden hair,
Hiding the tears upon his heart.
Her soul's deep suffering made to start.

Here, where the trysting vows were made,
A sterner fate the parting bade.
Oh! sweet, by starlight, fell each word,
Alone by them and angels heard!
Yet now, her sire, with haughty scorn,
Called the young hunter lowly born.
Showed her the proffered hand of pride
And bade her crush all love beside!

Thus lightly speak they, o'er whose heart
That lamp of heaven hath never shone;
Who quench its beamings as they start,
Till pride in darkness reigns alone!
They rend the links of that bright chain
That binds us to a happier sphere.
Nor think the true are blessed again,
Though roam their spirits darkened here!

Low, moaning murmurs filled the air,
While thus they lingered, hand in hand;
The waves, o'er-fired with reddening glare,
Broke sullenly along the strand.
And darker, o'er the drear, wild sky,
The heavy clouds rolled muttering by,
And stiller grew that breathless hour
That ushers in the tempest's power.

"Go not, beloved!" the hunter cried:
"See'st not how madly foams the tide?
See'st not, afar, the tempest's light?
No bark can stem the wave to-night!"

"The victim here has tarried long—
They wait to sing the bridal strain,
And though the blast be loud and strong
The boat must o'er the stream again!
Why should I fear the wind and wave,
Doomed to a dreary living grave?
Why should this heart, whose hope is past,
Feel dread, the stormy gloom to dare?
No, let the storm come wild and fast—
It cannot chase away Despair!"

"But see! the winds begin to rave;
The birds fly shrieking o'er the wave
And dimly through the night stream o'er
The lights on Hamburg's distant shore!"

"Cease, Ernest, cease! This bitter hour
Gives to my soul delirious power.
Oh God! were I an humble maid,
Born to the cot and forest shade,
How might the love, so blighted now,
Glow like a blessing on my brow!
How would I chide the morning gray
That called thee to the chase away;
And send, to greet thy homeward track,
In song, thy bugle's echo back!
I dream—farewell!—I must away!
Yes, though the waves should cast their spray
Around me—shroud and bridal veil—
And the last sigh for bliss denied
Mix with the roaring of the gale,
'T were better than to be a bride
Whose heart must loathe the promise spoken—
For all but one dear memory broken!"

One last, one passionate embrace,
As to a dying one, she gave;
And starting wildly from the place,
Pushed out her skiff upon the wave.
One grasp upon the slender oar
Propelled it quivering from the shore.
"Come back!" the frantic hunter cried,
And rushed into the foaming tide.
With strained eyes, through the murky air,
He saw the tempest toss her hair,
He saw the waving of her hand.
And back was hurled upon the strand.

The loosed winds coursed, with pinion strong,
The broad and rapid Elbe along.
The angry night together rolled
Her stormy mantle, fold on fold,
And with a thunder-voice strode by;
While the red lightning of her eye

Flashed like a demon's glance of mirth
Far o'er the wide and storm-swept earth !

Upon his pale brow beat the rain,
The wind rushed howling by his side—
They roared and beat and swept in vain ;
He gazed unceasing o'er the tide—
Saw in each distant crest her hand—
Her floating tresses in the spray,
And, like a statue, on the strand
Stood till the storm had died away.

II.

The Elbe, in morning's trembling beam,
Rolls glancing on his way ;
A rosy blush steals o'er the stream,
To meet the kiss of day.
All glittering in the joyous light
The summer forests stand,
And, wheeling on their pinions bright,
The swallows skim the strand ;
A fresher, purer, deeper blue
Is in the cloudless sky,
While waking joy's warm pulse anew
The morning wind goes by !
In every heart, by hall or hearth,
Bliss, with the dawning stole—
There 's sunshine o'er the laughing earth
And sunshine in the soul !

What bears the Elbe upon his breast,
Slow heaving to and fro,
Like sea-birds on the wave at rest,
Their shadows calm below ?
What glows amid the spray like gold,
As comes the swell to land ?
What means that snowy garment's fold ?
And, ha ! a woman's hand !
Yes, with her fair curls round her head,
And blue eyes closed, came on the dead !
Her white breast through the water shone
Like foam the curling wave has thrown,
And one sweet flower the forest bore
Bloomed o'er the heart that beat no more !

'T was thus they found her on the strand,
By the ebb'd wave left gently there ;
On the still bosom lay the hand
And the cold foam-wreath on the hair.
They wept above the early doom
That struck with blight her beauty's flower,
Nor thought *their* hands had dug her tomb
And darkened o'er her dying hour.

Yet, had she dared the storm-vexed wave
To seek, in wild despair, her grave,
Or had the tempest whirled her bark
With curbless power through billows dark,
Till, yielding to its gathered might,
Their cold arms closed her form above,
And but the empty ear of night
Heard the last sigh she gave to love ?
They knew not ; but her corpse denied
A rest in consecrated ground—
To slumber by her mother's side,
With the loved mates of childhood round !
On the bleak shore they raised the sand,
And made her there a lonely grave,
While a low requiem, on the strand,
Was murmured by the sorrowing wave.

From the near forest's deepening gloom—
The same that heard their trysting vow—
The hunter watched them fill the tomb,
And tread the turf above her brow.
And with the air and sunshine prest
Out from that chill and silent breast,
Died in his heart the spirit's flame ;
His life, henceforth, was but a name—
An ashy brand, whose fire has fled—
A frame, whose soul has joined the dead !
First, when the menials' task was o'er,
He sought alone the sacred shore ;
And standing by that mournful mound,
His grief burst forth, too deep to tame ;
He kneeled upon the trodden ground,
And called aloud her cherished name,
And the strong heart of manhood shed
The first warm dew above the dead !

As on the Elbe's transparent breast
The glow of sunset died away,
And palely lingered in the west
The footsteps of retiring day—
A low, sweet tone came floating o'er
The golden stream to Hamburg's shore.

'T was sad and faint, as if the light
That lay so fondly o'er the scene,
And paler grew, as angry night
Looked from the east with scowling mien.
In air-born music breathed farewell
To shores whose beauty cheered her long—
That now, as pealed the twilight bell,
Day too sighed out his last in song !

Yet louder rose the wailing strain,
On the cool night-wind born again.
Now with a wild and lofty clang,
Like a triumphal peal it rang ;
Now with a slow and sobbing tone,
As from a heart that breaks alone,
And in its deep, yet sweet despair,
Thrilled like a spirit-voice the air.
Thus, till the stars came out above,
And quenched the fading fires of day.
He poured the dirge of buried love,
In wild lamentings, o'er her clay !

The fisher oft, in morning gray,
Saw from the tomb a phantom glide,
That, stealing from his look away,
Shot in its light skiff o'er the tide ;
But as he came, when day's broad beau
Lay like a glory on the stream,
And pitying sideward glances gave
In gliding past the maiden's grave,
He saw fresh wreaths of blossoms strewn
Around the shapeless burial-stone.

Still at the starry vesper-hour
The hunter sat beside the tomb,
And blew the strain, with sorrow's power,
Till all around was wrapped in gloom.
Each night the bugle's mellow sound
Swept wailing through the woods about.
And in the twilight's calm profound,
And 'mid the rush of storms, rang out !
A music-vigil, fondly kept,
While night her dews of pity wept !

III.

Gray Winter, giant of the North,
 Came from his snowy cavern forth;
 The laughing Spring, with silver wand,
 Loosed from the earth his icy band,
 And waxed and waned the harvest moon—
 Still nightly rose that mournful tune.
 It seemed as if her spirit spoke
 Through the dim stillness of the hour,
 So gently o'er his sorrow broke
 The soothing of a holier power.
 He almost deemed, at times, to hear
 The rushing of a passing wing,
 Or, mingling with his requiem clear,
 The trembling of a seraph-string!
 And when the past before him came,
 And the dead hopes of former years
 Filled the still heart again with flame,
 And the dark eye with blinding tears—
 Was 't fancy that a blue eye made
 The twilight radiant with its ray?
 That on his brow a hand was laid,
 Bidding his sorrow melt away?

He shunned the joyous glare of day,
 And to the forest's shadow hied,
 Till down the west it sank away,
 And sunset's hour of glory died.
 Pale-browed and wan, he lived alone
 To breathe that dirge beside her grave—
 To send its wild, lamenting tone,
 Blent with the night-wind, o'er the wave!

Like some vast temple's marble floor,
 Lay bound in ice the Elbe's broad wave;
 The hunter stole at evening o'er,
 As the cold rain beat on her grave.
 A storm was gathering in the sky,
 The winter wind swept howling by,
 The branches of the forest hoar
 Waved, spectre-like, upon the shore,
 And oft a sharp and booming sound,
 That shuddered o'er the frozen ground,
 Told that the wave would break its chain
 And leap in stormy strength again!

Warned by the sound, he hastened back,
 To dare again the dangerous way;
 But darkness gathered round his track,
 And led his devious steps astray.
 With sound of thunder, far and near,
 The breaking ice smote on his ear;
 And trembled 'neath his foot the floor,
 As by a mighty earthquake shook,
 When from the wild and dreary shore
 The lonely homeward way he took.

Hark! what a shivering crash it gave!
 Into the darkness leaped the wave,
 Loosed from its icy chain!
 Ho! how it groaned and wheeled and dashed
 And whirled on high, into splinters crashed,
 And downward plunged again!
 Like a mighty king, whose heavy hand
 Has lain on a poor and suffering land,

Till the wronged arise in their vengeful might,
 And, strong in the trust of their manly right,
 Bid his throne be hurled in the rayless night
 Where the cursed of earth remain!

Gone is the smooth and solid floor
 That tempted his eager footsteps o'er;
 It parted away from beneath his tread,
 And the whelming billow burst up instead,
 While the shattered masses rose and fell,
 Hurling by the might of the angry swell!
 A midnight darkness filled the sky,
 The storm his revels held on high,
 And the hunter sat on an icy mound
 That rocked and plunged in the raving tide,
 With the tempest's maddened chaos round,
 And death and darkness by his side!

'T was vain to strive—for the wave had risen,
 And, once unchained from his icy prison,
 What hand could bridle his onward way,
 Or fetter his mad delirious play,
 When he smites the bonds, and his stormy glee
 Rings out o'er the roused, exulting sea?
 What mortal then could his course restrain,
 Or lay a hand on his foamy mane?
 And wo to him who has dared to trust
 To the icy gyve that had bound him fast,
 For the shivered crystal falls like dust
 'Neath the mighty arm of the stream at last!

He gazed, thus throned amid the gloom
 On sparry masses, upward cast,
 Toward her lone and dreary tomb,
 And sighed his farewell through the blast.
 'T was sweet to think the flood beneath,
 That bore her cradled on its breast,
 Should win alike his dying breath
 And lay him on the strand to rest;
 And 'mid the tempest's hollow roar
 Rang from his horn a joyful strain—
 Death, like an angel, hovered o'er
 To bear him to the loved again!

Between the pauses of the blast,
 To Hamburg's shore that strain was cast;
 It pealed so wildly joyous forth
 They deemed some spirit of the north,
 Who dwells amid the torrent's flow,
 Sang o'er the ruin spread below;
 Till, further floating on the tide,
 In the wind's stormy march it died.
 Through booming ice and driving spray
 It reached Altona's turrets gray,
 Startled the night-watch with its strain,
 And vanished in the storm again!
 Rang like a festal trumpet high
 Where the Elbe rushes Glückstadt by;
 And with a tone whose glory stole
 Through the fear-stricken listener's soul,
 Till gushing tears, he knew not why,
 Streamed as in childhood from his eye—
 Grew fainter down the broadening tide
 Till in the tempest's howl it died,
 And the last sound his bugle gave
 Rose bubbling through the North-Sea's wave!

SIR HENRY'S WARD.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

Now, too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew—
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
O, misery! must I lose *that* too! *Moore.*

On the banks of a crystal lake that lay hidden among the rich foliage of a park, second to none in old England in extent and luxuriance, Sir Henry Clinton had erected a small fishing-house, or rather a rustic temple, which stood upon the point of a little promontory, that cut into the lake like an emerald arrow shot into the waters. The promontory was only large enough to hold the temple, and give root to a dingle of aquatic vines that covered the building, roof and all, with a sheet of blossoming verdure. A footpath wound from under the noble old oaks that guarded the lake with a leafy rampart, and ran along the promontory, literally through a bed of wild flowers, to the temple door. This footpath was the only land route by which the temple could be reached, for its foundations were washed by water on three sides, while one of the windows was absolutely choked up with vine leaves, and the rich foliage was drawn back from the others like drapery, and threatened every moment to break loose from the coiling stems that gathered it in fragrant masses on each side the casements. Nothing could have seemed more neglected and picturesque than this solitary temple; the vines clinging around it in wild luxuriance; the bed of water-lilies sweeping close to the foundations, where the waves kissed them; the entire solitude which lay around the lake gave the little temple almost the appearance of a ruin over which a beautiful growth of wild vines had been left to riot for years.

Nothing could have been more deceptive than this appearance of neglect, for the single octagonal room which the temple contained was a perfect nest of luxurious elegance. Italy, and even the far East, had contributed to the plan and the adornment of this exquisite room. The floor was uncarpeted, but paved with mosaics, wrought in a gorgeous flower pattern, so delicately set and polished that it seemed like treading on a lake of the purest water frozen over a world of petrified blossoms. Two or three small tables, inlaid with still more costly art, were half covered with musical instruments, drawing utensils, and chess-men cut from mother-of-pearl, enriched with Chinese carving, and the more important pieces crusted with gems. Cushions of crimson damask, heavily wrought with an embroidery of silken flowers, were heaped in various compart-

ments of the room, imparting to it an air of Oriental elegance at that time scarcely known in England. The dome of this singular temple was of a clouded azure, emblazoned with stars so perfectly enameled that they seemed trembling with light among the transparent clouds. While down from the centre fell an almost invisible chain, to which was suspended a tiny lamp, star-shaped, and, when illuminated, kindling at the heart and radiating from within, while no visible flame ever shot up to destroy the beautiful illusion, that it was indeed a star dropped from the mimic sky overhead and checked in mid air. The windows, opening upon the lake, were of the purest glass, each pane bordered deep with an arabesque of rich coloring, where gold and scarlet glowed in gorgeous contrast with glimpses of green foliage, and the cool sparkle of waters which were now and then obtained through the centre glass, where it was left perfectly translucent. To complete this singular combination, this contrast of the luxurious within and the wild without—vases of curious China porcelain, crowded with hot-house flowers, marked each compartment of the room, and opposite the door was one of pure white marble, with a vine of exquisite sculpture coiling around it, and among its leaves of snowy stone lay a profusion of crimson japonicas, so arranged that their rosy shadow fell upon the marble, and the whole vase resembled a mammoth lily; far down in its centre was a tuft of those golden roses that shed from their hearts a fragrance, powerful almost as the richest otto, which was poured with every breath of air not only over the scentless japonicas, but through the whole apartment.

Sitting upon the mosaic floor, by the side of this vase, and with one of these exquisite roses in her hand, was a young girl; her beautiful head was bent over the vase, and she was striving to plant the flower, which had a long and slender stalk, into the heart of her mimic lily, where she wished it to tremble like a stamen.

"There," she exclaimed, clasping her white hands with the graceful exultation of a pleased infant, "it is beautiful! A single dew-drop on the rose now! Oh, I would give the world for a dew-drop!"

Starting up as she spoke, the young girl ran out of the temple, and kneeling on the bank close by the door, dipped up some water in her hand, and darting back to the vase she began raining it down in large drops upon the rose she had just planted there. The delicate flower trembled as each heavy drop fell to its bosom, and the girl laughed aloud with the gushing joyousness of a well pleased child.

"Now it is perfect," she cried, throwing herself on a pile of cushions opposite the vase, and admiring the rich effect of contrasting colors. "My lovely giant lily—how I wish he were here now before the freshness is gone!"

Some memory seemed to cross her mind as these words were uttered, for a sigh heaved the snowy folds of her muslin robe, where they were folded over her bosom, and through them broke a scarcely perceptible flush, like that faint pink tinge one sees on the inner leaves of a white rose. That sigh was but the sparkle of a heart full of innocent happiness, the breaking up of a love thrill, that passed through her bosom as the wind stirs a sleeping flower, for it left her cheek dimpling with smiles, and taking a brighter tinge of damask each instant, as if the crimson shadows from the cushions were growing warmer and warmer beneath the pressure of that delicate arm. As she lay with her large blue eyes fixed on the vase, the white lids drooped softly downward like the unfolding of two rose leaves, the long lashes met, and an azure line breaking through alone revealed that she was not quite asleep. Dreaming that young girl certainly was, for smiles now and then dimpled her rosy lips, and the soft breath came to them unequally, while her delicate limbs indented the cushions more and more heavily, as she abandoned herself to one of those delicious reveries that are only known to the first sweet impulses of love, while each new phase of the passion is a mystery to the heart it thrills.

She had seen him but the day before. They had sat together on the very cushions where her form was resting. As this thought came to her mind she turned her face, stealthily pressed her lips upon the glowing silk, and blushed at the thoughts of what she had done till her very arms grew rosy. It seemed as if a year had passed, and yet it was only twenty-four hours since he had told her, for the first time, how deep and earnest was his love for her. Like a child, with its lap full of roses, she dwelt upon the words he had spoken, not an intonation was lost, not a look had escaped her, and yet she had never once during that interview lifted her eyes to his face. How beautiful she was, with the folds of her muslin robe falling around her like a cloud, and one little foot, in its slipper of black satin, creeping out upon the crimson cushions. Yet with all her beauty, with all her exquisite grace, the young girl could but marvel that he should ever have been won to love her—he, so good, so brave, so talented, the thought almost took her breath—she could not realize the depth of her own happiness. Love had made her so humble, and had exalted the object of her affections so much above every other human being.

"He never loved any one before! Ah! how happy this makes me," she murmured. "How strange it is, he that has traveled, that has lived among great and beautiful women so long, to love me at last. Strange—strange—strange!" she continued, turning her face upon the cushions, while a blissful dew crept over her eyes.

"How slowly the sun creeps along," she exclaimed, starting up and casting an eager glance through the windows, and sinking back with a sigh of disappointment when she saw that the waters were still sparkling with light. "Can it be that only one little day has passed since he was here? It seems weeks—months. In half an hour—in one little half hour he will be here again. Was I ever so happy before? Hark! he is coming—he must not see me tremble so—oh, how foolish! it was but a deer coming down to drink at the lake."

The time of her lover's approach was drawing too near, and the young girl could not compose herself again. She walked the little room, her heart beating quick, and her cheeks glowing with rich crimson; then she would sit down on the cushions and hurriedly arrange the golden ringlets that were only the more beautiful for being in a little disorder; at last a step was heard upon the turf—another—her lips parted and grew brighter, like cherries when the sunshine flashes over them, and a beautiful joy kindled her eyes. She would have started forward to meet him, but a sweet timidity held her back, and she stood in the centre of that little temple, blushing and trembling like a rose when the wind brightens it.

The door opened and her lover entered, his fine face flushed with the happiness of meeting, but with a look of anxiety about the eyes, bright as they were, that drew a deep breath from the maiden. For a moment there was no word spoken. His eloquent eyes were bent on her face, and he took her little hand between both his and made it glow with passionate kisses.

"Ah! Delia, sweet one, how long the hours have been! It was kind in you not to keep me waiting."

Delia was about to say that she had been a whole hour in the pavilion, but the timidity of first love made her hesitate, and she only blushed at the thought that she might have been unmaidenly in her eagerness to seek the place of meeting.

They sat down together on the cushions, and as the flush which found birth in the joy of meeting that sweet girl, died from Andre's face, it became thoughtful, almost sad.

"I feared that you might not have arrived," he said, glancing through the window at the sunset which was enveloping the little lake in a veil of gold. "It is even now earlier than the time we appointed, but I was so impatient, besides I have something to say that has caused me much anxiety."

Delia Woodruff started and looked anxiously in the young man's face.

"You have been talking to Sir Henry and he will not consent?" she said, changing color.

"No, I have seen your guardian, but some news that has reached him from head-quarters made conversation on any other matter quite impossible. Sir Henry has received orders to depart for America forthwith, and take charge of the troops sent there to quell the Provincial rebellion."

"And you?" said the young girl, clasping the hand which held hers. "And you?"

"I belong to Sir Henry's staff. If he goes I cannot refuse to follow!"

The color fled from Delia's cheek; her beautiful lips trembled, and her bosom heaved with sobs. It seemed as if a blow had been literally struck upon the heart a moment before so full of happiness.

"And you are going," she cried, with a passionate burst of tears; "now—now when earth had become so like heaven to us."

The young and impulsive creature hid her face upon his shoulder as she spoke, then half ashamed drew back, while her cheek glowed like a wet rose, but with a smile that had something almost painful in its expression. The youth circled her with his arm, and laying a hand caressingly against her cheek, drew its fellow down to his bosom, and bent his lips to the forehead, glowing like ivory through the golden masses of her hair.

"Think how wrong this is, beloved," he said, with great gentleness. "A soldier's wife should first think of a soldier's honor! Were I capable of shrinking from my duty you would not have me—if indeed you do love me."

"If I do love you!" she cried, lifting her head from his bosom, and looking into his eyes, "ay, you smile. I was sure you could not doubt that!"

"I do not doubt it, dear one, but you are so young and do not yet know that the sweetest attribute of love—woman's love—is the spirit of self-sacrifice that always accompanies it."

"I would sacrifice anything for you; every thing," she said, with passionate earnestness.

"Every thing but—"

She would not permit him to finish the sentence, but bursting into tears, again clung closer to his bosom, murmuring, "Every thing but yourself. I cannot think that you are in danger and live. Indeed—indeed it would kill me!"

The young man held her to his heart a moment in silence; his bosom heaved beneath her cheek, and he was moved almost to tears. It was a sore trial to one so devoted to his profession. Life he was at all times ready to render up (but the happiness of that young girl had become dearer to him than life itself.) He could not think of her casting away the sweet blush of her youth, in years of anxious waiting, without severe anguish. Filled with these painful emotions he could only attempt to soothe her with broken expressions of tenderness, which caused her to weep the more bitterly. All at once she started from his arms, her cheeks kindling with crimson, and her sweet eyes brilliant with sudden hope.

"Why should we be parted?" she cried. "If the ocean passage is safe for you and my guardian, it is safe for me also—I will go with you!"

"Alas, sweet child; you little dream what the discomforts of war, invading war especially, are! Heaven only knows what we shall be called upon to endure in this Colonial struggle," replied the young man, smiling in spite of himself, at the thoughts of that delicate creature, exposed by her enthusiastic love of himself to the rude accommodations of a

war camp. "Your guardian would never consent to it. I could not ask it of him; it would be cruelty."

"It were deeper cruelty to leave me here—I tell you, John, it would kill me!" cried the young girl vehemently. "I cannot stay behind; do not ask it."

"Be reasonable; do think what it is that you propose. My beloved, think of the privations, the terror, the personal danger, even—for both Sir Henry and myself may fall in this campaign—then who would protect you in a land overrun with rebellion?" replied Andre. He held her hand between both his as he spoke, and she saw that he was deeply moved. She sunk to the cushions again, and bending her forehead to their linked hands, murmured, in the beautiful words of Scripture—

"Where thou goest, I would go—and where thou diest, there would I be buried!"

The touching pathos of these words, the beautiful devotion betrayed by the voice and position of that young girl, wrought upon the youth even to tears. He felt that such love was almost holy, and there was something of solemn reverence in his heart as he bent his head and touched the tresses of her disheveled hair with his lips.

"What can I do?—what can I say to reconcile you to the parting?" he said, in a broken voice. "Indeed, sweet child, it is inevitable! It were death to take you with us—dishonor to remain with you. Have pity on me, Delia, and do not make my sacrifice more than I can endure."

"I will do any thing but leave you," sobbed the maiden, with all the sweet willfulness of an affectionate heart that had never known opposition. "I will appeal to my guardian; he never refused me any thing!"

"I beseech you, do not speak to him on the subject, Delia; remember, he is yet to be made acquainted with the fact of any attachment existing between us. I should have spoken to him this morning but for the news from head-quarters. He may be offended that I have gone so far without his permission. Nay, it is more than probable that he would altogether withhold his consent to our union, even though the war had not intervened."

"But wherefore?—why should Sir Henry withhold his consent?" exclaimed the maiden, lifting her head, and sweeping the tresses back from her face.

"You forget that I am but an officer in the army—a commission and its pay my whole fortune—while you are an heiress under his guardianship."

"Well, what then?" questioned Delia, with a look of bewilderment.

Major Andre smiled faintly, and only kissed her hand. He saw that she would never comprehend the worldly reasons that might separate them, and shrunk from the task of filling her heart with new anxieties.

"Let us hope for the best," he said gently—"and now we had better go to the house. Sir Henry will expect us to spend the last evening of his stay in his

library. Indeed, he sent me to seek for you, little dreaming how anxious I was to get away."

"The last evening of his stay!" repeated Delia, turning pale. "When—when!" Her beseeching eyes finished the question.

"We start for London early in the morning," was the hesitating reply.

She turned a shade paler, and, looking down, seemed to muse deeply. Her beautiful lips were pressed together, and though a tear now and then dropped from the silken lashes, they gathered unconsciously, and her mien became every moment more tranquil. After a minute of this strange silence, she took Andre's arm, and left the pavilion thoughtfully and pre-occupied.

It was now quite dark. Myriads of stars were reflected in the little lake as they moved along the promontory, and a glorious moonlight bathed the old oaks, here and there breaking through their black shadows, and weaving a network of silver on the dewy sward, while the open glades were luminous with light and wild blossoms. A little to the right of the promontory a trout stream came leaping through a rocky channel that formed a picturesque feature in the park, and, breaking into a storm of foam and spray, leaped with a musical dash into the lake. They paused a moment by this little waterfall, and a pang shot to their hearts; the cheerful rush of its wavelets, as they flashed in the moonlight, seemed to mock them, as the shout of a child sometimes wrings the heart of a deserted mother. By this laughing little brooklet they had stood the night before—so very, very happy!

"Let us go!" said Delia, in a tremulous voice, which sounded, amid the dash of the brook, like the troubled melody of a bird when frightened from its nest-home. "Let us go. I did not think that twenty-four hours could have given me this terrible heart-ache. The waters, as they dance by, seem like old friends mocking the short lived dream of last night."

Andre only pressed the little hands locked over his arm, and they turned from the brook with heavy hearts. A path led through the thick masses of oak which wooded the park everywhere in the neighborhood of the lake, and they reluctantly entered its windings on their way homeward.

"How gloomy it seems just here," said Delia, as they passed under the trees where a dense shadow fell over them like a pall—"and yet how beautifully bright are all things yonder," she added, pointing to an open glade, where the moonbeams slept on the dewy thickets. "Yesterday and to-day are not more vivid contrasts."

A deep sigh swelled her bosom as she spoke, and she could scarcely utter the last words, for tears were breaking up afresh from her heart.

"Nay, rather let this shadow be our present," replied the young officer, gently, "and the moonlit glade our future, when, free from war peril, and with hearts panting with love that has only grown holier and stronger from trial and absence, we shall meet again. Is not this the wiser and more cheering comparison?"

Delia was weeping bitterly and could not answer, so they walked on in silence. All at once they heard footsteps coming through the trees, then a turn of the path brought them face to face with a stripling who was coming forward rapidly; he checked himself, uttering a well pleased exclamation when he saw them. An opening in the trees let down the moonlight just where the youth was standing, and but for his garments and the velvet cap set jauntily on one side of his head, any one might have been excused for believing that the very young girl who stood in the shadow clinging to her lover's arm had started up in the path. The same golden hair gleamed beneath his cap; he had the same deep violet eyes, and even in stature they were so nearly of a height that in similar raiment it would have been difficult to distinguish between the maiden and the youth. This was not singular, for they were twin orphans, and bore that striking resemblance each to the other which is so often found between persons so closely connected.

"Well, I have found you at last," exclaimed the youth, stopping short in his rapid walk, and addressing the lovers with good-humored animation. "The governor has been inquiring for you, major; a servant was sent to your room, but I had seen Miss Delia here stealing off toward the pavilion two or three hours ago, and this gave me an idea of your whereabouts. Sir Henry, good easy soul, fancies you locked in your chamber studying the map of America, or burnishing the sword your great great grandfather took as a trophy at some of the outlandish battles where men slept under their shields on British ground."

"Hush! brother James; do you know that he is to leave us in the morning!" said the young girl, laying her hand on the youth's arm and lifting her tearful face to his.

"What, Delia, crying!" exclaimed the youth, looking from his sister to Andre, surprised, and evidently pained. "Are these tears for me? I did think you would be grieved at parting with a twin brother, but this is too mournful; it makes my heart ache to see you so miserable. I will not go!"

"And you—does Sir Henry propose taking you with him? James, James, plead with him that I may go also. I cannot be left behind with all that I love on earth wrested from me."

"It is impossible, sister; Sir Henry is not to be moved. I have pleaded with him already—for, Heaven knows, I feel the separation more than you can. He will neither take you nor leave me behind. We must learn to be asunder, he says, and I must take my first lessons in war among the colonial rebels, while you, my poor sister, will be consigned to the care of our old aunt down in Yorkshire."

"Brother! brother! save me from this; the very thought is breaking my heart; oh if you but knew all!" The poor girl flung herself on the bosom of her twin brother as she spoke, and clung wildly to him, still beseeching that they should not be separated.

"If I knew all! Delia, what is this? You tremble,

I can feel your heart how rapidly it beats. This cannot all be grief at the thought of parting with me. Has any thing else a share in this anguish?"

"Why should we keep a love secret for which there is no reason to be ashamed?" interposed Andre, attempting to lift the maiden from her brother's arms; but young Woodruff put him back, and his eyes began to flash.

"And it is for you, sir, that my sister weeps?" he said in an excited voice. "She loves you better than her brother, who loves nothing on earth but her. Was it kind, was it honorable of you to come in between twin orphans thus? Have I no interest in this matter? Oh, Delia, I did not think you would keep a secret from me!"

The youth was deeply agitated, his voice broke, and he drew the weeping girl to his bosom again, though a moment before he had attempted to put her away.

"Oh, James, do not reproach me. I scarcely knew that I had a secret to conceal till yesterday," she murmured.

The youth made a strong effort to compose himself. With a grave dignity, that was the more touching from his extreme youth, he reached forth one hand to the young officer, while the other arm clasped his sister.

"I think that I can understand this," he said, with deep feeling. "The bitterness of learning that I must henceforth claim only a divided love from her, has made me wild. Leave us together, major. We, who have never been separated from the cradle, part, perhaps forever, in the morning. Give me one hour alone with my sister."

Andre wrung the hand extended to him, and without casting a look upon his betrothed, went away, leaving the twins together.

"Now stop weeping, Delia, and let us sit down here at the foot of this oak," said the youth, with touching affection, kissing the pale cheek upon his bosom. "What, sister, will you not kiss me back?" There was a tone almost of anguish in his voice, and she felt his bosom heave.

She started up, wound her arms around his neck, and pressed her lips to his forehead again and again. "Will I not kiss you back? Oh, James, dear James! do not think that I can ever change to you. I should have confided in you before, but it is so short a time since he told me how dear I was to him. You must love him for my sake. Have we not always admired, always loved the same object? Is he not honorable, brave?"

"Hush, love, we will talk of this another time," replied the youth, wounded that her thoughts should be so completely occupied by another. Then checking himself, with a painful smile, he added—"Why do I talk of another time, when we part in a few hours."

"You will not let Sir Henry separate us?" cried the young girl, grasping his hand as they sat on the gnarled roots of the oak together.

"I have no desire to go, Delia, but the will of our guardian is indisputable. He thinks, perhaps justly,

that I must learn to act for myself—in short, that our hearts must learn to beat without this great sympathy. What you have just told me, reveals the wisdom of his design—we can never be all the world to each other again. Even now your heart is half filled with love for a stranger—with wishes that your brother cannot share—"

"But why not share this great joy with me? I can never love you less, my brother—never love any one as well!" cried the girl, and her beautiful eyes filled with enthusiasm as the moonlight fell upon her face.

"I feel," said the youth, in a voice that sounded strangely sad as it fell on the still night—"I feel alone since the thing has been revealed to me. A strong wish to make you happy is at my heart—but how can it be accomplished?"

"Persuade Sir Henry to let me go with you!" interposed the young girl, eagerly.

"That is impossible—you know his firmness. But tell me, Delia—if he would consent to leave me behind, could you return to our old life, our beautiful old life, that was so full of tranquil affection, and be content with the brother that loves you so much?"

The youth held her hand tight in his as he proposed this question, and his eyes, half full of tears, were bent imploringly on her face. She did not lift her face—she did not speak—but he could feel the hand in his begin to quiver, and saw that she grew pale in the moonlight.

"Will you not answer me, sister?" he said, gently—"will you not answer me?"

"God help me—I dare not!" she cried, covering her face with both hands. "Forgive me, brother—oh! forgive me!"

"One other question, and then I will pain you no more," rejoined the youth, in a broken voice. "If you could go with Andre to-morrow, and leave me in England, with whom would you abide were the choice yours? Reflect well, my sister, and answer as if to your own heart. Think nothing of the pain your reply may give, but let your soul speak for itself."

"It would tear my heart in twain to make the choice!" was the broken reply.

"But the choice when made—"

"Oh, James, have pity on me! I cannot answer this question!"

"It is answered," replied the youth, forcing back the grief that rose in his throat, and pressing his quivering lips upon the forehead of his sister.

"Can you forgive me?" said the poor girl, lifting her eyes to his face, and clasping her hands with touching humility.

"Have I any thing on earth to love but you?" was the affectionate reply.

"And you will persuade Sir Henry not to separate us—any of us, I mean?"

"You shall go to America with me, if I go—without me, if I remain."

"But Andre? His opposition is firm as Sir Henry's!"

"I honor him for that," rejoined the youth. "But

trust your brother in this matter. You are willing to owe this little gleam of happiness to him."

The youth arose as he spoke, and drawing the hand which still clung to his through his arm, the brother and sister walked on together silently and with swelling hearts. They paused a moment at the foot of a sloping eminence which commanded a view of the Hall. Its marble front gleamed through a forest of ornamental trees that caught a tinge of golden light here and there where the boughs fell athwart an illuminated window; a thousand flowing vines waved around its Ionic pillars, and its broad wings of Italian architecture rising high and white in the moonbeams spread far into the luxuriant shrubberies.

"How happy we have been there!" said the youth regretfully, as he gazed upon the beautiful pile. "Who knows if we shall ever be united in its walls again?"

"A faint sob was his only reply, and the generous boy hurried on, reproaching himself for this slight indulgence to his wounded feelings.

"Go to your dressing-room," he said, taking leave of his sister at the library door. "I will bring you good news directly!"

Delia went to her room and sat down with no light but the moonbeams that flickered through the tree boughs that waved before her window. An hour passed by, and her heart became restless with intense anxiety. She arose, paced the floor in the dim light, now and then catching her breath with a start, as the sound of a footfall or a closing door fell upon her ear.

He came at last, pale and much agitated. She sprang forward to meet him, but checked herself, and gazed in apprehension on his face. The moon-

light rendered it white as marble, and she had never seen his eyes so bright before.

"He will consent to your going. Andre himself opposes it warmly!" he said, in a hurried voice.

"I knew—I knew that it would end thus!" cried the excited girl, in keen disappointment. "Oh, James, help me!"

"Hush!" said the youth. "I have promised that you shall go! Did your brother ever break his promise, Delia? Come to my room—we have but little time. Come—but stop weeping! I cannot bear to see you unhappy!"

He took her hand, and they went out together.

The next morning there was a scene of touching sorrow in that little dressing-room. The brother and sister remained together, and alone, till Sir Henry and his young officer were in the carriage. Delia had taken leave of her lover over night, and only saw her brother at the parting hour. At last the youth came forth, and took his place in the carriage; his face was deathly pale, and he wept bitterly, a thing which few persons had ever witnessed in the high-spirited boy before. But neither Sir Henry nor his companion were surprised at this, for it was the first time those twin orphans had ever been separated since their birth.

As the carriage drove away, the youth bent forward, and looking almost wildly toward the dressing-room windows, shook at the door as if determined to spring from the carriage. He had seen a pale face, covered with tears, gazing at them through the window. It disappeared, and then he fell back in the seat and scarcely seemed to breathe, as the carriage swept him away from that beautiful home—it might be forever!

[To be continued.]

NOT GREAT, BUT HAPPY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[SEE PLATE—"PARENTAL FELICITY."]

How pure and sweet is the love of young hearts! How little does it contain of earth—how much of heaven! No selfish passions mar its beauty. Its tenderness, its pathos, its devotion, who does not remember, even when the sere leaves of autumn are rustling beneath his feet? How little does it regard the cold and calculating objections of worldly-mindedness. They are heard but as a passing murmur. The deep, unswerving confidence of young love, what a blessed thing it is! Heart answers to heart without an unequal throb. The world around is bright and beautiful; the atmosphere is filled with spring's most delicious perfumes.

From this dream—why should we call it a dream? Is it not a blessed reality? Is not young, fervent

love, true love? Alas! this is an evil world, and man's heart is evil. From this dream there is too often a tearful awaking. Often, too often, hearts whose chords have mingled, are suddenly torn asunder, and wounds are made that never heal, or, healing, leave hard, disfiguring scars. But this is not always so. Pure love sometimes finds its own sweet reward. I will relate one precious instance.

The Baron Holbein, after having passed ten years of active life in a large metropolitan city of Europe, retired to his estate in a beautiful and fertile valley, far away from the gay circle of fashion—far away from the sounds of political rancor with which he had been too long familiar—far away from the strife of selfish men and contending interests. He had an

only child, Nina, just fifteen years of age. For her sake, as well as to indulge his love of quiet and nature, he had retired from the world. Her mother had been with the angels for some years. Without her wise counsels and watchful care the father feared to leave his innocent-minded child exposed to the temptations that must gather around her in a large city.

For a time Nina missed her young companions, and pined to be with them. The old castle was lonely, and the villagers did not interest her. Her father urged her to go among the peasantry, and, as an inducement, placed a considerable sum of money at her command, to be used as she might see best in works of benevolence. Nina's heart was warm, and her impulses generous. The idea pleased her, and she acted upon it. She soon found employment enough both for her time and the money placed at her disposal. Among the villagers was a woman named Blanche Delebarre, a widow whose only son had been from home, since his tenth year, under the care of an uncle, who had offered to educate him, and fit him for a life of higher usefulness than that of a mere peasant. There was a gentleness about this woman, and something that marked her as superior to her class. Yet she was an humble villager, dependent upon the labor of her own hands, and claimed no higher station.

Nina became acquainted with Blanche soon after the commencement of her residence at the castle. When she communicated to her the wishes of her father, and mentioned the money that had been placed at her disposal, the woman took her hand and said, while a beautiful light beamed from her countenance—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive, my child. Happy are they who have the power to confer benefits, and who do so with willing hearts. I fear, however, that you will find your task a difficult one. Everywhere are the idle and undeserving, and these are more apt to force themselves forward as objects of benevolence than the truly needy and meritorious. As I know every one in the village, perhaps I may be able to guide you to such objects as deserve attention."

"My good mother," replied Nina, "I will confide in your judgment. I will make you my almoner."

"No, my dear young lady, it will be better for you to dispense with your own hands. I will merely aid you to make a wise dispensation."

"I am ready to begin. Show me but the way."

"Do you see that company of children on the green?" said Blanche.

"Yes. And a wild company they are."

"For hours each day they assemble as you see them, and spend their time in idle sports. Sometimes they disagree and quarrel. That is worse than idleness. Now, come here. Do you see that little cottage yonder on the hill-side, with vines clustering around the door?"

"Yes."

"An aged mother and her daughter reside there. The labor of the daughter's hands provides food and

raiment for both. These children need instruction, and Jennet Fleury is fully qualified to impart it. Their parents cannot, or will not, pay to send them to school, and Jennet must receive some return for her labors, whatever they be."

"I see it all," cried Nina with animation. "There must be a school in the village. Jennet shall be the teacher."

"If this can be done, it will be a great blessing," said Blanche.

"It shall be done. Let us go over to that sweet little cottage at once and see Jennet."

The good Blanche Delebarre made no objection. In a little while they entered the cottage. Every thing was homely, but neat and clean. Jennet was busy at her reel when they entered. She knew the lady of Castle Holbein, and arose up quickly and in some confusion. But she soon recovered herself, and welcomed, with a low courtesy, the visitors who had come to grace her humble abode. When the object of this visit was made known, Jennet replied that the condition of the village children had often pained her, and that she had more than once prayed that some way would open by which they could receive instruction. She readily accepted the proposal of Nina to become their teacher, and wished to receive no more for the service than what she could now earn by reeling silk.

It did not take long to get the proposed school in operation. The parents were willing to send their children, the teacher was willing to receive them, and the young lady patroness was willing to meet the expenses.

Nina said nothing to her father of what she was doing. She wished to surprise him some day, after every thing was going on prosperously. But a matter of so much interest to the neighborhood could not remain a secret. The school had not been in operation two days before the baron heard all about it. But he said nothing to his daughter. He wished to leave her the pleasure which he knew she desired, that of telling him herself.

At the end of a month Nina presented her father with an account of what she had done with the money he had placed in her hands. The expenditure had been moderate enough, but the good done was far beyond the baron's anticipations. Thirty children were receiving daily instructions; nurses had been employed, and medicines bought for the sick; needy persons, who had no employment, were set to work in making up clothing for children, who, for want of such as was suitable, could not attend the school. Besides, many other things had been done. The account was looked over by the Baron Holbein, and each item noted with sincere pleasure. He warmly commended Nina for what she had done; he praised the prudence with which she had managed what she had undertaken, and begged her to persevere in the good work.

For the space of more than a year did Nina submit to her father, for approval, every month an accurate statement of what she had done, with a minute account of all the moneys expended. But after that

time she failed to render this account, although she received the usual supply, and was as actively engaged as before in works of benevolence among the poor peasantry. The father often wondered at this, but did not inquire the cause. He had never asked an account: to render it had been a voluntary act, and he could not, therefore, ask why it was withheld. He noticed, however, a change in Nina. She was more thoughtful, and conversed less openly than before. If he looked at her intently her eyes would sink to the floor, and the color deepen on her cheek. She remained longer in her own room, alone, than she had done since their removal to the castle. Every day she went out, and almost always took the direction of Blanche Delebarre's cottage, where she spent several hours.

Intelligence of his daughter's good deeds did not, so often as before, reach the old baron's ears; and yet Nina drew as much money as before, and had twice asked to have the sum doubled. The father could not understand the meaning of all this. He did not believe that any thing was wrong—he had too much confidence in Nina—but he was puzzled. We will briefly apprise the reader of the cause of this change.

One day—it was nearly a year from the time Nina had become a constant visiter at Blanche Delebarre's—the young lady sat reading a book in the matron's cottage. She was alone—Blanche having gone out to visit a sick neighbor at Nina's request. A form suddenly darkened the door, and some one entered hurriedly. Nina raised her eyes, and met the gaze of a youthful stranger, who had paused and stood looking at her with surprise and admiration. With more confusion, but with not less of wonder and admiration, did Nina return the stranger's gaze.

"Is not this the cottage of Blanche Delebarre?" said he, after a moment's pause. His voice was low and musical.

"It is," replied Nina. "She has gone to visit a sick neighbor, but will return shortly."

"Is my mother well?" asked the youth.

Nina rose to her feet. This, then, was Pierre Delebarre, of whom his mother had so often spoke. The heart of the maiden fluttered.

"The good Blanche is well," was her simple reply. "I will go and say to her that her son has come home. It will make her heart glad."

"My dear young lady, no!" said Pierre. "Do not disturb my mother in her good work. Let her come home and meet me here—the surprise will add to the pleasure. Sit down again. Pardon my rudeness—but are not you the young lady from the castle, of whom my mother so often writes to me as the good angel of the village? I am sure you must be, or you would not be alone in my mother's cottage."

Nina's blushes deepened, but she answered without disguise that she was from the castle.

A full half hour passed before Blanche returned. The young and artless couple did not talk of love with their lips during that time, but their eyes beamed with a mutual passion. When the mother entered, so much were they interested in each other,

that they did not hear her approaching footstep. She surprised them leaning toward each other in earnest conversation.

The joy of the mother's heart was great on meeting her son. He was wonderfully improved since she last saw him—had grown several inches, and had about him the air of one born of gentle blood, rather than the air of a peasant. Nina staid only a very short time after Blanche returned, and then hurried away from the cottage.

The brief interview held with young Pierre sealed the maiden's fate. She knew nothing of love before the beautiful youth stood before her—her heart was as pure as an infant's—she was artlessness itself. She had heard him so often spoken of by his mother, that she had learned to think of Pierre as the kindest and best of youths. She saw him, for the first time, as one to love. His face, his tones, the air of refinement and intelligence that was about him, all conspired to win her young affections. But of the true nature of her feelings, Nina was as yet ignorant. She did not think of love. She did not, therefore, hesitate as to the propriety of continuing her visits at the cottage of Blanche Delebarre, nor did she feel any reserve in the presence of Pierre. Not until the enamored youth presumed to whisper the passion her presence had awakened in his bosom, did she fully understand the cause of the delight she always felt while by his side.

After Pierre had been home a few weeks, he ventured to explain to his mother the cause of his unexpected and unannounced return. He had disagreed with his uncle, who, in a passion, had reminded him of his dependence. This the high-spirited youth could not bear, and he left his uncle's house within twenty-four hours, with a fixed resolution never to return. He had come back to the village, resolved, he said, to lead a peasant's life of toil, rather than live with a relative who could so far forget himself as to remind him of his dependence. Poor Blanche was deeply grieved. All her fond hopes for her son were at an end. She looked at his small, delicate hands, and slender proportions, and wept when she thought of a peasant's life of hard labor.

Many weeks did not pass before Nina made a proposition to the mother, that relieved, in some measure, the painful depression under which she labored. It was this. Pierre had, from a child, exhibited a decided talent for painting. This talent had been cultivated by the uncle, and Pierre was, already, quite a respectable artist. But he needed at least a year's study of the old masters, and more accurate instruction than he had yet received, before he would be able to adopt the painter's calling as one by which he could take an independent position in society as a man. Understanding this fully, Nina said that Pierre must go to Florence, and remain there a year, in order to perfect himself in the art, and that she would claim the privilege of bearing all the expense. For a time, the young man's proud spirit shrunk from an acceptance of this generous offer; but Nina and the mother overruled all his objections, and almost forced him to go.

It may readily be understood, now, why Nina ceased to render accurate accounts of her charitable expenditures to her father. The baron entertained not the slightest suspicion of the real state of affairs, until about a year afterward, when a fine looking youth presented himself one day, and boldly preferred a claim to his daughter's hand. The old man was astounded.

"Who, pray, are you," he said, "that presume to make such a demand?"

"I am the son of a peasant," replied Pierre, bowing, and casting his eyes to the ground, "and you may think it presumption, indeed, for me to aspire to the hand of your noble daughter. But a peasant's love is as pure as the love of a prince; and a peasant's heart may beat with as high emotions."

"Young man," returned the baron, angrily, "your assurance deserves punishment. But go—never dare cross my threshold again! You ask an impossibility. When my daughter weds, she will not think of stooping to a presumptuous peasant. Go, sir!"

Pierre retired, overwhelmed with confusion. He had been weak enough to hope that the Baron Holbein would at least consider his suit, and give him some chance of showing himself worthy of his daughter's hand. But this repulse dashed every hope to the earth.

As soon as he parted with the young man, the father sent a servant for Nina. She was not in her chamber—nor in the house. It was nearly two hours before she came home. When she entered the presence of her father, he saw, by her countenance, that all was not right with her.

"Who was the youth that came here some hours ago?" he asked, abruptly.

Nina looked up with a frightened air, but did not answer.

"Did you know that he was coming?" said the father.

The maiden's eyes drooped to the ground, and her lips remained sealed.

"A base-born peasant! to dare—"

"Oh, father! he is not base! His heart is noble," replied Nina, speaking from a sudden impulse.

"He confessed himself the son of a peasant! Who is he?"

"He is the son of Blanche Delebarre," returned Nina, timidly. "He has just returned from Florence, an artist of high merit. There is nothing base about him, father!"

"The son of a peasant, and an artist, to dare approach me and claim the hand of my child! And worse, that child to so far forget her birth and position as to favor the suit! Madness! And this is your good Blanche!—your guide in all works of benevolence! She shall be punished for this base betrayal of the confidence I have reposed in her."

Nina fell upon her knees before her father, and with tears and earnest entreaties pleaded for the mother of Pierre; but the old man was wild and mad with anger. He uttered passionate maledictions on the head of Blanche and her presumptuous

son, and positively forbade Nina again leaving the castle on any pretext whatever, under the penalty of never being permitted to return.

Had so broad an interdiction not been made, there would have been some glimmer of light in Nina's dark horizon; she would have hoped for some change—would have, at least, been blessed with short, even if stolen, interviews with Pierre. But not to leave the castle on any pretext—not to see Pierre again! This was robbing life of every charm. For more than a year she had loved the young man with an affection to which every day added tenderness and fervor. Could this be blotted out in an instant by a word of command? No! That love must burn on the same.

The Baron Holbein loved his daughter; she was the bright spot in life. To make her happy, he would sacrifice almost any thing. A residence of many years in the world had shown him its pretensions, its heartlessness, the worth of all its titles and distinctions. He did not value them too highly. But, when a peasant approached and asked the hand of his daughter, the old man's pride, that was smouldering in the ashes, burned up with a sudden blaze. He could hardly find words to express his indignation. It took but a few days for this indignation to burn low. Not that he felt more favorable to the peasant—but less angry with his daughter. It is not certain that time would not have done something favorable for the lovers in the baron's mind. But they could not wait for time. Nina, from the violence and decision displayed by her father, felt hopeless of any change, and sought an early opportunity to steal away from the castle and meet Pierre, notwithstanding the positive commands that had been issued on the subject. The young man, in the thoughtless enthusiasm of youth, urged their flight.

"I am master of my art," he said, with a proud air. "We can live in Florence, where I have many friends."

The youth did not find it hard to bring the confiding, artless girl into his wishes. In less than a month the baron missed his child. A letter explained all. She had been wedded to the young peasant, and they had left for Florence. The letter contained this clause, signed by both Pierre and Nina:—

"When our father will forgive us, and permit our return, we shall be truly happy—but not till then."

The indignant old man saw nothing but impertinent assurance in this. He tore up the letter, and trampled it under his feet in a rage. He swore to renounce his child forever!

For the Baron Holbein, the next twelve months were the saddest of his life. Too deeply was the image of his child impressed upon his heart, for passion to efface it. As the first ebullitions subsided, and the atmosphere of his mind grew clear again, the sweet face of his child was before him, and her tender eyes looking into his own. As the months passed away, he grew more and more restless and unhappy. There was an aching void in his bosom.

Night after night he would dream of his child, and awake in the morning and sigh that the dream was not reality. But pride was strong—he would not countenance her disobedience.

More than a year had passed away, and not one word had come from his absent one, who grew dearer to his heart every day. Once or twice he had seen the name of Pierre Delebarre in the journals, as a young artist residing in Florence, who was destined to become eminent. The pleasure these announcements gave him was greater than he would confess, even to himself.

One day he was sitting in his library, endeavoring to banish the images that haunted him too continually, when two of his servants entered, bearing a large square box in their arms, marked for the Baron Holbein. When the box was opened, it was found to contain a large picture, enveloped in a cloth. This was removed and placed against the wall, and the servants retired with the box. The baron, with unsteady hands, and a heart beating rapidly, commenced removing the cloth that still held the picture from view. In a few moments a family group was before him. There sat Nina, his lovely, loving and beloved child, as perfect, almost, as if the blood were glowing in her veins. Her eyes were bent fondly upon a sleeping cherub that lay in her arms. By her side sat Pierre, gazing upon her face in silent joy. For only a single instant did the old man gaze upon this scene, before the tears were gushing over his cheeks and falling to the floor like rain. This wild storm of feeling soon subsided, and, in the sweet calm that followed, the father gazed with unspeakable tenderness for a long time upon the face of his lovely child, and with a new and sweeter feeling upon the babe that lay, the impersonation of innocence, in her arms. While in this state of mind, he saw, for the first time, written on the bottom of the picture—"NOT GREAT, BUT HAPPY."

A week from the day on which the picture was received the Baron Holbein entered Florence. On inquiring for Pierre Delebarre, he found that every one knew the young artist.

"Come," said one, "let me go with you to the exhibition, and show you his picture that has taken the prize. It is a noble production. All Florence is alive with its praise."

The baron went to the exhibition. The first picture that met his eyes on entering the door was a counterpart of the one he had received, but larger, and,

in the admirable lights in which it was arranged, looked even more like life.

"Is n't it a grand production?" said the baron's conductor.

"My sweet, sweet child!" murmured the old man in a low thrilling voice. Then turning, he said abruptly—

"Show me where I can find this Pierre Delebarre."

"With pleasure. His house is near at hand," said his companion.

A few minutes' walk brought them to the artist's dwelling.

"That is an humble roof," said the man, pointing to where Pierre lived, "but it contains a noble man." He turned away, and the baron entered alone. He did not pause to summon any one, but walked in through the open door. All was silent. Through a neat vestibule, in which were rare flowers, and pictures upon the wall, he passed into a small apartment, and through that to the door of an inner chamber. It was half open. He looked in. Was it another picture? No, it was in very truth his child; and her babe lay in her arms, as he had just seen it, and Pierre sat before her looking tenderly in her face. He could restrain himself no longer. Opening the door, he stepped hurriedly forward, and, throwing his arms around the group, said, in a broken voice—"God bless you, my children!"

The tears that were shed; the smiles that beamed from glad faces; the tender words that were spoken, and repeated again and again; why need we tell of all these? Or why relate how happy the old man was when the dove that had flown from her nest came back with her mate by her side? The dark year had passed, and there was sunshine again in his dwelling, brighter sunshine than before. Pierre never painted so good a picture again as the one that took the prize—that was his masterpiece.

The young Baron Holbein has an immense picture gallery, and is a munificent patron of the arts. There is one composition on his walls he prizes above all the rest. The wealth of India could not purchase it. It is the same that took the prize when he was but a babe and lay in his mother's arms. The mother who held him so tenderly, and the father who gazed so lovingly upon her pure young brow, have passed away, but they live before him daily, and he feels their gentle presence ever about him for good.

SONNET.

THERE moved a beauteous form on easy wing,
Chanting through Nature a melodious song;
Borne on the breeze I heard it softly sing,
And 'mong the vocal woods its strains prolong:
It floated on the rose's sweet perfume—
With melody inspired the vernal streams,
And, like an angel, decked with golden plume,

It shone reflected in the sun's bright beams.
As wishfully I gazed upon its charms,
Unconsciously it near me softly stole,
And, sweetly smiling, cast its magic arms
With bliss transporting round my youthful soul.
I asked its name—"LOVE," was the answer given—
"I came to minister delight—my home is yonder Heaven."

THE BUILDERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, nor low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care

Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.
Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.
Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky

OLIVIA.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Down where tall and saintly poplars
Grow along a grassy lane,
Stands a mansion old and lonely,
Gray with mould, and open only
To the gusty wind and rain.
Round the porch long vines are trailing
With the webs that fan the gust;
Overgrown with honeysuckles
Is the door whose brazen knuckles
Hang engloved in dust and rust.
And a sleepy silver river
Through the silent meadow flows.
Sweeping toward the distant city,
And it seems to murmur pity
As it seems to dream of woes.
Down beneath the aged willow,
Down beside the garden-gate,
Sat Olivia, sighing, weeping,
For her lover, lonely, keeping
Weary watch, and watching late.
In the sunny days now numbered
With the days that fill the Past,
With that weeping tree above her,
Proudly spake she to her lover
Words of scorn—to him the last.
Word of scorn, and spoken proudly,
Not the meanest brook o'er well:
Word of scorn! say, who may bear it?
Not the glowing noble spirit,
Though from angel lips it fell!
With a heart as proud as ever,
She returned his cold adieu;

In his boat she saw him sitting,
Watched him toward the city flitting,
Swiftly flitting from her view.
When beneath the distant bridges
She beheld no more his sail,
Gazing still adown the river
Her pale lip began to quiver
And her heart began to fail.
Years went by. Beneath that willow
Still she gazed toward the town;
Gazed toward the gilded steeple,
Or beheld the joyous people
In their boats float up and down.
There she sat till reason left her—
There she sat in her despair.
Sadly singing, sighing, grieving,
Gazing ghost-like—slowly weaving
Willow tendrils in her hair.
Down beneath the crowded bridges,
When the day was in the wane,
With gay songs and laughter hearty,
Sailed a brilliant bridal party,
Jesting, singing all amain.
But the bridegroom by his lady
Mutely gazed upon the tide
Till he saw the wave was laden
With the white form of a maiden!—
Saw her tresses floating wide.
Still he gazed until her features
Gleamed amid the waters dim,
But ere burst his cry of wonder
She sunk down forever under,
Sunk unseen by all but him!

REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT ABROAD.

Paris, April 30, 1846.

MY DEAR GRAHAM,—Well, thank Heaven! this is the last letter I will write to you, for some time, from this far-famed capital. Whatever pleasures others may find in it, I have no hesitation in saying, few Americans of a correct mind will wish to stay in it. I, for one, cannot get reconciled to French manners, and still less to the French mode of thinking and acting. Before the Revolution there was at least something agreeable in French politeness, in the chivalrous bearing of the higher classes, and in a species of romanticism which agreed well with a fiery temper and an ardent love of national renown. Since then the French people have gone through every species of political and social torture that can well be tried on man, and the consequence is a state of moral anarchy and a dissolution of principle such as the world has perhaps never witnessed before.

In politics the French to this day are not much further advanced than in 1789. The question is still, Who is to govern, and how is it to be done? Every lover of liberty in France is so exceedingly jealous of his mistress, that he would, from pure affection, lock her up, in order not to see her defiled by others. No matter *what* principles a Frenchman professes—whether he be ultra liberal, or ultra monarchical—one thing you may always be sure of, viz. that he is ready to support his doctrine by force of arms; for the idea of coercion is inseparable from his idea of government. The French are, in this respect, true Mussulmans in politics, and all new prophets, ready to propagate their faith by fire and sword. But I have no idea of writing you a political letter, and will, therefore, confine myself to manners.

These, as I have already informed you, have undergone a serious change compared to former times. During the period of Louis XIV. and XV. it was only the nobility that set the example of profligacy; the *roués* of the present day are principally to be found among the high *bourgeoisie*—the *haute volée*, as the French call it, of the financial classes. This, of course, strips vice of its attractions—of the taste and ornamental gilding with which the old nobility were in the habit of surrounding it. There is at this moment not even the semblance of devotion, assiduity, or romance either in the virtuous or tolerated relations of the sexes. The cavaliers of the stock exchange have no time to throw away on women, and would not lose their credit among the bulls and bears by being called “weak.” They treat women as things to be bought and sold even in marriage; and, like all men who have an aversion to shopping, prefer those articles which have their prices affixed to them. If a man have more than an ordinary degree of romance in his composition let him come to Paris to be disenchanting; no other place will do it half so well, nor in half so short a time. Let him, above all things, frequent nothing but the *best* society, and no matter how green he may be, he will, after a few revolutions, come out as dry and as hard as a China basket. English society may leave you cold and cheerless; the French puts you first into an oven to bake you into crust, and then places you on a shelf to become stale.

In former times the French endeavored at least to affect *bonhomie*, and, by dint of practice, really succeeded in acquiring the virtue. But Louis Philippe has introduced English manners in Paris, which, as they have no historical origin among the people, and no meaning that is national, fit them like garments bought at a shop-shop. The great English character that is now imitated in France is Squire Western. Fox-hunting, horse-racing, and gambling at the clubs, are the modern gentlemanly vices of Frenchmen; but in spite of the lately published translations of Clarissa Harlowe, and Shakespeare's tragedies, the French do not seem to be cut out for sentimental novels or romantic literature. Steam-boats and beef-steaks have made the tour of the world; but the genius which presides over the national literature of a people can only be transplanted by colonization.

Imagine a French gentleman, dressed in a coat cut after the most approved fashion of an English pea-jacket, entering the *boudoir* of a lady, with measured tread coming up close to the sofa, without bowing, then stretching out his hand to touch her gloved fingers, which she coldly suffers to glide over his, as he formally inquires after her health. Without waiting for an answer he drops down into an arm-chair, runs his fingers through his hair, then affects to gape, and stammers, “A very disagreeable day this! I presume, madam, the weather don't affect you?” So you see the French ape the English even in their complaints about wind and rain, which I might pardon them for if they did not carry their absurd imitations to a Mackintosh dangling to their arms, and an umbrella on a fine sunny morning. Till lately the English language was the only one in which polite conversation could be carried on in incoherent sentences; but the French are closely treading on the heels of their British neighbors—at least in the Chamber of Deputies. The French language is, from its nature, exceedingly clear and concise, and on that account unfavorable to poetry. But it abounds in social distinctions, which are now, as useless rubbish, thrown overboard, to make room for “the positive”—the more significant quotation of prices. The young men are, in this respect, even determined to outdo the old; for it is a proof of early understanding to attend to money matters, and of juvenility to bestow attention on women. And, indeed, I would rather see them pay attention to stocks: their assiduities to women being, for the most part, of a highly offensive or insipid character. Rudeness is classical by the side of conceit, and, to a sensible woman, even less offensive.

As to comforts, let no American imagine he will find any in Paris. The French are not prepared for them. They are comfortable when they are amused, and require for their amusement very different things from those which make our people happy and contented. French comfort consists in having small families, few relations and many acquaintances, whom they see once a week at home, and six times a week out of their houses. The *salon* takes the place of the domestic fire-side; a truly French domestic fire-side consists of a heap of ashes, with a fagot carefully placed on a pair of andirons, lit up at both ends. It

is in France where a man may study the economy of life—the adaptation of man to circumstances. The great national luxury is idleness, and it is astonishing what scientific privations a Frenchman will submit to in order to enjoy it. Our people delight in labor, and take pleasure in the consequent accumulation of fortune: the French accumulate by saving or marriage; their problem of life is to live happily on a small income. Above all things the French enjoy living in Paris; the country and the provinces having no charms to them. It is the *tout ensemble* of Parisian artists, authors, politicians and men of family, joined to the hundred public exhibitions in every department of science, taste or industry, which constitutes the world of a Frenchman. He has no other country but Paris; when he speaks of France, he means the capital. The misery of a Frenchman consists in being obliged to be regular—to get up at a certain hour, to breakfast at a given time, to dine when a bell rings, or to be obliged to be at a certain place at an appointed time. He that is obliged to do that, or any one of these things, considers himself a slave. To be free is to have no task, or rather no duty, whatever to perform. Their marriages are often unhappy, because they are *obliged* to love, honor and respect their wives, which a Frenchman considers an encroachment on his liberty. That this love of freedom degenerates into the most disgusting selfishness, follows from its very definition. Thus the French, who breakfast, dine, live and all but sleep in public, have far less *public spirit* than the Americans, or even English; for public spirit consists in accommodating oneself to others. This the French will never do, and hence their social habits, whatever people may think of them, unfit them totally for liberal institutions.

This fear of labor—and especially of regular labor—is the reason why the French are such bad colonists. They are not equal to the task of first settlers on a virgin soil. They are so much accustomed to a gregarious life—to living together in towns and villages—they depend so much for their comfort on their *demi-tasse* and a chat after dinner, that real, solitary agricultural labor is the last thing they resort to before they commit suicide. They would infinitely prefer the precarious existence of a soldier, a huntsman, or a wild Arab, to the monotony of a regular occupation; which explains their capacity for conquest, and their little talent for civilizing the conquered. Some say the French are admirable for the *finish* of things; but I have not been able to perceive it. The term “varnish” would be much more applicable. If by “finish” is meant the appearance, agreeable form, color and tastefulness of an object, the French may, perhaps, be said to possess or give it in a high degree; but if by “finish” be meant the perfect agreement and mutual adaptation of all parts to each other, and to the whole, then the French assuredly do not finish things as well as ourselves. I have examined thousands of pieces of furniture, and pronounce not *one* of them as well made as in Philadelphia. The outside is agreeable and tasteful and well polished; but I never found a drawer that fitted easily and yet closely, I never saw joints well worked—in short, I saw nothing *finished* except what struck the eye. Above all things, I never saw an article made of seasoned wood, unless it was made to order, (and even then there was very great uncertainty about it;) for the French trades-people, like their cooks, rely on their skill more than on the substantial qualities of the raw material. They are, in this respect, quite the reverse of the Prince of Wales, who, speaking of Sir Robert Peel’s father, “preferred the raw material to the manufactured article.” I have seen few French articles that would bear close inspection: the cut is always superior to the workmanship, the design to the execution. Their carpenter’s and joiner’s work is much inferior to

ours, their tables, chairs, sofas, &c., are far less substantial, and I have seldom slept in France except on a creaking bedstead! This want of agreement and mutual adaptation of all the parts to the whole and to each other, which applies to moral things as it does to physical, explains the difficulties they meet in organizing complicated machines of state; they have the genius to plan, but not the patience to execute. In the midst of some great event, like the battle of Waterloo, something will be found out of joint, and then the whole cumbrous body comes with one fell swoop to the ground.

The Boulevards of Paris are the great *Corso*, thronged from early in the morning till late at night, that is, till the closing of the theatres, after which (about half past eleven) they, and of course all other streets, are infinitely more quiet than Broadway, in New York, or even Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia. If you happen after that hour to be found in a coffee-house, the saving *cafetier* will put out the gas, give you a small wax candle to read by, and look so pitiful—calculating the small balance between the profits on half a cup of coffee and the cost of the wax—that you cannot resist his silent entreaties to leave him alone. Each moment that you remain sees his profits diminish as the candle waxes smaller, and if he be not a man of the most uncommon fortitude, he will ask the waiter to inform you, politely of course, though substantially in the most impertinent manner, that he is about “to shut up.”

The walking on the Boulevards, in day time, I have often found very disagreeable, in the which I am perhaps singular, from my regular business habits. I cannot bear this unsteady, slow, incoherent walk on the part of men. I have no objection to see young girls, or even women, stop before every shop-window to look at the fashions; but I despise it in men, especially in old young men with painted whiskers and mustaches. Wo to the man who is in a hurry on the Boulevards. It is impossible for him to get along without being jostled in every direction, and without stepping a hundred times out of the straight line of his course in order to pass those who walk before him. Occasionally he may follow for a minute or so in the wake of a person before him; but the next jeweler’s shop brings that person to a stand, and he is obliged to circumnavigate him. Sometimes the mere presence of a pretty shopwoman will attract crowds which require the interference of the police to make the sidewalks passable. You see everywhere that the people you meet are no self-directing agents, but strollers at random in search of ideas. How different is all this in New York, where you can see in men’s faces what they are after, and how the one leading idea holds all the rest captive! Even the lower classes of France participate in these idle habits. I never saw an *ouvrier* in a hurry, as if his time were measured out to him, or as if he himself had a correct appreciation of its value. Having, for the most part, no hope of accumulating a fortune, he is, at least, determined to imitate the rich in their enjoyment of leisure.

Speaking of handsome shop women, I must mention the case of a girl who is the *dame de comptoir* at the *Café Frascati*, corner of the Boulevards and the Rue Richelieu. This woman attracts day and night some hundreds of people of all sexes, who admire her beauty at the doors and windows of the establishment. At first two soldiers were required to keep the door free and admit of the free egress and ingress of the guests; now that the novelty has somewhat subsided, a stout porter answers the purpose, assisted on Sundays by an able-bodied friend of the house. I had some curiosity to peep in, not to see her, but to observe that which others admired. On entering the coffee-house, I saw a young woman, dressed within an inch of the

freezing point; her shoulders slightly covered with Brabant lace, short sleeves, long white gloves, with a large diamond ring (a *marquise*) on the fore-finger of her right hand, (over the glove of course,) with a pen in her hand, engaged in the important business of marking the number of cups of coffee the several waiters became indebted for to the landlord. She was as placid and tranquil in the pursuit of her occupation, as if she had no idea of being the cause of so much public disturbance, and behaved, I am bound to say, with the most scrupulous propriety. No one dared approach her, or allow a remark referring to her, to escape his lips; but all eyes were fixed upon her as if they had been enchanted by a snake. And what was it after all? A clear white face—a rare thing among the lemon-colored beauties of France—smooth, black, but not plentiful hair, pretty but unmeaning eyes, good teeth, a very bad short neck, with straight, thick shoulders, (in themselves sufficient to spoil the most beautiful form) thin bony arms, with the joints actually protruding, but artistically set off with flounces—that was the woman who very nearly produced an *émouv* in Paris. On a fine afternoon in Broadway, Chestnut street, or Pennsylvania Avenue, (not even to mention Baltimore!) you meet a thousand such, and hundreds that are more critically handsome. The general fault of French women is that they are dumpy—a beautiful Juno-like form being almost as rare an occurrence as fidelity among their admirers. Neither are they as well rounded off as the English, or as poetically symmetrical as the American. I believe that the state of continued excitement in which they live, their mode of living, and their want of substantial diet, give them less of that exuberance of health which is depicted on the milk and strawberry faces which we, unsophisticated admirers of nature, love to look at, and less of that hazel or blue-eyed transparency of the eye, through which the soul looks in its majestic simplicity, than we are accustomed to see at home.

I have heard it stated over and over again that the French intellect was quicker than the Saxon, and that the vivacity of the French is an offset to their inferior beauty. I believe the error arises from a want of proper definition. The Saxon intellect is not inferior to any in the world, and the French is very far from being able to boast of any intrinsic superiority in that respect. The French possess a quicker conception than the people of Saxon origin; but the Italians and Spaniards possess that quickness of perception and all that flows from it, in a still more eminent degree. And between quickness of perception and greatness of intellect there is, in my opinion, an immense difference. All that appertains to taste is unquestionably dependent on quickness of perception, since taste may, in a certain manner, be called the feeling of propriety; but that is not yet referring things to their highest standard. Quickness of perception is not always coupled with imagination, nor with that creative genius which draws for its works from its own inexhaustible resources. The French, thus far, have been no great inventors, nor have they shown very great skill in the application of known principles. On that great platform where stand the benefactors and lights of the human race, there are, after all, but very few Frenchmen, unless we count among these the destroyers of their kind—great chieftains and conquerors. The French have produced few great painters, very few great musicians, no very considerable architects, and no very great sculptors. As regards science, they are remarkably industrious, and the organization of their institutions of learning, crowded together in one great city, produce a dazzling brilliancy well calculated to impose on other nations. But even here we miss the inventive genius—the patience of observation and the originality of thought.

The French are very ingenious in formulating ideas, but not in generating them; they have made few discoveries in astronomy, but they are excellent mathematicians; they applied themselves to ciphering after the English and Germans had discovered the laws of universal gravity, and they formed tables of chemical equivalents, after Sir Humphrey Davy and Berzelius had terminated their quarrel about the mineral bases of salts. They applied “the finish” to sciences, after the ground-work was done by more industrious, though perhaps a less ingenious people. Mind, after all, does not only consist in the power of receiving and accumulating impressions; but in the faculty of the soul to shut itself up and elaborate them patiently. They have not evinced a capacity greater than that of the Saxons. They have a certain directness of mind—a tact in argument, and a fortunate routine of thinking, which save them from the metaphysical errors of the Germans; but they lack depth of sentiment, and, above all things, reverence for truth. The lack of the latter quality is the national foible of the French nation. The plain Saxon term “lying,” so fraught with infamy of meaning in English, suffers in France so many artistical embellishments, that the hideousness of the vice is almost concealed under its ample drapery. A man who merely amplifies is called *un brodeur*, (an embroiderer,) a man who skillfully perverts the meaning of sentences is *un homme fin et adroit*, (an acute, clever man,) and he who conceals truth is a diplomat, or at least capable of becoming one. I prefer our plain uneducated habits of calling a cat a cat, and a liar a liar, no matter whether he embroiders, invents, perverts, or conceals the truth.

What I most envy the Parisians for, is their *conservatory of music*, the most remarkable musical reunion not only in Paris, but probably in the world. I have heard better choruses and vocal music in my day and generation; but instrumental music none. The audience, too, is a thoroughly artistical one, rewarding every effort with its applause, and punishing every mistake by dignified silence. I have heard the great *Septuor* of Beethoven performed by forty violins as one instrument, with a precision which I would have thought impossible in human performers, and I have there seen common performers in the orchestra, every one of whom might have engaged a solo performance at a common concert. The hall is small, but the orchestra varies from two to five hundred. As one of the greatest improvements, which might well be recommended to our polite in all countries, I consider the practice of tuning the instruments where the discordant sounds are not heard by the audience. This practice of whetting a man's appetite by filing his teeth, of which, if I mistake not, I have already spoken in a previous letter, is one of the most annoying things at a concert-room—as well might you be led into the kitchen before you sit down to dinner.

The attempt on the King's life has given rise to a flood of pamphlets and newspaper articles, on the important question whether the king actually governs in France, or whether he merely rules. I thought these discussions had stopped, but it seems they are revived with new vigor. *Lamennais'* new translation of the Gospel, in which Unitarianism is singularly blended with Communism, I proposed to write about, but have not yet found time to do it. The work rather denotes an epoch than a peculiar bend of the mind; and belongs more to a class than to a particular intellect. The *Seigneur*, a protestant journal published in this city, has written the best review of it, and is, on religious subjects generally, the best periodical now published on the Continent.

I promise you a dose of literary criticisms in my next. So prepare for opium, and let your readers not attempt to read my next letter before they are about to go to bed.



LE FOLLET

PARIS., Boulevard, St. Martin, 61,

*Chaque semaine de 11^{me} Delaporte tout le monde 11 — Angers et Caillard, M. de
 Paris, de Mme Delman, M. de Paris, de Mme de Paris, de Mme de Paris, de
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Graham's Magazine

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The People. By M. Michelet. New York: 1 vol. 12mo.

In this work the individual peculiarities and mental experience of the historian of France are more graphically shown than in any of his other compositions. The book is interesting as a faithful transcript of a most powerful, enthusiastic and imaginative mind, laden deep with the learning of ages, and bringing the whole weight of his genius and acquirements to bear upon one object—the exaltation of France and her people. France fills his imagination; France glows in his blood; France tinges every thought of his intellect. He speaks directly to the heart of the French people—adjoining, warning, encouraging, inspiring—now mourning over their vices, now hymning praises to their virtues—and pouring out his soul in hot and frequent gushes of eloquent enthusiasm, as he lives over the events of their history. The earnestness of the author too often runs into fanaticism, and is calculated at times to provoke a smile, when it urges him to his most portentous fits of national exaggeration. All other countries, England, Germany, America, seem as nothing when compared with France, or rather the capacity of France. His national ardor, however, when it becomes rhodomontade, is the rhodomontade of a man of genius and erudition. It is not mere froth, sparkling and evanescent, but sturdy, downright, fiery eulogy, based on a generalization more or less true, or more or less plausible. France, according to him, has been the teacher and leader of Europe. “From the days of St. Louis, to whom has all Europe—Pope, emperor and kings—come for justice? Who could disown the theological Popedom in Gerson and Bossuet, the philosophical Popedom in Descartes and Voltaire, the political and civil in Cujas and Dumoulin, in Rousseau and Montesquieu? Her laws, which are no other than those of reason, are submitted to by her enemies even. England has just given our civil code to the Island of Ceylon. Rome held the Pontificate of the dark ages, the royalty of the doubtful. France has been the Pontiff of the ages of light. . . . With us has been continued the grand movement of the human race (so clearly defined by languages) from India to Greece, to Rome, and thence to us. The history of all other countries is truncated, ours complete. Take the history of Italy; its latter ages are a blank. Take those of Germany and England; their earliest ages are a blank. Take that of France, and you read the history of the world. . . . She has taught the world to consider fraternal equality, previously deferred to another life, as the law of the present life.” France, he asserts, is the country which has most identified her own interests and destiny with those of humanity. “The national legend [history] of France is one trail of immense, uninterrupted light—a true Milky Way on which the world has ever its eye fixed.”

Perhaps the most interesting portion of Michelet's book is the account he gives of his own life. He represents himself as identified, by birth and feeling, with the people. The conversation of peasants he ranks as instructive beyond all others, except that of men of genius, or men of remarkable learning. He never could learn any thing from the middle class, and with regard to the fashionable, he “never left a drawing-room without finding his heart contracted and colder.” He is indignant at the representa-

tions of France given by the popular novelists; representations which he pronounces one-sided and untrue, and warns his countrymen against libeling themselves. “If we call ourselves despicable,” he says, “Europe is very ready to believe us. Italy, in the sixteenth century, was still a great country. The land of Michael Angelo and Christopher Columbus wanted not for energies: But no sooner had she proclaimed herself miserable and degraded, by the voice of Machiavel, than the world echoed the words, and marched upon her.”

There is an important truth here expressed, not generally admitted. Nations make themselves glorious or contemptible through their literature. Michelet exactly appreciates the error of the French novelists, both artistical and national, in his remark that “they have supposed art lies in the revolting, and believed that its most infallible effects were to be found in moral deformity. To them a vagabond love has seemed more poetical than the domestic affections; robbery than industry; the galleys than the workshop.” Against these paintings of what is strange, fantastic and rare, the exception and not the rule of French life, he, one of the people, one who has lived, suffered and worked with them, enters his solemn protest.

Taking the ground that he who possesses the faculty of devotion, the power of sacrifice, has the best claim to the title of hero, Michelet boldly claims this high quality for the French poor, and gives an account of his own life as an illustration. He details many acts of self-sacrifice on the part of his relatives, and especially by his parents. He was a poor printer's apprentice. Though his small earnings were necessary to the comfort of the family, his thirst for knowledge and his talents so wrought upon his parents, that, destitute as they were, they determined their son should receive an education, and he was sent to college. After struggling desperately and heroically with poverty, and its attendant shames, he contrived at last to complete his education. From that period he seems to have been successful in life. He became a teacher; in 1821 gained a professorship in a college by public competition; in 1827 was chosen professor at the Normal School, which he left in 1837; and in 1838 obtained his present professorship. The slight sketches he gives of a few events in this honorable career, are exceedingly graphic, and evidence the intense vital life which ever glowed in his soul. The picture of himself as a printer's boy, bending immovably over the case, while his imagination reveled in ideal creations—the religious ardor which the first perusal of “The Imitation of Christ” infused into his heart—the scene in his poor home, when his father, without resources, his mother sick and weak, made up their minds that, whatever might happen, he should have learning—the cold, cheerless twelfth of February, when, half-frozen at his room in college, the poverty-stricken student struck his frost-bitten hand on his table, and the vision of himself as the historian of his beloved France burst upon his view—all are given with a beautiful distinctness of portraiture and sentiment. The life he has led is exactly that which a thoughtful reader would divine from the character of his history.

There is something exceedingly touching in the enthusiasm for letters which glows in the writings of some

French authors. D'Alembert, with his motto of Freedom, Truth and Poverty—Thierry pursuing his researches year after year, knowing they would end in blindness, disease and decrepitude; his mind exulting in the thought of his studies, when his hand could not move to chronicle them—Michelet refusing to gain his subsistence by his pen, because he thought that literature was no trade, but a sacred thing, "the luxury of life, the treasured flower of the soul"—are all of the same heroic stamp. With Michelet's energy of purpose and thought there is joined a deep, true heart, full of love. He remarks, in speaking of his illustrious predecessors in history, and the relation that his own work bore to theirs, that they "were grand, brilliant, just, profound; but I loved more;" and he contends that he has marked the end of history, if he has not attained it. "Thierry called it *narration*, and M. Guizot *analysis*. I have named it *resurrection*, and it will retain the name." This name is true, at least, of Michelet's own history. From its bright pages, the very forms of the past start up, "clothed upon" by imagination. The vast burial places of history give up the dead—names of persons become persons, events are represented, not narrated.

The present volume is full of matter for reflection, and strikes off many just and noble thoughts, valuable in themselves, more valuable from their suggestiveness. The wildness of the author's manner, and his intense, all-absorbing nationality, may provoke many, but none can refuse admiration to the nobility of soul that the work exhibits, dashed though it be with so much that is extravagant. As regards national feeling, even Dickens himself would be compelled to admit, that M. Michelet fairly bears the palm from Mr. Jefferson Brick. One hit at ourselves we feel bound to extract. The author pleads warmly for Christian conduct to savages and barbarians, so called, and against the "murderous prejudice for the poor sons of instinct." In this connection he gives the United States the following rhetorical box on the ear: "The Anglo-American traders and puritans, in the density of their unsympathetic ignorance, have trampled upon, famished, and will soon have annihilated these heroic races, [the Indians,] who will leave a void forever upon earth, and a lasting regret to humanity." Lo! the poor Indian!

Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd. Second American Edition, with additional Articles, never before published in this country.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By James Stephen. Philada. Carey & Hart.

These essays are contained in one volume of Carey & Hart's octavo series of the Modern British Essayists. The collection of Talfourd's writings includes all that was published in the duodecimo edition, together with his Speeches on the Copyright Question, his celebrated speech in defence of Moxon, the bookseller, prosecuted as the publisher of Shelley's Poems, and an article on Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, from the Quarterly Review. The additions occupy about fifty closely printed octavo pages. The articles of Stephen are suitable companions to those of Talfourd. They are learned, weighty and deeply meditated essays on historical, theological and literary subjects, written in a style of much fluency and force, and give the results of a whole life of study and thought. Several of them, especially that on Ignatius Loyola, have been mistaken for Macaulay's. The brilliancy of Stephen, however, is dim compared with the flashing fancy and keen, sharp epigram, which light up the style of the latter. He wants Macaulay's energy of will and fiery sensibility. He cannot bear the weight of erudition with such apparent

ease, nor glide and glance over things at so rapid a pace. Besides, he lacks that "noble rage" at meanness and baseness, which urges Macaulay, whenever he deals with a great criminal, to place him on an "eminence of infamy," which shall make him a mark for the hatred or contempt of the world. Stephen is altogether a gentler spirit than the reviewer of Bacon, Frederick, Hastings and Barère. He has, however, much pictorial power and distinctness, and is one of the most valued contributors to the Edinburgh Review. His essays will be found full of knowledge, evincing great fairness and tolerance of spirit, and far, very far, above the average of review articles in point of style and arrangement. The best of these are "Luther and the Reformation," "Life and Times of Richard Baxter," "The Port Royalists," and "Ignatius Loyola and his Associates."

Talfourd's essays are short and numerous, and were written at different periods during the last twenty-five years. They mostly relate to literary subjects. Those on Mackenzie, Godwin, Scott, Maturin, Hazlitt and Wordsworth are the most striking in style, and original and peculiar in matter. Talfourd, as a poet, belongs to the school of Wordsworth, and as a critic, to the school of Coleridge; but he has decided individualities of feeling and thought which preserve him from the charge of imitation. His style, though strongly tinged with mannerism, is rich and sweet, almost to lusciousness, glitters with imagery, and with all its wealth of ornament entitled to the praise of condensation. The spirit that animates his prose is similar to that which gives so much fascination to his verse. It is the prose of a poet, and is laden with beauty. The only thing it lacks to make it truly great, is nerve. The essay on the genius of Wordsworth, is one of the richest pieces of prose composition produced in this century. The style lingers in the memory like music. Considered as an interpretative criticism on Wordsworth's character and poetry, the essay is entitled to a high rank, although it is, perhaps, a little one-sided. We can recollect of no one of Jeffrey's many reviews, which equals it in critical discernment.

The impression the reader obtains of Talfourd's character from his writings, is singularly pleasant. It would be difficult to fix upon that quality in his compositions which, transferred to their parent, places him in our hearts at once, and invests him with peculiar immunities. We never knew but one person who, after reading Talfourd, would not have been delighted to confer a favor upon him. This friendly feeling probably comes from the absence of all spleen in his mind, and the continual presence of a fine appealing spirit of humanity. Though we think that his writings, if so infused into the mind as to give a direction to the taste and intellectual habits, might weaken the intellect with too much sweetness, there are still few authors who win their way into the heart by more legitimate means, or who connect intellectual excellence with moral beauty by a purer and more radiant bond of fancy.

Martyria: a Legend, wherein are contained Homilies, Conversations and Incidents of the Reign of Edward the Sixth. Written by William Mountford, clerk. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 16mo.

There are few religious books, so called, which breathe a finer spirit than this singular volume. The author's mind seems to have meditated deeply on the awful realities of life. In the thoughtful flow of his periods, and the grave, earnest eloquence of particular passages, we are sometimes reminded of the old English prose writers. The work is a "curiosity" of literature, well worth an attentive perusal.



ALFRED B. STREET

ALFRED B. STREET

Truly yours
Alfred B. Street.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XXII.

ALFRED B. STREET.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

At the recent exhibition of pictures by the lamented Inman, in New York, one landscape attracted the eye and interested the feelings of all lovers of the picturesque; and its owner has since received large offers from individuals desirous of possessing such a gem, but very judiciously prizes it too highly to part with it for any sum. It was entitled "Trout Fishing in Sullivan County, N. Y." A beautiful stream gurgles through a romantic cleft in the hills, which are covered with umbrageous verdure, the dark green tint of which contrasts finely with the gray pebbly shore of the rivulet, and the crystal gleam of its water.

The view is characteristic of the scenery amid which the poet whose features grace our present number passed his early days. The beautiful village of Monticello, to which his parents had removed, from Poughkeepsie, when he was fourteen years of age, is situated in a picturesque region of wild hills, smiling valleys and lovely streams. Every thing around bears impress of recent cultivation struggling with the rudeness of primitive Nature. Forests are interspersed, waving in broad grandeur—the plough is guided between unsightly stumps—in all directions the log-hut shows its crouching roof—the fallow fires glisten in the Spring, and the charred trees stand amidst the grain-fields of Autumn. Early association with such a life gave the first scope and impulse to our poet's mind. In the midst of these secluded hills he beheld the phenomena of the Seasons, as they successively unfolded, with the vivid beauty and extreme alternations of our climate. He saw the trophies of the hunter displayed in the streets of the village, and in his vigils he was often serenaded by the distant howl of the wolves. With a mind of quick and true observation, Mr. Street under such circumstances

became a devoted student of Nature, particularly in her wild and uncultivated aspects, and found a delightful resource in embodying his impressions in language.

The years thus passed were eminently favorable to the gradual but vigorous development of his perceptions. His pursuit was that of law, which he studied in his father's office at Monticello, but he began to write as early as the age of eleven, although his first poems appeared three years after in the New York Evening Post, under the signature of Atticus. Among them were "March" and "A Winter Noon," both exhibiting great promise. From this time, in the intervals of his professional labors, which he still continues successfully to prosecute in Albany, Mr. Street has been an admired and prolific contributor to our best annuals and periodicals, and has delivered two very able poems before the Euglossian Society of Geneva and the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Union College. In 1841 the latter college conferred the honorary degree of A. M. upon him. Various compliments of a like nature have been paid him by several of our prominent literary institutions.

Mr. Street is descended on the father's side from a good old Pilgrim stock of the State of Connecticut. His ancestor, the Rev. Nicholas Street, emigrated there from England about two hundred years ago, and was settled as a minister in New Haven in 1659. His son, the Rev. Samuel Street, was for forty-two years pastor of the first church at Wallingford. He was esteemed, in the quaint language of the day, "an heavenly man." The descendants of these two, several of whom also followed the sacred profession, and were amongst the early graduates of Yale, have continued, with the exception of the grandfather of our poet and his family, to reside

in Connecticut. One of them, Augustus Street, Esq., still lives in New Haven.

The subject of the present notice is the son of the late General Randall S. Street, who resided the greater part of his life in the village of Poughkeepsie, county of Dutchess, N. Y. He was the District Attorney of the Third District under the old organization, a major in active service in the late war, and subsequently a Representative of the county in Congress. Mr. Street's maternal grandfather was Andrew Billings, of Dutchess, a major in the Revolutionary army, who was present at the battle of Quebec where Montgomery so gloriously fell. His maternal grandmother was Miss Cornelia Livingston, daughter of James Livingston, of the widely extended family of that name in the State of New York. She married first Mr. Van Kleeck, and at his death became the wife of Major Billings. Mr. Street was born in the village of Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county, N. Y., on the eighteenth day of December, 1811. He there passed through an academical course of education, and at the age of fourteen removed with his family to the village of Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y., where he continued to live until 1839, when he removed to Albany, his present residence. In 1811 he married Miss Elizabeth Weed, daughter of the late Smith Weed, of Albany, a retired merchant of wealth and respectability.

The Foreign Quarterly Review, one of the most distinguished of the English publications, in an article which bears severely upon nearly every other American poet except Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck and Emerson, speaks in the following manner of Mr. Street.

"He is a descriptive poet, and at the head of his class. His pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness; sometimes too wild and diffuse, but always true and healthful. The opening of a piece called the 'Settler,' is very striking.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, lapping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

His poems are very unequal, and none of them can be cited as being complete in its kind. He runs into a false luxuriance in the ardor of his love of nature, and in the wastefulness of a lively, but not large imagination; and like Browne, the author of the 'Pastorals,' he continually sacrifices general truth to particular details, making un-likenesses by the crowding and closeness of his touches. Yet with all his faults his poems cannot be read without pleasure."

A complete and beautiful edition of Mr. Street's poems, in a large octavo volume of more than three hundred pages, was published last autumn by Messrs. Clark & Austin of the city of New York, whose tasteful editions of American poets have been so popular that we understand it is their intention to

follow up the series with others whose writings have not been collected. Upon the publication of Mr. Street's volume, the following criticism appeared in the Democratic Review, and we cannot better impart to the general reader an idea of Mr. Street's mental characteristics, than by transferring it, beautifully written as it is, to our pages. It was originally published anonymously, but is understood to be from the fine and graphic pen of H. T. Tuckerman.

"Extensive circulation is seldom to be hoped for works which appeal so faintly to the practical spirit of our times and people. Yet, did space allow, we should be tempted into a somewhat elaborate argument, to prove that the cordial reception of such books agrees perfectly with genuine utilitarianism. As a people, it is generally conceded that we lack nationality of feeling. Narrow reasoners may think that this spirit is best promoted by absurd sensitiveness to foreign comments or texty alertness in regard to what is called national honor. We incline to the opinion founded on well established facts, both of history and human nature, that the best way to make an individual true to his political obligations, is to promote his love of country; and experience shows that this is mainly induced by cherishing high and interesting associations in relation to his native land. Every well-recorded act, honorable to the state, every noble deed consecrated by the effective pen of the historian, or illustrated in the glowing page of the novelist, tends wonderfully to such a result. Have not the hearts of the Scotch nurtured a deeper patriotism since Sir Walter cast into the furrows of time his peerless romances? No light part in this elevated mission is accorded to the poet. Dante and Petrarch have done much to render Italy beloved. Beranger has given no inadequate expression to those feelings which bind soldier, artisan and peasant to the soil of France. Here the bard can draw only upon brief chronicles, but God has arrayed this continent with a sublime and characteristic beauty; that should endear its mountains and streams to the American heart; and whoever ably depicts the natural glory of America, touches a chord which should yield responses of admiration and loyalty. In this point of view alone, then, we deem the minstrel who ardently sings of forest and sky, river and highland, as eminently worthy of respectful greeting. This merit we confidently claim for the author of these poems. That he is deficient occasionally in high finish—that there is repetition and monotony in his strain—that there are redundant epithets, and a lack of variety in his effusions, we confess, at the outset, is undeniable; and having frankly granted all this to the critics, we feel at liberty to utter his just praise with equal sincerity. Street has an eye for Nature in all her moods. He has not roamed the woodlands in vain, nor have the changeful seasons passed him by without leaving vivid and lasting impressions. These his verse records with unusual fidelity and genuine emotion. We have wandered with him on a summer's afternoon, in the neighborhood of his present residence, and stretched ourselves upon the green-

sward beneath the leafy trees, and can therefore testify that he observes, *con amore*, the play of shadows, the twinkle of swaying herbage in the sunshine, and all the phenomena that make the outward world so rich in meaning to the attentive gaze. He is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine-boughs, are present to our senses. In a foreign land, his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies, but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet. His range is limited; but he has had the good sense not to wander from his sphere, candidly acknowledging that the heart of man has not furnished him the food for meditation, which inspires a higher class of poets. He is emphatically an observer. In England we notice that these qualities have been recognized; his 'Lost Hunter' was finely illustrated in a recent London periodical—thus affording the best evidence of the picturesque fertility of his muse. Many of his pieces, also, glow with patriotism. His 'Gray Forest Eagle' is a noble lyric, full of spirit; his forest scenes are minutely, and, at the same time, elaborately true; his Indian legends and descriptions of the seasons have a native zest which we have rarely encountered. Without the classic elegance of Thomson, he excels him in graphic power. There is nothing metaphysical in his turn of mind, or highly artistic in his style; but there is an honest directness and cordial faithfulness about him, that strikes us as remarkably appropriate and manly. Delicacy, sentiment, ideal enthusiasm, are not his by nature; but clear, bold, genial insight and feeling he possesses to a rare degree; and on these grounds we welcome his poems, and earnestly advise our readers to peruse them attentively, for they worthily depict the phases of Nature, as she displays herself in this land, in all her solemn magnificence and serene beauty."

We extract also a portion of an elaborate and exquisite criticism upon the same volume, which appeared in a late number of the American Review, written by its accomplished editor, George H. Colton.

"The rhymed pieces are of different degrees of excellence. There are quite too many careless lines, and here and there is an accent misplaced, or a heavy word forced into light service; but the rhythm in general runs with an equable and easy strength, the more worthy of regard because so evidently unartificial; and there is often—not in the simply narrative pieces, like 'The Frontier Inroad' or 'Morannah,' but in the frequent minute pictures of Nature—a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding

with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author's mind seemed conscious of playing with them—caught, as it were, from the flitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtle wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles.

"Some liquid lines from 'The Willemoc in Summer' are an example, at once, of Mr. Street's sweetness of versification, in any of the usual rhyming measures, and still more of his minute picturing of Nature.

Bubbling within some basin green
So fringed with fern the woodcock's bill
Scarce penetrates the leafy screen,
Leaps into life the infant rill.

Now pebbly shallows, where the deer
Just bathes his crossing hoof, and now
Broad hollowed creeks that, deep and clear,
Would whelm him to his antlered brow;
Here the smooth silver sleeps so still
The ear might catch the faintest trill,
The bee's low hum—the whirr of wings,
And the sweet songs of grass-hid things.

Blue sky, pearl cloud and golden beam
Beguile my steps this summer day,
Beside the lone and lovely stream,
And mid its sylvan scenes to stray;
The moss, too delicate and soft
To bear the tripping bird aloft,
Slopes its green velvet to the sedge,
Tufting the mirrored water's edge,
Where the slow eddies wrinkling creep
Mid swaying grass in stillness deep.

"Still more exquisite—exquisite in every sense of the word—unquestionable *poetry* is 'The Callikoon in Autumn.' The last verse in particular is of the finest order.

Sleep-like the silence, by the lapse
Of waters only broke,
And the woodpecker's fitful taps
Upon the hollow oak;
And, mingling with the insect hum,
The beatings of the partridge drum,
With now and then a creak,
As, on his flapping wing, the crow
O'er pases, heavily and slow.

All steeped in that delicious charm
Peculiar to our land,
That comes, ere Winter's frosty arm
Kits Nature's icy band;
The purple, rich and glimmering smoke
That forms the Indian Summer's cloak,
When, by soft breezes fanned,
For a few precious days he broods
Amidst the gladdened fields and woods.

See, on this edge of forest lawn,
Where sleeps the clouded beam,
A doe has led her spotted fawn,
To gambol by the stream;
Beside yon mullein's braided stalk
They hear the gurgling voices talk;
While, like a wandering gleam,
The yellow-bird dives here and there,
A feathered vessel of the air.

"So also of a short piece called 'Midsummer;' if an ethereal and dreamy 'landscape' by Cole or Durand is a *painting*, why not this a *poem*?

An August day! a dreamy haze
Fills air and mingles with the skies;
Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,
Bronzing each object where it lies.
Outlines are melted in the gauze
That Nature veils; the fitful breeze
From the thick pine low murmuring draws,
Then dies in flutterings through the trees.

"Another piece of a different style, but equally vivid and felicitous, is the prelude to a scene of 'Skating.' It is impossible not to admire it in every line. It is, by the way, an example almost faultless of measuring the melody by accents, not by syllables.

The thaw came on with its southern wind,
And misty, drizzly rain;
The hill-side showed its russet dress,
Dark runnels seamed the plain;
The snow-drifts melted off like breath,
The forest dropped its load,
The lake, instead of its mantle white,
A liquid mirror showed;
It seemed, so soft was the brooding fog,
So fanning was the breeze,
You'd meet with violets in the grass,
And blossoms on the trees.

"In the use of language, more especially in his blank verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich, and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives, which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equaled, by any poet among us—certainly by none except Bryant. What is more remarkable—quite worthy of note amid the deluge of diluted phraseology bestowed on us by most modern writers—is the almost exclusive use, in his poems, of Saxon words. We make, by no means, that loud objection to Latinisms which many feel called upon to set forth. In some kinds of verse, and in many kinds of prose, they are of great advantage, melioring the diction, enlarging and enriching the power of expression. Unquestionably they have added much to the compass of the English language. This is more, however, for the wants of philosophy than of poetry—unless it be philosophical poetry. For in our language nearly all the strongest and most picturesque words, verbs, nouns, adjectives, are of one and two syllables only; but, also, nearly all such words are of Saxon origin. Descriptive poetry, therefore, to be of any force or felicity, must employ them; and it was this, no doubt, that led Mr. Street—unconsciously, it may be—to choose them so exclusively. For the same reason, Byron, who in power of description is hardly equaled by any other English poet, used them to a greater extent, we believe, than any other 'moulder of verse' since Chaucer, unless we may except Scott in his narrative verse; Wordsworth, on the other hand, whose most descriptive passages have always a philosophical cast, makes constant draft on Latinized words, losing as much in vigor as he gains in melody and compass. In all Mr. Street's poems the reader will be surprised to find scarcely a single page with more than three or four words of other than Saxon derivation. This extraordinary keeping to one only of the three sources of our language—for the Norman-French forms a third—is owing, in great part, to the fact that his poetry is almost purely descriptive; yet not wholly to this, for any page of Thomson's 'Seasons,' or Cowper's 'Task,' will be found to have four times as many. It is certain, at least, that the use of such language has added immensely to the simplicity, strength and picturesque effectiveness of Mr. Street's blank verse; and, as a

general consideration of style, we recommend the point to the attention of all writers, whose diction is yet unformed, though we hold it a matter of far less importance in prose than in poetry.

"It will not be difficult to make good all we have said, by choice extracts, except for the difficulty of choosing. What, for example, could be finer in its way than some passages from 'A September Stroll.'

The thread-like goosamer is waving past,
Borne on the wind's light wing, and to you branch
Tangled and trembling, clings like snowy silk.
The thistle-down, high lifted, through the rich
Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars, and then
Touching the sunshine, flash and seem to melt
Within the dazzling brilliance.

That aspen, to the wind's soft-fingered touch,
Flutters with all its dangling leaves, as though
Beating with myriad pulses.

"Besides this observation, keen as the Indian hunter's, of all Nature's slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where men have once been. For instance, in 'The Old Bridge' and 'The Forsaken Road.' So of a passage in 'The Ambush,' which sinks into the mind like the falling of twilight over an old ruin.

Old winding roads are frequent in the woods,
By the surveyor opened years ago,
When through the depths he led his trampling band,
Startling the crouched deer from the underbrush,
With unknown shouts and axe-blows. Left again
To solitude, soon Nature touches in
Picturesque graces. Hiding, here, in moss
The wheel-track—blocking up the vista, there,
In bushes—darkening with her soft cool tints
The notches on the trees, and hatchet-cuts
Upon the stooping limbs—across the trail
Twisting, in wreaths, the pine's enormous roots,
And twining, like a bower, the leaves above.
Now skirts she the faint path with fringes deep
Of thicket, where the checkered partridge hides
Its downy brood, and whence, with drooping wing,
It limps to lure away the hunter's foot,
Approaching its low cradle; now she coats
The hollow stripped by the surveyor's band
To pitch their tents at night, with pleasant grass,
So that the doe, its slim fawn by its side,
Amidst the fire-flies in the twilight feeds;
And now she hurls some hemlock o'er the track.
Splitting the trunk that in the frost and rain
Asunder falls, and melts into a strip
Of umber dust.

"As the painter of landscapes, however, can never rank among the greatest of painters, so the merely descriptive poet can never stand with the highest in his art. It needs a higher power of the mind, the transforming, the creative. Mr. Street endeavors only the pictures of external things. He rarely or never idealizes Nature; but Nature unidealized never brings a man into the loftier regions of poetry. For the greatest and highest use of material Nature, to the poet, is that she be made an exhaustless storehouse of imagery; that through her multitude of objects, aspects, influences, subtle sources of contrast and comparison, he should illustrate the universe of the unseen and spiritual. This is to be *noîmes*—Maker, CREATOR. It is that strange power of

Imagination bodying forth
The forms of things unknown.

It is to interpret, '*idéatives*' Nature.

"This is what Mr. Street never attempts. He never gives wing to his imagination. He presents to us only what nature shows to him—nothing farther. Or, if he makes the attempt, striking out into broader and sublimer fields, he is not successful. He is not at home, indeed, when describing the grander features of Nature herself, but only as he is picturing her more minute and delicate lineaments. He can give the tracery of a leaf, or the gauze wings of a droning beetle, better than the breaking up of a world in the Deluge, or the majesty of great mountains—

Throning Eternity in icy halls.

A remarkable example of this is the first piece, 'Nature.' Through the first part, where he is describing the Creation, the Deluge, the sublime scenery in parts of the world with which his senses are not actually familiar, his imagination does not sustain itself, and his verse is comparatively lame and infelicitous. But when he comes to the quiet scenes in America, which he has seen and felt, he has such passages as these, passages which, in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth or Bryant never excelled.

"Thus of Spring:—

In the moist hollows and by streamlet-sides
The grass stands thickly. Sunny banks have burst
Into blue sheets of scented violets.
The woodland warbles, and the noisy swamp
Has deepened in its tones.

"And of Summer:—

O'er the branch-sheltered stream, the laurel hangs
Its gorgeous clusters, and the base-wood breathes,
From its pearl-blossoms, fragrance.

But now the wind stirs fresher; darting round
The spider tightens its frail web; dead leaves
Whirl in quick eddies from the mounds; the snail
Creeps to its twisted fortress, and the bird
Crouches amid its feathers. Wafted up,
The stealing cloud with a soft gray blinds the sky,
And in its vapory mantle onward steps
The summer shower; over the shivering grass
It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells
Up in the dimpling stream, and, moving on,
It treats up in the leaves with pattering feet
And a softly murmured music.

"Again in Autumn:—

The beech-nut falling from its opened burr
Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust's song
Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,
Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills
Are full of echoes, and all sounds that strike
Up in the hollow air let loose their tongues.
The ripples, creeping through the matted grass,
Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum
Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,
Like a winged violet, floating in the meek
Pink-colored sunshine, sinks his velvet feet
Within the pillared mullein's delicate down,
And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.
Lazily wings the crow, with solemn creak,
From tree-top on to tree-top. Feebly chirps
The grasshopper, and the spider's tiny clock
Ticks from its crevice.

"How exquisite are these pictures! with what an appreciation, like the minute stealing in of light among leaves, does he touch upon every delicate feature! And, then, in how subtle an alembic of the mind must such language have been crystalized. The '*curiosa felicitas*' cannot be so exhibited except by genius.

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"Mr. Street has published too much: he should have taken a lesson from Mr. Bryant. He constantly repeats himself, too, both in subjects and expression. His volume, therefore, appears monotonous and tiresome to the reader; without retrenchment it can hardly become popular. But we shall watch with much interest to see what he can do in other and higher spheres. Meanwhile, however, we give him the right hand of fellowship and gentle regard, for he has filled a part, at least, of one great department of the field of poetry, with as exquisite a sense, with as fine a touch, with as loving and faithful an eye, heart and pen, as any one to whom Nature has ever whispered familiar words in solitary places."

In addition to the above, we quote a few felicities of thought and expression from the volume before mentioned.

A fresh damp sweetness fills the scene,
From dripping leaf and moistened earth;
The odor of the wintergreen
Floats on the air that now have birth.

The whizzing of the humming-bird's swift wings
Spanning gray glimmering circles round its shape.

When the strawberry ripe and red,
Is nestling at the roots of the deep grass.

The trees seem fusing in a blaze
Of gold dust sparkling in the air.

Merrily hums the tawny bee.

The wind that shows its forest search
By the sweet fragrance of the birch.

The moving shades
Have wheeled their slow half circles, pointing now
To the sunshiny East.

A landscape frequent in the land
Which Freedom with her gifts to bless,
Grasping the axe when sheathing brand,
Hewed from the boundless wilderness.

And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.

Where, grasping with its knotted wreath
Of roots the mound-like trunk beneath,
In brown, wet fragments spread,
A young usurping sapling reigned;
Nature, Mezentius-like, had chained
The living with the dead.

Within the clefts of bushes, and beneath
The thickets, raven darkness frowned, but still
The leaves upon the edges of the trees
Preserved their shapes.

A purple haze,
Blurring hill-outlines, glazing dusky nooks,
And making all things shimmer to the eye.

The sunshine twinkles round me, and the wind
Touches my brow with delicate downy kiss.

Through the dark leaves the low descending sun
Glow, like a spot of splendor from the shade
Of Rembrandt's canvas.

Listen—a murmuring sound arises up;
'Tis the commune of Nature—the low talk
She holds perpetually with herself.

We end our notice with selecting from the volume a poem in a vein somewhat different from Mr. Street's usual descriptive efforts.

THE HARMONY OF THE UNIVERSE.

God made the world in perfect harmony.
Earth, air and water, in its order each,

With its innumerable links, compose
But one unbroken chain; the human soul
The clasp that binds it to His mighty arm.

A sympathy throughout each order reigns—
A touch upon one link is felt by all
Its kindred, and the influence ceaseth not
Forever. The massed atoms of the earth,
Jarred by the rending of its quivering breast,
Carry the movement in succession through
To the extremeest bounds, so that the foot,
Tracking the regions of eternal frost,
Unknowing, treads upon a soil that throbs
With the Equator's earthquake.

The tall oak,
Thundering its fall in Apalachian woods,
Though the stern echo on the ear is lost,
Displaces with its groan the rings of air,
Until the swift and subtle messengers
Bear, each from each, the undulations on
To the rich palace of eternal Spring
That smiles upon the Ganges. Yes, on pass
The quick vibrations through the airy realms,
Not lost, until with Time's last gasp they die.

The craggy iceberg, rocking o'er the surge,
Telling its pathway by its crashing bolts,
Strikes its keen teeth within the shuddering bark
When night frowns black. Down, headlong, shoots the
wreck;
Lost is the vortex in the dashing waves,
And the wild scene heaves wildly as before;
But every particle that whirled and foamed
Above the groaning, plunging mass, hath urged
Its fellow, and the motion thus bequeathed
Lives in the ripple, edging flowery slopes
With melting face-work; or with dimples rings
Smooth basins where the hanging orange-branch
Showers fragrant snow, and then it ruffles on
Until it sinks upon Eternity.

Thus naught is lost in that harmonious chain,
That, changing momentarily, is perfect still.
God, whose drawn breaths are ages, with those breaths
Renews their lustre. So 't will ever be,
Till, with one wave of his majestic arm,
He snaps the clasp away, and drops the chain
Again in chaos, shattered by its fall.

TO MY DAUGHTER LILY.

BY P. P. COOKE, OF VA.

Six changeful years are gone, Lily,
Since you were born, to be
A darling to your mother good,
A happiness to me.
A little shivering feeble thing
You were to touch and view,
But we could see a promise in
Your baby eyes of blue.

You fastened on our hearts, Lily,
As day by day wore by,
And beauty grew upon your cheek,
And deepened in your eye;
A year made dimples in your hands
And plumped your little feet,
And you had learned some merry ways
Which we thought very sweet.

And when the first sweet word, Lily,
Your wee mouth learned to say,
Your mother kissed it fifty times,
And marked the famous day;
I know not even now, my dear,
If it were quite a word,
But your proud mother surely knew,
For she the sound had heard.

When you were four years old, Lily,
You were my little friend,
And we had walks, and nightly plays,
And talks without an end.
You little ones are sometimes wise,
For you are undefiled;
A grave grown man will start to hear
The strange words of a child.

When care pressed on our house, Lily,
Pressed with an iron hand,
I hated mankind for the wrong
Which festered in the land;
But when I read your young, frank face,
Its meanings sweet and good,
My charities grew clear again—
I felt my brotherhood.

And sometimes it would be, Lily,
My faith in God grew cold,
For I saw virtue go in rags,
And vice in cloth of gold;
But in your innocence, my child,
And in your mother's love,
I learned those lessons of the heart
Which fasten it above.

At last our cares are gone, Lily,
And peace is back again,
As you have seen the sun shine out
After the gloomy rain;
In the good land where we were born,
We may be happy still,
A life of love will bless our home—
The House upon the Hill.

Thanks to your gentle face, Lily,
Its innocence was strong
To keep me constant to the right,
When tempted by the wrong.
The little ones were dear to Him
Who died upon the rood;
I ask His gentle care for you
And for your mother good.

SIR HENRY'S WARD.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Continued from page 50.

CHAPTER II.

"Her heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong;
Betrayed too early and beguiled too long;
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot—like that had hardened too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,
But sunk and chilled and petrified at last."

THERE was a stately mansion in Philadelphia, when our troops occupied that city during the Revolution, that contrasted forcibly with the quiet and unostentatious mode of living at that time maintained almost universally by the inhabitants. That house was the residence of Gen. Benedict Arnold. Accustomed as the citizens had become to the expensive habits and brilliant uniform of the British foe, they were unprepared for the almost regal magnificence with which the American general surrounded himself on entering their city. Hitherto, Arnold had only distinguished himself in the battle field, where he was unsurpassed, even by Washington himself, in resolute courage. He had come fresh from a well contested campaign, laden with laurels, to repose upon the glory his prowess had won. And now a startling trait of character developed itself in this man. The torn and struggle-soiled garments in which he had cut a passage through the wilderness of Maine were flung aside. All the previous habits of his life were changed, and from being one of the most efficient generals among those who had struggled and suffered, he sunk at once into a life of sumptuous inactivity. His war-horse was discarded for the elastic cushions of a silken lined chariot. Men in livery stood ready to attend his outgoing and incomings, and haughty lordlings, that had paraded in the public streets but a short time before, made less ostentatious show of their splendor than this republican general, hitherto so brave and self-devoted. Arnold seemed wholly to have forgotten the glory of his previous life, and contented himself to slumber supinely among his laurels where they had fallen around him, fresh from the hearts of a grateful people. His days were spent in convivial feasting, and at night he was lulled to rest by the martial music that had so often kindled his blood for the battle. Still his presence was a novelty, and it required many a deed of neglect and wrong to arouse one feeling of dislike among a people who had received so much good at his hands.

It was a soft June night, early in the month, and just in that sweet season when the blossoms of

spring drop their petals, and are warmed into fruit by the voluptuous breath of summer. The old Penn mansion-house was in a blaze of festive lights, and even the rabble had for once a view of the magnificent furniture that was already beginning to create a murmur of discontent among the republican party. Though none but the *élite* of the city were admitted within the mansion, the windows and doors were all flung open, and the apartments so brilliantly illuminated that a crowd gathered in the street opposite the front entrance, which commanded a full view of the splendid scene going on within.

The mansion front door stood wide open, the deep broad hall forming a vista through which the foliage of a garden was seen, laden with colored lamps and garlanded with flowers, waving and rustling in the balmy night breeze. The music of a military band, stationed somewhere in the depths of the garden, came swelling through the hall, blended with a cloud of perfume, that seemed wreathing around and rolling onward with the music, mellowing and giving it richness.

The fête of the evening had been a subject of fashionable gossip during the ten days preceding it. The exquisite taste displayed by Gen. Arnold in his entertainments, the courteous hospitality which he lavished upon all that was lovely and fashionable among the royalists, as well as those of his own party, made this, his grand entertainment of the season, a subject of public interest scarcely inferior to the excitement previously created by the news of a victory. Though groups of splendidly dressed persons were seen scattered around the rooms, the company had not all arrived, and as carriage after carriage drove up to the entrance, and was disburthened of its lovely freight in the broad light that rendered the air around the mansion luminous as mid-day, the citizens made their comments freely upon the guests.

There was one man who kept upon the skirts of the crowd till, in order to maintain his position in front, he was forced almost into the middle of the street, where the light fell broadly on his features. This man seemed to take unusual interest in the scene. Whenever a new carriage drove up, he would turn an eager and inquisitive glance upon it, scan with his dark sharp eyes the face of each lady as she alighted, and then turn with a dissatisfied air to the next, which underwent a similar scrutiny.

He never spoke, and seemed entirely heedless of the jocose or sullen remarks that were flying freely through the crowd; still he became an object of interest to several of the bystanders, for there was something in his thin features, his keen inquisitive eye, and in the restless discontent of his manner, to attract attention even in a crowd preoccupied and excited as that was.

As the crowd thickened and began to jostle around the solitary man, a female, who had hitherto been lost among numbers, approached him with a cautious air, and putting her arm through his, drew him back from the vivid light shining over him from one of the upper windows.

"The people are observing you," she said, in a low voice. "He might recognize you even from the house if you stand thus alone in this strong light."

"I had forgotten," replied the man, casting a cautious look around, and drawing back into the crowd. "I was afraid of losing a single glance, lest she might pass while my eyes were turned. Have you been on the watch?"

A low and bitter laugh broke from the female, and she answered—"I am never off the watch!"

"He seems anxious also," replied the man, without heeding the bitterness of her tone. "I saw him start forward as the last carriage load came in, and the disappointed look with which he drew back was visible from here. Did you observe it, Laura?"

"I have not looked that way to-night," was the brief reply.

"And yet it is eight years since you have seen him—you—"

The man broke off, for a convulsive motion of the arm in his startled him, and he glanced a look of affright and pity into his companion's face. It was partly concealed by the hood of a large scarlet cardinal, which covered more of her person than was customary with those garments, but that portion of her face visible was pale as death, and he felt that a tremor shook her frame from head to foot.

The man shut his teeth hard, and his eyes gleamed as he turned them from that pale face toward a window in the illuminated mansion, where a fine looking man, in continental uniform, stood conspicuous among a group of guests.

"You shall be revenged, Laura!" he muttered, in a stern under-tone.

"I will!" was the brief and husky rejoinder.

That instant a carriage, in which was an elderly gentleman and a lady, drew up before the mansion, and the two persons we have been describing pressed into the front of the crowd.

"It is them—it is she!" exclaimed the man, so excited that he did not observe the agitation that again convulsed the frame of his companion, and it lasted for a brief moment only, for after closing her eyelids an instant, as if to clear her vision, she turned an unflinching look on the carriage. The gentleman had descended the steps, and was reaching forth his hand toward a young and exceedingly beautiful girl, who stood up in full light while she

composed the skirts of her dress, and removed a veil of black lace that had formed a slight protection to her head in the open carriage.

With a single burning glance the female who had been addressed as Laura took in the whole rare beauty of this lovely girl, who stood up in the carriage longer than was strictly necessary, arranging the veil across her arm, and evidently not displeased with the exclamations at her beauty which now and then reached her from the crowd.

A tall and Juno-like form, robed in snow-white brocade, over a skirt of pale blossom color, and festooned over the bust with rosettes of the same exquisite tint—a neck smooth as the leaves of a white rose, and with the same faint flush upon it, where a single diamond dropped toward the bosom like a star—an arm whose exquisite proportions were shaded by a fall of delicate lace—and features peculiarly sweet in their expression, and Hebe-like in their fresh beauty—met that hating glance.

"Is that the person?" said the female, in a low voice.

"Yes—yes! I have seen her a dozen times," replied the man. "Besides, I know the gentleman to be her father. There!—she is turning her face now—look, that you may remember it again!"

A bitter smile flitted over the female's face, but she did not interrupt him; and, obeying his directions, she once more scanned the beautiful form that was now descending from the carriage. She observed that the lady wore less powder upon her rich chestnut tresses than was the prevailing fashion, and that a tuft of blush roses shaded one delicate temple, and fell across her head in a light wreath, thus softening the masculine appearance given to a forehead, however lovely, from which the tresses were entirely withdrawn.

"You would know her again?" said the man, inquiringly, as the lady passed lightly up the steps, and disappeared in the mansion, leaning upon the arm of her father.

There was no reply, but the man felt the hand resting on his arm fasten upon it like the claw of a hungry bird. He looked in the woman's face. Her hood was thrust back with one hand, and the light lay strong upon her features. Nothing but the forehead was unrevealed. A smile hung upon her white lips, and her eyes gleamed like fire beneath the black shadows that shrouded a forehead that seemed high, and marked with the battle of wounded passions. She was watching that young girl as she glided gracefully through the hall and passed into the reception room. She saw the host move forward with a beaming smile, and high military grace, to meet his tardy guests. She saw—but why do I say this? She saw nothing but a confused panorama of human beings, richly dressed, seeming very happy, and smiling upon each other—for a mist came over her eyes—a faintness fell upon the heart usually so stern and unbending. Though her eyes were fixed upon General Arnold as he led the beautiful girl who had just entered to a seat, and bent over her with a look of devotion that a child might have understood,

the woman only knew that he was before her—he, Benedict Arnold, the lover of her youth—the man—but why should we reveal the secrets of a heart that never took human being into its confidence, save one, and that one the brother to whose arm she was clinging. He knew that Benedict Arnold had been a fireside traitor long before he gave the black page of his after life to American history. Who shall say that the last treason—that against a trusting country, was more base in its deep dishonor, than his more secret and sure wrong to the trusting woman? Nay, was there not something of courage, higher and more daring, in his sin against a country which held the power to inflict death on the detected traitor, than in falsehood to the woman who loved him—when treason to her was a sin at which his fellow men would only have smiled? Is treachery against a human soul, immortal in its existence and perchance in its powers of suffering, of less reproach than treason to a nation of the earth that “passeth away?”

It often happens that a change, or increase of sound, arouses the physical strength as it awakes the mind from slumber. A burst of wild martial music succeeding the plaintive air that had been swelling up from the grounds, aroused the strange woman from the faintness that had crept over her; she recovered herself with a start, and glanced eagerly around, like one who had been in a painful dream. Sweeping a hand across her eyes, as if to clear their vision, she looked toward the house again.

Many of the guests, enticed by the thrilling burst of music that seemed to summon them into the fragrant June night, were sauntering in groups and couples from the drawing-room down the hall and into the garden, while others formed quadrilles within doors. There was one couple, walking more slowly than the rest, that fixed the attention of the female who watched them from the street. The gentleman was in regimentals—the lady in white. For a moment his face was turned toward the anxious gazer as he looked back to address some one behind him. The female bent her eyes upon them till they disappeared down a vista of the garden, and then addressed her brother—

“Now is the time! Come!”

The man obeyed the impulse of her arm, and this strange couple walked off together, sheltering their movements within the outskirts of the crowd. A carriage stood at the nearest corner, with the coachman half asleep upon his seat. He started as the man addressed him, and springing to the ground with the respectful air of a well-bred domestic, let down the steps. The female threw herself back in the carriage, and lifted a hand to her forehead, while her companion placed himself by her side. The coachman stood with the door in his hand, silently waiting for orders.

“You are ill, Laura. Shall we drive down the street for ten minutes? It will give you time to think!” said the man, with deep solicitude in his manner.

“I must not think now—it takes away my strength!” replied the woman, removing her hand and speaking in a low voice. Then turning, she addressed the coachman.

“Drive round the next corner and then to General Arnold’s—no dash, remember! but moderately, without attracting notice.”

She strove to speak calmly, but there was a slight flutter in her voice, and she paused once, as if forgetful of what she wished to say. The man obeyed, and it scarcely seemed a moment before the carriage drew up in front of Arnold’s dwelling, and the lady descended under the scrutiny of the very crowd in which she had mingled but a few moments before. The scarlet cardinal still hung loosely around her person, but there was evidently no concealment intended, for it fell carelessly from her shoulders, revealing the upper portions of a black satin dress, a neck rendered whiter by contrast, and a string of small rubies clasped around the haughty bend of her throat. Her arm, from the elbow down, was only shaded by a deep frill of black lace, save where two or three heavy folds of the cloak fell over it, blending the richly contrasted colors of scarlet and black over its white and rounded beauty.

The gentleman had also flung off an outer garment that had concealed his dress from the crowd, and appeared in a citizen’s coat of black velvet, with silken hose, and gold buckles at the instep and knee strap; snow-white ruffles, of the finest cambric, lay upon his bosom; the same exquisite fabric shading his hands, and the whole dress imparted to his person that quiet gentlemanly air least calculated to attract observation.

Compared to the brilliantly arrayed guests who had preceded them, these two persons, so unostentatious in their appearance and manner, attracted but little observation; and, as the carriage drove instantly away, their arrival was scarcely heeded by any of the gay revelers within the dwelling. The walls were ringing with the tones of a joyous air, and the drawing-room doors were half blocked up with persons eager to witness the graceful intricacies of a new quadrille, just introduced into the country by the royalist officers. With no apparent effort at concealment, the brother and sister walked hastily up the steps—passed down the hall, and into the garden, attracting observation only from the crowd without, by whom they were forgotten the moment the foliage of the garden closed over them.

A little paradise of beauty were the grounds in which these two singular guests found themselves. Half a dozen huge horse-chestnuts were scattered within sight, laden down with massive cone-like blossoms, interspersed here and there with amber-stained lamps, that glimmered through the thick leaves like a luminous fruitage and cast a golden glow on the shrubbery underneath.

Directly in front of the house was a small lawn covered with velvet sward, and partially shadowed by a graceful laburnum that grew near the door and waved its golden and plume-like blossoms over the revelers as they passed in and out of the garden. A

belt of scented violets, verbenas and richly tinted pansies, growing so thickly that their superb colors of scarlet, purple, orange and green seemed matted in a woof, lay around the lawn like the frame-work to a picture. Beyond it swept a broad walk, sown with snow-white gravel, branching off at angles, and gleaming up here and there, like dashes of snow through the luxurious shrubbery. On every hand were flower-beds teeming with blossoms—the delicious heliotrope, the pale white moss-rose, and geraniums of the richest scent—flowers scarcely known in America at that time mingled their breath with a world of more common blossoms. These beds were separated, and rendered picturesque, by rose-thickets heavy with buds, while a few of the earlier kind, varying in tint from a soft warm blush to the deep crimson of the tea-rose, were just bursting into flower, all blended and in beautiful contrast with masses of the snow-ball and syringa branches heavy with cream-white flowers.

A new moon, and a sky sparkling with stars, bent over this little paradise, shedding a soft light upon the dewy branches, but not enough to break up the shadows that slept beneath. But that which Nature failed to do, an exquisite effort of taste had accomplished. The broadest gravel-walk was lined by two stately columns of the Lombardy poplar, and, leaping from tree to tree, down the whole length were massive garlands, wreathed thick with star-like lamps, not in a regular chain, but drooping almost to the earth in one place, and in another coiling around the highest branches in all the fantastic wildness of a natural vine. In the subdued and beautiful light streaming from these massive garlands the revelers were sauntering; some sat on garden-chairs beneath the trees; others paced the gravel walk in gay conversation, while deep in the masses of foliage a few wandered amid the serpentine walks, half veiled in the dewy shadows that enveloped a portion of the grounds, left, perhaps purposely, to sleep in the quiet starlight only.

The brother and sister struck into a winding path which led to these remote shades the moment they entered the garden. No words passed between them, and they hurried forward, their arms interlinked, and keeping in shadow whenever an opportunity offered. At length, when the company was all left behind, they paused beneath a clump of trees that ornamented a remote corner of the garden, and the woman spoke.

"Leave me now, Paul," she said, addressing the man. "I will stay here. He will come hitherward—I feel assured of that. Wait an hour by the laburnum, near the entrance—they will not observe you."

"But, Laura, I cannot bear to leave you quite alone," said the man, anxiously. "This will be a terrible scene for you. Why not allow your brother to remain within hearing?"

"No, Paul—no! I must see him alone—quite alone. If I am weak, no man save he shall witness it—not even my own brother!"

"Be it as you will," replied Paul. "I have pro-

mised not to thwart you in this, and I will keep my pledge. But my heart burns against that man when I think of the new torture you are seeking in this determination to see him. I tell you, sister, it will be only another dash of gall in the bitter cup he has left you to drink! There is no hope in his honor!"

"I did not come here to appeal to his honor," replied the woman, with a smile of bitter anguish—"the past is all unexplained."

"Ah, if you would but rest content that it remains so—or rather—" and the man's fingers were fiercely clutched as he spoke—"or rather that you would release me from this galling promise—this pledge of inactivity, that seems rusting on my heart like a chain!"

"Have patience yet a few hours," replied the woman, laying her hand on his arm, and turning her eyes upon him with a touching look of appeal; "for my sake have patience. After this night, if—he loves me no longer, Paul, I will not plead again."

"I will have patience—I will do nothing that should pain you, my poor girl," replied Paul Benson, in a broken voice. "But tell me, Laura, what can you hope to gain by this interview?"

"I hope to gain certainty, Paul—certainty! For eight years I have been in suspense—that gloomy, harrowing suspense that eats into the heart with a hunger that is never satisfied. To-morrow I shall feel what hope is again, or *know* that he is a villain!"

She spoke with energy, and her manner had that sharp nervous tremor that betrayed all the havoc which strong feelings suppressed for years had made upon a nature peculiarly susceptible. Her brother saw that opposition to her wild plan only increased the excitement to which she was fast yielding, and replied in a soothing tone—

"Every thing shall be as you wish, Laura. Have I not given up my revenge for you?"

"To-morrow—oh, Heaven forbid!—and yet to-morrow I feel that it will be given back to you—this stern right of revenge—and I—I, when he has wrenched the last faint hope from me—"

"Hush! some one is coming. Draw back here—here!" whispered Paul, interrupting her, and seizing her arm he had just time to gain the shelter of an acacia tree, over which a cloud of delicate vines were clinging, when General Arnold came toward the very spot which they had occupied, with a lady leaning on his arm. The light lay full upon his person as he drew near, revealing to the most perfect advantage his fine and robust form, rendered more imposing by a full dress suit of regimentals, finer in texture, and more highly ornamented with gold and buttons than was usual with officers of his rank. A coat of the richest blue, deeply faced with buff, and glittering with gold lace, fell back from his ample chest, exposing a vest of the most delicate buff, rolling back in front just so far as was necessary to reveal the profuse ruffles that lay upon his bosom, and an exquisitely laced cravat flowing over them in gossamer waves; ruffles of the same costly material fell from under the broad cuff of his coat, shading his large white hands, one of which was un-

gloved; buckles blazing with brilliants sparkled at his knees and upon his shoes; and his thick hair, that fell back from a low but broad forehead in glossy waves, was highly dusted with powder. He walked slowly, and his head was bent toward the lady, who moved on with her eyes cast down, and evidently somewhat embarrassed, for the folds of her brocade dress, which for a time had been carefully gathered up in her disengaged hand, escaped from its hold, and was now sweeping the dew from the grass quite unheeded. As her eyes fell upon the advancing couple, Laura turned to her brother, and he saw that her face was pale as marble.

"Your promise, Paul—I must be alone!"

Paul grasped her cold hand, dropped it, and glided down one of the paths that wound through a labyrinth of flowers toward the dwelling.

And now that unhappy woman had her wish. She stood close by the man whom she had loved—still loved so devotedly—she could have reached forth her hand and touched him, for the delicate foliage of a vine alone concealed her from observation.

Arnold had paused by the acacia tree, and seemed reassuring the young creature that clung to his arm. "You tremble, my Isabel," he said in a voice that made the poor listener shrink with pain. "Your eyes are full of tears, yet what have I said to distress you? Is it an offence to love you devotedly as I love? Will not the ardor of a passion strong and fervent, such as lives but once in the heart during an entire lifetime, find some answer in your sweet breast? Oh, Isabel, say that you love me!"

The earnest melody of his voice—the graceful and pleading attitude—the very bend of that head—how familiar they were to the woman who stood beneath the shelter of that vine, her small hands clenched in the scarlet folds of her cardinal, and her limbs shaking till they refused to sustain her! She sunk helplessly to the ground as Arnold paused in his passionate appeal. Memories of the past overwhelmed her, and she was strengthless, and her very breath came in faint gasps, still she listened.

A garden chair of bronzed iron was sheltered by the acacia tree. Sweeping the flowing tendrils that had fallen over it back with his hand, Arnold sat down, gently drawing his companion to the seat also.

"Will you not speak to me, Isabel?" he said, in a voice that no woman's heart could have resisted. "Think, sweet lady, is it nothing to be worshipped by a heart that has reached a ripe maturity without knowing love before?"

"If I could believe this!" said a musical voice—"if I could believe this!"

"As I hope for heaven, Isabel, on the honor of a soldier, I never loved mortal woman till I saw you," exclaimed Arnold, lifting the fair hand from his arm and covering it with passionate kisses.

"Arnold!"

The American general was a brave man, but he started to his feet and his limbs shook as that little word fell on his ear. There was such anguish in the tone—such stern, heart-rending anguish, that it made the blood stand still in his veins.

"What was that?" exclaimed the lady, looking half timidly around, "surely some one called your name."

That instant a figure started up from the flowers that surrounded the lovers, and tottering feebly by them disappeared in one of the winding paths. A mass of scarlet drapery was gathered over her head, and the rest of her garments were black. As she turned in the path a branch got entangled with the drapery and tore it back, revealing a face that seemed chiseled from marble, it was so pale and rigid. Arnold caught a single glance.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, starting a pace forward.

"What! do you recognize this singular person?" questioned the lady, gazing after the figure.

Arnold drew a deep breath and sat down, for the person who had startled him so instantly disappeared down a shaded vista of the garden. He did not heed the lady's question and she repeated it.

"Shall we join the dance?" he answered, abruptly drawing her hand through his arm, "I have not seen you in the minuet."

Prompted by a secret wish to follow the strange figure, whose voice had aroused a sensation almost like fear in his bosom, Arnold led his companion hurriedly back to the dwelling, but just as he entered the hall he caught a glimpse of a sable dress and scarlet cardinal disappearing through the opposite door.

"Why do you start thus?" questioned his companion in a sweet voice. "Oh that music—it makes one eager for the dance; see, they are just forming a quadrille!"

Still Arnold gazed upon the door—the sound of a carriage dashing along the street aroused him, and with a strong effort he shook off the painful sensations that had rendered him unmindful, for the first time, of his lovely companion. "Yes, let us join the dance, who can resist that air?"

With these words of forced gaiety, Arnold led his beautiful companion to the dancing saloon.

"My poor, poor sister! and has eight years of such suspense ended thus?" exclaimed Paul, as his sister sprang wildly into the carriage, where he had been waiting her approach, and fell fainting in his arms. He clasped her hand—he bent his quivering lips to hers—at last she looked up and tried to smile on him.

"He never loved me!" she murmured in a voice that thrilled with anguish. "Paul, he never loved me. It is true he loves another."

"The traitor!" exclaimed Paul—he checked himself, and the carriage rolled swiftly away. Laura had fainted again.

[To be continued.]

THE PUNCA INDIANS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

THE following is the account of the Puncas, written by Prince Maximilian of Weid, who visited them in 1833. Mr. Bodmer accompanied the prince in his expedition, and painted the picture from which we take our engraving.

"The Puncas, as they are now universally called, or as some travelers formerly called them, Poncaras, or Poncars, the Pons of the French, were originally a branch of the Omahas, and speak nearly the same language. They have, however, been long separated from them, and dwell on both sides of Running-water River, and on Punca Creek, which Lewis and Clark call Poncara. They formerly lived, like the Omahas, in clay huts at the mouth of the river, but their powerful enemies, the Sioux and the Pawnees, destroyed their villages, and they have since adopted the mode of life of the former, living more generally in tents made of skins, and changing their place from time to time. Their external appearance and dress do not much differ from those of the Omahas. They are said to have been brave warriors, but have been greatly reduced by war and the smallpox. According to Dr. Morse's report, they numbered, in 1822, 1,750 in all; at present the total amount of their warriors is estimated at about 300. The band of them, which we met with here, has set up eight or nine leather tents, at the mouth of Basil Creek, on a fine forest. They plant maize, which they sell to the Sioux, but they had neglected to cultivate this grain for about three years, and obtained it from the Omahas; they, however, intended to grow it again themselves.

"As Major Bean was agent of the Puncas, they came to speak to him. The chief had formerly received, through the agent, a large silver medal of President Madison, which he wore suspended round his neck. On the face of all these medals, which are given as a distinction to the Indian chiefs, there is a bust of the President, and, on the reverse, two clasped hands, with a suitable inscription. Shudegacheh had a remarkably intelligent countenance, and a fine manly deportment. He sat down by us, and smoked, with his comrades, the only pipe that they had with them; but, according to Indian custom, several pipes soon circulated in the company. The evening was very cool, and, as some of the Indians had no leggins, we took them into our cabin, where their portraits were drawn, after they had been regaled with pork, bread and tea, which Mr. McKenzie gave them. One of the Indians made me a present of his wooden war-club, which was painted reddish-brown; another, with a pair of shoes, made of elk leather, which were dyed black with the juice of white walnut. These people were not armed, as they had come merely on a visit, and had left their

best effects behind. Among them was a French Canadian, named Primeau, who has long lived among them. He acted as interpreter, and communicated to me some words of the Punca language.

"Shudegacheh had on the upper part of his arm a large, round scar, which he is said to have burnt into his flesh with his tobacco-pipe, on the death of a relation. Major Bean presented to the Indians, in the name of the Government, tobacco, powder and ball, and the chief received a fine blanket. Mr. McKenzie observed to him, that 'the Puncas furnished too few skins, and did not plant maize enough; it was not possible to purchase any thing of them.' To which he replied, that 'there was no unity among his people; that they lived too scattered, and, therefore, he could not superintend them, and keep them to work.' At noon, the thermometer being at 67°, our hunters returned, without having seen any thing of consequence, except a couple of large curlews. The boats, which had been sent out to take soundings, likewise came back, and great exertions were made to lighten the steamer, by transferring part of the cargo to the Maria keel-boat. At length, at two o'clock, we were able to weigh anchor, and run awhile down the river, which was done with such rapidity that the Indians became giddy, and sat down on the floor. In this manner we turned round a sand bank, and proceeded upward, along the south coast of the river, and in twenty minutes were opposite the huts of the Punca Indians. They lay in the shade of a forest, like white cones, and, in front of them, a sand bank extended into the river, which was separated from the land by a narrow channel. The whole troop was assembled on the edge of the bank, and it was amusing to see how the motley group crowded together, wrapped in brown buffalo skins, white and red blankets—some naked, of a deep brown color. We landed our Indian visitors on the sand bank; the boat brought back some skins, and we afterward saw Primeau, with the Indians, wade through the channel. A little further up we witnessed a great prairie fire, on the left bank. The flames rose from the forest to the height of 100 feet; fiery smoke filled the air; it was a splendid sight! A whirlwind had formed a towering column of smoke, which rose, in a most singular manner, in graceful undulations to the zenith. Toward evening we were near the Assiniboin steamer, which lay before us, and halted in the vicinity of Basil Creek, where the Puncas formerly dwelt, numbers of whose graves are seen upon the hills. The trunks of trees in the river had much injured our paddles."



THE TRIALS OF TIMOTHY TANTRUM.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.



THAT 's a Tantrum !

No difficulty about it, at all. With ordinary discernment, you may tell a Tantrum as far as you can see one, by the distressed and dissatisfied expression of its countenance—"Tantrumical," if we may term it so. A numerous family, too, these Tantrums—to be found everywhere in this vale of tears ; and few but happy are they who have neither temporary attachment nor enduring relationship to the Tantrums. Who is there, indeed, even among the most placid, that is not more or less, and off and on, affected and afflicted by the influence of the Tantrums ? Bar the door as we may—resolve against them as we will—the house, we fear, is yet to be built which does not at times exhibit traces that the Tantrums visit its fireside. It is difficult to rid ourselves altogether of the Tantrums, even the wisest and firmest of us ; while some people are monopolized by Tantrum, in infinite variety—Tantrum'd beyond redemption, in every turn of thought and change of feeling.

But this is only one of the Tantrums—a specimen number of the whole work. It is TIMOTHY TANTRUM, the Man of Trials ; and perhaps—if you have tears—that is, for any but yourself—prepare to shed them now—when Timothy is to be spoken of, it would not be amiss—in the way of condoling—to

summon up the sob of sympathy, and to unfold the handkerchief of tribulation. Timothy Tantrum—yea, examine him physiognomically—is one of those unlucky personages who are always under a shade, and who are attended by a double allowance of shadow. They have no experience in sunshine, but dwell in the desolate regions of perpetual cloud and everlasting storm. If it is not raining there, it snows ; and thus poor Timothy Tantrum carries the atmosphere of sadness with him wherever he goes. The barometer falls at his approach, down to "squally," or thereabouts ; and Timothy Tantrum presents himself to observation as the inevitable individual who is always caught in showers without an umbrella—the forlorn one, of a gusty afternoon, that cannot overtake an omnibus, and is "himself alone" as he drips down the street. But what is Tantrum, afloat, as it were—what is Tantrum to do ? If he should run now, all experience shows that the rain would only come down the faster—the same quantity in a shorter space of time ; and if he were to wait for it to stop, they are but little acquainted with the malign disposition of the elements in their bearing on the Tantrums, who are yet to be informed that it never stops when Tantrum is waiting. "Rather than so," we should have a freshet, if not a deluge. The shower makes it a point never

never did "do no-
to his own account.
at barked at Tim, and
sing one of Tim's "fea-
trouble, but never in the
conspiracy from the outset
antrum. The world had deter-
—that is, from the time he wore
—to be continually pulling Timo-
a down, and never letting Timothy
up, the naughty world, that always frowns
it and persecutes the deserving. Why won't
the Tantrums alone?

investigation, to be sure—but why investigate, to
disturb your conclusions?—might discover that
"our Tim"—the darling—had indulged a little in
sauciness to lads not altogether disposed to pocket
it; or that, perchance, he had endeavored playfully
to abstract a cherished bone from curs not given to
the sportive mood. But here it is again, in regard
to the Tantrums—Tim was not comprehended and
understood. He had come in contact with inferior
natures, incapable of the requisite appreciation; and,
as usual, no allowances were made for the child,
who only wanted to have his own way, after the
fashion of the Tantrums, and asked for nothing more
than that his way should be allowed to take prece-
dence of other people's ways; the trouble, from first
to last, arising from the oppugnation of obstinacy,
which forgets that the Tantrums are antagonistic
by nature, and cannot get along at all except in the
opposite direction—for instance—right against you,
and contrary to the general grain. Now it is a self-
evident proposition, that if you and the general
grain are indisposed to yield—"about face," and
so—the Tantrums are of necessity crossed, irritated
and exasperated, and can have no peace because of
your belligerent habits of mind, which foolishly lead
you to prefer your own way to the way of the Tan-
trums—a way that they know to be the right way;
while your way—indisputably—is the wrong way—
the transgressive way.

"But," as Timothy Tantrum has judiciously re-
marked, at least a thousand times, "it is always
cold when I wish it to be warm; and warm invari-
ably when I desire that it should be cold. If I want
to go out, then, of course, it's stormy—raining cats
and dogs; and when I do n't care whether it's clear
or not, and would rather, maybe, that it was not
clear, why then it is as bright as a new button, as if
it was laughing at me. 'Spouse I've no use for a
thing—it's there, everlastingly, right in the road—
I'm tumbling over it a dozen times a day. But
when I do want that very thing, is it ever in the
way then? No, I thank you—no!—it would n't be
if it could." And when I hunt it up, if it allows
itself to be found at all, which it wont if it can help
it, that thing is morally certain to be the very last
thing in the closet, or the undermost thing in the
drawer. It's the nature of things, which are just as
crooked and just as spiteful as people are. Can any
body ever find his hat when there's a fire? Don't
the buttons disappear from sleeves and collars when

and is of that peculiarity in grief,
"crape on its left arm," not
alone, but forever. It is always
no associate except calamity.
and has no surprised and overtaken, at an un-
by a laugh—ha! ha!—he! he!—ho!
the outward and physical expres-
of an interior and metaphysical hilariousness—
not only amaze his ears and astonish his
unperceived organs, but he would likewise be con-
vinced that "something is going to happen," of a
kind calculated to translate jocundity to the opposite
side of the facial aperture, antipodean to merriment;
and he thus cuts the risible short off, with a look of
alarm, lest it should remind misfortune that it had
not yet completely annihilated Timothy Tantrum.

As a little boy—"Love was once a little boy,"
and so was Timothy Tantrum—as a little boy, then,
he never went out without returning in a roar of
grief, and in a tempest of indignation, announcing
to all the house that Tim—unhappy—was again on
hand—somebody had slapped Tim—or somebody
had tumbled Tim right into the kennel, Tim having
on his "Sunday's best," to go and see his grand-
mother, illustrating the curious affinity between
nicely dressed children and the kennel—especially
as regards the Tantrum children—or else Tim's
playthings had been wrested from him—a big fellow
had beaten Tim—spontaneously, of course. For he
—how could you wrong our Timmy so?—he had

in a hurry to go to a tea party? And moment—the bell done ringing—all nothing—the very thing of all other to have—isn't that thing sure e, grinning at you from the

Tantrums are always be sent for in haste, itself that the right in the instep—owing, rational perverseness of not contrive to be too tight misery, will manage it so as with a sharp peg in their sole, to sole; and which never will “go in morning, until we have toiled and ourselves into fevers for the day. And Timothy, indignant and sudorific, should he, a species of retributive justice, jerk the aforesaid left boot from his innocent right foot, to dash it—the boot, not the foot—across the room, as some punishment to its untimely trickishness, did any one ever know that boot—still exemplifying the perverseness of boots in particular, and of things in general—to fail in jumping to the very place of all places that it should not have gone to—the only place in the chamber where it could upset a lamp or break a looking-glass? But it is a folly to talk to boots—Tantrum swears at his, by the hour, yet finds, after all, that boots are but boots.

It would be comparatively nothing, however, if such were the limit of Tantrum's vexation. He might escape from boots, and secure a shelter in slippers. But the hostile alliance against him is comprehensive—it not only includes all the departments of art, but likewise embraces the productions of nature. Should Tantrum's arm stick in the sleeve of Tantrum's coat—did that coat, in the pervading treachery, and as he thrust his determined arm into it, hesitate, if it were only for an instant—hesitate to rip in seam, or refuse to tear in cloth, in a manner never practiced by well behaved coats, and rarely by any coats at all, except by the coats of the Tantrums? Was it not from the first like an incubus on Tantrum's mind, that this coat would go “all to flinders” on some occasion when he must have a coat, and could get no other coat? Yes, this identical coat, that positively would not come home, try all they would, for weeks after it was promised, and appeared to resist every effort at finishment.

And more—in the course of your acquaintance with the Tantrums, you must have noticed, of a cold evening, when Tantrum desired to “Adonise,” that he might be intensely agreeable to all beholders, and “lovelily dreadful” to the ladies, that “that razor” would cut his chin in defiance of all he could do to the contrary; and that, besides, the pitcher would not have any water in it, the servant would be gone out, and the way to the hydrant would be one glare of slippery ice—a long, complicated conspiracy of things to defeat Tantrum's hopes, and to disturb his complacency, if not to give Tantrum a tumble. Nay, more—the very pitcher contrived to crack, and

the basin went to fragments, merely to aggravate Tantrum still further, as he slapped them together, in a well founded scorn of their provoking emptiness; while the candle, too—in emulation of the fires, and in imitation of the servants—does it not “go out” whenever Tantrum opens doors, or runs in agile movement up the stair? And should he “send it flying”—as it so well deserves—they have studied the characteristics of the candle to but little profit, who do not expect, under these circumstances, to hear a crash of valuables. Try it, if you are incredulous—just leave a candle unwatched, and our life upon it there will be arson and incendiarism in a very little time. It has no compunctions about setting the house afire if it can, that candle, meek and innocent as candles always look. Trust them not!

While it is thus between the Inanimate and the Tantrums, the case is but little better, as before hinted, between the Animates and the Tantrums. Creation is a porcupinity, with its sharp pointed quills stuck out in all directions, impaling the Tantrums at every movement they may chance to make. The universe is a brambledom, for the scarification of ankles; and whatever the hand of Tantrum falls upon, what else can it be but a nettletop? It is all nettletop to the Tantrums; for there is nothing innocuous unless we choose to take it so; but the Tantrums will insist on it that the innocuousness shall be as they choose to take it, and that all the smoothness is to be in their peculiar direction. In consequence whereof, how the Tantrums suffer in this rasping, sand-papery, gritty sphere of fret and friction, to which for a time they are doomed, like Hamlet's ghost, “to fast in fires.”

There is no accordance or concordance in it. We shall find it a hopeless task, even the endeavor, simple as it may appear, to induce any other man to wear his hat after the excellent mode and fashion in which we wear our hat. And yet, why should he not? Tantrum, at least, can discover no sufficient reason for the non-conformity; and he would, on philanthropic grounds alone, like to be armed with a power to compel that other man to wear his hat correctly. “Any man who persists in wearing his hat at such an angle as that, after I have explained the matter to him, must be a fool, if indeed he is not something a great deal worse;” and Tantrum tells him so, in the plainest phrase, for the dissemination of truth. The same rule, of course, holds good in politics, and in all matters of practice and opinion. Yet when Tantrum informs people of the fact, without circumlocution or indirect phraseology, they quarrel with Tantrum, and call Tantrum hard names, and say that they know as well as Tantrum knows, and will continue to do as they please, without the slightest regard to the principles laid down by Tantrum—and so the world and its affairs go wrong, just as the world and its affairs have always gone, and just as the world and its affairs will continue to go, all the efforts of the Tantrums to the contrary notwithstanding.

“Where are you running to now?” cries Tantrum.

sharply; for this unremitting opposition, like a whetstone to the knife, will set any one on edge.

"Home to dinner."

"Home to dinner! What do you have dinner at this time for? This is no time for dinner. Look at me—I do n't go to dinner now. Never have dinner, I tell you, till you are hungry. I do n't—none but fools do!"

"But I am hungry now—I want my dinner."

"You can't be hungry—I'm not hungry—and how can you be hungry? Do you think I do n't know when I am hungry, and when other people ought to be hungry? You're not hungry—you can't be hungry. It's impossible. You pretend to be hungry, out of spite—just because I'm not—that's the way with every body."

And so Tantrum falls out with Greedy, on the question of appetite and the proper period of feeling a disposition to dine, in which Greedy, like the rest of his class, proves to be unconquerably obstinate. Greedy persists in going to dinner at an improper hour; and Timothy Tantrum is overwhelmed with despair at the ignorant contumacy of the Greedies, who have been the same ever since the days of Sir Giles Overreach.

"I'm going to be married, Mr. Tantrum, and desire your presence as groomsman."

"Going to be what?" exclaims Tantrum, in such tones of scornful amazement as could scarcely fail to carry dismay to the boldest heart, when placed in the trying position now referred to—"Going to be—w-h-a-t?"

"Married," is the trembling response.

"Jinkins, I should be sorry to be forced, Jinkins, to class you, too, among the fools; Jinkins—I should. Going to be married, to be sure! Well!—I never! Jinkins, did you ever know me to marry any body? Jinkins, am I married, Jinkins, or am I going to be? No, Jinkins—you may swear to that!—and why should you? Do n't, Jinkins—if you value my friendship or my countenance."

But Jinkins insists on being married, in broad contradiction to all that the Tantrums can say, resting his plea of palliation and mitigation on the fact mainly that he is "in love"—an argument which Timothy Tantrum—like a genuine bachelor, that pernicious species, who are thus by design, perhaps, more than by accident, and who have been found audacious enough to rejoice in their iniquity—treats with even less of mercy than he does other differences of sentiment.

"If you are in love, why the shortest way is to get out of it—I always do—and are you coming for to go for to set up as wiser than I am?—as if I do n't know. And who do you propose to marry, I should like to learn? Susan Scissors! Good gracious—what a choice! I would n't have Susan Scissors—am I in love with Susan Scissors? Did you ever know me to marry Susan Scissors? Why should you? I really can't understand it. To marry, is bad enough of itself! But Susan Scissors—whew!"

And hereupon arose another contention and an-

other division, because Timothy Tantrum was hostile to matrimony in general, and to Susan Scissors in particular—forgetting, in the first place, that every body, except the Tantrums, will marry, it being a way they have; and that, in the second place, it will not do for all the world—the masculine world—to affect and to fancy the same individual—Susan Scissors, or another—it might lead to trouble.

"That's not the way to bring up a child," says Tantrum; "I would n't educate him so. Did you ever know me to fetch up a child that way, a spilin' of him, as you do?"

"I never saw you bring up children at all, unless knocking 'em down, when they come crying in your way, is what you call bringing 'em up."

"What I mean is, do you think that's the way I'd bring 'em up, if I was to bring 'em up? I'm not such a goose. Did you ever see me—"

And then Tantrum would enlarge upon his theory of training and instruction, until he found that parents and guardians were quite as rigid in the wrong, and quite as fond of their own erroneous conclusions as all the rest of society. In this regard, there was no solace for Tantrum but in one fond expectation.

"Those children will all go to the mischief, that's one great and glorious consolation—the girls will run off with some big-whiskered, mustached, long-legged and long-nosed swindler, who'll beat 'em well, and send 'em home at last, with large families of little people—that's one of the consequences of not minding me. And as for the boys, those that do n't disappear some day, nobody knows where, may be looked for in the penitentiary, never coming to no sort of good; and then I can drop in socially to inquire about them at home, and the way I'll ask the folks if they 'marked my words' when I said how it would end, will be what they wont forget in a hurry—I can promise them that beforehand!" and Tantrum for once chuckled with glee.

In the affairs of medical science, also, Timothy Tantrum was equally learned, but as equally unfortunate. But, as nobody would pursue his system of practice, he still consoled himself with giving the recusants a bit of his mind, which is not often the most agreeable present that can be bestowed—and, in the second place, should the results prove fatal, as results sometimes will, why, did n't Timothy Tantrum say how it would be?

But no man is altogether without refuges and resources—we all have something to fall back upon; and Timothy Tantrum, in the midst of the contumelies of an unappreciating world, where none will do as he thinks every one should do, derives solace and refreshment for his spirit by going a fishing, alone by himself, with a patent rod and a red cork. When he succeeds in setting the household by the ears, and has got the whole neighborhood comfortably in an uproar, he then—quietly—like Sylla abdicating—travels off to fish. Fishes have this advan-

tage as companions—they bite, and say not a word; or, if they do not bite, they never make jeering remark, or indulge in provoking argument; so that one may be as philosophical and as splenetic as he likes when he is fishing, without risk of being "aggravated." But even here, drawbacks to the perfect felicity will intrude themselves. We want to catch a fish, it may be; and that fish, however sensible in the main, has not arrived at a perfect conclusion in himself whether he is hungry or not, coquetting with the bait, yet refusing it—ungrateful fish, after so much trouble has been encountered for his especial entertainment. There is a crookedness, too, in hooks, that attaches itself to weeds and roots, if not to garments, and to the fleshy integuments beneath. But worse than all is it when we—the Tantrums—are established in just the sort of nook we have been looking for all day, to be pounced upon in our soliloquies by some ragged and vociferous urchin, with a ponderous dog of the amphibious breed, who will have it that Carlo shall "go in and fetch it out," right upon our piscatorial premises, to our discomfiture and to that of the finny tribes—Carlo, who surges like a diving elephant, and who comes out to shake himself at our elbow, like the spray of cataracts. And Nicodemus swims horses, too, at the same appalling instant. Who can be surprised that Timothy Tantrum, in an effort to better his condition, broke his patent angling rod in an ineffectual blow at the aforesaid ragged and vociferous urchin, or that he fell into the creek by an injudicious striving to administer a kick to the ponderousness of Carlo? Both of these movements

were natural enough; and the consequent disasters, what were they but a link in the chain of annoyance connected with the life and misfortunes of the Tantrum family?

"Just exactly what was to be expected," growled Tantrum, as he wandered home, moist and disconsolate; "it's always so when I undertake to teach manners to boys and genteel behavior to the dogs. My best intentions are thrown away, on every body. I've broke my rod, and the boy's not a bit the wiser—I've tumbled in the creek, and the dog's as impolite as ever. And now, I've a great mind to let every body and every thing take its own course, without bothering myself any more. I don't see that I've got any thing yet for my pains, though I've fretted all my hair off, and scolded my teeth out. It's easier, I guess, and more profitable, to make the best of things as they are, now I find that they won't be any other way; and I would, if it was n't that I know I know better about things than other people—what's the use of knowing you know better, if you do n't make other people know you know so?

"Whatever is, is wrong—all but me—I'm clear as daylight as to that; but I won't cry about it any longer. Perhaps when Timothy Tantrum's dead and gone, they'll begin to discover there was somebody here when he was alive. But they won't before, for they hav'n't yet—they're too obstinate—and while I'm waiting to be understood and appreciated, I'm half inclined to begin to take the world easy, and enjoy myself, like the foolish people, who do n't know any better."

TO LADY BLANCHE

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

O GENTLE steed! ere thou dost go,
Let pleasant memories overflow,
To speak thy just renown;
For who unmoved can thee behold—
Thy spotless coat, thy graceful mould,
And rich mane floating down?

As thus I pat thy neck of snow,
Delicious fancies come and go,
Like thy soft eyes dilating;
Thou callest back the days of yore,
When Faith's ~~emprize~~ Love's guerdon wore,
Heroic deeds creating.

I think how rarely blend in thee
High spirit and docility,
Good faith and playful art;
How, moving as the reins direct,
Thou dost such nonchalance affect—
A woman's counterpart!

For while sequestered paths beside
Thy dainty feet right onward glide,
Unconscious speed betraying;
Let but spectators come in view,
Thou dost each winsome trick renew,
Thine every grace displaying!

Yet one blest truth from this I draw,
And trace in thy caprice a law
That lends new worth to beauty;
High instincts manners charms impart,
But for the chosen of the heart
Still keep all love and duty.

On such a steed sprung Lochinvar
To bear so gallantly afar
The maid he bravely wooed;
On such a steed the martyr-queen
Bewildered, tearful, yet serene,
Passed on to Holyrood.

Of all thy praise be this the meed,
No attribute can this exceed—
Thou dost the behest
Of one who finds in thee a throne,
As firm and cheering as her own
In hearts where she's a guest.

Then arch thy neck with noble zeal,
Her hand upon thy mane to feel,
And leap, curvet and prance!
Amble!—we have a word to say—
Fly!—how life's wings exultant play!
Hurrah for Lady Blanche!

CATHARINE CLAYTON.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

(Continued from page 29.)

CHAPTER V.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

"And so Mrs. Clinton has accepted your invitation," said Mr. Archer, as he strolled with an air of listlessness through his sumptuous apartments. Within the last year they had been thoroughly renovated. Italian artists had been employed in painting the ceilings, and Mr. Archer had received from Paris the newest and most costly style of furniture. Mrs. Archer had a beautiful boudoir fitted up with mirrors and rose-colored hangings, with antique chairs, and small inlaid tables.

"A perfect love of a place, with which Mrs. Clinton will be delighted!" said the little woman, who was fast losing all traces of the beauty which had captivated the bachelor heart of Mr. Archer.

Mrs. Archer had ascended step by step in the scale of society, and at each ascent had thrown off her old friends, as easily as one throws by an old glove. She had submitted to mortifications which any other woman with a particle of self-respect would never have endured. She had in turn been called upstart, *parvenue*, and many other opprobrious epithets; but her point had been carried, she had gained the *entrée* to the *court circles* of the *republic*, and she was satisfied—she was more than satisfied—she was elated, enchanted, at the thought of having Mrs. Clinton for a guest!

"Hav'n't I managed it all nicely, my dear? No one will refuse our invitations now; no one *dare* after Mrs. Clinton has accepted. I'll tell you a secret; I got our Polly to ask Mrs. Clinton's maid 'who was her mistress' milliner?' And then I went to the same place, and found out that she had engaged a head-dress for Thursday evening, and I ordered one exactly like it, but of richer materials; wot she be surprised to see mine so much handsomer than her own?"

"My dear," said Mr. Archer, "would it not have been in better taste to have worn something plainer? No lady should try to outshine her guests."

"What old fashioned notions! This comes of your staying at home so much, Mr. Archer; if you'd been as much in society as I have, you'd know that every lady wears the best and costliest she can afford."

"Can *get*, you mean, my dear," said her husband drily. "Whether she can afford it is quite another matter."

"How ridiculous!" And Mrs. Archer, forgetting

her assumed lady-like deportment, flounced out of the room. Unwilling to trust her own taste and determined on making the party a splendid affair, Mrs. Archer hired a number of colored waiters—"who," she said, "were used to such things, for they had waited in some of the first houses; indeed, she could n't tell but they had been at Mrs. Clinton's."

To one of these she gave *carte blanche* as to expense, and to the others positive orders to follow his directions, particularly regarding the arrangement of the supper table.

The appointed evening came—carriage after carriage rolled up, deposited its burthen of finery and fashion—and then passed on in an opposite direction.

Mrs. Clinton and her daughter Julia were there, and it was the principal part of Mrs. Archer's employment during the evening to point them out and introduce them to her guests.

If profusion without taste be a sign of gentility, or fashion, then was Mrs. Archer's party the most genteel and the most fashionable given during the season.

"And now," said the good lady, in a tone of exultation to her husband, as he sat the next morning, with the air of a martyr, in the untidy breakfast parlor—"now that this has gone off so well, on Laura Matilda's birthday I shall give a fancy ball; she shall be dressed as a shepherdess, and I will contrive that the divine count who was here to-night, shall attend her as a shepherd boy, with a crook. Maria Theresa shall be a queen, and wear a dress exactly like the one worn by Queen Victoria on the day of her coronation. I should n't wonder if the girl did one day become a princess, she has such a stately way with her and carries her head so haughtily." Mr. Archer sighed and muttered something that sounded very like "fool," but his wife heeded not; she was no sooner done with one folly than she meditated another, and now this new crotchet of the fancy ball had whole possession of her thoughts.

"My dear," said her husband after a pause, "why do you not ask Catharine Clayton to your parties? she is quite as accomplished, and has far more refinement of manner, than many of the butterflies that flit about you. Her father I always respected, and her mother is a most estimable woman, and if Catharine could be brought to fancy our girls, her society would be a great advantage to them."

"Why how you talk, Mr. Archer! you know I

could never introduce such a nobody as Catharine Clayton to our fashionable friends. When they would ask 'Who is she?' what under heaven should I answer? I could not say that her father was some great man, nor that she was neice to Mr. so-and-so, member of Congress; not even her grandfather could be dragged in to support her claims to good society. I could not pas her off for a city heiress, for there 's not one but either Ned Parker or young Tompkins has them on their list; people would take her for an humble companion, introduced on purpose to insult my guests."

"Good heavens! woman," said Mr. Archer, roused from his usual apathy, "I believe you have not one particle of common sense! Have you lost all self-respect, and become a mere puppet in the hands of a set of empty-headed jackasses? Not dare to maintain your own dignity and independence in your own house? Not dare to ask the daughter of an old friend, for fear of the remarks of a few trumpery misses, who might bless their stars if they were half as wise or half as good as Catharine Clayton."

Mrs. Archer was petrified. She had not heard such a burst from her husband since they were married, or rather, since he first found out she would not train. His words, however, produced some uneasy thoughts, and she resolved in a fit of heroics, to ask Catharine some day when she was sure there would be no other company; or, if visitors should accidentally drop in, she was not bound to introduce her; at any rate she could manage to receive them in one parlor, while Catharine might remain unnoticed in another. Thus did this silly woman give up her independence of thought and action—thus did she sell herself body and soul to the god of this world, rather than be thought unfashionable. No wonder that she forgot her resolution concerning Catharine, and soon lost all trace of the Claytons.

Let us leave her for awhile and listen to the remarks of some of her late guests.

"I wonder what that vulgar Mrs. Archer will attempt next? I have no patience with the woman!" exclaimed, in no very gentle tone, a lady who had glided about a perfect sylph at Mrs. Archer's, and who had spoken in a lisp so low, that the gentlemen were obliged to bow their heads to hear her. "She is well enough in her way, if she would remain with her own set; but with such a broad red face, and fussy manner, she appears perfectly ridiculous among well bred people."

"Then why do you visit there, Laura?" said the lady's mother.

"O, like many others, I go in search of amusement, mamma; we sometimes quiz her to her face, and she is such a fool that she cannot perceive it. Of all the women I ever saw, she is the most susceptible of flattery. But that one is sure of meeting agreeable people there, I would never enter her doors. A few of us have formed a clique, and, without her knowing it, she is completely under our *surveillance*, so that she dare not ask any one she thinks would annoy us. As her rooms are large,

and her refreshments the best that money can procure, (though to own the truth they are but vilely served) we generally contrive to while away an evening agreeably enough."

"Ma," said Julia Clinton, "why did you accept an invitation to Mrs. Archer's? Such people are certainly beneath our notice."

"Julia!" said her mother deprecatingly. Julia blushed. "Have I not told you that such sentiments are unbecoming, unwomanly—none of God's creatures are beneath our notice. I grant you that in the eyes of some, Mrs. Archer's position in a social point of view is inferior to our own; but in a country like ours, where there are such constant changes, these arbitrary distinctions cannot be long kept up. A reverse of fortune may humble the proudest, and a lucky speculation exalt the lowliest. I fear that with all our boasting about liberty and equality, and all our railing against the privileged and titled classes of the old world, if a privileged order were to spring up here, our worthy republicans would strain every nerve to gain a patent of nobility."

"But Mrs. Archer is so vulgar."

"Are there no *vulgar ladies* in the circle of our acquaintance, my daughter? and why should we visit them? I went to Mrs. Archer's because I knew it would gratify her—because I had no right to play the exclusive with her any more than with others who are on our visiting list; and, above all, because I knew many would be there who would have made sport of her mortification, had I refused her invitation."

"But what will the world say, ma, when they hear you are on visiting terms with Mrs. Archer?"

"That is rather a comprehensive phrase, Julia—who do you mean by the world?"

"Why, all the people we know," said Julia, who, like many young persons, thought her own set comprised the whole world.

"My dear, there is a very trite and true saying, that 'We cannot please every body.' I would not have you set public opinion at defiance, by acting in a manner truly consurable; but when you are fully convinced of the purity of your intentions, and the loftiness of your purpose, I would have you to act fearlessly, without stopping to ask 'What will the world say?'"

CHAPTER VI.

A PEEP AT POVERTY.

"I can give no more," said a dark looking man with a keen black eye, in a gruff voice, to a young girl who stood before him at the counter—"I can give no more, I tell you. Why, at our last yearly sale, there were far handsomer ones than this, sold for less than would pay for storage." And he turned in his hand an old fashioned silver tea-urn.

"If you could advance a little more; just a little—even fifty cents would be of service."

"I can't, I tell you, and if it don't suit you to

leave it, you can take it away and try to make a better bargain."

The young girl stood as if irresolute, and a half-suppressed groan escaped her.

"I do not like to go anywhere else, and I believe I must take what you offer."

Had not the man's heart been hard as the impenetrable adamant, he would have relented—his purse-strings would have opened. But, no! he was accustomed to misery in every form—his doors had been darkened by the most squalid wretchedness—his walls had echoed the groans of bleeding and breaking hearts—his shelves had been the receptacles of early love, the ring, the locket, the brooch—of desecrated household gods, the Lares and Penates of once happy homes, parted with in an hour of agony, to gain a scanty pittance wherewith to feed a little longer the flame of life which burned with fitful lustre in the hollow eye. He stood amid these wrecks of human happiness, an incarnate Moloch, heeding the pleadings of the poverty-stricken, as little as heeds the fiery Juggernaut the groanings of the wretched victims crushed beneath his car.

The young girl stepped out into the dark street, and the door of the pawnbroker was closed behind her. The evening was cold and a heavy snow had fallen. The girl hurried on, wrapping a light shawl closely round her slender figure. Many a sleigh, with its merry bells tinkling, and its gay groups dressed in furs, flew past her, and many a well-dressed pedestrian, booted and cloaked, wondered at the young girl's imprudence in venturing out on such a night so thinly clad. She heeded none of them, but hurried on toward the outskirts of the city. When passing a baker's window, spread with dainty cakes, she saw a wretched looking man enter the door. In a moment he came out, and joined a woman and two little girls, who were shivering in the cold. In his hand he held two rusks. One of these he divided between the children, from the other he broke a small piece and gave the rest to his wife. The woman raised it to her lips, took one mouthful, looked at her children, and broke it between them! Tears gushed from the young girl's eyes. "O, for the cost of one sleigh-ride! O, for what will be paid by one party to-night for refreshments!" she mentally exclaimed. She stepped up close by one of the children, stooped, and put two shillings in her hand.

"God of the destitute, protect them," said the thinly clad girl, as she hastened away. On she went, a long and dreary walk through the drifting snow, until at length she paused before a low wooden paling, and opening a small gate, ascended seven or eight broken steps in the side of a bank of earth, one part of which had been dug away. On the top of the ascent was a dilapidated frame building, with a rickety wooden stoop, which had half fallen down, and was supported by a rude beam of decayed wood. There were one or two shutters to the lower windows, but the hinges were cracked and broken, and they creaked in the wind as if imploring to be taken

from their crazy and precarious position. In the shattered panes fluttered various fragments of old garments, like flags of defiance flung out in the very face of the storm. It was altogether vile and ruinous in appearance. Who did it shelter from the blast? Who were the inmates of this wretched abode?

The young girl softly entered the house and was groping her way along the dark passage, when the door of a room was violently thrown open and a rude, vulgar, slipshod woman made her appearance, followed by a set of noisy children. "So, it's you, Miss, is it? A pretty time of night this, for a decent young woman to be out of her own house—Martin Van Buren, if you do n't quit hollerin when I'm a talking, I'll skin you alive; look at Henry Clay, how nicely he behaves himself. O, yes, Miss, you need n't try to git apast me and sneak off in that manner." Here she was interrupted by a scream—"Confound the brats! Mandy, go and pull Martin Van Buren from that ere cradle; he's a plaguing Ann Caroline to death—yes, Miss, you sha n't git apast till I give you a piece of my mind. I warned your mother a week ago, that she must look out for another place. Instead o' paying of me in advance she owes two weeks already, though it was a dead loss when I rented the room to her for ten shillin a week. Now I sha n't submit to be imposed on no longer. Mr. Higgins has been too easy with you, but I'll let him see that I'll be mistress in my own house, and not have it filled with such trumpery; folks that feel themselves too good to come and sit socially with a body, and yet go strolling about the streets o' nights. Why my Amandy might be ruin'd for aught as I know. Now you may go and tell your mother what I've said. I give you fair warning this time." Slamming to the door when she had ended her harangue, she left the young girl once more in the dark, who feeling her way by the broken banisters, ascended the stairs and entered a room in the second story. The furniture was scanty, but scrupulously clean, and neatly arranged. In one corner was a bed, and on the hearth stood a furnace, with some charcoal burning in it.

"How long you have been absent, my child," said a woman, in a low voice, who was sitting at a small table, sewing on coarse check shirts. "I fear you have caught cold being out in this storm; your feet must be quite wet, sit down here," continued she, placing a chair beside the furnace. "Sit down here, my love, until I get you some dry clothing; here is some water I have kept warm, that you might bathe your feet, and a bowl of nice gruel, which only boiled a minute or two before you came in."

"Dear mother, you are so anxious; I am quite warm, and a little damp will not hurt me in the least—let me tell you—"

"I will hear nothing until you have done as I desire; your health is of more consequence than any thing else, and a few simple precautions may save you a severe cold, or perhaps a fit of illness."

Tears started to the young girl's eyes at the total forgetfulness of self which her mother exhibited, who she knew had been waiting anxiously to hear

the result of her errand. She obeyed quietly and in silence, as her eye wandered to the little table her mother had just left. A child sat by it; on its upraised leaf her arms were folded, and her young head, covered with a profusion of light shining curls, drooped heavily upon them. Her face was concealed, but her motionless posture and light regular breathing told that she slept. A map she had been coloring, and on which a boundary line was partly traced, lay open before her.

"Poor Amy! how weary she seems," said her sister in a whisper.

"Yes, weary, indeed," replied her mother. "I wished her to leave off, but she had tasked herself, and thought she would have finished before your return. I was glad when the poor child fell asleep, that she might have a short respite from her labors. And now tell me, my love, how you have succeeded."

"Not very well, mother; I could get but four dollars on the urn."

"But four dollars!"

"That is all; and although I felt ashamed to ask for more, yet I did, and pleaded for even fifty cents. O, mother, this is—"

"Mortifying, you would say, Catharine. I know it, and I grieve that we are under the terrible necessity of exposing ourselves in this manner, and to such people. I heard our landlady's voice, too, when you came in, and thought she was speaking to you; but I was afraid of waking Amy, and did not go down."

"Yes, mother, she stopped me to say that we could stay no longer without paying the rent; you know it is twenty shillings, and if we take it out of these four dollars, what are we to do? and—mother—it is not all here."

"That is unfortunate, indeed; how did you lose it?"

"I did not lose it, mother; but I could not help giving it—" and Catharine related the incident that occurred before the baker's shop.

"You did right, my child; they were more destitute than we."

Catharine's eyes sparkled when she heard her mother's approval. Their extreme poverty was forgotten; for a moment she even felt rich, as she glanced round their tidy apartment, and thought of the homeless, supperless children of the poor wayfarer. She thought it

No sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more."

"I would not care how soon we left this wretched house," resumed Mrs. Clayton, "if we had the means of providing ourselves with another; come what will, the rent must be paid, if we expect to be treated with civility. There will still be twelve—no—ten shillings left; there is something owing to both Amy and yourself for coloring prints and maps, and perhaps the lady for whom you marked the

embroidered handkerchiefs will pay you to-morrow. It is but a miserable pittance I get for making these shirts, and my eye-sight is so bad that I cannot undertake finer work. William, too, has received none of his scanty wages for the last three months."

Both mother and daughter sat for a long time absorbed in thought. They were poor and friendless, but not desponding, and when Amy woke from her slumber, the three knelt together, and the mother thanked God for having preserved them hitherto, and prayed him to aid and succor them, if there were darker days yet in store.

CHAPTER VII.

A RAY OF LIGHT.

Three years, three weary years, had passed since Catharine Clayton, harassed and indignant, had left her situation as governess. She had toiled on, assisting her mother, but their united efforts eked out by the wages of William, who had succeeded in obtaining a place in a store, and of Amy, who had been taught to color maps, and thus added a little to the general fund, could not keep them from want. They had removed from place to place, descending gradually until they were obliged to occupy their present apartments, at ten shillings a week, and even this they were no longer able to pay.

"Well, Catharine, has the lady paid you for marking those embroidered handkerchiefs?"

"No, mother, she was at a ball last night, and I suppose did not rise so early as usual this morning."

"Why, it is twelve o'clock!"

"Yes, but it was not more than eleven when I was there. I stopped on my way home to see William. A paper lay on the counter, and as my eye glanced over it, I saw an advertisement for a governess, and with your permission, mother, will make inquiries about the situation."

Mrs. Clayton thought of all her daughter had formerly been subjected to. "I am afraid of letting you go from me again, my child, and I would rather try and devise some other means for our support."

"Mother, I can think of none. We have toiled day and night, and our scanty remuneration is withheld until we are weary of asking. That very woman at whose house I called this morning, has twice before sent me away with the most frivolous excuses. O, if the rich knew the anguish of heart with which the poor turn away unpaid—if they knew how precious is that time which they think can be squandered away in repeated calls for the wages of honest toil—they would not—they could not, be so heartless!"

"But it is because they do not know these things, that they have no sympathy. The lady who employs a seamstress, and urges her to have the work finished at some given time, never dreams of the privations to which the poor girl may be subjected for want of the money for which she has toiled with sunken eye and weary frame. And how should the rich know this? Pampered with every luxury, their slightest wishes gratified, how should they know what it is to

work and wait? How can the woman who pays freely twenty-five dollars for an embroidered pocket handkerchief, attach any value to the paltry twenty-five cents she contracted to pay for marking it? But let us not be too harsh in our judgments; prosperity has its quicksands as well as adversity, and after a few short years, the poor as well as the rich will have one common resting place."

"Mother, if you have no objections I will go to-day and see about the situation; I am older now than when I last set out on such a quest, and I believe have more insight into character."

"Your dress, I fear, my child, will be but little in your favor; some people are strongly biased in their estimation of others by their personal appearance, and your costume, Catharine, is not very prepossessing."

"I know it, mother, but I am willing to run the risk, and, if need be, submit to a refusal. Be assured I have too much self-respect to feel ashamed merely on account of the plainness of my apparel, and no lady of discernment will regard that alone as her only test of character."

"Go then, and may the Protector of the fatherless go with you."

Catharine Clayton, though only twenty years of age, had lost much of the roundness of form and the elastic step of youth. Her countenance had assumed a grave and thoughtful expression, which made her appear much older than she really was, and a common observer would have passed her by without seeing any thing very remarkable in her appearance—but those accustomed to study and discriminate human character, who looked upon her intellectual face, and mildly eloquent eyes, would at once have pronounced her no common character. It must be confessed that it was with a nervous trepidation entirely at variance with her usual habits of self-command, that she rang the bell at the door of an elegant looking house in Waverly Place. She had so much at stake!—the welfare of those beloved ones who had now little part in life's heritage, save

The common air,
And common use of their own limbs.

Those beloved ones who had been so thoughtlessly jostled aside on the highway of the world, until the place of their sojourn was unknown, perhaps their very existence forgotten, by their former associates!

The apartment into which Catharine was shown was superbly furnished, but what immediately attracted her notice were the various specimens of art, arranged with the utmost taste, with which it was adorned. She had risen to examine more closely a cabinet picture of exquisite grace and beauty, a copy of the celebrated violin player of Raffaele, when she heard the door open, and the lady of the mansion entered the room. She gave one searching look at her visitor, which sent the blood rushing to the face of the young girl, but in a moment her eyes were withdrawn, and, with a courteous and kind manner, she asked Catharine to be seated.

"You wish to obtain a situation as governess, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning—governess for two little girls?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes, for my two youngest children, who are eight and ten years of age; the young lady who last had charge of them was obliged to leave on account of ill health. I regretted to part with her, for she was a most amiable person, and the children were greatly attached to her. Have you resided in any family as governess?"

"One only."

"Was it lately?"

"No, it is three years since."

"Were you long there?"

"Three months."

"That was a short time—may I ask why you remained no longer?"

"I could not, it was the first time I had left home—and—" Catharine hesitated. She was ashamed to acknowledge, as is every woman of fine feeling, that she had been subjected to insult.

"I do not wish to press you to tell me why you left; I dare say you had sufficient reason for so doing. Are you now at home?"

"Yes, my mother is a widow, and two other children beside myself are with her," and the poor girl's lip quivered as she thought of little Amy, bowed down over her maps. Without pretending to notice her emotion, the lady asked if she thought herself competent to teach the English branches, with music and French? as these were all to which she wished a governess to devote her attention. Catharine replied in the affirmative.

"Then I shall call and see your mother to-morrow, when we will arrange the terms."

Here was a new embarrassment. Would the lady take her after seeing where she lived? What if that horrid Mrs. Higgins with her young brood of unmanageables should be in the way? But there was no use in conjecturing, and too upright to prevaricate or use any subterfuge, however harmless it might appear, Catharine gave her name, and the directions to find her mother's dwelling.

The lady rightly suspected that the family she was about to visit must be very destitute, and being a woman of fine feeling, and possessing a large share of consideration for others, she was not willing to subject one who might be the future teacher and companion of her children to the invidious remarks of servants; so, instead of ordering her carriage, she set out on foot for the home of Mrs. Clayton.

The abodes of poverty were not unknown to her. Often had she been the angel of mercy to the suffering and the destitute. Early left a widow, with an ample fortune at her control, she felt that she was but the steward of the Almighty's bounty, and that at the dread day of judgment she must render an account of her stewardship. Belonging to one of the oldest and most wealthy families in a Southern State, highly intellectual and accomplished, her society was courted, and her presence coveted, in the most select circles. Equally removed from

fanaticism on the one hand, and slavery to the world on the other, she enjoyed her Christian liberty, which allowed her to partake of all innocent recreation, while at the same time it restrained her from spending that time which God had given to fit her for eternity, in idle extravagance, or a silly devotion to the caprices of fashion. Watching over her children, and the different members of her household, with the strict watchfulness and gentle love of one who cared not only for their bodies, but their souls, she was yet devoid of all affectation of piety; and those who saw her cheerful and unconstrained manner, and listened to the brilliant flow of her conversation, welling up from the depths of a cultivated and richly stored mind, could scarcely believe that she was the same woman who, on every Lord's day, joined so devoutly in the worship of the sanctuary, or that that rich voice had fallen softly as the murmur of a summer fount on many a parched and weary heart. She was, in truth,

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

We have met Mrs. Clinton once before, on her return from Mrs. Archer's party, and we gladly accompany her now on her visit to the Claytons.

To the delight of Catharine, Mr. Higgins had that morning consented to take his wife and children on a sleigh-ride to Harlem. Such crying and screaming were never heard, such a perfect bedlam was never seen. Martin Van Buren was running about with his hair on end, while his mother was ordering him to be quiet, and behave like a gentleman.

"I'll never be able to make any thing genteel out o' you in the world. I thought I should n't when your father insisted on giving you that name of yours. I told him no good would come of it, for the Locofocos were all a low set; look at Henry Clay there, *he* behaves like a gentleman."

At last, after every chest had been rummaged for stray garments, and two stools carried to the door for Henry Clay and Martin Van Buren to sit upon, Mr. Higgins made his appearance, and with Mrs. Higgins (who held the baby on her lap) beside him, and Mandy squeezed between them on the only seat, and the young Whig and Locofoco placed side by side, with some appearance of amicability, the party set out.

Catharine was glad when she saw them drive from the door. Mrs. Clinton soon after reached the house, and a slight blush suffused the poor girl's cheek as she opened the door for her visitor. One glance around the apartment into which she entered

convinced Mrs. Clinton that she was among superior people. True, there was poverty, but none of its usual squalid and untidy accompaniments. Mrs. Clayton, though dressed in garments of coarse material, and plain fashion, had an easy self-possession, a dignity of demeanor, and a polished address, which commended her to the taste, as well as to the kind feeling, of the noble woman with whom she was conversing. With the utmost delicacy Mrs. Clinton drew from the widow the story of her bereavement, and learned also the cause of Catharine's remaining but three months as a governess.

"I intended taking your daughter home with me to-day, Mrs. Clayton, but there may be some arrangements you would like to make before her leaving you, and, as I have every reason to feel assured that I shall be pleased with Catharine, I leave with her the first year's salary."

Mrs. Clayton fully understood the delicacy which prompted the offer, and her heart swelled with emotion. At last one true woman had been found to whom she could commit her eldest darling, without fear of her being subjected to vulgar caprice, or licentious insult.

The mother's heart was glad, and from it, as from an altar, the mother's grateful thanks arose like sweet incense to the throne of Him who bringeth light out of darkness, and maketh streams of consolation to spring up like waters in the desert.

The first thing done by the Claytons was to provide themselves with a new home. They succeeded in finding the upper part of a neat, but plain house, to which they removed immediately. One cart held all the heavier articles of furniture, and the lighter ones were carried by William and his sisters. They had been fortunate enough to meet with a quiet, neat family, and the tidy appearance of the place, forming a strong contrast to the unswept and unwashed house of Mrs. Higgins, was truly charming.

Catharine was soon installed in her office of governess over two lovely, sweet tempered girls, the elder of whom, both in person and manner, greatly resembled her sister Amy. What a change in one short month had been effected by the generous hand and the kind heart of one noble woman! A whole family, apparently on the brink of destitution, had been raised from sorrow to joy, from the gloomy depths of poverty, from the carking cares of cruel want, to the cheerful light of competence.

O, for more Mrs. Clintons! O, that more possessors of thousands would learn like her the luxury of doing good!

[To be continued.]

LINES.

Yea! many a doubtful mind hath borne
The deepest anguish, and in vain;
And many a sincere heart is torn
By jealousy and feigned disdain,
From that fond being in whose breast
The breath of love seemed growing chill,
Which, had it been more fondly pressed,
Had made that bosom dearer still.

But nay! that cursed inward pride
Which counteracts the real desire,
Burns far too fierce for man to hide
The powerful influence of its fire.
Yet, well the soul seems skilled in such
A task, as if by duty taught
To smother and to stifle much
The dark idea, the sad 'ning thought. S. WINNER.

my appropriating the results of her labors to an endeavor to improve my health."

"People who can make money as easily as she can may afford to spend it on the gaieties of Saratoga," returned Charlotte, who, not feeling herself quite so comfortable as when she first entered, rose and took her leave.

For some time after she was gone Maria sat in silent abstraction, which might have continued much longer, had her mother not interrupted it by saying, "Is not this a very curious story about William Swinburn, Maria?"

"Rather so," was the daughter's reply.

"He did not seem to think very highly of Olivia Mein," said Mrs. Darnley.

"Nor do I believe he does so yet," rejoined her daughter, who seemed to make a strong effort to banish the painful idea from her mind.

"I used to think his affections were very differently engaged," continued the mother, "and have often flattered myself that he would some day or other prove himself capable of appreciating the character of my Maria."

"It was hardly likely that such a partiality, even if it ever existed, would outlive three years of hard rubbing in a foreign and essentially mercantile world. It is possible, too, that by this time he has learned so much of the value of money, as to place great importance on Mr. Mein's wealth. But that he should look upon his daughter in any other light than merely as the vehicle by which a portion of it may be transferred to himself, I cannot believe, and it is this conviction that would give Charlotte's hints their chief poignancy. That he has forgotten me, I can both imagine and forgive, but that he can ever look upon Olivia in any other light than that of a very pretty girl, and the daughter of a rich man, is impossible. And, after all, mamma," added the amiable girl, as she forced a smile to her countenance, and struggled to speak cheerfully, "beauty and wealth are two most powerful auxiliaries."

"I would not exchange the beauty of your countenance for Olivia's fine complexion and beautiful features, or her splendid tresses, of which she and her mother are both so proud, into the bargain," said Mrs. Darnley.

"No, my dear mother," said Maria laughing, "I believe you would not indeed! But remember the old saying about 'every crow—.' Where would you find any one who would not laugh at the idea of your putting Maria Darnley, aged twenty-four, with a sort of muddy, indescribable complexion, a nose that is unfortunately thickest where it ought to be smallest, gray eyes and inexpressive hair, for after all there is a great deal of expression in hair, in competition with Olivia Mein, who is not yet quite twenty, with finely formed dark sparkling eyes, a beautifully curved mouth, skin as white as alabaster, and hair, certainly the blackest, brightest and most beautiful I ever saw. All these William has often seen and admired, and we must not be too severe upon him, if, by this time, he has persuaded himself that, with the advantage of three additional years'

experience, she may have overcome many of her faults, and become internally, as well as externally, beautiful. But though he may have persuaded himself to this, his noble and generous nature can never have so deteriorated as to blind him to the faults which a renewed intercourse with Olivia will soon lay open to him; and I grieve to think, if it be really as Charlotte insinuated, of the thorns that he is planting in his future course through life."

"He will deserve all that he meets with," said the widow, whose naturally meek and humble spirit was roused, by this slight upon her daughter, in a manner that nothing directed toward herself could have excited.

"Well! let us not condemn him to punishment too hastily," said Maria gently. "Perhaps Charlotte may be mistaken in the conclusions she has drawn, for she acknowledges she did not see the letter."

"But the circumstance of there being a letter at all, and that, too, a very long letter, and sent in so private a manner, are sufficient proofs of the truth of what she inferred."

Maria breathed a deep sigh. "Things must take their course," she said, and then added inwardly, "I will pursue the straight and open path of duty; and though my affections can never alter, I can forgive him for the change that may have taken place in his."

All the business of fitting dresses, and arranging the various articles of the toilet, which precedes a visit to a fashionable watering-place, with those who expect to shine in the gay circle, can be so easily imagined, that we shall pass it over and bring Mrs. Mein and her daughters to the much-desired spot at once. Mr. Mein having conducted them thither, returned home almost immediately, on the plea of business, and very soon after, his wife received a letter from him, the following extract from which she read, in all the tremor of strong excitement, to her daughters.

"On my arrival at home, the cook told me that the day after we left a very superb carriage had driven up to the door, drawn by two of the most beautiful horses she had ever seen, and that a footman in a very splendid livery came and asked for you; and, on being told where you were, he went back to the carriage and immediately returned with a card, which he desired might be given to you on your return. I went directly to the card-box to see who the visitor was, when, to my surprise, I read the name of Frederick Randolph, from Canton. I lost no time in going to all the principal hotels and boarding-houses, to try to find him, intending, as soon as I did so, to send for you to come home; but I could learn no tidings of him. Several people had seen the elegant equipage, which they all concluded to be that of some foreign ambassador, it being so much more splendid than any thing they were in the habit of seeing, but nobody could tell where it was to be found. I have put off writing two or three days, hoping it might be in my power in the course of that time to give you more satis-

factory information; but I have at length concluded that he must have left the city almost immediately after calling at our house, and, as the weather is exceedingly warm, it is most probable he has gone to some watering-place; I will endeavor to ascertain to which, and will let you know as soon as I find it out. Who knows but he may even take it into his head to join you at Saratoga? If he should do so, tell Leevy and Lotte to take care not to lose their wits when figuring away in that elegant carriage."

"Well! who would have thought it!" cried Mrs. Mein. "So my dear cousin Fred is come back at last! And just as kind as ever; for it seems he had come to New York on purpose to see me, since he left it as soon as he found I was not there. Oh! how delighted I shall be to see his handsome face once more!"

"And how delighted I shall be to see and ride in his handsome carriage!" said Charlotte.

"And to have his footman, in such splendid livery, standing at our backs at table," added Olivia.

"How I shall watch every carriage that I see," rejoined the younger sister. "I hope he will come soon, before much more of our time is expired!"

"Oh! as to that," returned the mother, "your pa will not be very particular in keeping us to any fixed time if we are with him; for he knows that you can have a much more constant intercourse with him in such a place as this, than if you were even at home. And I should wish you to see as much of him as possible, that you may learn to love my dear cousin Fred as I have always loved him."

"Dear me, ma! I never knew that you were so very fond of him till lately," said Charlotte.

"Why, what was the use of saying any thing about it, as long as there was no likelihood of my ever seeing him again? It was only painful to my feelings to talk about him. But as soon as I heard that he was possessed of a large independent fortune, I of course felt sure he would return before long to his native country, and then there was some pleasure in talking about him. But I hope, girls," continued the prudent mother, "you will not think of saying to him that you had never heard of him till within a year or two; but, on the contrary, speak of the affection that I have always had for him."

"Oh! of course!" replied Olivia, whose mind was just capacious enough to take in any little scheme of cunning or duplicity.

"How long is it since he went away, and where has he been living all this time?" asked the younger daughter.

"Let me see! I have been married three-and-twenty years, and he had been gone at least three years before I was married; so that it is not less than twenty-six years since he went away."

"Then he is pretty old by this time," remarked the same daughter.

"Not very old, after all, Charlotte," returned the mother. "I believe he was about nineteen when he went. A gentleman who was going to settle at Canton took a great fancy to him, and proposed to take him with him as a sort of clerk. He at first

declined the offer, on account of his mother, who was a widow and entirely dependent on him; but the gentleman offered to advance a sum of money for her support, to be paid back by instalments from his salary, which was to be a much larger one than he could procure here, so he agreed to go. We were all very sorry to part with him, for he was a sweet, handsome fellow, as you will admit when you see him, for he cannot now be more than five-and-forty, and his beauty is of a kind that wears well—a clear dark complexion, and jet black hair, that curled so beautifully that we used to plague him by saying we were sure he rouged, and put his hair in papers."

"How I should like to see him! I think his hair and mine must be very much alike," said Olivia, as she stood arranging her curls before the glass.

"It will not be long I expect before you have that pleasure; and I hope, girls, when you do see him you will take particular pains to make yourselves agreeable to him, and then who knows what may happen?"

"Perhaps Leevy may before long be riding in that elegant carriage as her own," said Charlotte.

"Well, now let us go and take a walk to the spring," said the mother, smiling with pleasure at the suggestion; "for I declare the excitement has made my headache dreadfully. I wish my feelings were not so easily excited. People of sensibility have really a great deal to bear!" And so saying, the sensitive mother and her two daughters proceeded to the spring, where they found abundant opportunity of gratifying their feelings by expatiating to their various acquaintances, upon the riches and splendor of the relative by whom they hoped soon to be joined—for the suggestion of Mr. Mien, that he might possibly visit the springs, was immediately adopted by them as a fact.

"Ma, is Mr. Randolph any relation to Maria Darnley?" asked Charlotte, as she saw that young lady advancing toward the spring, in a simple but exceedingly neat dress and a large sunbonnet, and carrying a bottle in her hand.

"No! to be sure not, child!" returned the mother, not very well pleased at being interrupted in a glowing description that she was giving to an old lady of her cousin Fred's brilliant complexion, fine teeth and eyes, and bright black curly hair. "You know Maria Darnley is related to you by your pa's side, and cousin Fred is my relation."

"Then I will go and tell her about his being come," said the daughter, "for I shall enjoy seeing how she will pretend not to care about it." And with this amiable object in view she went forward to meet Maria, with that cordiality which she ever exhibited when she had any thing to communicate which she thought (as she elegantly termed it) would spite her. But Charlotte's enjoyment on the occasion was much greater than she had anticipated, for if Maria tried to bear the announcement with indifference, she was at least very unsuccessful in her endeavor. Her color, which was never very high, almost entirely forsook her cheeks, and then, as if

shocked at its own delinquency, rushed back with such force as to suffuse both face and neck; whilst an evident tremor was discernible in her voice as she said, "I am glad to hear you are likely to have so great a pleasure! But I must hasten to take the water to my mother," she added, as the person at the spring, having filled the bottle, presented it to her—"for she is not so well as usual this morning."

"I wish you had but seen her, Leevy!" said Charlotte, as she returned to her former place beside her mother and sister; "I declare I almost thought she would have choked with envy."

"La! Charlotte!" said Olivia, tittering with an evident expression of delight.

"May I, ma'am, inquire the name of the young lady to whom you spoke a short time ago, and who went away with a bottle of water?" said a voice at the elbow of the younger sister.

Charlotte looked round to see who it was that had addressed her, and saw that the speaker was a gentleman, or, we believe, from his exceedingly simple appearance, Charlotte would have denied his right to that title, and insisted that he was only a *man*, apparently far on to sixty years of age, with hair almost entirely white, a yellow complexion, and a form so exceedingly attenuated that the skin of his body appeared literally to be drawn over bare bones. Charlotte, with a haughty air, cast her eyes over the person of the speaker, and then answered in a tone of voice that evidently indicated that she did not wish to prolong the conversation. "I believe her name is Darnley."

"I took the liberty of asking, because I heard the lady that I believe is your mother, speak of her being a relation of yours," said the stranger.

"She is a relation, I believe, but a very distant one," returned Charlotte, turning her head away as she spoke, and addressing her sister to avoid any further remarks from her neighbor. But her effort was not successful, for the moment she had ceased speaking he again spoke, without appearing to notice any of her hints.

"Is the lady we were speaking of married?" he asked.

"No!" returned she, "nor is she likely ever to be."

"May I ask why?"

"Because she is old and ugly. Unless," added Charlotte, as if recollecting herself, "she should chance to meet with some one as old and ugly as herself."

Here Olivia began to giggle. "I declare, Charlotte," said she, "you are the queerest girl."

"It would not be a very difficult thing for her to find such an one," returned the stranger, without appearing to notice either Olivia's giggle or her remark.

"I should think not!" returned the saucy girl; and as she spoke she cast her eyes significantly on the person to whom she spoke. Again Olivia giggled.

"I could not see much of her face," continued the incorrigible stranger; "but her figure is exceedingly

good, and the beautiful simplicity of her dress shows great delicacy of taste."

"It shows great delicacy of purse," returned his antagonist, in an exulting tone of voice, as if she thought she had made a very smart reply. But her neighbor, impervious to all her points, proceeded, without seeming to notice what she had said.

"Her voice, too, as Shakspeare says, seems

Ever low, gentle and soft,
An excellent thing in woman.

At the moment the stranger uttered these words, but without having heard them, Mrs. Mien turned from a lady to whom she had been speaking, and said, "Charlotte! why do you speak so loud? you are attracting the attention of every body about you!"

This rebuke, coming as it did, at the very moment of the stranger's remark, was too much for Charlotte's philosophy, and she became almost purple with rage. Now, though Charlotte might generally be called a very pretty girl, for she had remarkably fine hazel eyes, with long beautiful eyelashes, a clear bright complexion, good teeth, and luxuriant auburn hair, yet her mouth was rather too large and her nose a little too long, and when she happened to get into a passion, (which was not a circumstance of very unfrequent occurrence,) the muscles of those two features, by a sudden contraction, caused her upper lip and nose to turn up, so as to give an almost ludicrous appearance to her face. Assured from these symptoms that nothing was to be expected from the younger daughter but violent invectives and impertinent rejoinders, Mrs. Mein had sense enough to know that her wisest course was to take her out of the way of observation, and, therefore, telling them that she wished them to accompany her in a lengthened walk, they all left the spring, and as they were, before they had gone far, joined by some beaux, for the girls were at that time the belles of the place, Charlotte soon recovered her good humor.

"My dear Maria! what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Darnley, looking at her daughter with anxiety, as she entered the bed-room with the bottle of medicinal water.

"Nothing," returned Maria, forcing a smile on her face as she spoke.

"Something has agitated you; I know you too well, Maria! not to be sure that something has occurred to distress you, and I entreat you to tell me at once what it is."

"Nothing has occurred which ought to agitate me," returned Maria, while the big drops trembled in her eyes; "and I am afraid if I expose my weakness, you will be as much ashamed of your daughter as I am of myself."

"Shame is a feeling that you never have excited, my child, and I believe it is impossible for you ever to do it. But tell me, what is it that has distressed you?"

Maria then, with as much composure as she could command, told her mother of the intelligence that

Charlotte had so eagerly communicated, and then added—"Now though there was nothing in this that ought to have given me pain, yet I must confess the idea that he was come fraught with letters and messages from William, nay, that he was perhaps accompanied by William himself, come to claim his bride, or at least to obtain the sanction of her father to their engagement, did for the time rather overcome me. But it will soon be over, my dear mother, and if you will leave me to myself for a short time, you will soon see me as usual again."

"They are none of them worth caring for," returned the parent, in a tone of indignation. "William as little as any of them; and I am only sorry that one who knew so little how to value such a heart as yours, my dear child, should ever have had any power over it."

"Oh! do not speak so severely of him, my dear mamma," remonstrated Maria, as she wiped away the big tears from her eyes. "It can never be any mitigation of my pain to hear him condemned. And after all, perhaps Charlotte was under a mistake with respect to the subject of his letter."

"No! Maria! It was no mistake, and I will tell you now, for I think it better you should know at once, what I had thought I would conceal from you for the present at least. Whilst you were out walking yesterday, I had a visit from Mrs. Mien, and she then told me in unequivocal terms, that Olivia had received a letter from William, containing a declaration of love, and that if he was at all successful in his business, she had no doubt that Leevy would be able to prevail upon her father to consent to their union, for it was well known she had long been attached to him. And therefore, Maria, the sooner you banish him from your mind the better, for he is not worth thinking of."

"If I believed that of him," returned the daughter, "I could very soon banish him from my heart; for I could not long love any one whom I did not esteem; but it is the conviction that, though he has in this instance deceived himself, his heart is still noble, generous and kind, that makes the stroke so hard to bear—for I know that he is laying up years of misery for himself."

"Perhaps this Mr. Randolph may have had something to do in the business," suggested Mrs. Darnley. "As Olivia is his relation, it is possible that his fortune as well as that of Mr. Mein has pleaded eloquently, and made him forget your prior claims."

"My dear mother," cried Maria, with warmth; "you must not talk of my *claims*, for William was under no engagement to me."

"Did he never claim any promise from you?"

"None!" was Maria's short but emphatic reply.

"Nor give you any himself?"

"No," returned the daughter. "The most that he ever said was on the night that he came to take leave, when he said, 'I go, Maria, to endeavor to amend my fortune, and if I succeed you will soon see me back, to claim that which could alone make that fortune worth having.' I will not pretend to deny the interpretation that I put on his words; but yet I

have no right to say that he has done any thing dishonorable. I acquit him entirely. And now, after begging you will do the same, dear mother, let us drop the subject, and you shall soon see me composed and even cheerful." So saying, Maria began to busy herself about some of her pursuits, and the conversation was dropped.

When Mrs. Mien and her daughters took their accustomed seats at the dinner table, Charlotte, to her infinite mortification, saw that her acquaintance, or rather antagonist, of the morning, was seated directly opposite to her. "Leevy," said she, stretching her head across her mother and addressing her sister, who sat at the other side of her parent, at the same time speaking in a tone sufficiently elevated to be heard at the opposite side of the table, "did n't you think that all new comers took their seats at the foot of the table, and rose as the vacancies occurred above them?"

"Hush, Charlotte!" said the mother, who, for once, seemed sensible of the impertinence of her daughter's remark. He, however, for whom it was intended, either did not hear, or did not choose to notice it, but asked her, in a very polite tone, to allow him to help her from some dish that stood near him. Charlotte, however, was not to be so appeased, for every rancorous feeling had been excited by their conversation in the morning, and she had vowed to be revenged. Charlotte, like many other young ladies, and we fear young gentlemen also, imagined herself witty because she was pretty ready at giving ridiculous names and drawing offensive comparisons, and she was determined to play off her talent on the present occasion. The circumstance of her mother being seated between her sister and herself, gave her an excuse for speaking in a voice loud enough to be heard by him for whom it was intended—whilst, as in a mock whisper, she said—"Leevy! Did you ever see a skeleton dressed in yellow leather?" This, of course, threw Olivia into one of her accustomed giggles, when her mother—who had been too busy talking to one of her neighbors about her cousin, Mr. Frederick Randolph, of Canton, and his elegant equipage—to hear what her younger daughter had said, being disturbed by the noise of the elder one, exclaimed—

"Do, Leevy, stop that giggling! It is impossible to hear what is said for your noise."

"Oh, ma! Charlotte's so funny—it is impossible to keep from laughing!" said the daughter.

Charlotte turned her eyes toward the "yellow skeleton," but was convinced, from the perfect equanimity of his countenance, that he had either not heard, or not understood the application of what she had said; and disappointed in her attempt to throw back upon him some of the mortification that she had experienced in the morning, she sat for some time silent. At length, after the desert was placed upon the table, a happy thought struck her, and picking out a half ripe, half withered cherry from a plate of cherries that stood near her, she said, still addressing the sister, in whom her wit was always sure to

find a ready listener, and a constant admirer, and still speaking in the same pretended whisper in which she had before addressed her—

"Leevy, do you know what this is like?" and, as she spoke, she held the cherry toward her sister.

"No," returned Olivia—"what is it like?"

"The end of Maria Darnley's nose! And this," she added, holding up a mildewed leaf of the same fruit, "is the exact shade of her complexion."

This was too much for Olivia to hear without a loud giggle—while her mother again said, with considerable impatience—

"Leevy! I told you before not to make so much noise."

"Oh, ma! you should hear Charlotte, and then you would not wonder at my laughing."

"Well, I wish Charlotte would keep her wit for another time, and not disturb the whole company with it."

"Do you know what Bacon says of wit?" asked the skeleton, (an appellation which we adopt, both on account of its appropriateness, and for want of the real one,) addressing Charlotte as he spoke.

"I know nothing about Bacon, or his sayings either," answered she, turning her head away contemptuously, to show that she did not wish to enter into any conversation. But the same obtuseness that had been evinced on every former occasion, was still displayed by her antagonist, who continued, with as much composure as if he had been listened to with the most respectful attention. "He says that true wit is, like the finest salt, without bitterness."

Again Charlotte's lip and nose were turned up, for she had no lack of readiness of perception, and at once saw the application. But not so Olivia, whose mind was of a much feeble nature, and she therefore only tittered and said—

"How queer, to compare wit, to salt. Who ever heard of such a comparison?"

"It is one, however, for which he has high authority," returned the skeleton, "for you know our Savior says to his faithful followers—'Ye are the salt of the earth!'"

To this Olivia could neither object nor assent, for she knew but little of either the Savior or his sayings, and her mother having now risen from the table, she and her sister followed her, to the piazza.

Mrs. Mein took her seat on a part of the piazza that was sheltered from the sun, amongst some other elderly ladies, who were not disposed to follow the usual custom of resorting to their bed-rooms; and Olivia stood waiting for Charlotte to accompany her up stairs to murder the time, when the gentlemen were engaged with their smoking and their wine, with their accustomed siesta. But Charlotte's temper was at present too much ruffled for her to think of sleeping, and she stood turning over in her mind in what way she could revenge herself upon the impertinent stranger, for the severe, though quiet cuts he had given her. She had found (for, as we have before said, Charlotte was far from being defi-

cient in penetration) that nothing, however insulting, that was directed toward himself merely, had appeared to be noticed or understood; but the moment she had attacked Maria Darnley his feelings had been aroused; and as, like many other silly girls, she had no idea of any warm interest being discovered by a gentleman toward a female but from motives of love or marriage, she took it into her head that he must actually have fallen in love with her relative. Under this conviction, she resolved, the first opportunity, to make Maria her butt, as the most certain way of paying off some of her debts to the offender. Nor was it long before chance furnished her with the power of putting her determination into execution, for at the very moment that she stood cogitating the matter, Maria came out of the house with a bottle in her hand, which showed that she was on her way to the spring for water. With one of those swift glances which pass so rapidly across the mind, Charlotte determined to put her resolution into execution, and only regretted that the skeleton was not by to give her an opportunity of cutting with a two-edged sword. But though she was not disposed to lose the present chance, another and still more favorable one might follow before long, and therefore she called out—

"Come here, Maria—I have something to say to you."

"What is it?" asked Maria, who endeavored to speak cheerfully, but from a feeling that my readers can readily understand, there was a slight tremor in her voice. "You must tell me quickly, for I am in haste to fetch water for my mother."

"Have you heard of the new fashions that are just come in?"

"No—what are they?"

"Why, snub noses are now all the rage; and some gentlemen are almost losing their wits in admiration of them."

"I am exceedingly sorry for it on your account, for it will be particularly hard upon you!" was the retort which immediately rose to Maria's lips; but she checked the unworthy impulse, and said, laughing—"Indeed! I am delighted to hear it! Then my poor little nose will become respectable after all; and it really deserves to be so, for it is a very good little nose, and performs all its duties admirably."

Charlotte felt that she had the worst of it, but she was determined to make another trial.

"A new style of complexion, too, is become quite the go," she continued. "It is neither white, nor black, nor green, nor blue—but a mixture of all; so that a variety of shades is displayed at once."

"Oh, that is only consistent with a well known principle of nature," returned Maria, and the voice which had trembled when she believed the affections of her heart were about to be attacked, was now firm, and even playful—"for we are all aware of the charms of variety. How curious it will be if I should become a beauty, after all!" she continued, with the most unaffected gaiety. "I am only afraid it would turn my poor head."

"No fear!" said one of Mrs. Mein's companions,

who had been an attentive listener to all that had passed, "you have too much strength of mind to be carried away by mere personal beauty."

"So we are all apt to think when we view a possession only as the property of another; but we all know that it assumes a very different character when it becomes our own; and I, for my part, am so warm an admirer of beauty, that I believe I must acknowledge that He indeed knew well our nature, who taught us, when we prayed, to say—'Lead us not into temptation.'"

This was said in so simple, unaffected, and at the same time feeling a manner, that even Charlotte was silenced, and Olivia did not utter a titter, whilst the lady to whom it was addressed turned her eyes with an expression of warm admiration to a point of the piazza a little behind where the younger ladies of the party stood, and evidently exchanged a look of sympathy with some one in that quarter. Charlotte saw the look, and curious to know who was there to correspond to it, she turned suddenly round, and, to her infinite mortification, she beheld the skeleton, standing where he had evidently heard all that had passed; and with a glow of admiration evident even upon his sallow visage. What her mortified feelings might have driven her to, we are unable to say, for at this moment the attention of the whole party was arrested by screams of agony echoing from various quarters, while men came rushing past the house as to some object of the most alarming nature. It was not long before it was ascertained that a man who was driving a very heavily loaded wagon, finding that one of his horses was disposed to be restiff, and seeing that it was occasioned by something being amiss with the gears, jumped off his seat with the intention of putting it to rights, when his foot was caught by something, which threw him down, and he fell under the heavily laden vehicle, and was instantly killed. A circumstance of so shocking a nature cast a gloom over the whole place. The gentlemen busied themselves in seeing the body of the unfortunate man conveyed to his home, which was within a couple of miles of the place where he met his death. The ladies retired to their chambers, and all was silence and solemnity in that usually gay and festive spot.

"I wonder where Miss Darnley is?" said the lady we have before mentioned as an admirer of our heroine, on taking her seat, which was next to Mrs. Mein's, at the supper table. "She half promised me to join us at supper this evening. She has never yet taken a meal out of her mother's room since she came. She is a most exemplary daughter."

"She pays her mother great attention, no doubt," returned Mrs. Mein.

"If you wish to know where Miss Darnley is," said the skeleton, who, to Charlotte's mortification, seemed always to be where she least wished him—"I can tell you, for I saw her only a few minutes ago in the house of mourning, hushing the young

infant that the mother's distress rendered her incapable of attending to, on her bosom, and lulling its cries with a voice that might have been taken for an 'angel's whisper.'"

"That is just like her," rejoined the lady; "she sets us all an example, which we should do well to follow."

"It is a part of her business to play the amiable," said Charlotte, whose evil star would not permit her to be silent. "She is always writing about some fine heroine or other, and by degrees, I suppose, she learns to act the character."

"But as she must have to describe characters of a contrary description," said her antagonist, "how does it happen that she never learns to act the bad ones?"

"Perhaps she does! We are not always with her to know how she acts."

"But we have pretty good authority for knowing that she not only never neglects her duty, but even sometimes goes beyond it. How many daughters could we find who would, by their own hard labor, pay any of their father's debts?"

This was a home-thrust, that silenced even Charlotte, and made Mrs. Mein sit very uneasily on her seat, for as Mr. Mein was the only one of Mr. Darnley's creditors who could be prevailed upon to receive any of the fruits of his daughter's labors, in payment of the father's debts, she could not but suppose that this extraordinary character, who appeared so well acquainted with Maria's history, knew perfectly well who the creditor was that had accepted payment from her. Anxious, therefore, to put a stop to the conversation, and but little disposed to eat, she rose from the table, and proceeded to the piazza, followed by her daughters, the lady her neighbor, and the obtrusive skeleton, or, as he might be called, their shadow, for he never seemed to be many yards from them. Just as they got on to the piazza, Maria appeared, returning from her visit of benevolence, and Mrs. Mein, who felt that every attempt to put Maria down had produced a very contrary result, whispered to Charlotte to let Maria be, whilst she herself determined to take a patronizing tone, and therefore, accosting her, she said—

"Well, Maria, you have been acting with your usual benevolence! I hope you have got your little charge hushed to sleep?"

"Yes, I believe it is, at last, in a sound sleep!" returned Maria. "But how did you know where I had been? Have you, too, been there?"

"The ske—this gentleman told us!" said Charlotte, and for once a blush of shame suffused the face of the generally unblushing girl.

"Then you, no doubt, were the person," said Maria, turning with a look almost of reverence to Charlotte's enemy, "who put the liberal donation into the little girl's hand, to be given to her mother when she was more composed; and which the child gave to me to take care of, till that time. You must have moved very softly, for I was unconscious of any one having been in the house."

"I moved on tiptoe," replied the other, "for I

was afraid of disturbing the poor woman; and would not for the world have interrupted one of those sweet notes which even the little infant seemed to feel. I simply, therefore, put my mite into the child's hand, and retired."

"Mite!" repeated Maria, involuntarily; then added, with a sweet smile—"I do not know whether I might not be in danger of envying you the power that you have exercised so liberally, were I not aware that there are services which 'gold can never buy,' that are scarcely less important, and which are in the power of the most destitute administrator. So that, between the two, I hope the poor family will receive all the comfort that circumstances will admit."

"Oh, I should not wonder if they are, before long, in a better situation than they ever were in their lives before," said Mrs. Mein. "There are a great many rich people here at present, and if you, Maria, would take upon you to plead their cause, it is not an unlikely thing that you might raise quite a large sum."

"Then suppose I commence with you," returned Maria, who was not without a spice of mischief in her composition; and, as she spoke, she took a pencil, which was suspended round her neck, and a letter from her reticule. "And now, ma'am," she continued, "what sum shall I put opposite to the name of Mrs. Mein?"

"Oh, I am not one of the rich ones!" cried that lady. "It is very little that I have in my power to give, at any time, and especially when at this expensive place. Besides, I understand there is to be a subscription paper handed round the dinner-table to-morrow, so that I must keep *my mite* to give then, for one does not like to be singular, you know."

Some little accidental circumstance now interrupted the conversation. Maria hastened to her mother. The skeleton—but we pretend not to keep cognizance of him. Mrs. Mein sat down to watch her daughters promenade, laugh, giggle, and make themselves very agreeable with the young dandies.

The following morning Maria was returning from the house of mourning, where she had been an early visitor, rendering every assistance that tenderness and sympathy could afford; but her mind occupied, as she pursued her way, with one engrossing subject; for though Maria's judgment, which was clear and powerful, told her it was one that ought to be banished from her mind, her heart, alas! was too warm, too tender, to yield all at once to that stern monitor. As she proceeded, she was struck, on happening to send her eyes to a little distance before, with the appearance of a gentleman that she saw advancing with a rapid step toward her. Her heart, in spite of her conviction that she must be mistaken, began to beat violently. She looked again—the walk, the air, the general contour of the person, was such that she began to think it was impossible she could be deceived, and her limbs trembled so, that she found it impossible to walk straight. The next moment a smile of recognition, from the

person himself, proved beyond a doubt that it was indeed William Swinburn that was approaching.

"He is come to confirm his engagement," thought she, "or perhaps even to claim his bride." And at the thought she made a strong effort with herself, and before he had actually reached her she was able to speak with tolerable composure, and she was determined not to permit herself again to be deprived of her self-command, even though the fine expressive eyes on which she had so often gazed with delighted admiration, seemed literally to dance with joy.

"How long have you been at the Springs?" asked she, after the first salutations were over, and he had told her that he had only been a very short time in the country.

"I have only this moment arrived," replied he, "and came directly to meet you."

"Then you have seen mamma?" she returned, in an inquiring tone.

"No! I have not spoken to a creature, except one gentleman, with whom I am acquainted, and who told me where I should find you."

And, as he spoke, he turned to walk with her, and drew her hand, (which he had still held, notwithstanding she had made several attempts to withdraw it,) under his arm. This, however, Maria could not submit to, and drawing it gently away, but anxious, while she did so, that it should not have any appearance of being done from a feeling of pique or ill-humor, she said, in as cheerful a voice as she could assume—

"Three years' residence in a warm climate does not appear to have had any deleterious effects on your constitution, for I never saw you looking better than you are doing at present."

The bright, sparkling expression of Swinburn's countenance was in an instant changed to one of extreme seriousness and anxiety, and, without seeming even to have heard what she had said, he exclaimed—

"Maria! why is this? You used to be in the habit of taking my arm when we walked in the country. There surely, then, cannot be any objection to your taking it now?"

"Circumstances are different now," returned Maria, with a forced smile.

"How different? Oh, Maria, is it possible that what I have been told is true?"

"I know not what you have been told—but I know that it is not likely that Olivia Mein would be very comfortable at seeing you and me walking arm in arm together."

"Olivia Mein! What has Olivia Mein to do with me?" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "I am not accountable to her for what company I walk with."

"William," said Maria, with a look of great ingenuousness, "I am not in the habit of dealing in mysteries, and shall, therefore, treat you with the frankness that I think I deserve from you in return. Tell me, then, if a correspondence has not existed between you and her within the last year?"

"She wrote one letter to me, and I wrote one to

her—that is all the correspondence that has taken place.”

“But your letter contained a declaration of love.”

“It did so. Of love pure, glowing and sincere!” replied the young man, whose mind seemed at once to have penetrated the veil. “But of love for whom?” he added, with a smile—“of love for Maria Darnley. She, the only being that I have ever loved!”

“But was not that a curious subject to write to her upon?” asked Maria, still at a loss to understand the real state of the case.

“You shall know all, my Maria,” returned the lover; “for though it is a subject that I should never have thought of speaking of, but in self-defence, I have no notion of letting a shadow of doubt remain on your mind out of delicacy to one who has shown so little respect for herself. I last year received a letter from Olivia, which she said she had written as her mother’s substitute, who was unable at the time, in consequence of a sore finger, to hold a pen; and requesting me to make some inquiries about a gentleman, a relative of her mother’s; and also begging I would send two card-cases, one for each of her daughters. But though Olivia commenced by saying she wrote merely as her mother’s amanuensis, she soon lost sight of that character, and, after giving me a good deal of news, there was a passage that I can give you by rote, for I have read it too often, and studied it too anxiously, not to know it word for word. ‘It has been reported for some time that your *old* friend—and there was a dash under the word *old*—is going to be married; but I did not believe it, till a few days ago, when Charlotte went to call upon her, (for we have always tried to pay her every attention in our power,) and found her busy preparing some much gayer clothes than she is in the habit of wearing. On Charlotte’s making some remark about them, she said, with a half laugh, that she was preparing for a great occasion. Charlotte, in her blunt way, asked her what it was, when Maria replied, ‘It is a sort of secret at present, but you will soon hear of it, when it takes place.’”

“This looked so much like a confirmation of the report,” continued Swinburn, “that I acknowledge it made me very unhappy, and would have made me much more so, if it had not been for the concluding part of the letter, which was of so extraordinary a character, that, although I do not believe that I am particularly prone to vanity, I could not but consider it to convey some very pointed insinuations. Determined, therefore, whether you were married or single, that no uncertainty should remain on her mind with respect to my feelings, I wrote to her, and told her how my affections had always been engaged, and how I was persuaded they would ever remain as long as I lived. How she could, from this, contrive to propagate a report that I had made a declaration of love to her, I leave to herself to explain, and shall certainly call upon her to do so.”

“Oh, no!” said Maria, “let me beg of you to allow the matter to drop. I am perfectly satisfied, I

assure you, of the truth of all you say, and should be sorry to have the matter pursued any further.”

“But it is not your conviction alone, my dearest Maria, that is sufficient. Your mother, her mother, her sister, and every one to whom it has been told, must be convinced that she has propagated a falsehood! They shall never have it in their power to say that Maria Darnley took a rejected lover of Olivia’s. She must be exposed to them all.”

“Oh, indeed! you must be more merciful! Consider—she is a very weak-minded girl, and scarcely sufficiently accountable to deserve punishment.”

“Maria,” returned the young man, with energy, “I can forgive folly, and pity weakness; but for duplicity, cunning and falsehood, I know no toleration. I will expose her, and it would be my wish that you should be present when I do so.”

“Not for the world!” cried Maria: “and I wish exceedingly that you would give up the thought.”

“On this one point you must permit me to follow my own judgment; but in all things else it will be the delight of my life to endeavor to gratify your every wish. And now,” continued he, in a less serious tone of voice, “this matter being settled, I must account for my sudden return to America. Very soon after my arrival in Canton, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with a gentleman who, I may say, united in himself all the characters of father, friend, patron and brother. After the arrival of Olivia’s letter, he soon observed the depression of spirits which it produced, and, as his generous kindness to me called for my utmost confidence, I made him acquainted with the whole affair. I cannot say that he gave the same credit to Olivia’s statement that I had done. On the contrary, he seemed to be strongly convinced that it was a cunning artifice to alienate my affections from you, and at the same time to make me understand where they might be placed with more certainty of a return. Finding, however, that I still continued to be exceedingly anxious, though I must confess that his suggestions had staggered my faith considerably, he proposed, on being about to visit this country himself, that I should accompany him; placing the motive for my doing so entirely to his own account. I found, immediately on landing, where you were, and should have flown hither instantly, had it not been necessary, on account of some plans of my friends, that I should submit a little longer to the pangs of suspense. These now, however, are over, and I find my Maria just what I left her.”

“Only, three years older,” said Maria, smiling, “which is no trifle when a woman has already got beyond twenty.”

“Time has not touched you, and passed me over, you may depend,” replied the lover, laughing.

“When you see Olivia, you will think he had not had the heart to touch her, for she looks as young and beautiful as she did when we used so often to admire her.”

“My dear Maria, I would not give one look of

yours for all Olivia's beauties, though I do not pretend to deny that they are both great and numerous. But give me the face where the 'soul shines through and quickens all.'"

They were now at the house, and Maria hastened to communicate the happy intelligence to her mother, while William waited in the entry until summoned to go and pay his respects to Mrs. Darnley, whose feelings, when she found that her Maria, her beloved and inestimable daughter, was not destined to be a prey to disappointed hopes and blighted affections, may easily be imagined:—

"Joy seized her withered veins, and one bright gleam Of setting life shone on her evening hours."

"There is a gentleman down stairs, madam," said a servant, as Mrs. Mein opened her room door, at which he had knocked—"who says he is just come from Canton, and that he wishes to see you and the young ladies."

"Oh! he is come at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Mein, in an ecstasy of delight. "Come, girls! make haste and let us go down stairs to see my dear cousin Fred! Leevy, do loosen a ringlet or two to play about your neck, for the black hair shows the whiteness of your skin to so much advantage. And put your new gloves off—there is no need of gloves in the house, and it is a pity to cover those hands of yours."

"Ma does not give herself any concern about my looks!" said Charlotte, pettishly.

"Charlotte! how foolish to talk in that way!" remonstrated the mother. "But, you know, Leevy is the older, and therefore the more likely to take Cousin Fred's fancy. But I am sure, if you happened to please him best, it would be all the same to me. Well, come—we are all ready; now let us go. Oh, what a flutter my heart is in!"

So saying, the mother, followed by her two daughters, proceeded to the private parlor, to which the servant had directed them. On Mrs. Mein's entering the room, William Swinburn stood before her, but, not on the instant recollecting him, she exclaimed—

"This surely cannot be Cousin Fred!"

"Why, ma! it's William Swinburn!" cried Olivia, with a sort of half pleased, half frightened look.

"William Swinburn! Why, so it is, to be sure!" returned the mother, in a voice in which disappointment and pleasure, vexation and exultation, seemed to be all equally blended.

"What, in the name of goodness! has brought you back so soon? Have you seen any thing of Cousin Frederick Randolph?"

"We came over in the same vessel together."

"And where is he now?"

"I believe you will see him at the Springs before long."

"Oh, well!—that is delightful! I am perfectly sick with impatience to see him. I have always been so much attached to him. But you have returned much sooner than was expected."

"I have—but I came on important business. I am come on a matrimonial expedition!" and, as William spoke, he cast a significant look at Olivia, who blushed and hung down her head.

"Oh! I understand you," said the lady, with a sort of simpering smile. "But I hope, William, you will act cautiously, and not attempt to take any material steps until you have consulted Mr. Mein."

"I am afraid that advice has come too late, for I am already positively engaged."

"Engaged!" screamed the matron. "Is it possible that you have been so unprincipled as to draw my child into an engagement without the knowledge of either Mr. Mein or myself?"

"Ma, hush!" cried Olivia.

"I was not aware, my dear madam, that either Mr. Mein or yourself had any thing to do with the disposal of Maria Darnley."

"Maria Darnley!" vociferated the enraged mother. "Was it to Maria Darnley that you wrote the long love-letter last year, and enclosed it in Olivia's card-case!"

"Ma—do hush!" cried Olivia, in as great an agony of shame as she was capable of feeling.

"Ma—are you crazy?" exclaimed Charlotte. "You surely don't know what you are talking about!"

"I know very well what I am talking about. I am talking about a declaration of love that this young man wrote to your sister last year; and though I have no wish that she should receive his love, I have still less notion of her being made a fool of by him."

"Ma! nobody ever told you that it was love for me that was declared in that letter," remonstrated Olivia, considerably relieved by the idea that the whole ridicule of this business might be laid upon her mother's misconception of the affair.

"Nobody ever told me in plain words, perhaps, but I was made to believe it; and I did believe it, and I believe so still!"

"I am sure I never thought it was," said Charlotte.

And here we must do Charlotte the justice to say, that she did not, in this instance, tell a falsehood. It is true that she never believed the letter was of the nature that Olivia tried to make them think it was; but she saw what were her sister's wishes, and readily gave her aid toward forwarding them. Charlotte had one redeeming quality, which, if her sister had possessed a mind capable of making use of it, might have converted her vices into virtues, and produced, from her strong and energetic character, a noble and estimable woman. Charlotte was extravagantly attached to Olivia, but, unfortunately, that sacred tie of sisterly affection was neither restrained by honor, nor regulated by principle; and Olivia, who might have made any thing of her that she had chosen, employed her merely as a tool, to aid her in her designs of artifice and cunning. But we beg pardon of our readers for having kept them so long from the scene of action.

"I believe the matter may be easily explained,"

said Swinburn, addressing himself to Mrs. Mein—"I wrote to Miss Olivia, it is true, and expressed myself in all the ardor of passion; but the object of that passion was Maria Darnley, not your daughter."

"A very likely story, truly!" returned the lady. "It is a very likely thing that you should write to my daughter, with whom you had never corresponded, nor ever had any great intimacy, to tell her of your love for Maria Darnley! No, Mr. Swinburn, you must not expect that so contemptible a subterfuge will pass current with me, however my foolishly good-natured daughter may try to aid you in it."

"Then," added the young man, "as I cannot submit to be suspected of a falsehood, I must be obliged to produce Miss Olivia's letter to me, and beg she will, at the same time, show my answer, which was elicited solely by the strain of her epistle."

And, as he spoke, he put his hand very deliberately into his pocket, and brought out a letter, which Olivia knew at once to be her own. Darting across the room, as if an electric shock had passed through her, Olivia endeavored to snatch the letter out of his hands; but he was too much upon his guard for her to succeed; and, in an agony of fear, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Mr. Swinburn! do not, I entreat you, show that foolish letter!"

"Then, at any rate, let mine be shown!" remonstrated he.

"Oh, I hav'n't it! I cannot tell where it is! I believe it is burnt!"

"Yes, I saw you burn it, Leevy, just before we came away!" said Charlotte, with as much composure as if she had spoken the simplest truth.

"Oh, well—I am too much a man of business not to keep a copy of my letters," returned William, "and I have it here!" unfolding a paper as he spoke.

"There is no need to show either of them," interrupted Charlotte. "Ma knows well enough that it is nothing but a misunderstanding of her own. Don't you, ma?" added she, appealing with a significant look to her mother.

"Oh, yes!" replied the mother, in a subdued tone, for she was convinced by the agitation of her elder daughter, at the thought of her letter being exhibited, that the sooner the matter was hushed up the better. "I am convinced I was mistaken, and therefore we will drop the subject."

"Before it is finally abandoned," said Swinburn, "I must give you notice that if I ever hear of your propagating the idea, in any form, of Maria Darnley having accepted a rejected lover, both these letters shall be immediately made public."

"Oh, there is no danger of any of us being anxious to claim the honor of your addresses," returned Charlotte, recovering her usual pertness. "On the contrary, we shall be most anxious to have the pleasure of congratulating you and your young and beautiful bride."

"And believe me," said Swinburn, gently, yet

emphatically, "you never saw a bridegroom prouder of his bride than I shall be when I can call Maria Darnley wife."

So saying, he bowed to each and left the room. The moment the door was shut, a loud derisive laugh, evidently intended for him to hear, burst from Charlotte; whilst Olivia made an attempt at her usual titter.

"Poor things," thought William, a smile of contempt passing over his fine countenance—"they fancy themselves Maria's superiors. But let a very few years pass over their heads, and see which will have the advantage, even in personal appearance. When time has tarnished the brilliancy of their complexions, and destroyed the delicate moulding of their features, where will their beauty be? Whilst my Maria's face, which bespeaks the richness of her well-stored mind, and the benevolent purity of her heart, will only gain fresh lustre from each succeeding year."

Though Charlotte had made an effort to laugh, in the hope of mortifying Swinburn, she was really but little disposed for gaiety; and she, with her sister, accompanied their mother to the bed-room, where they spent the time in gloomy silence and inactivity, with the exception of dressing for dinner, until the bell rang to call them to partake of that meal. The dinner, too, passed over almost without a word being spoken by any of the three. To be sure, Charlotte's tormentor was not there, so that nothing occurred to provoke her to pertness, and she seemed but little disposed to cheerfulness.

"Well, one blessing is, Cousin Fred will be here soon, and then we may raise our heads and look down upon this saucy young fellow and his paragon of excellence," said Mrs. Mein, as she and her daughters, from a feeling that they were hardly willing to acknowledge to themselves, returned to their bedroom, instead, as was their usual custom, of going first to meet their acquaintances for awhile on the piazza, and form some plan of amusement for the cooler part of the afternoon.

"How I shall enjoy stepping into his handsome carriage, whilst they are standing by, trying to look as if they did not care," added Charlotte, and with this pleasing anticipation she threw herself on the bed beside Olivia, who was so fond of that sweet place of repose that Charlotte, in her gayer moments, often declared she was bed-ridden. But sleep will not always come when called for, and, after turning over and over for two or three hours, Charlotte started up, and shaking her sister, whose quiescent mind seldom committed the sin of frightening away the drowsy god with "thick coming fancies," she cried—

"Come, Leevy, get up—and let us dress and go down stairs! I am tired to death of being stewed up here. I cannot tell what induces people to leave their fine large rooms, at home, in the very warmest weather, to be cooped up in these little cubby holes. I declare I do n't care how soon pa comes to take us home, for I am tired to death of this place."

"What! go home just at the very moment that we know for certain Cousin Fred is coming?"

"Oh, I question whether William Swinburn knew any thing about it. Their having come over in the same vessel was no reason that he should know whether he was coming to the Springs or not."

"But it is most likely he will come—for if he has any thing like the anxiety to see me, that I have to see him, he will not be willing to wait for my return home."

"But I do n't suppose, ma, that he has any thing like the anxiety to see you, that you have to see him!" said Charlotte, with a laugh very nearly bordering on contempt. "He has no daughters that he wants to get rich husbands for; nor has he any hope of getting a large fortune by your death."

"Hush! Charlotte, I declare you are too saucy for any thing," said the mother, in a tone of irritation: and the daughter proceeded with her dressing without any further remark.

Just as the business of the toilet was completed with both the sisters, Charlotte, happening to go to the window, exclaimed—

"Oh, ma! ma! Look here! I do believe here is Mr. Randolph's carriage! It is so elegant! I never saw so superb a carriage in my life!"

Immediately her mother was at the window.

"Why, to be sure it must be Cousin Fred coming—there can be no doubt of it. Come, girls, come! Let us go down to be ready to meet him. He will find, though he comes to a strange place, there are warm hearts to meet him here."

So saying, she bustled down stairs and hastened to the piazza, her daughters following close at her heels. The carriage had by this time driven up to the steps of the piazza, on which several ladies and gentlemen were standing, admiring the splendid vehicle. A footman, in a very handsome livery, had just jumped off the seat beside the coachman, and was coming up the steps, when Mrs. Mein met him.

"Pray, whose carriage is that?" she asked.

The man touched his hat respectfully, and said—"Mr. Randolph's, madam."

"Mr. Randolph's? What—Mr. Randolph, of Canton?"

"Yes, madam," replied the man, with another touch of his hat.

"And where is Mr. Randolph? Is he in the carriage?"

"No, madam—Mr. Randolph is here!"

"Where?—where?" cried she, in a tone of the utmost impatience and agitation. "Where can I find him? He is my near relation, and I am all anxiety to see him."

"Mr. Randolph is there, madam!" said the man, pointing with a smile he in vain endeavored to suppress, to some one to whom Mrs. Mein's back was turned.

She looked round, but could see no one that she had not seen fifty times before.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed, in a voice almost choked with rage, for she now was per-

suaded the man was making game of her. "What do you mean by 'there'? Why don't you tell me at once where he is?"

"That is Mr. Randolph, madam!" replied the man, and as he spoke he pointed to the—skeleton!

"That my Cousin Fred? It is impossible. You are making game of me, fellow! But your master shall know of it."

"It is just as I expected," said Mr. Randolph, (for we will now drop the death-like appellation of skeleton.) "I thought you would not be willing to acknowledge me."

"Is it possible?" cried Mrs. Mein, in extreme astonishment. "Can it be possible that you are my Cousin Frederick?"

"All that sickness and a warm climate have left of him," replied the gentleman, with a smile.

"But why did you not make yourself known to us at first?" asked Mrs. Mein.

"I had very little reason to suppose that I should be acknowledged," replied the Canton merchant, "when I found your daughter," and, as he spoke, his eye rested on Charlotte, "was unwilling to admit Miss Darnley to be a relation, though she stands, I believe, in the same degree of consanguinity to her as myself."

"My dear Fred," expostulated the lady, in a tone that she meant to be most affectionately prepossessing, "how could you think of minding what a silly girl said? You surely did not judge of the mother's feelings by the pert speeches of the daughter."

"I have generally found the manners of the children a pretty fair criterion by which to judge of the mind of the mother."

Then turning to his servant, who had taken his stand at the back of his master, he said—

"Go, tell Mr. Swinburn that the carriage is waiting!"

The man obeyed, and before Mrs. Mein had determined how to renew the conversation, which Mr. Randolph did not appear at all disposed to do for her, William Swinburn came out of the house with Mrs. Darnley leaning on his arm, whilst Maria, with a look of modest, unassuming gentleness, followed behind. As soon as Mr. Randolph saw her, he went forward, and, taking her hand, he drew her arm within his and led her to the carriage, into which he handed her, Mrs. Darnley being already seated in it; then getting in himself, was followed by Swinburn. Mr. Randolph bent forward and touched his hat to his relatives. The footman remounted the box—the coachman cracked his whip, and the carriage was out of sight in an instant.

"Ma, how very kind your Cousin Fred is!" said Charlotte, who could not resist the temptation of giving her mother a taunt.

"And a pretty business you have made of it," returned the mother. "This is all your doing, with that saucy tongue of yours. I have often told you it would make you smart some day. And now, the day is come!"

"Well, who could ever imagine that your handsome Cousin Fred, with his black glossy curls, and

red and white skin, and that ugly old yellow skeleton, were one and the same person?"

"I hope your pa will never know how you have behaved—he would never forgive you as long as he lived!" said the mother, as she turned into the house, and proceeded to shut herself up in her chamber, to brood over her disappointment; whilst her daughters found comfort in laughing and talking with the beaux, who are always ready to flutter around a pretty face.

On the ringing of the bell for supper, Mrs. Mein looked anxiously for her newly discovered relative, but in vain. He did not appear, though this was the first day on which he had been absent from any meal since they had first noticed him. She inquired of her daughters if they had seen the carriage return, but they had been taking a pretty long walk, and could not therefore give her any information. After tiring herself with watching, waiting and conjecturing, she at length retired to bed, determined to endeavor by every assiduity and mark of tenderness to erase the unpleasant impressions which it was but too evident Charlotte had made.

Morning came, however, and the summons to breakfast was given—but no Cousin Frederick obeyed the call. She would gladly have made some inquiries about him, of either the waiters or some of the company, but she was so conscious that their meeting the day before had been so much an affair of merriment throughout the house, that she could not make up her mind to speak to any one on the subject.

After breakfast, the usual stroll to the spring helped away a little of the time, and she returned resolved to ascertain, through means of the chambermaid, whether he were in the house or not; and if he were, to send and request the pleasure of a visit from him. On arriving, however, at the hotel, she saw, with a mixture of astonishment and consternation, his carriage standing before the piazza, with traveling trunks strapped behind, as if prepared for a journey, and the owner himself pacing back and forward, closely buttoned up in an overcoat, for the morning was rather chill, and giving, occasionally, directions to his servant about the arrangement of some dressing-cases, and other smaller articles, that were to go in the inside of the vehicle.

"My dear cousin," said she, going up with one of her blandest smiles, while Olivia and Charlotte followed after, trying, as they had been instructed, to look as sweet as possible—"I have been watching ever since yesterday afternoon, with the greatest anxiety, to see you. Surely you must have taken a very long ride, as you were not back to supper."

"No, our ride was not a very long one—but I spent the evening in the private parlor, which Mr. Swinburn had engaged for Mrs. Darnley."

"Why, you have really taken quite a romantic fancy to Maria Darnley and her mother," returned she, endeavoring to smile; but the muscles of her

face were so unwilling to be so operated upon, that, instead of a smile, they produced a perfectly ludicrous distortion.

"Oh, no—not at all romantic," returned the newly discovered relative—"I am merely endeavoring to pay off a small portion of the debt I owe those ladies."

"Owe a debt to them!" exclaimed Mrs. Mein, in surprise.

"Yes, my dear madam, I owe them more than I can ever repay, for what they did for my poor mother in her sickness."

"Perhaps they may have gone to see her sometimes—I do not know—for I was myself in too bad a state of health to pay her the attention I could have wished. But I am sure they could not do more, for they were themselves, at the time, almost destitute of the means of existence."

"It is little that a dying invalid requires, but the consolation of sympathy and kind attentions. Inasmuch, therefore, as they gave this to my mother in her last moments, they gave it to me, and I must ever consider myself their debtor for it."

"I presume that they, or Mr. Swinburn, whichever it was that gave you the account, greatly exaggerated their services; so that I believe you need not allow your gratitude quite to overpower every other feeling."

"There is not much danger of the description of their attentions having been exaggerated, as I neither received it from Mr. Swinburn nor themselves, but from one who could scarcely even be called an acquaintance, for she merely knew them in consequence of living next door to my mother, and meeting them, occasionally, by her bed-side, where she described Maria as watching, day and night, over the dying sufferer, and administering the consolations of religion and the balm of sympathy to her wounded spirit."

"For which she no doubt calculated upon being well rewarded," said the lady.

A flash of indignation and contempt shot from Mr. Randolph's eye, and he looked as if about to say something very severe; but he recovered himself in an instant, and, in his usual quiet way, said—

"She no doubt did calculate upon a very high reward, and she will not be disappointed, for our Savior has said—'As much as ye have given a cup of cold water, in my name, to one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me.' But any recompense in this world she had very little right to look for. I had been unfortunate in my speculations, and had it in my power to make only such remittances to my mother as were barely sufficient for her support; so that, after her death, the few effects she left merely covered the expenses of her interment, and her physician's bill. Her attentions to my mother would never have come to my knowledge (for Mr. Swinburn was unacquainted with my relationship to the neighbor on whom Maria had so tenderly waited) but for the circumstance of my going to the place where she had lived, to endeavor to hear all the particulars of my parent's last

moments, when I was referred to Mrs. Darnley and her daughter; but my informant had so little acquaintance with them, that, as they had changed their residence since my mother's death, she was unable to direct me where to find them. But, in taking pains to exonerate them from the imputation of selfishness, I forget that they are waiting my summons to commence our journey. Go," he added, to his servant, who stood near him, "and tell Mr. Swinburn that every thing is ready."

"You are not surely going away just at the moment we have met!" exclaimed his astonished companion.

"We are going off immediately, for Mr. Swinburn, like all young men in similar circumstances, is impatient to be married."

"He must have been remarkably fortunate," said Mrs. Mein, whose features exhibited the distortions almost of convulsion, "if in so short a time he has made enough to enable him to keep both a wife and her mother."

"Such industry, sobriety, and talents as he possesses could not fail to make money rapidly. I have watched him closely for three years, and know that he could afford to marry a wife even without a dower, as well as with the incumbrance you mention. But, as my adopted daughter, Maria Darnley will not certainly go to him portionless!"

This was a bitter trial, and after having in vain endeavored to awaken the tenderness of her insensible relative, Mrs. Mein, as a last effort, tried the experiment of throwing herself back in hysterics, probably calculating upon her daughters being so near as to prevent her falling very far. At the same moment Mrs. Darnley and her daughter, each hold-

ing an arm of Swinburn, came out of the house. Maria, who never saw suffering without flying to offer her aid, immediately drew her arm from that of her lover, and ran to assist the daughters to support their mother, but Charlotte almost savagely pushed her away, saying—

"Be off! We want none of your help!"

Mr. Randolph, who had heard and saw all, turned to Maria, and said—

"You are only exposing yourself to insult! Go, therefore, and join your mother, and I will see Mrs. Mein properly attended to."

Maria did as she was desired, and took her seat beside her mother in the carriage, into which Swinburn had handed her. The young man then went, and, with the assistance of Mr. Randolph's servant, carried Mrs. Mein to her apartment, followed by her daughters, who were not a little annoyed, as they proceeded along the passage, by the inquiries of the various boarders, whom her screams brought to their doors, of "What is the matter?" Mr. Randolph waited the return of the physician, who happened to be in the house at the time, and whom he had requested to visit the lady; but on his coming back and assuring him, with a smile he in vain endeavored to repress, that she would soon be well again—slipping a bank note into his hand, in acknowledgment of the trouble he had given him—the so much talked of Cousin Fred stepped into his carriage, followed by Swinburn, and the party immediately drove off, leaving Mrs. Mein and her daughters to comfort themselves by endeavoring to establish the charges of duplicity, cunning and art against Maria, in addition to those already alleged against her of being "Old and Ugly."

THE DEATH LAMP.

BY ANNA T. H. TAYLOR.

"But the most singular of all other things is a lamp, which is kept burning on the coffin of Louis XVIII., and which, it is said, is to be continued burning until Louis Philippe dies—he being the next (if he dies on the throne) to whom the lamp will pass until his successor dies."

A LAMP upon a coffin's lid, within a royal tomb,
Forever burning, though all else is wrapt in deepest gloom!
Years, years have passed since first its ray in that lone vault was shed,
And still that lamp burns ever there, "a watcher o'er the dead."
It shines upon a monarch's tomb, a pale unearthly light,
Just like a star whose trembling rays scarce pierce the clouds of night.
But when the stately head that now wears Gallia's royal crown,

Shall sink beneath the weight of years and chilled in death lie down,
That lamp upon his coffin then in loneliness will burn,
Until the next that wears the crown shall to the dust return.
But oh! give me the cheering light that gilds the Christian's grave,
Who in the humble church-yard lies, or where green forests wave.
Faith ever casts a radiant beam on his untroubled sleep,
And Christ above his humble tomb more faithful watch shall keep.

LIFE IN DEATH.

INSCRIBED TO S. GORDON NASH.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

"To die and not be missed, is infamous."

SAY—when ye die would ye leave no trace
On earth, that was once your dwelling place?
Passing away like the whispering wind
That leaves no breath of perfume behind;
Or as the ripple upon the shore
Parts with a kiss, and is seen no more?

The dew-drop sparkles, and is exhaled;
The brightest star of the eve is paled;
The iris hues of the rainbow fade;
And sunset deepens to evening's shade.
Thus from the earth we must pass away;
We know "the fairest the first decay."

When cometh the dark and solemn hour,
When the hand of death hath mystic power
To still each throb of the beating heart—
To bid all life from the pulse depart—
To rob the cheek of its roseate dye—
To quench the light of the beaming eye—

When feeling that soon a narrow bed
Must be hewn out for that weary head,
Would not this thought in thy darkness cheer,
To know all would hold thy memory dear—
Thine image cherished would still remain,
Although thy face were not seen again?

There is a yearning within each breast,
A secret wish that is not repress,
To live in the heart of some cherished friend,
When with kindred dust the form shall blend.
It takes a chill from the icy breath
That comes to thee from "the reaper Death."

Cherish the thought—'t is in kindness sent,
With every act of our life 't is blent;
Although we trace not the hidden spring,
And sterner warning aside would fling,
Through a long, proud life this wish man bears,
An angel that 's cherished unawares.

Full many a kindly tone and smile,
That have cheered a breaking heart the while,
But for this yearning had ne'er been spoken,
Though the soul was bowed, the heart had broken.
Full many a prayer had been urged in vain,
But for this link of the spirit's chain.

Let no one say that his task is o'er,
That bonds of earth are for him no more,
Until by some kind or holy deed
His name from forgetfulness is freed:
Until, by words from his lips or pen,
Dying, he 's "missed" from the ranks of men.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF THE DYING INDIAN GIRL.*

"She was the fairest of the Indian maids!"

Than hers no lighter footstep brushed the dew
At morning from the silent forest glades,
Or swifter o'er the green savannahs flew;
And her young form in moulded beauty lying—
But for the piercing shaft—who could have guessed
That were the grace and loveliness of dying,
Which seemed so fair an attitude of rest?

Those rounded limbs repose as on a bed
Of summer flowers, or fresh and dewy grass,
Gently around that feather-cinctured head
I seem to hear the winds of evening pass;
And in the fullness of that lifted eye,
And the soft lips that gradually part,
There is no sign of mortal agony,
Though the keen arrow feeds upon her heart!

Is it the stoicism of her race
That even in simple girlhood thus hath power
The mortal pang and terror to efface,
And shed such calmness o'er this awful hour?
Doth she forget how sweet it was to dwell

By silver streams beneath the greenwood shade?
Forget how hard it is to bid farewell
To those whose love her life all gladness made?

No, she forgot not—for a moment rushed
The tide of anguish—almost of despair—
It passed—and through her bosom's channel gushed
The holy hopes which now have triumphed there.
For she had heard from Christian lips the tale
Of love divine, that stooped to human death,
And felt her dim and erring worship fail
Beneath the higher, purer, holier faith!

And tenderly within her dying grasp
Is pressed the sacred symbol of her creed,
As if the memory to her soul to clasp
Of the pure victim doomed on cross to bleed.
And she, herself a victim, lifts to Heaven
The appealing thought, that ne'er is raised in vain,
And to her untaught spirit straight is given
Visions of bliss, in place of mortal pain.

Earth fades before her—and she sees no more
Her father's tent the summer boughs among,
For Paradise hath opened wide its door—
She sees its bowers—and listens to its song!
No mother's eye—no sister's voice is near—
But full of love the white-winged angels stand,
Above her lowly death-bed, soothe and cheer,
And waft her soul to their own Spirit-land! E. T. W.
Rome, April 17, 1848.

* This beautiful work of art belongs to the collection of Henry W. Hicks, Esq., of New York. It is the statue of a South American Indian girl, who has been shot by the priests for desertion of her faith. The figure is reclining, the head thrown back, and the hair falling loosely upon the shoulders. In one hand she grasps her cross, for the love of which she has suffered martyrdom, while she leans upon the other, supporting herself in the last agonies of death.

CAPTAIN MAY.

BY W. E. C. ROSEMER.

AIR—" *The Men of Ninety-Eight.*"

Loud plaudits for our bold dragoon,
The gallant Captain May!
The light of glory's dazzling noon
Will gild his name for aye!
Though, fast and hot, the hurtling shot
Fell round his little band,
He paled not, he quailed not,
But drew his glittering brand.

More lurid grew the battle cloud,
But not a horseman spurred:
Their leader, on his charger proud,
Sat waiting for the word;
Though, far around, the trampled ground
Was with the fallen strown,
He paled not, he quailed not,
As if his form was stone.

The General galloped to his side,
And issued order stern—
"Now forward with your squadron ride,
And deathless honor earn;
That battery must taken be
Ere Mexico is tamed!"
He paled not, he quailed not,
But—" *Follow me!*" exclaimed.

There was a rush of men and steeds,
Fierce struggling for renown;
And hostile ranks, like shivered reeds,
In that wild charge went down.
Brave Vega yields, though many fields
Had heard his martial shout,
And pale now, and quail now,
His thousands put to rout.

Twine garlands for our cavalier,
The gallant Captain May!
A knight without reproach or fear—
A Bayard in the fray.
When flags that wave above the brave
Are scorched by Battle's breath,
He pales not, he quails not,
But fronts the face of death.

On every breeze should grandly swell
A nation's funeral hymn,
For those—the stanch and true—who fell
In that encounter grim:
To grace the plain, where they were slain,
Proud piles should tower on high—
They paled not, they quailed not,
But died as heroes die.

MY HOME IN CONNECTICUT.

HOME of my childhood! I cannot forget thee,
Though here I am happy, surrounded by friends,
Deeply and warm in my heart have I set thee,
And holiest thought with thy memory blends.

Darling old homestead, quietly nestling
Under the tall trees that shelter thee o'er,
Where with the shadows sunlight is wrestling
On the short greensward in front of thy door.

Shaggy old house-dog—playmate of childhood—
Oft have we wandered together away
To where the low strawberry reddened the wildwood,
And loitered beside the still water to play.

Gnarled old apple-tree, near to the window—
Maples that rise to the blue of the sky—
Mulberry, where the bright oriole buildeth,
Still do ye toss your strong branches on high.

Still grows the damask rose, in the old garden,
Fleur-de-lis mingles its blue and its white,
Currants and raspberries bend with their burden,
Neighborly standing with peonies bright.

Where stretch the meadows, of snowiest clover,
The Pomperaug river is hurrying by
With elm trees and willows dark shadowing over
The pool where the trout is accustomed to lie.

On those gray rocks, with dark hemlock trees crested,
Many an hour have I lain at my ease,

To watch the brisk squirrel chirp on unmolested,
And listen the soft mournful wail of the breeze.

Lowly red school-house, close by the wayside,
Many a year hath it stood where it stands;
Curly-haired girlhood, and stout ruddy boyhood,
Throng its worn threshold in mischievous bands.

Church of our forefathers, silently pointing
Thy tapering spire to the infinite sky—
There the dear pastor of God's own anointing
Labored to teach us to live and to die.

Reverend bell, in the belfry still swinging,
Many a time have we shrunk at thy tone,
For we knew when the sexton was solemnly ringing
That one from among us forever was gone.

Grave-yard of centuries! head-stones all moss-grown
Side by side stand with the mound of to-day;
Cherished and lost ones sleep sound in thy bosom
Heedless of footsteps above them that stray.

Friends of my childhood! while fond recollection
Lingers around my old haunts with delight,
I would never forget how your priceless affection
Hath gilded them all with a glory more bright.

And oh the dear faces around the old hearth-stone,
Where the wood-fire burneth warmly and clear—
Father and mother and dark-eyed young brother—
That *home* were a desert, unless *ye* were there. *NELL.*

LIFE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

BENJAMIN WEST, the celebrated painter, was born in Springfield, Chester county, Pennsylvania, October 10th, 1738. His parents were Quakers. At an early age he displayed the bent of his genius, by rude sketches, in pen and ink, of familiar objects. He was but seven years old, when, being left one day to take care of a sleeping infant, he was detected in an attempt to make a drawing of the features of the child. For a long time he had nothing but black and red ink to sketch with; but a party of Indians visiting Springfield, he learned from them how to prepare red and yellow ochre. Soon after he achieved a great triumph by fabricating brushes out of hair taken from the back and tail of a cat. His rude pictures of birds, flowers, and domestic animals, speedily became the wonder of the neighborhood.

He had been practicing his art for about a year, when a Mr. Pennington, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, paid a visit to his father, and, struck with the precocious talents of young West, made him a present of a box of colors, oils and brushes, and also of a few prints. Up to this period the young artist had never seen an engraving, nor did he possess any idea of the art. He was enraptured with the gift. During the evening, we are told, he could scarcely remove his eyes from his treasure, and on retiring he placed the box by his bedside, so that when he awoke he might put his hand out, and satisfy himself that he was really the possessor of so much wealth. At daybreak he arose, and carrying his colors and canvas to a garret, eagerly began to work. Instead of going to school after breakfast he stole back again to his garret. This continued for several days. At last his teacher called at the house to learn the cause of young West's absence, when, a search being instituted, the truant was discovered at his labors. His mother was so astonished and delighted at the picture he had painted, that, instead of punishing him, she took him in her arms and kissed him in a transport of joy. He had made a new composition of his own, out of two of the engravings, which he had colored without any guide whatever, except his own feeling of the beautiful. So perfect did the composition appear to his mother, that, although the picture was not half completed, she would not allow the canvas to be touched; and accordingly the picture was left in its unfinished state. Mr. Galt, one of the biographers of West, saw it thus sixty-seven years afterward; and the painter himself often said, that there were touches of invention in this boyish piece which he had never been able to excel.

When about fifteen years old, West came to Phi-

ladelphia, under the patronage of some persons of influence. Here he remained for several years. In his eighteenth year he set up as a portrait painter, in which capacity he afterward proceeded to New York. Several of his early pictures, executed while he was in Philadelphia, still remain in our city, and attest the vigor of his genius, even while yet almost uncultivated. The historian, Watson, says that a tavern sign, painted by West, used to swing in Swanson street; and there is a sign of a fiddler, but lately in the possession of Mr. Williamson, druggist, supposed to have been also executed by West. A finely executed head of a bull, which hung at an inn in Strawberry Alley, was long regarded as a production of the great painter; and was sold to an English gentleman as such; but the sign was in reality painted by one Bernard Wilton. During the earlier period of his residence in Philadelphia, West painted two pictures on different panels of his boarding-house. There they remained, neglected and covered with dust and smoke, until the year 1825, when they were taken out, cleansed, and deposited in the Pennsylvania Hospital, where they hang in the same room with the celebrated picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," forming a contrast between the effort of the almost untutored boy and the masterpiece of the renowned painter. In his old age West remembered these early paintings, and requested one of his friends to seek out and preserve them.

West remained but a short period in the practice of his profession as a portrait painter, several of his friends having conferred on him the pecuniary means for a residence in Italy. He remained at Rome, and other cities, studying for three years, when he removed to London, where he arrived in August, 1763. He never returned to Pennsylvania, but settled permanently in England, where he soon acquired the favor of the king. George the Third, among his numerous faults, did not number that of forgetfulness of his friends; and he consequently continued the firm and munificent patron of West for more than half a century, though numerous efforts were made to destroy the influence of this great painter with his royal friend. At his majesty's desire, as well as in compliance with the suggestions of his own genius, West devoted himself to historical painting, and executed numerous fine pictures, among which his "Last Supper," "Christ Healing the Sick," "Death of General Wolfe," "Christ Rejected," and "Death on the Pale Horse," are the most celebrated. At the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1791, West was chosen to succeed him as President of the Royal Academy. To this office he

was annually re-elected (with the exception of one year) until his death.

To determine the rank of West as a historical painter is a delicate matter. His reputation with the populace is superior to what it is with the connoisseur. During his life he was regarded as the best artist of his school in England, but posterity has already pronounced that injustice was done to Barry, if not to others, in ranking them so inferior to West. We do not wish to disparage West, and probably ought to be kind to his faults as an American; but art belongs to no country, and a great painter is the heritage of Time. The patronage of the monarch made West the fashion, and it was customary to praise all his works, good or bad. Subsequently, the conviction of the injustice done to others, has led some critics (Hazlitt for instance) to detract from the credit really due to West; and, of late years, it has been equally the fashion to deny this great painter the possession of any but the most ordinary abilities. Yet West had, unquestionably, a genius of a very high order, which was disciplined and improved by constant study. When it is recollected that he was almost the first historical painter England produced, his merits appear greater, and the secret of his reputation ceases to be a wonder.

The style of West has always appeared to us hard and dry. His genius was too matter of fact: he was deficient in the higher kind of imagination; and, in his compositions, there is little or nothing left to be suggested, but every thing is mathematical and exact. Thus in "Death on the Pale Horse," the impression of awful majesty and horror sought to be conveyed, is produced by the painter collecting together detached pictures of suffering and massacre. The hideous face of Death, ghastly, spectral, and awful to look upon, is in strange contrast with lusty Englishmen combatting with wild beasts, and loathsome, bat-like devils flying in the air. The detail is pursued into absurdity, and the impression which the face of death produces at first soon wears off in the contemplation of the essentially commonplace faces and scenes on the rest of the canvas. If vagueness is essential to horror, West certainly failed in this picture. His admirers say that he painted thus

in order to make himself understood by the most ordinary comprehension; but we doubt whether art teaches that a subject so awful and vague should be painted *à la Wilkie*, leaving no room for the imagination of the spectator, and divesting the theme of the shadowy horrors in which its chief power lies.

West, according to Hazlitt, never painted a head in his life. In other words, he has left behind him no human countenance which is a study in itself, as Raphael, Titian, and all the great masters have done. There is much truth in this criticism. But it was not wholly the fault of West that he painted no such faces. An artist of originality usually selects his subjects from the people around him. Rubens filled his canvas with Dutch burgo-masters. Murillo's faces are wholly Spanish. Raphael and Titian only, who painted Italian heads, have left masterpieces behind them; for, in the Italian face, whether arising from race or from habits of life, there is something grand. The only exception to this remark is in the case of Vandyke, who has left some fine heads behind him, mostly real portraits, such as that of Stafford and his Secretary. But the men of Vandyke's day and those of West were very different!

West devoted years to the study of anatomy, and, as representations of the human person, his pictures are nearly faultless. In composition their merits vary. His coloring is by no means elegant. "Christ Healing the Sick" is probably one of the best of his works; that, and "Death on the Pale Horse," are both owned in this country; the first by the Pennsylvania Hospital, and the last by the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

The life of an artist now is less eventful than in the busy days of Benvenuto Cellini. Instead of traveling from court to court, seeking patronage, the great painter awaits at home the homage of the world. West remained in London, applying himself laboriously to his profession. In him the younger artists, who came occasionally from the New World, like Trumbull, to sit at the feet of the Old, found a kind and considerate friend. The latter days of West were partially clouded by professional rivalry. He died March 11th, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age.

PARAPHRASE

OF A FIGURE IN THE FIRST VOLUME OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

THOUGH the moon o'er yonder river,
Seems a partial glance to throw,
Kissing waves that brightly quiver,
Whilst the rest in darkness flow—
There 's not a ripple of that stream
Unaltered by some hallowed beam.

Thus in life the bliss that mellow
Ils, that else the soul would blight,
Seems to fall upon our pillows
Like that glance of partial light—
Yet each spirit sunk in sadness,
Feels in turn its ray of gladness.

A LAY OF TRAVEL.

ROME.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Wreck of the fallen world !
 Ghost of the mighty Past !
 Planet, that, crashing hurled,
 Fell from its orbit vast—
 How have the later spheres
 Rolled o'er thy ruined home !
 How have a thousand years
 Scattered thy glory, Rome !
 Prone, like a god-like form
 Stripped by the spoiling worm,
 Ravaged by wind and storm—
 Gone is thy greatness, now !
 And in thy rifled grave,
 Washed by the Tiber's wave,
 The foot of the meanest slave
 Tramples thy brow !

Shadows of centuries glide,
 Voiceless, around the scene—
 Phantoms of power and pride,
 Gazing with mournful mien.
 Temple and tomb and arch,
 Shattered and lonely stand ;
 Rent by the Vandal's march—
 Spoiled by the robber's hand !
 Far through the Flavian hall
 Beasts of the desert crawl,
 And on the Cæsars' wall
 Ivy and brambles grow ;
 Relics of temples lay
 Heaped by the Appian way—
 Altars to dull Decay,
 Mouldering slow !

Yet, 'mid the waifs of Time
 Lingers the fame of old,
 Calling, with voice sublime,
 Out from its temples' mould :
 What though the Pleiad hills
 Look on a fettered land—
 Slaves by the Sabine rills—
 Slaves on the Tyrrhene strand—
 Still does thine empire last,
 Ghost of a god-like Past !
 Still does the world so vast
 Yield to thy silent sway !
 Though in the flood of years
 Vanished both realms and spheres,
 Thine 'mid the blood and tears,
 Passed not away !

Yiewless, yet potent still,
 Reigneth the old renown,
 Throned on the classic hill—
 Crowned with the deathless crown.
 There, at its shrine adore,
 Breathless, the sons of Art ;
 Led by the laws of yore,
 States into being start.
 Bards from a Virgil caught
 Germs of undying thought—
 Thunders that Tully wrought
 Burst upon tyrants now !
 Realm of the Living Dead,
 Reign, till by Freedom led
 Empires o'er earth shall spread,
 Greater than thou !

SHILOH.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

He spake as never man spake.—*Bible.*

THE Gospel he came down to preach,
 No other one had power to teach ;
 The highest angel failed to reach
 The music that was in his speech.

Out of his soul's great sea did flow
 Rivers of Truth for man to know ;
 Which, unto those who saw them so,
 Made Heaven come down to them below.

Those world-old Truths which lay concealed
 In God's great heart—(to Him revealed)—
 Like some great fountain, just unsealed,
 Out of his soul in thunder pealed.

Great Messenger of Heavenly Truth—
 (Perpetual pulchritude his youth—)
 Sent down from Heaven with God-like ruth,
 To sing the barren, rough world smooth.

His God-like voice made dumb the choir
 Of Heaven with His archangel-lyre,
 When from His soul divine desire
 Gushed forth in notes of living fire.

His sun-like soul, with glory bright,
 Dissolved away the world's dark night ;
 Then rising up with Michael might,
 Went back to Heaven on wings of light.

THE DAUGHTERS OF COLUMBIA.

A TERZETTO.

WORDS BY JULIAN CRAMER.

MUSIC BY WM. J. WETMORE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. HENRY C. HICKOK, BY THE AUTHOR.

Moderato.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is in a moderate tempo.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves with lyrics. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "We boast no line of high de - scent from gran - dame or from sire; - - Co -".

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves with lyrics. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "lum - bia's daugh - ters are con - tent, With - out such vain at - - tire. - - - No".

du - cal crowns our fa - thers knew, No ba - ron's arms they bore. - These van - ish'd when the

May Flow'r drew Her prow on Ply - mouth shore; These van - ish'd when the May Flow'r drew her

prow on Ply - mouth shore.

We boast a higher lineage
Than royal blood can claim:
Our fathers dwell on Memory's page
In an eternal name.
'T is written with an iron pen,
On marble tablets fair,
That they were *Nature's noblemen*,
And we their offspring are.

Call up the shades of ancient dames,—
The brides of heroes slain,—
Who fed and nourished Freedom's
flames
Upon the battle plain:
In struggling for the mastery
With dames of other days,
Columbia's daughters, blithe and free,
Shall win the palm of praise.

Search through Britannia's sea-girt isle,
And by Italia's streams:
Search through the land where fairies
smile,
And search the land of dreams:—
No maidens robed in glittering gold,
In princely circles move,
Who can, if simple truth be told,
Excel us—when we love!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Thomas Hood. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

In this volume Hood appears chiefly in his serious vein. The poems are good exponents of his heart and fancy, and show how much genuine poetic sentiment underlaid his humor and drollery. The humanity which characterizes them throughout, is broad and fine. The circumstance that at his death, those who knew him best grieved him most, is the strongest of proofs that the pervading feeling of these poems ran as genially through his life as from his pen. The longest poems in the collection are the *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, and *Hero and Leander*. About sixty smaller pieces make up the rest of the volume. The *Plea of the Fairies* was ever a favorite of ours, and we have not the heart coldly to criticise it. The sweetness, beauty, grace, and fine fanciful sentiment of the poem, glide into the inmost "veins of the intellectual frame." Spenser and Keats seem to have inspired the poet, as well as Shakespeare. Hood must have been a happy and contented man while writing it, fragrant as it is with all the flowers and fruits of summer, and breathing the very breath of nature. The "meek address" of the *Eve-Fay* to old sullen Saturn, is especially replete with pastoral and poetic beauty, and evidences a close communion with the things it celebrates:

We be the handmaids of the Spring,
In sign whereof, *May, the quaint broderess*,
Hath wrought her samples on our gauzy wing,
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming.

The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green;
Pansies, and those veiled nuns, meek violets,
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen,
And golden daffodils, plucked for May's queen;
And lonely harebells quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice, turned fragrance in his breath,
Kissed by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

The speech of Puck is quaint, sly and saucy, and full of good humored mischievousness. We have no space for extracts.

Among the minor poems, the "*Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.*," several of the sonnets, "*The Watchhouse Clock*," "*The Ode to Autumn*," "*The Departure of Summer*," are characteristic and excellent. From "*The Two Peacocks of Bedford*," we cut four fine lines, containing a picture worthy of Spenser:

The aged priest goes shaking his gray hair
In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
Earthward in grief and heavenward in prayer,
And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.

The *Ode to Rae Wilson* is a caustic rebuke of one who had stigmatized Hood's comic pieces as full of profaneness and ribaldry, and touches sharply on the sullen side of religious fanaticism.

Recollections of Mexico. By Waddy Thompson. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 8vo.

This book appears in a very appropriate time. Our country has good reason to be curious about modern Mexico, now that our relations with her are not of the

pleasant sort. Mr. Thompson, from his position as United States Minister, had excellent opportunities for observing the character of the Mexican government and people, and in his book he tells us all he knows. The style is not always good, but the matter makes up for its defects.

Among the most interesting portions of the volume, is the part devoted to Santa Anna. Toward him Mr. Thompson indulges in a more favorable feeling than is common with Americans. He gives a sketch of his career, and relates many interesting anecdotes of his prowess, his sagacity, and even of his good nature and benevolence. The interview between General Jackson and Santa Anna, as described by the latter to Mr. T., is the gem of the book. "When he arrived in Washington, Mr. Forsyth, then Secretary of State, called upon him and requested that he would go with him and see General Jackson, who was confined to his chamber, where he received Santa Anna. After the usual salutations and ceremonies, and some short conversation on other subjects, General Jackson said to him—"Well, General Santa Anna, tell me why you abandoned the republican party in Mexico, and went over to the priests?" Santa Anna said to me, laughing heartily, that although he felt that it was rather an awkward affair for the president of one republic to be thus catechized by the president of another, yet that he answered the question to the entire satisfaction of General Jackson, by stating all the circumstances of his position, and the condition of the country. When he had finished his defence on this point, General Jackson said to him—"Well, sir, now tell me another thing; why did you massacre the Texans of Fanning's command, and at the Alamo?" Santa Anna then said that he justified himself for those acts, or his participation in them, and that General Jackson expressed himself satisfied on that point also. I give you the statement of Santa Anna. I, of course, do not vouch for it." Gen. Jackson's honest bluntness in these questions is characteristic.

The spirit that animates Mr. Thompson's book is generous and hearty, and the information he gives is of a very interesting character. The style bears evidence that it was not written with much care.

The Life of Martin Luther, Gathered from His Own Writings. By M. Michelet. New York: 1 vol. 12mo.

A book like the present is calculated to descend upon the literary and theological world like a bomb-shell. It is brimfull of Martin Luther's thunder. Every page is an explosion in the ears of the reader. A perpetual cannonade is kept up throughout the volume. Novalis said that Luther's prose was half-battle—few deeds being so great as his words. The truth of this is evident enough to one who reads Michelet's compilation. It is all stir and fire. Luther's conscience and intellect were more thoroughly pervaded by stern, intense passions, than those of any reformer, ancient or modern, and a corresponding force of character was the result. His words seem so to pound, pummel and crush his adversaries, that they appear to gain the victory rather by physical than intellectual power. Michelet has done well in letting Luther tell his own



LE FOLLET

PARIS, Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

de la Maison Serrère - Tonnou & Mondor, 1. - Chapron de M. Delapierre, 6. - Tonnou, 12.
 de M. Gilman & Monier, 2. - Marchand de Chapron, 2 de la Place, 7.
 Tonnou & Laffont, 4. - Contrelet Carat, 6. - de la Station, 23. - Boutelles de Richard, 2 de la Chaux.
 Graham's Magazine.





1

2

story in his own language. He says, "With the exception of the earlier years of his life, when Luther could not have been the penman, the transcriber has seldom had occasion to hold the pen himself. His task has been limited to selecting, arranging and fixing the chronology of detached passages." The book must acquire great popularity for its animation alone. The sentences have a more sonorous ring, and breathe a braver and more heroic spirit than can be found in any cotemporary works. The real nature of Luther's mind, character, objects and means, is but imperfectly understood by the general class of readers and declaimers. The present work will give them the necessary information in the great reformer's own powerful and passionate language.

Pictures from Italy. By Charles Dickens. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 10mo.

When a new work appears from the pen of Dickens, his very fame induces severe criticism. Every one is ready to say that it is inferior to his last, and only gives a contrary opinion from the strongest evidence. For our part we can see nothing in this book which shows that the author is worn or written out. It has the same characteristics of mind and style which distinguish his other works, and if inferior in interest, the inferiority arises more from the comparative unsuitableness of the subject to his peculiar powers, than from any weakness in the powers themselves. As it is, the descriptions of scenery, manners, men, public edifices, every thing which affords field for quick observation, queer fancy and genial humor, are done graphically, and in the old way. The pertness, occasional failure in attempts at jocoseness, and the "skimble-skamble" stuff which goes to fill up a number of the pages, are not confined to this particular book of Dickens'. An immense number of felicitous sentences might be culled from the volume. Thus, the description of the city of Lyons—"the houses high and vast, dirty to excess, rotten as old cheeses, and as thickly peopled;" and the old tom-cat he saw at Genoa, "who gave a grim snarl, and walked away with such a tremendous tail, that he couldn't get into the little hole where he lived, but was obliged to wait outside, until his indignation and his tail had gone down together." There is a good deal of mischief in the book, and if circulated in Italy, would be likely to create a fiercer disturbance there than the "Notes" on the United States did here. The humor of Dickens seems provokingly impudent, when exercised on persons and things we wish to keep sacred from familiar touch. His allusions to the priests, and the operations of the Catholic church generally, are more likely to give serious offence, than if he had launched at them the hottest denunciation.

Consuelo. By George Sand. Translated by Francis G. Shaw. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

George Sand has expended much composition on the rights and wrongs of woman, but in the delineation of Consuelo she has done more to exalt the sex than she could have achieved by a thousand thunders of declamation. Those who have imbibed strong prejudices against her, from the offensive scenes and opinions in some of her other novels, should not omit reading this, her purest and greatest work. To us it appears to be one of the best and noblest fictions produced within the last twenty years, and to evince a power and originality of genius unmatched by any woman of the time. The character of Consuelo is wrought out with the most assiduous care, is exhibited

under the severest trials, and comes forth from the fiery furnace of temptation and difficulty pure, high-hearted, more noble and beautiful than before. It is an exquisite ideal creation, distinguished by so many natural traits, and appealing so continually to the heart's deepest and finest sympathies, that the impression it leaves on the mind is of the most beautiful and lasting kind. The other characters evince a wide knowledge of life, and a keen insight into the springs of action and passion. Occasionally, however, the authoress allows the didactic spirit to overcome the representative, especially in the delineation of her base and vicious characters. As regards the morality of the book, it seems to us, judging from the impression it leaves on the mind as a whole, and not taking particular scenes as a ground for judgment, to be eminently moral. The author's mind, as displayed in this book at least, seems to have the utmost horror and disgust for profligacy, both in man and woman. To a person acclimated to Shakespeare, or even to Richardson, the freedom of representation in some chapters is not calculated to surprise. Indeed, we should think it ridiculous in an Englishman, tolerant of Byron, Moore and Bulwer, to be offended with this work of George Sand—which, less open to the censure even of prudery than their popular writings, is infinitely higher in principle.

Twenty-Four Years in the Argentine Republic. By Col. J. Anthony King. New York: 1 vol. 12mo.

This work is really written by Mr. Thomas R. Whitney. He performed it from a "verbal outline of facts" made by Col. King. Whatever doubt this mode of writing may cast upon the strict correctness of many romantic things narrated in the volume, none can deny that the book itself is interesting, and rewards perusal. The personal part of the work is the most attractive. Governor Rosas is most fiercely attacked, as a robber, tyrant, murderer, and general rascal on a wholesale principle. The following estimate is made of the victims of his policy:

Poisoned,	-	-	-	-	4
Throats cut,	-	-	-	-	3,765
Shot,	-	-	-	-	1,393
Assassinated,	-	-	-	-	722
Total,	-	-	-	-	5,880
Add to this the number killed in battle,					
and the number executed by military					
orders, at a very moderate computation,					
Whole number of victims,					
	-	-	-	-	22,404

In view of these statistics of cruelty, Col. J. Anthony King, by Thomas R. Whitney, exclaims, as many of his readers probably will,

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?"

Mosses from an Old Manse. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 Parts. 10mo.

Under this somewhat quaint title Mr. Hawthorne has given us an exquisite collection of essays, allegories, and stories, replete with fancy, humor and sentiment. Many of them have been published before in the magazines, but are well worthy of their present permanent form. The description of the Old Manse, Buds and Bird Voices, The Hall of Fantasy, The Celestial Railroad, The Procession of Life, P's Correspondence, and Earth's Holocaust, are among the most striking in the collection; and, in the finer qualities of mind and style, rank among the best prose-

tions of American literature. There is a felicity and evanescent grace to Mr. Hawthorne's humor, to which no other American can lay claim. We fear that it is almost too fine for popularity. It provokes no laughter, yet makes the "sense of satisfaction ache" with its felicity of touch, and nicety of discrimination. Few men a finer and deeper humorist, we think, than Addison, Goldsmith, or Irving, though not so obvious and striking in his mirth. As he is a poet and man of genius in his humor, he is as felicitous in his representation of the serious as of the comic side of things; or rather, he so interlaces the serious with the comic that their division lines are scarcely observable. These "Mosses," and the "Twice-Told Tales," are certain of a life far beyond the present generation of readers.

Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. Edited from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury. By George Gibbs. In Two Vols. New York. Printed for the Subscribers, 1846. Philadelphia, Sold by John Pennington.

The events which secured to this country a popular constitution as a possession forever, made every American a member of the most difficult, responsible and dignified profession which the ability or virtue of man can illustrate—the profession of politics. By the fundamental law of the government we are all "hereditary statesmen;" we are all advisers and active directors of the administration. "La vie du plus simple particulier dans une république," said the elder and wiser of the Mirabeaus, "est plus compliquée que celle d'un homme en place dans une monarchie." Of this calling of politics may be said what Augustus Schlegel has said of authorship, that according to the spirit in which it is pursued, it is an infamy, a pastime, a day-labor, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue. It is of the first importance to society, and every one in it, that the character and tone of this profession should be raised, and maintained at an elevation; that its members should be capable of dealing in it with competent ability, and with that temper of confidence that rejects and despises tricks and intrigue; that they should be always feeling that it involves principles, and not merely personalities; that it is a great moral and intellectual science, in which passions and interests must play in perpetual subordination to the permanent laws of wisdom and truth; and that all its acts and all its contests stand in such intimate relations with the lofty interests of human virtue and human greatness, that the humblest efforts in its cause partake of dignity, and its least rewards are truly honorable. It appears to us that nothing would open and ventilate the politics of this day more happily—raise, expand and purify them—give them higher significance and greater weight, than a study of the characters and actions of those who founded our constitution, and watched over the earliest development of its principles. To comprehend the distinction and the permanent relation between the great parties that have divided and will always divide this country, it is indispensable to resort to the conferences and the conduct of those who, in the brighter and better time of the commonwealth, explored the depths of that subject with the sagacity of philosophers, and illustrated its extent upon the largest scale of statesmanship. If we would learn how to wage war, and not to huckster it—if we would see the difference betwixt that kind of diplomacy which is suggested by honor and conducted by wisdom, and that kind which for paltry ends employs the wretched arts alternately to bubble and to bully—the public history and the private writings of those who formed the *entourage* of Washington will afford us important instruction.

"I am not fonder of simpletons in politics than other people are," says M. Capefigue, "but, for the honor of mankind, I am willing to believe that men may be clever and still retain perfect probity and good faith." This difficult art, to carry into public life the morals and the sentiments that give grace to private character; to join sincerity and directness of personal demeanor with effectiveness and force of political action; to gain the outward with neither soilure nor loss of a more sacred excellence within, seemed to be the native inspiration of these extraordinary men. They formed a band of "Happy Warriors."

"Whose high endeavors were an inward light
That made the path before them always bright.
More skillful in self-knowledge, even more pure
As tempted more:
Who in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
Still fixed good on good alone, and owe
To virtue every triumph that they know."

Mr. Wolcott was one of the most sterling of this illustrious company: and the respect and confidence which he enjoyed, in an eminent degree, on the part of his greatest contemporaries, such as Hamilton, Ames and Marshall, have enabled his descendant to present to the public a correspondence of remarkable extent and value. He had not the inventive, or rather the creative faculties which enabled Hamilton to institute that system of finance which brought the nation out of bankruptcy, and has kept it from recurring to it; but he had a perfect comprehension of the principles upon which it was to be administered, and executive talents probably not inferior to those of Mr. Hamilton himself. On the death of Mr. Eveleigh, Hamilton solicited from Washington the elevation of Wolcott from the post of auditor to that of comptroller of the Treasury, and used this language in his letter to the President:—"Mr. Wolcott's conduct in the station he now fills has been that of an excellent officer. It has not only been good, but distinguished. It has combined all the requisites that can be desired; moderation with firmness, liberality with exactness, indefatigable industry with an accurate and sound discernment, a thorough knowledge of business, and a remarkable spirit of order and arrangement. Indeed, I ought to say that I owe very much of whatever success may have attended the merely executive operations of the department to Mr. Wolcott." That such commendation should have introduced the subject of it to the highest honors which Washington could bestow, was equally honorable to Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Wolcott.

Mr. Gibbs has written, of course, with something of inherited partiality for the system of which his ancestor formed a prominent part; but we do not perceive in his work any considerable departure from candor or fairness. The documents which he gives to the world certainly bear with not trifling weight upon some men around whose names the honor of the nation still lingers; the tone of the publication is decidedly in favor of one set of persons and against their adversaries: but, upon a careful review, we cannot discover that the biographer has, by arguments or suggestions of his own, changed or disturbed the impression which the documents themselves produce. He has been faithful to disclose the evidence on which his comments are founded, and, while he enforces it, we cannot perceive that he departs from its true character. The arrangement of the materials is judicious, and the narrative portions possess considerable brilliancy. The work is highly creditable to Mr. Gibbs in a literary point of view, and may be regarded altogether as decidedly the most valuable contribution that has been made to our historical literature in several years.

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No. 3.

SIR HENRY'S WARD.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER III.

"Those rounded limbs repose as on a bed
Of summer flowers or fresh and dewy grass,
Gently around that fair and languid head
She felt the pleasant winds of morning pass.
In the soft fullness of that lifted eye,
And the sweet lips that gradually part,
There is no sign of mental agony,
Though keen suspense is preying at her heart."

In what was, half a century ago, the suburbs of Philadelphia, stood one of those spacious brick mansions that covered more ground than half a dozen modern dwellings. It was surrounded by gardens of considerable extent, and fenced in from the street by a low iron railing, which swept like a crescent around the front of the building, embracing in its curve a yard crowded full of choice flowers, and a thicket of white roses that half concealed the lower windows. A heavy stoop, or portico, sheltered the front door, and around its massy pillars was a fine old honeysuckle, laden with crimson bells, that coiled up and up over the portico, clinging to the bricks till it terminated in a graceful wreath along the very eaves of the dwelling.

On the morning after General Arnold's *fête* the grounds encompassing this dwelling were unusually beautiful. The day had just broken soft and balmy over the world of flowers that awoke, and breathed, and swayed gently upon their delicate stems with a new-born joy as the bright sunbeams came twinkling in and out of their fragrant resting places. The night had been profuse of its dews, and the thickets were all covered with drops that shimmered in the sun, trembled, and fell to the earth with that

soft melody that follows the raining of water from the foliage after a shower.

A swarm of humming-birds was already at high revel in the honeysuckle, flashing through the blossoms, and quivering among the leaves like jewels startled into life by the warm sunshine. The rose thicket and a portion of the old vine swept around one end of the house, curtaining a window of a small room on the ground-floor with a woof of crimson and snowy blossoms, and here came the humming-birds, dashing the leaves and the scarlet trumpets about with their fluttering wings, and making the old vines shake again. Every other instant the riotous little creatures sent the dew-drops in a shower through the open sash; and sometimes dashing into the heart of a rose they sent the over-ripe petals over a young girl who lay upon a high-backed crimson sofa directly under the window.

There was but a faint light in the room, for though this one sash was uncurtained from within, the foliage that clung around it like a rich drapery, and the shadowy repose thus cast over the apartment was unbroken, save by the merry hum of the birds and the rays of light which flashed through as they tore the leaves apart.

The lady who reposed upon that ponderous red sofa was one whom we left with flushed cheeks and radiant eyes whirling through the dance after Gen. Arnold had declared his love for her in the grounds of his mansion. Then, we saw her flushed, excited, and brilliant with contending emotions, her step proud as that of a queen; her haughty lip arched in a triumphant smile—but now her beauty was that of

a flower veiled in its dew. In the lithe and graceful outlines of her person as it lay upon the crimson sofa, shrouded in a robe of cloud-like muslin, there was all the abandonment and voluptuous quiet of profound repose. One round arm was folded under her cheek, and the rosy outline of a beautiful foot shone through the transparent fold of her robe where it fell in waves to the floor. Still the lady did not long remain entirely asleep, for now and then as a gush of air came through the sash, her sweet lips would move like an unfolding rose-bud, and the broad white lids that lay upon her eyes quivered till the lashes almost unknit, whenever any of the floating petals settled on her hair. At length the tranquillity of her semi-repose seemed a little disturbed, for there was a slight knitting of the brows, and a broken murmur came through her lips, as if some unpleasant thought had destroyed the harmony of her half-waking dreams. A noise at the door quite aroused her, and, starting to her elbow, she turned her eyes that way.

"Ah, is it only you, Lib?" she said, falling back to the crimson cushion again—"what time is it?"

"Nine o'clock, Missus Isabel, jus 'bout nine," replied the handsome mulatto girl that entered the room, with a Madras kerchief blending its rich colors with the golden copper hue of her forehead.

"No later! very well, I can lie down again," replied the lady, settling the cushions; "this air is so fragrant—and the humming-birds make me drowsy. Let those things alone, Lib, and call me again at ten!"

But Lib was busy with the damask robe that her mistress had cast upon a chair after the night's revel, and instead of going out, as desired, she shook out the rustling folds, and laid it in order over a chair, then taking up the satin slippers which had been left on the carpet, she fell to examining the dew stains upon them, muttering all the time at the untidy state of every thing in the room.

"Why not go to bed like other folks for night, then you get up like something," she muttered, thrusting the slippers under the sofa, and arranging a heavy tress of the rich hair which lay all disarranged on the cushion.

"It was so warm, Lib," murmured the beauty impatiently, rescuing her tresses from the waiting woman, "and I was worn out with dancing; I only flung myself down here for a moment and fell asleep—now do go out, I am not half awake yet."

"How long you think to keep dat Major Andre waiting den?" exclaimed Lib, holding the door in her hand.

Isabel sprang to her feet, her cheeks flushed, and her hands trembled, as she flung the tresses back from her shoulders.

"Major Andre—Major Andre!" she cried, in a voice of joyful surprise. "I—is he here? when did he come, Lib? where is he?"

"He come dis morning, de first I see on him," replied the mulatto, her black eyes kindling with the delight she felt at having at last interested her mistress. "He is in de library with master. Come

to see Gen. Arnold about changing some prisoners, I hear him say."

"And did he ask for me?"

"De very fust thing, missus."

"Come and do up my hair," cried the lady, "quick! quick! no, I will braid it myself, while you bring out that morning dress with the lace trimming and blue rosettes."

Lib went into the next room, carrying the festive garments of the night before in her arms, but instead of arranging her own hair the mistress sat down on the sofa, clasped her hands, and seemed striving to recover from the delirium of joy that shook her whole frame.

"He has come! I knew that we had not parted forever. He is here—oh Heavens! this is happiness!" she murmured.

Lib reentered the room, and disturbed the joyous train of thought that had made her mistress forgetful of every thing. As Isabel started to her feet again, her glance fell on a magnificent bouquet of hot-house flowers that stood on a little table close by one arm of the sofa she had occupied.

"How came they here?" she said, turning, with a look of doubtful joy, to her maid.

"I put them in the vase while you was asleep, missus."

"But who sent them? Did he—?"

"General Arnold's black man—he brought 'em early dis morning."

"General Arnold!" repeated the lady, with a revulsion of feeling that sent the blood from her cheek, and, taking the bouquet from its vase, she parted the leaves from before the sash with one hand, and cast it out, muttering that the perfume made her head ache.

The mulatto opened wide her black eyes and began to expostulate, but Isabel checked her with an impatient gesture; and the girl, though loquacious and a favorite, knew better than to intrude too far on the patience of a mistress who knew how to be imperative when occasion offered.

The girl did not venture to speak again till she had fastened the last rosette along the snowy skirt of the dress her mistress had ordered. She then picked up a small creamy blossom, with a purple centre, from where it had fallen from the rejected bouquet upon the carpet, and was about to fasten it among the transparent folds that lay upon that fair and heaving bosom; but, though it was of that uncommon species of the magnolia which carries in its heart an odor rich and fruity beyond any perfume out of paradise, Isabel plucked it from her bosom, and crushing the leaves in her palm, was about to quit the room.

"In the library—" she said, as if seized with some doubt—then, musing for a moment, she stepped back.

"Is any one in the library except Major Andre and my father?" she inquired.

"Yes, missus, der am a young boy with de major."

Isabel sat down.

"I will see him here, Lib," she said. "Pick up those leaves from the carpet—carry that finery into the next room—now close the door—that will do. Now tell Major Andre that I am not well enough to see strangers, but will receive him in this room. Stay a minute, Lib—do I look very pale?"

"Like de rose in de window, miss—jus de least bit ob red in de cheek," replied the maid, and there was genuine admiration in her eye as she cast an approving glance over the lovely person of her mistress.

"I was up so late," murmured the beauty, and a smile dimpled her cheek. "You can go now."

The mulatto left the room, and then Isabel gave way to the tumult of feelings that had been partially suppressed in the company of her menial. She started to her feet, clasped and unclasped her slender fingers, that thrilled to the shell-like nails as they were knitted together, her eye grew brilliant, while cheek, bosom and brow were bathed with a warm rose color. She bent forward, eager to catch the first signal of his coming. But she listened in vain. Minute after minute went by, and no sound met her ear. The library was at another side of the building, but so keen was her interest that she must have heard the first footfall.

There is something delicious even in the impatience with which we await the presence of a beloved object. Like those light winds that brighten the waters they agitate, doubt and hope keep the soul in a thrilling tumult, which ends at last in full and tranquil joy, as the waters settle back to their limpid repose when the breeze has passed by. This moment of delightful unrest was brief with the listening Isabel. A footfall in the distance made her cheek flush, and her breath came quick—but, as it drew nearer, a doubt fell upon her, the smile died on her lips, and with a vague sensation of disappointment she softly closed the door and sat down. The step, though light, was slow and measured. Where is the loving and loved woman who has not felt how beautiful is the music of a footfall which brings the Heart Idol nearer to her presence? Where is the woman whose heart has not kept sweet harmony with the quick and joyful tread, or sunk at the first sound of a slow and reluctant coming? Or what woman ever mistook the footfall of the man she truly loved?

Isabel was, to all appearance, calm when Major Andre entered her little morning room. There was no revealing blush upon her cheek. Her feelings were all too strong and deep for that. Her lips had lost something of their rich crimson, but her eyes were beautifully brilliant. And with that firm control over her nerves, which a truly proud woman can always exercise, she arose to receive her guest.

Andre was pleased to see her. He said this gracefully and with some warmth, but it was the warmth of an old friend, unembarrassed and self-possessed. There was no effort at concealment with him, and he seemed quite unconscious of the hopes that his manner was crushing in that young heart. But if he was indifferent, Isabel was proud. When his fingers closed with a friendly pressure over her hand, that

hand was steady. There was a thrill of pain at her heart, but it gave no outward manifestation, nor checked a single pulse that throbbed in that little wrist.

"And so you have been in England since we met before," said Isabel, after the first greeting was over; "I did not think our parting would have been for so long a time."

"These wars are cruel sunderers of friends," replied the young officer, and his face took a grave expression. "The soldier should have no friends, no mistress save glory."

"You did not always think so," was the faint and half reproachful rejoinder. "There was a time when you deemed even the friendship of one humble individual of some importance."

"Yes, sweet lady—but see what war has done even there. It is months since I have heard a tone of the voice that now greets me half reproachfully."

"No, not reproachfully—I have no right, no reason to reproach you," cried the lady. "Ours was but a brief acquaintance."

"It was a friendship—a deep and true friendship! One that I trust neither war nor time can interrupt," exclaimed the young officer, with generous warmth.

There was an emphasis on the word friendship that brought the proud blood vividly to Isabel's cheek. She felt humbled and withdrew the hand which the young officer had taken almost haughtily.

"I trust," said Andre, bending his fine eyes earnestly upon her, "I trust you will not again speak of that which has passed as a mere acquaintance. You cannot dream, sweet lady, how often you were in my mind while I was in England! Of all my transatlantic friends I scarcely had a thought for any one else."

Isabel began to tremble. Was he about to speak of deeper feelings? She lifted her eyes to his. It was but a glance—the next instant they were veiled by their silken lashes again. She trembled lest he should read her secret did she once look full upon him while her heart was thrilling with the sweetest hope that a woman's heart can know.

Andre held her hand—he was looking on her face—he saw that the muslin folded over her bosom rose and fell tumultuously, and yet he never once dreamed of the feelings that his presence had aroused.

"There was a time," continued Andre, and now he seemed slightly embarrassed—"there was a time when I would have given the world for your friendly counsel."

Again Isabel lifted her eyes with a timid and questioning look.

"It is not often," continued Andre, "that a man seeks counsel when the delirium of first and ardent love is upon him. But my case was a peculiar one. The counsels of a gentle and tried friend like yourself, to whom I could have unburdened my heart of its anxieties, would have been every thing to me."

Isabel attempted to speak, but the words died on her lips, and Andre was himself so much occupied with his subject that he did not observe how cold the hand within his was becoming.

"She was very young, poor girl, and our separation when I returned to this country almost drove her wild. I was not without suffering either. Indeed, there was a brief time when her sorrow at parting almost forced me into the wild design of asking Sir Henry's consent to our union at once, that Delia might have accompanied us to this country. It was then that the remembrance of your friendship became doubly precious to me. I thought how valuable your kindness and countenance might be to my young bride. Indeed, she is scarcely more than a child, and it was the hope that you would be a sister to her which induced me to entertain the idea, for a moment, of taking her from England. It was a rash thought and quickly abandoned. Was I wrong in supposing that she would have been received as something more than a stranger by my dearest friend?"

Isabel knew that she was called upon to speak, but her white lips seemed frozen together, and all power of utterance had left her.

Andre was still busy with his own thoughts, and though his words were addressed to her, he was half musing with himself and scarcely heeded her silence.

"You would have loved her, I am sure—she is so sweet, so gentle—a child and yet a woman. You would have cherished her as a younger sister—nothing can be more natural. The lovely always cleave to the lovely," he said, with his eyes bent on the floor, and in the tones of a pleasant soliloquy—"I only wish you knew her."

Unconsciously Andre pressed the hand in his with a more fervent clasp, as he ceased speaking, and that sent the blood thrilling back to Isabel's heart. She made a desperate effort to rally from the faintness that was creeping over her, and attempted to draw her hand away before he had time to feel how terribly her nerves were shaken. The feeble attempt made Andre turn his eyes on her face.

"Good Heavens! how pale you are!" he exclaimed. "You look ill—I have been to blame—they told me you had been up all night."

"It is nothing—I am better now," said Isabel, with a painful smile. "The dissipation of last night were too much for me. Have patience a moment, and I shall be able to converse of—of—your future bride—able to say how earnestly I wish your happiness—"

She stopped, gasping for breath, and turned very pale again. A bottle of perfume stood near her on the table. She took it up, dashed half the contents upon her handkerchief, and buried her forehead in the moist cambric just in time to conceal the tears that broke into her eyes, and the anguish that quivered on her lips. The pride of her woman's heart was strong, but the agony of wounded affections struggled hard against it.

Alas! the heroism of woman—how little is it appreciated! The warrior, when he goes forth to battle, and returns with his sword bathed in the foe's blood, displays less of that august courage that makes the greatness of human nature, than may

be often found in the bosom of a young girl when she gathers her maidenly pride, like a garment, around the heart that has been desolated by unrequited affection.

Poor Isabel! A single half hour—a few unconscious words had been enough to sweep all the bright blossoms from her heart that years of hope and secret love had planted there. And now she had only to conceal the devastation those few gently spoken words had wrought—only to conceal! The Spartan boy who hid the vulture in his heart till its beak was buried in the core died in concealing the wound! With a courage more sublime than that of the stern boy, because her strength was less, Isabel sat up and uncovered her face. It was pale but perfectly calm.

"And now," she said, in a low and gentle voice, "now that I am better, you must tell me more of the fortunate lady. She is beautiful, of course!"

"Lovely, rather than beautiful," replied Andre—"she has the archness and grace of a child."

"And she loves you then—this beautiful child?"

"She has said as much," replied Andre, with a warm flush upon his cheek.

"But can she—can this child—render back for your love the earnest, pure and passionate devotion—the—the—oh, my head is getting worse—I scarce know what I am saying—the last night's revel was too much—"

Isabel looked wildly around. Her cheek was crimson, her eyes grew brilliant, and she trembled from head to foot with the feverish excitement that her effort at self-control had brought on.

"I have intruded too long," said Andre, rising. "You indeed require rest. Yet I had much to say. To-morrow, perhaps, you will have recovered from this fatigue—then you shall judge of my choice for yourself. Delia has a twin brother, who, save that he is more sedate and reserved, is her very image. He is in the library now, waiting for me very impatiently, I dare say. To-morrow he shall pay his respects. Till then, remember me in your dreams, sweet friend."

The young officer extended his hands, but Isabel knew that hers were trembling, and so cold that he must feel how much they were at variance with the brilliant warmth of her cheeks; she arose therefore hastily and went to the door, striving to smile the adieu she had not the strength to speak. Andre went out, and she held the door ajar, listening breathlessly to his footsteps till they were lost upon the thick carpet of her father's library; then she looked wildly around, as if to be certain of perfect isolation, and falling upon her knees before the sofa burst into an agony of tears. She buried her face in both hands, then on the cushion, weaving her fingers convulsively together, and murmuring broken words—then she arose and paced the floor, feverish, and prompted to motion by the anguish that every instant took some new method of manifesting itself. Again she threw herself on the sofa, her breath came in faint sobs, and tears fell silently from beneath the broad white eyelids that trembled over the great

drops as they gathered and forced a passage through the knitted lashes. She lay thus when the door opened and Lib entered the room.

"Missus, Gen. Arnold am in de library, waiting to know if you am wisible dis morning."

Isabel started to her feet, "Gen. Arnold! Ah, I had forgotten. Yes, I will see Gen. Arnold," and a smile of mocking triumph curved her lip; "say that I am coming. Have Major Andre and his companion left the house?"

"Dey went out jes as de general drove to de door."

Isabel sat down and looked earnestly at the girl—

"Lib, you saw the young gentleman who came with Major Andre?"

"Yes, I saw em."

"Did you observe any thing remarkable about him—was he so very handsome, Lib?"

"Well, as to dat," replied Lib, setting her rather pretty head on one side, with a reflective air, while a hand rested on each side of her slender waist, "dar aint much judging of boys about dat age, and to tell de solemn truth if it was n't for his cap with the long gold tassels, and his velvet tunic, one might take dat young gemman for his own sister if he ebber had one."

"Is he so beautiful then?" inquired Isabel, with feverish anxiety.

"I nebber set eyes on a handsomer boy!" was the prompt reply.

Isabel turned impatiently away and began to pace the room. Never had her superb beauty appeared so brilliant; the pride of her spirit was all awake once more. Like a flower, that, agitated by the wind, flings off its burden of moisture after a storm has passed over it, she seemed to grow more beautiful from the anguish that had wrung her heart.

In this state of beautiful but dangerous excitement she went forth to meet the eloquent flatteries and wily homage of a man who was never known to give up an object of love or hate in his life; a man who had already succeeded in arousing her imagination and enlisting her vanity. She went to his presence entirely dispossessed of the self-control and high estimation of her own worth that had previously deprived his homage of half its danger. Up to this hour his suit had been a hopeless one, for Isabel's heart was guarded from his advances by the great love that she bore another. But now this holy shield was broken down. Her affections had been lavished upon sand; her pride was humbled. Every feeling of her nature was for that dangerous moment in haughty revolt. Like a wounded bird, with glittering eyes and torn plumage, she sought the presence of that dangerous man.

When Isabel came back to her little morning room she was the affianced wife of Benedict Arnold.

"Andre can never dream that I have loved him after this," she muttered, throwing herself on the sofa, but starting up the next instant with feverish impetuosity. "How will he know that my hand was promised only this morning? I will tell him of this engagement to-morrow calmly as he confessed his love of another to me. He will hear it—oh heavens! not with the anguish his words gave me—but calmly, and with a congratulating smile—no hollow mockery like mine—still he must feel a little shadow of regret—it is something even to lose a friend. I will talk to him of the devotion with which this man—this great rebel general—regards me. I will speak of my love for him—oh no, no, I cannot do that!" exclaimed the poor girl, covering her face with both hands and shuddering, "I cannot do that!"

This moment an overpowering consciousness of what she had done fell upon the unhappy girl. The unnatural spirits that had sustained her till then gave way, and staggering to the sofa she buried her face in the pillows, and scarcely seemed to breathe.

A footstep in the room aroused her. She looked up and saw the mulatto girl arranging some flowers in a vase. It was the bouquet which she had cast from the window scarcely an hour before. It had fallen in shadow, and upon the dewy grass, and thus kept the flowers perfectly fresh. Then, she had tossed the rich exotics from her with cool disdain. Now, they were the gift of her affianced husband—thoughtfully rescued from the nook in which they had been cast, by the forethought of a waiting-woman. Isabel caught one glimpse of the flowers, and turned from them faint with a sensation that amounted almost to disgust.

"I must sleep! Give me something that will make me sleep, Lib," she said covering her eyes with one hand; "another hour of this would kill me."

Lib went out, and a gush of air came through the open door directly among the flowers she had rescued, sweeping a strong perfume over the recumbent girl—a faint thrill shot through her frame, and, taking the vase between both hands, she bore it into the next room.

When Lib returned with the sleeping potion, her mistress drank it off, and, without speaking a word, sunk to a deep but occasionally unquiet slumber. As the potion took effect, an expression of languid suffering supplanted the beauty of that sweet countenance, and more than once, during the hours in which Isabel lay as if in the sleep of death, the mulatto bent anxiously over her pale face, muttering in discontent at its deathly hue, and more than once attempting to arouse the unconscious sleeper, but without success. [To be continued.]

EPIGRAM.

In Mississippi State a boat was stranded,
Yet safe and sound, 't was said, her freight was landed;
10*

"All safe and sound!" cried Pat, "oh, hush your prate,
You know 't was landed in a damaged State!"



ROSEN BROOK.

INSCRIBED TO ANNIE —.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

OUR sunny stream, my Annie,
Away in our own bright land!
With many a shadowy gleam, Annie,
Its wavelets kissed the strand;
And sunbeams danced and sparkled o'er
The golden pebbles on its shore—
Where we reveled—a merry band!
And silvery wings came glancing by
O'er flow'rets, woo'd by the zephyr's sigh
Along the shining sand.

The ringing voices, Annie,
Amid those shades are hushed,
And *she*—whose gentle tones, Annie,
Like soft low music gushed
At even—when the vesper-hymn
Stole o'er the Reva's shadows dim:
[What mournful memories rush!]
She slumbers, fairy-haunted Rhine!
All dreamless, where thy wave and vine
Mingle their purple blush.

With what a sad, sweet smile, Annie,
She parted our clustering hair,
As she taught our lips, the while, Annie,
To hush our childish prayer.
And there is *one* of our little band
Who remembers that prayer in a stranger-land—
When the *muezzin* fills the air;
But he kneels not 'neath the gorgeous dome,
His heart is with our own loved home,
And the *silence* that dwelleth there.

The exiled dreams of his *fatherland*,
And the strange mysterious spell
That shadows its stormy rushing streams,
And broods o'er the solemn dell,
Steals o'er his soul in a far-off land
Like a lone wind-harp's moan;
And again the *Broken* before him stands
On his cloud-built mountain-throne!
And the spirits that peopled the dim old wood
Awake from their mystic sleep;
And the satyr and gnome in silence brood
O'er cavern and haunted steep;
And in the hoarsely murmuring roar
Of billows on the sounding shore
He hears the exile's cry again—
"We leave thee—*Oh Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*"*

Would thou wert with me now, Annie,
For mournfully—like a dream—
The memory of strange forms, Annie,
That haunt our sunny stream,
And linger 'mid the silent glades,

* Father Rhine.

Comes thronging with the twilight shades;
And tearfully I deem,
Once more, our scattered loved ones come
To that dear spot—our childhood's home!
But ah! how changed the scene.

A dark-browed stranger, Annie,
Dwells in our sunny spot.
Our sparkling stream is hushed, Annie,
And our dim, rose-shaded grot
Is damp with the dews of nightshade—where
The viper elings 'mid the poisoned air;
O'er the moss-grown dial, 'neath the leaves,
His Circean charm the spider weaves:
But thou art not forgot—
Lone home of the loved and lost on earth,
Our hearts still cling—'mid gloom or mirth—
To *thee*—our childhood's cot!

We are thrice-orphaned, Annie!
We have loved each other well;
But ah! my gentle Annie,
A deep mysterious spell,
Of late, has fallen on thy heart,
And I—who shared its better part—
Its folded rose-bud's cell—
Resign my sweet half-blown twin-rose
To a *kindred florist*—I suppose.
What's that? "*I must n't tell!*"
Well, love—"dear woman's" tongue can close
Sometimes its rose-lipped shell.

Heaven's richest blessings, Annie,
On th' *usurper* and on thee;
He is worthy of thee, Annie,
And of this land of the brave and free.
Thou'rt gentle—"dove mates with the dove"—
But *I* long to soar 'mid the clouds above—
Through the blue immensity!
Like Father Time, I'd stretch my wings
O'er mighty empires—fallen kings!
And pluck the deathless light that flings
Such immortality
O'er the shadowy sepulchre of the Past—
Fame's glorious scroll and clarion-blast,
And the *soul's* deep mystery!

On "crag, where the live thunder leaps"
And lightnings pierce their mighty deeps,
'Mid clouds and tempests evermore
Fierce as old ocean's awful roar,
Lo! the proud monarch eagle's throne:
And from his storm-rocked eyrie lone,
He sweeps with fearless pinions o'er
Earth's smiling homes and sunny shore,
And his cloud-piercing eye

Spies the fierce day-god's briny bier
Where the *long-lost slumberers* lie!
Like flame-winged Phoenix from his pyre,
He has mounted to the sky!

You remember how Jupiter, Annie—
In the pretty nursery tale—
Vouchsafed an eagle's wings, Annie,
To a restless nightingale?
Away! on his bright new pinions,
With a "glee" in his happiest style,
He soared toward Heaven's dominions,
With a laugh and a jest, the while,
At his friend—a sober little dove—
Whose nest, like her heart, was full of love;
And with an anxious smile
She told him 't was "a long way off—
Very near a *mile*!"
Away! away! But a storm comes on—
He is nearly twice as high as the trees—
Dark clouds on the rushing winds are borne—
"Ho! Jupiter! *Here's too much of a breeze!*
Or else—I've too much sail!"

And, sure enough, his wings were too large
To carry his lute so frail,
So he folded them on his song-hushed breast
And sank to the *dove's* soft ark of rest.

I must point my *musical*, Annie—
A la Esop—so you see
I've found the eagle's flight, Annie,
Is much too high for me;
And that truant wish about the wings
And many other glorious things
I must repress—for woman's sphere
Is her own bright home—and ever here
Enshrined, like a sacred gift, apart,
She reigns in the *stillness* of the heart.
Hushed music gushes evermore
Upon the dreamy air;
And soft veiled twilight lingers o'er
The holy silence there;
And angel-wings—though we see them not—
E'er shadow the peaceful love-blessed cot.
And, dearest, unto thee is given
A pure and precious *trust* from Heaven.

THE POWER OF CUPID.

BY THE JERSEY MINSTREL.

As Cupid winged his airy flight
Above the Hudson's rocky height,
And looking down on earth's domain,
Where long he'd held despotic reign,

He saw a lovely rural bower,
Where bloomed the rose and jasmine flower;
Matilda sat reclining there,
Beneath its shade, with graceful air.

The zephyrs sported through the grove,
The birds were singing notes of love,
While proudly o'er the flowing tide
The gallant ships were seen to ride.

As Cupid paused, the scene to view,
An upward glance Matilda threw;
The glance was like a meteor gleam,
Or light upon a limpid stream.

Descending from his lofty height,
To view a nymph with eyes so bright,
He nearer drew, well pleased to trace
The beauty of her form and face.

I long had sought her heart to gain,
And wooed the maid, but wooed in vain,
And this appeal to Cupid made,
Just as he lighted on the glade:

"This lady's eye, oh Cupid, see!
It scorns thy power, it laughs at thee;
Oh! how canst thou derision bear
From one so young, so sweet, so fair?"

"She says Love's only Folly's theme,
Young Fancy's bright delusive dream,
That o'er the firm and manly soul
Thy feeble power has no control;

"The youth who bows at Valor's shrine
Will pay no idle vows at thine,
And thou wilt ne'er a votary find
In one whom Science has refined.

"All this, and more, the artless maid,
Who laughs at love, to me has said,
And yet I would a throne resign
To gain her heart and call her mine.

"While earth's proud monarchs own thy sway,
Must this sweet nymph no homage pay?
Must one whom Nature formed so fair
Ne'er claim from Love protecting care?"

Although no answer Cupid made,
I marked him, as he left the glade,
And saw him cast a threatening eye
On her who did his power defy.

When next we met, her downcast eye,
Her timid air, her pensive sigh,
Told me that Love a change had wrought,
And I might gain the nymph I sought.

Enraptured as I stood the while,
Her hand in mine I fondly prest,
She spoke not, but a blush, a smile,
The feelings of her heart expressed.

BATTLE-FIELDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

SARATOGA.

BY CAROLINE MORRIS STARK.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man—
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga Shaw, man. BURNS.

Do the gay and idle seekers of amusement, who annually throng the village of Saratoga, ever think of the sad and romantic scenes and events there witnessed, in the campaign of 1777, in the march, the vicissitudes, and the defeat of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada? There, on those hills and meadows now so quiet, were displayed, with a rapidity of succession belonging rather to the theatre than to the real events of even military life, the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the deeds and sufferings of heroic men, and of heroic women too—the battles—the death scenes—the funeral ceremonies, performed under a shower of the enemy's cannon shot—the sufferings of all, of officers and soldiers, of fathers and of mothers, with their young children. If these be the legitimate materials of romance, the environs of Saratoga can furnish more for romance than any battle-field in our country.

The British government had determined to crush at one blow the whole rebellion. The plan of the campaign of 1777 was this. A strong army was to march from Canada to Albany, where the forces under Sir Henry Clinton and Howe were to join and coöperate with them. And this junction once effected, the coöperating forces would, it was supposed, without difficulty, subdue all New England; and the reduction of the other colonies must speedily follow. To Burgoyne, with the rank of lieutenant-general, was entrusted the command of the expedition from Canada. The officers under him were selected from the most accomplished and experienced men of the military profession.

But Burgoyne was hampered by instructions from the ministry at home. They allowed no discretionary powers. On the contrary, they appear to have thought that none were necessary. They appear to have believed that a large majority of the people of the States were tired of the war, and would gladly, if secure of protection from the more violent of the rebels, return to their allegiance. And the mere display of the armies and fleets employed in this campaign was to give that protection. The ministry were told by the Tories, that, with a moderate force, Burgoyne could march from Canada to Albany through a *well affected country*, and that the inhabitants would supply him with provisions and horses. The ministry, with a degree of perverse

stupidity unparalleled, not only took all this for the truth, but, in the orders to Burgoyne, absolutely allowed no latitude for any of the changes, accidents and mistakes to which all human calculations are liable.

The year 1777 opened dark and inauspicious to the cause of America. Disaster marked our operations in the South. New York was in the possession of the enemy. Every one felt that the very fate of the country, for some years at least, depended upon the issue of this campaign. And the Republicans, not dreaming of the assistance they were to receive from the self-conceit of a British minister, determined to make a great effort. Burgoyne's confidence was indeed somewhat shaken upon his arrival at Quebec. The ministers relied greatly upon the Indians. Burgoyne regarded them as an incumbrance, and was averse to employing them at all. And he deemed his force insufficient unless his army should find, as the ministry so confidently believed, a great part of the country well affected to Britain. But ambition, loyalty to his country, and his passion for military glory predominated. Burgoyne left Quebec on the 20th of June. On the 30th he issued his proclamation, announcing that great armies and fleets were about to coöperate in the reduction of the colonies, inviting the rebels to make their peace at once, and threatening vengeance, devastation and famine against the contumacious.

Burgoyne's camp at Battenkill was composed of the *élite* of the British army, and their not yet homesick allies, the Germans—and it was embarrassed by bands of faithless and insubordinate Indians. This force had left Canada well appointed and with a numerous train of artillery—and, as far as Battenkill, they marched with victory on their banners. Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Fort Edward were theirs. They had encountered the Americans at Hubbardstown, and although Burgoyne there learned, as he said himself, that "the valor and efficiency of the Americans in the field had been much underrated," still he was the victor.

The camp at Battenkill was the daily scene of gayety. At a rude table, in a log house, with campstools for chairs, Madame de Reidsel receives her chivalric guests. The wines of the Rhine sparkle upon the board. The green meadow behind the

house is the withdrawing room, and while the melodious voice of Captain Geismar gives forth the loved songs of *fatherland*, the grave Hessians listen, and sigh for parents, wives, and the blue-eyed children left at home.

The next day Lady Harriet Ackland is the hostess. The courtly, silver-tongued Burgoyne is there—the benevolent Fraser—the kind but impetuous Phillips—the witty Balcarras. The band strikes up *God Save the King*, and the British soldiers listen, and growl, and wonder how long it will be before they shall own all the fine farms they see about them—for a farm is to be the reward of conquering the rebels.

Card parties, writing letters to Europe recounting the wonders of log cabins, of block-houses, of maple sugar, of soldiers without uniforms, of colonels who can make shoes, beguile the idle hours of some young gentlemen, while others, more active, train their dogs. At Madame de Reidesel's door three little children cluster around a young ensign, who, with a pipe in his mouth and knife in his hand, is good-naturedly making a toy for the blue-eyed children.

The camp is changed. Burgoyne crosses the Hudson, and as the squadrons pass, in high spirits, he waves his hat and cries out, "Britons never retrograde." The army responds with three cheers.

Sunday, August 18th, about half past ten in the morning, the religious services are suddenly interrupted. Burgoyne, Phillips and Fraser retire together. Dismay is in their hearts, if not upon their faces. Madame de Reidesel must spare at least one pleasant guest from her board; for Colonel Baume and his brave companions are already buried at Bennington.

Burgoyne has said that Britons never retrograde. But Bennington has crippled him, and another camp is before him at Stillwater. And to that other camp the hostile and armed owners of those farms, so wistfully eyed by the Britons, are daily flocking. Their country, they know, is in danger, and from the pulpits they are told that the "Quebec Bill" will destroy their religion; and thus, with the guns that sixteen years before rung under the walls of Ticonderoga and Quebec, they come to fight for their altars and their fires.

Burgoyne's orders almost daily announce that powerful armies are cooperating with him. Clinton, hasten! And that other coöperator, Howe, turn! Philadelphia is not in the road to Albany. Hasten, or Britons must retrograde—or advance. Provisions are scarce, the Germans are home-sick, and the Indians are playing their only *role*—the devil.

In vain does Burgoyne send messenger after messenger to sharpen Clinton's spurs. His messengers never arrive, and what became of them is a problem to this day, unless they may be in the highlands of the Hudson. Clinton's messengers fare worse—they blunder, and the Americans catch them, and hang them.

Britons never retrograde, but Burgoyne finds that they cannot stand where they are. There is no alternative—they must advance.

September the 19th. The Britons advance. The mother draws her children closer, and thinks of her absent husband, while she listens to the roar of the cannon, the rattle of the musketry, and the war-cry of the savages.

At night the Britons are victorious, as masters of the field, although Dearborn has taken several pieces of their cannon. The Americans have retired to their camp, the actual victors of the day.

In Burgoyne's camp, at the mess tables, are vacant seats. The hospital tents are busy places.

The camp is fortified day by day. But that other camp is nearer. On the British front, on their right, on their left, wherever the thick woods open, are seen the hostile and armed lords of the soil. The Americans, from their camp and batteries, with artillery "slowly but well served," daily pour shot into the British camp, while in every tree lurks a rifleman. The coöperators, Howe and Clinton, where are they?

Howe still persists in acting as if he believed the road to Philadelphia to be the best route to Albany, and Clinton at last is coming to the rescue.

Burgoyne's army are put upon short allowance, their horses are dying of starvation—a forage is attempted. The foragers are driven in. There are daily skirmishes at the pickets—and daily, yet in vain, are detachments sent out to reconnoitre. But the woods are thick—the ground is rough—and that the enemy are around them, is all they can ascertain.

Burgoyne, his mind racked with dreadful anxiety, preserves a bold and serene aspect—none can discover, as yet, any thing of doubt or dismay in him. He encourages gay parties, and frolics and sings as ever with that commissary's wife, who loves champagne so well.

Gen. Gates watches the enemy from his camp. The Americans are daily strengthened by new bands. The Stark of Bennington has gathered his old soldiers, and, familiar with the ground, posts himself on the west of the Hudson, and declares that Burgoyne shall not escape by that way, and urgently calls on Gates to attack the enemy in camp. Gates, cautious and procrastinating, insists upon starving the enemy.

The Americans murmur because they are withheld from what they suppose to be the rich plunder of the British camp, and they talk of their crops to be got in, and threaten to go home. But poor Burgoyne does not know this. His orders still announce that powerful armies are cooperating with him—and Sir Henry Clinton has moved at last up the Hudson. But while he is trying his strength with his brave name-sake, Governor Clinton, Burgoyne resolves upon a grand forage and reconnoissance.

October 7th. The Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, Reidesel and Fraser go out with fifteen hundred men to forage and reconnoitre. In the afternoon, a young American colonel, Wilkinson, who had probably been out *on a lark*, in returning to camp discovers, perched on the roof of a log cabin, a party of British officers, telescopes in hand; and presently

he sees the whole detachment in a grain field, part of them sitting upon the ground, their guns in their hands, the others busily engaged in cutting and bundling the straw. He hastens to camp, and urges Gates to attack them. Gates hesitates. But the question of attack or no attack is soon settled. One is in the American camp, a great man, for good or for evil—one who, without the discretion of a commander, is always ready to fight, and to make bravery do its own service, and the service that other men seek from discretion and conduct—the brave, ambitious, and unscrupulous Arnold!

Arnold knows the feelings of the American soldiers—that they are panting for action. And he, a general only in name, and without a command, against the wishes of Gates orders the attack, and, half drunk, rushes into the conflict, and fights in the front. He orders a captain to bear some message to a distant part of the field. Arnold is not in command—the captain stands upon his rights and refuses to obey. Arnold strikes him with his sword, and, wheeling his horse, rides between the American and British lines, exposed to the heavy fire of both, the bearer of his own message—and he carries by storm the German lines. The brave Breyman is killed. Burgoyne in vain orders the lines to be recovered. The British artillery may yet be brought off. Sir Francis Clark rides off with the orders—an American rifle shot brings him to the ground—and Dearborn, on foot till now, springs into the saddle. Fraser is down—Ackland is down—but Earl Balcarras, with thirty-seven bullet holes in his jacket, at the head of the light infantry, covers the retreat. In hot haste the British and Germans come rushing into the camp—and last, Reidesel, Phillips and Burgoyne. Burgoyne, dismay now in his face, rides to the quarter guards. "Sir," to the captain, "you must defend this post to the last man!"

On the instant, the lines of the whole British camp are stormed with great fury. In vain from that camp pour showers of musket balls and grape-shot. At night, the Americans are masters of the right and centre of the British camp. Burgoyne is in narrower quarters on the hills and in the meadow by the Hudson, while throughout the night, from the crowded hospital on the meadow, are heard the groans of the wounded and dying, mingled with the howl of the wolves as they tear the bodies of the dead. Doubt and dismay are in the hearts of all. Fraser is dead. Gates has posted a strong guard opposite the ford of Saratoga. The retreat to Fort Edward is cut off, and Burgoyne fears that he may be hemmed in where he is. The 8th of October is passed in silent preparation for retreat to Saratoga. Not a tent is standing save the hospital. The houses are crowded with wounded and dying—the cellars are filled with women and children—a constant cannonade is kept up from the American batteries.

Burgoyne by fits feels that Britons must retrograde; but, unwilling to move till things are worse, he waits for the funeral of Fraser. At 6 o'clock, a small procession, headed by the chaplain, and bear-

ing a rude coffin, winds up the hill from the hospital to the great redoubt.

Burgoyne himself thus describes the scene:—"About sunset, the corpse of General Fraser was brought up the hill, attended only by officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redoubt, it passed within view of the greatest part of both armies. General Phillips, General Reidesel, and myself, who were standing together, were struck with the humility of the procession. They who were ignorant that privacy had been requested, might construe it into neglect. We could neither endure that reflection, nor indeed restrain our natural propensity to pay our last attention to his remains. The circumstances that ensued cannot be better described than they have been by different witnesses—the incessant cannonade during the solemnity—the steady attitude of the officiating clergyman, though frequently covered with dust which the shot threw up on all sides of him—the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance—these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever exhibited. To the canvas, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction, and long may they survive—long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

General Gates afterward apologized for the cannonade. The Americans had mistaken the procession for some military movement.

As soon as the funeral is over, the retreat commences to Saratoga. It rains. Want and misery, doubt and hesitation, accompany the wretched men and women of that army. Burgoyne, still unwilling to retreat, halts, and has the artillery drawn up in a line to be counted. They move on again. A party of Americans, on the opposite bank of the Hudson, descried a little cart at a short distance from the line of march, and, ignorant of its burthen, fire upon a mother and her young children. They escape. Soon afterward the retreat is again halted for the night, and the intrepid mother, Madame de Riedesel, is thus complimented by General Phillips—"My dear madam, what a pity you are not our commander. Our general complains of fatigue, and halts for a supper. You would go on!" But the supper is not the object of delay. Burgoyne's orders from his government were positive; and probably, in success, he dreams of a peerage. His reputation—his all—is at stake. He has done every thing but to succeed, and he still clings to the desperate hope of success. He still looks for Clinton. He halts—he will retreat no further till things are worse.

Word is brought to Lady Harriet Ackland that her husband, mortally wounded, is a prisoner in the American camp. She entreats Burgoyne to send



Painted by Ziemer

Engraved by W. E. Lockhart

57

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W. E. Lockhart

her to him. The distress and confusion are so great that a glass of wine cannot be furnished to the fainting woman. She embarks in an open boat, exposed to the enemy's shot, and in safety reaches an American out-post at midnight.

The army still retreats. Burgoyne is now at Saratoga. He has taken the best position he can find, but that is untenable, and in his camp not a spot can be found to hold a council that is not exposed to cannon shot. The women and wounded officers are placed in a cellar. No water can be got, except what the rain has left standing in muddy puddles. The fire from the American cannon and small arms is incessant. Every one who ventures near the river for water is shot down. The next day a bold Irish woman exclaims—"An sure, if they be Americans, they are men, and will not shoot a woman!" and goes to the river for water. She was right—the Americans spared her sex, and she supplied water for the sufferers.

All now, save Burgoyne, admit that affairs are desperate. In council, Phillips declares that "affairs are in such a state that he can neither give advice or help." Reidesel says—"That in case government shall call Burgoyne to account, it will not be for any thing he may then do, but for the measures that have brought the army into that situation." Burgoyne magnanimously declares that he will take those measures entirely upon himself.

It is then resolved to treat with General Gates. An officer is despatched to the American camp. Gates proposes severe terms, that he admitted he did not mean to persist in, one of which was that the British were to lay down their arms in their intrenchments. This was indignantly rejected—Burgoyne declaring that his army would never admit that their retreat was cut off while they had arms in their hands, and that sooner than lay down those arms in the intrenchments, every man of that army would rush upon the enemy, determined neither to give nor take quarter! The articles of Convention are finally agreed upon. Then comes doubtful news that Clinton is at hand—it is proposed to break off the Convention—to hold out where they are, or to disperse and each man make the best of

his way into Canada. But finally the Convention is signed. The arms are piled in the plain, and this army, so well appointed, commanded by the ablest and most experienced officers the British empire could furnish, are marched off to Cambridge, Mass. By the Convention it was agreed that they should be shipped at once to England, and not to serve in America during the war, unless exchanged. La Fayette, however, foreseeing that they might be employed against France, if sent home, persuaded Congress to break the Convention; and, we believe, he convinced Congress by arguing upon British precedents. From Cambridge the Convention army was sent to Charlottesville, and it was finally determined by Congress to retain them in the United States till the close of the war, or till they should be exchanged.

Phillips died in the United States, during the war. Reidesel returned to Germany, and died in 1800. But a somewhat remarkable fate awaited Major Ackland. He was severely wounded on the 7th of October, and while lying against a fence, Colonel Wilkinson, one of Gates' aids, passed near him, just as a boy about fourteen years old was upon the point of firing at him. Wilkinson saved him. He recovered from his wounds and returned to England, and some years afterward at a dinner the conversation turned upon the bravery of the Americans. An officer present maintained that they were cowards. Ackland maintained the contrary opinion. A challenge ensued, and he was killed.

Burgoyne was permitted to go to England, on account of ill health. He was in Parliament—was in the opposition, and annoyed the ministry so much by his speeches, that they ordered him back to Boston. He refused to go, and resigned his commission. He amused himself with literature, and produced some very good pieces for the stage. Lord North one day found the king reading "The Maid of the Oaks." "Eh!" says the king, "did Burgy really write this—he writes better than he fights—the next time we want Burgy we will put him on a stage."

A king's speech, measuring a king's gratitude to a king's servant, who had done his best, and whose failure was the palpable fault of the king's ministers!

GREEKS AT THE WELL.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

Hot toiling o'er the plain he sees,
Far through the noontide's glow,
An ancient fountain built of stone,
Full many a year ago:
Full many a year, for none there are
Its hoary age can tell;
Perhaps some Greek from Marathon
Once tasted at that well!

Fair hands are there to give the jar,
As Rachel did of old:
He thinks the draught more precious thus
Than when in cups of gold.
Oh! woman, ever kind and good,
Thou'rt never half so dear
As when the welcome of thy smiles
The lonely traveler cheer!

"SORROW AS ON THE SEA."

Jeremiah xlix. 23.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Sorrow as on the sea!"

O man of grief,
Prophet! who in the troublous time of siege
And famine, when the fierce Chaldean bands
Invaded Zion, didst predict her fate,
And feel her vengeance—didst thou ever taste
The sorrow of the sea? Strength reft away—
The spirit melted—hope in darkness drowned—
And that eternal loathing which forbids
The tortured nerve upon its rack to rest—
For these thy plaintive harp, that sang so well
Of prison woes, must strike another string.

A tempest on the main!

Poor mariner!
For whom the landsman in his happy home
Hath little pity—mount the shrouds, go up
Into the inky blackness, dare the shaft
Of Heaven's red lightning on the pointed mast,
Speck as thou art, that neither sea nor sky
Seem to remember in their hour of strife.
The good ship breasts the surge, intent to bide
The battle bravely. But, like hunted deer,
At length it croucheth in the hollow sea,
Until the full-mouthed billows drive it forth,
Reeling and scathed. Anon, the maddened winds
Pour out fresh forces, and with riven crest
It rusheth desperate o'er the terraced waves,
Vexed by their dread artillery. Oh, hearts
Of human mould, that, softened by the love
Of home and kindred ties, have borne the scourge
Of ocean-thunders, or upon the wreck,
Week after week, held with untold despair
Gaunt fellowship—ye might a tale unfold
To daunt the dream, and turn the banquet pale.

"Sorrow as on the sea!"

A woman mourns,
Pale as the little marble form she folds

Close in her arms, resisting those who fain
Would take the breathless infant from her grasp.

"'T will wake. It hath but fainted. The wild sea
Maketh it sick. I tell ye it revives.
Child—darling! look on me! 'T will smile again."

"Yes, mother, yes—but not below the skies."

Spasm and convulsion seize her, at the thought
That the dear idol whom but yesterday
She cradled from the zephyr's roughened breath
Alone, must to unfathomed depths go down,
And for its little body find a bed
Among the scaly monsters of the main.
Yet so it is. And she must wend her way,
O'er the stern waves that made her desolate,
To her far home again, having let fall
Her soul's chief jewel in the trackless main.

"Sorrow as on the sea!"

Ye know it not,
Who feel a firm foundation 'neath your feet,
And sleep unvexed by waves.

Death comes, indeed—
But smites you in the sacred place of graves,
Where ye may lay your dead with solemn knell,
And tender sympathies of funeral train;
And duly visit them, dressing their couch
With blessed flowers, type of their rising-day.
Yea! from the gray-haired sexton on his spade
Bespeak your own turf-pillow, where to lie,
And rest beside them, when, in God's good time,
The pale death-angel comes to summon thee.
True, there is grief on earth—yet, when ye drain
Its cup of bitterness, give thanks to God
If in life's pilgrimage ye ne'er have known
The sorrow of the sea!

ASPIRATIONS.

Oh give me words! within my breast
Bright thoughts with folded wings are sleeping—
Long have they lain in silent rest,
While years have been above me sleeping.
I long to wake them from their slumbers,
And scan their faces earnestly,
And utter forth in glowing numbers,
Their rare and glorious imagery.

Oh give me words! sweet words of glee,
To breathe the air of early morning—
To tell of mist-wreaths floating free,
The sides of distant hills adorning—
To carol like a happy bird,
Of all sweet sounds in earth and ocean,
Till in my fairy song be heard
The soul of life and joyous motion.

Oh give me words! sad words and low,
To sing of deep enduring sorrow—
Of mourning garments trailing slow,
And that still night which knows no morrow.

Such sounds as fill the breeze at even,
Through dim and dewy tree-tops sighing—
Like harp-strings heard afar in Heaven
To moaning wind-harps here replying.

But ah! to sing of Hope and Love,
Give me soft words to music dancing—
Like winnowing pinions of a dove,
Or summer sunbeam lightly glancing—
Yet constant as the undertone,
At evening heard beside the ocean,
Should come a measure wild and lone,
To whisper all the heart's devotion.

Spirit of Song! I crave to stand
Among thy votaries awed and lowly—
I would not lay profaning hand
Upon thy altar high and holy—
But with unskilled and trembling fingers
Would string my lute's deep slumbering chords,
And if thy breath among them lingers,
Would pray again for earnest words! NELL.

CATHARINE CLAYTON.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

(Continued from page 83.)

CHAPTER VIII.

PLANS AND PROJECTS.

"Now, my daughters, see that you acquit yourselves handsomely to-night; after all the money that has been spent upon your education, it would be too bad if you did not appear to as good an advantage as other people. Laura Matilda, do n't laugh so loud, you know Lord Chesterfield says it's vulgar; and you, Maria Teresa, do n't jump quite so high when you are dancing, a lady you know should move easily and gracefully, and do n't forget to keep your eyes open and see how things are managed at Mrs. Clinton's. You know she belongs to the *élite*, and as this is your first visit to her, I dare say you can learn a great deal if you are only on the look out." Such were Mrs. Archer's instructions to her daughters as they were dressing to spend an evening at Mrs. Clinton's, whither the divine count was to accompany them.

A young lady was crossing the hall as the party entered Mrs. Clinton's house, at sight of whom the sisters started as if they had beheld an apparition, and began whispering to each other. "Stop until I ask the servant who she is," said one, "let us find out what situation she holds about the house."

"Yes, do ask," said the other, "you know they were awfully poor, and I would not for the world have Mrs. Clinton suppose we ever visited such people."

Having ascertained that the object of their inquiry was the governess, the young ladies at once determined that if by any chance they met her during the evening they would treat her as a perfect stranger, an individual too utterly insignificant to be noticed by them.

They were not a little surprised, when, on entering the parlor, the first person they saw was Catharine Clayton, the governess; the young ladies swept past her without deigning a glance, and almost flew to the other side of the room, where Mrs. Clinton and her daughter were standing, protesting in the most elaborate terms, how delighted they were at seeing their hostess and the lovely Julia looking so well. Catharine stood for a moment confounded by their conduct—girls she had known so intimately, to act in such an absurd manner! But her self-possession, and with it her self-respect, returned in a moment. Mrs. Clinton had seen the whole procedure, and knowing on what terms Mrs. Archer

and her daughters had formerly been with the Claytons, felt strongly indignant; but the silly worldlings were her guests, and, as such, were entitled to her polite attention.

There was one gentleman of the party who shared the devotion of the sisters almost equally with the count, and they were determined on ferreting out who and what he was. Finding an opportunity in the course of the evening of addressing Julia Clinton alone, Maria Teresa asked if Mr. Lester were not a clergyman; adding, she thought so, because he had such a grave and dignified appearance.

"No, he is not."

"O, I suppose he is a gentleman of fortune, traveling through this country, or, perhaps, a nobleman? he has certainly an air *distingué*."

"Edward Lester is a classical teacher in one of our large schools."

The young ladies were crest fallen. All their politeness, all their winning airs and graces, all their battery of side glances, lisping accents, fan flirtations, had been lost on a schoolmaster! The thing was too preposterous! And, lest he might have the audacity to presume a little after those innocent encouragements, and, perhaps, to call upon them, they determined on being uncivil to him during the rest of the evening.

The sisters had ended their third duet, and left the piano, when the count, released for a moment from his attendance upon Laura Matilda, addressed himself to Catharine in a mixture of French and broken English.

"Chantez vous, Mademoiselle? Ah, pardon, voulez vous chantez for de ladies?"

"I seldom sing, sir," said Catharine, who had heard the count speak very plain English once during the evening, while a little warm on the merits of a favorite racer.

"Ah, vous nous chantez pas—quelle pitié! mais—but—you do dance—ah, oui, vous dances—you waltze."

"I do not waltz."

"Non! ah, well, mais, you moost speak de Italian."

"I read, but do not speak Italian."

"Ah, mon dieu! pourquoi vous ne parlez l'Italian, all de young ladi speak de Italian." And without waiting for a reply to his last question, the count abruptly ended the conversation, shrugged his shoulders, and seated himself by the Archers.

"Dat young ladi, Miss, vat you call her? elle est very pretty, mais elle—she is not accomplished."

Laura Matilda whispered behind her fan, the count shrugged his shoulders higher than before, twirled his mustache, and darted a very significant look at Catharine, as much as to say, "I know who you are, and do n't wonder that you neither sing, nor waltz, nor speak Italian." Catharine smiled, and quietly pursued the conversation with Lester, which had been interrupted by the impertinent inquiries of the count. The Misses Archer displayed their high breeding during the evening, by treating the governess with silent contempt, tittering audibly when she received attentions from any of the gentlemen, and talking very loudly in French instead of English.

On their return home they were eagerly questioned by their mother as to the occurrences of the evening.

"La, ma," said Laura Matilda, "I do n't believe Mrs. Clinton is any great things after all; only to think of her keeping company with schoolmasters, and allowing the governess to remain in the parlor when there was company present!"

"You know, my dear, Mrs. Clinton can afford to condescend; people know perfectly well who she is, and if she chose to bring the chamber-maid into the parlor, no one would dare censure her; she acts with perfect independence in all matters. I hope you were civil to those people, meeting them as you did at her house, although any where else I would not have you take the least notice of them."

"Indeed, ma, we did not speak to Catharine Clayton at all; and as soon as we found out that Mr. Lester was a schoolmaster, we left him to be entertained by the governess, who was a far more suitable companion for him than we were."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Lester."

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if it was the same person Mrs. Kingsland told me about to-day, and if what she says be true, I'm sorry you did not play your cards better, and treat him more politely."

"Why, what did she say, ma?"

"Oh, she told me a long story about a gentleman who came here from England—"

"Lester is English; I found that out, said Maria Teresa, interrupting her mother."

"Who came here from England," resumed Mrs. Archer, "a few years ago; that he was the second son of an immensely wealthy family, and that his father wished him to enter either the army or the church; this the young man refused, saying he disliked the army, and would never desecrate the church by using the holy office of a deacon, for which he felt himself unqualified, as the stepping-stone to preferment, and so, after some angry words from his father, and provoking taunts from his brother, he left home and came to the United States, and was now in New York, employed as a classical teacher in Mr. Elwood's Academy."

"But how came she to know all this, ma?"

"Why, Mrs. Dashwood, who arrived in the last steamer, told her the whole story, and Mrs. Kings-

land says it may be relied upon, for that Mrs. D., while in England, spent a few days with Lester's aunt, a lady of distinction; but that is not all, he is entitled to a large fortune at the death of his grandfather, who is old and infirm, and who wishes his grandson to return to England. Edward Lester, Mrs. Kingsland calls him."

"Yes, sure enough, his name's Edward, for I heard Julia Clinton call him so."

"What fools you were, girls, to act as you did. He's sure of the fortune from his grandfather, and if his father and his brother die, he succeeds to a title; now, if you had but played your cards well, both of you might have married titles! Only think of it! What would Susan Jones say then, with her six ugly daughters on hand, any one of whom would be thankful for an offer?"

"Well, ma," said Laura Matilda, for whom all this was more particularly meant, "well ma, can't we manage to ask him here, and make up for it all? You know my birth-day comes next month, when we are to have the fancy ball; and you know, too, that I am to be a shepherdess; now, as the count is almost as good as engaged to Moll, I shall not dare ask him to be my attendant shepherd, so I shall contrive to get Lester. Let me alone for managing. I shall be on the look out for him in Broadway. Oh, let me alone, I'll nod my head very gracefully, and smile very sweetly, so as to show my teeth, which you often say, ma, are the prettiest things about me. I know the secret of catching the beaux; every man has vanity, and likes to receive attentions from a girl of spirit and fashion, and I dare say Mr. Edward Lester will be as well pleased as any one to be saluted in Broadway by the belle of Washington Place."

Mrs. Archer, forgetting all the admonitions of Lord Chesterfield, laughed outright at the sallies of her daughter, and began to speculate upon the probability of having both weddings come off at once, and the *éclat* that would attend them.

The second day after this conversation, as the carriage of the Archers was slowly passing through the upper part of the city, Laura Matilda espied the schoolmaster. She nodded, but he did not heed her. This was too bad, but the lady was not easily daunted, and putting her head out of the window she bowed, and smiled—"Good morning, Mr. Lester"—her hand was on the check-string, "when he stops, I will ask him to take a drive with us—good morning, Mr. Lester." He turned, looked up for a moment, but there was no smile on his face, not even a glance of recognition, as he bowed coldly and walked on.

"Well, Laura, you've made a pretty fool of yourself with that John Bull, I'm really ashamed of you."

"Ashamed of me! I've done nothing you need be ashamed of, let me tell you. Indeed, Moll, you had better look at home, and think of all your plans for winning the count."

"He was a prize worth planning for, but that surly Englishman—I've no patience with you!"

"Yes, I grant you, if ugliness is worth planning

for, if ignorance is worth planning for; did n't he try at first to pass himself off for an Italian? But he knew too little of the language for that, and then he turned Frenchman, as that was an easier part to play. I never look at that retreating forehead of his, and the lower part of his face, covered all over with horrid ugly hair, but I think of a baboon I saw once in a menagerie."

"Ma, listen to her," said Maria Teresa, who was crying with vexation, "can't you make her stop?"

"Hold your tongue, I beg, Laura," said the mother, and do you, Maria, stop crying, for your looks will be none the better at the opera to-night, if you make your appearance with red eyes; you must bathe them with rose water, this will subdue the inflammation; now, no more crying, I beg of you."

They had reached home, and were soon in the midst of cosmetics and perfumes, dresses and ornaments, folly and fashion.

"I told you how it would be, Laura," said Maria Archer to her sister, who stood, about a week after the carriage adventure, tearing a billet to pieces, "I told you John Bull would never stoop to play the part of Corydon to your Phyllis at the fancy ball."

"Edward Lester's a fool, but he's not the only man in the world, thank Heaven!"

"Better luck next time, Laura; hope when you next bait your hook you'll catch something better than a tanglang. Addio, Sorella; I drive with the count to-day."

CHAPTER IX.

HAPPINESS.

It was a pleasant day in summer, and, in the apartments of Mrs. Clayton, Amy was busily employed arranging every thing in the most tasteful manner.

The snowy curtains were gracefully draped over the windows of the small front parlor, and from behind their folds came the scent of roses and geraniums, which had been carefully cultivated in pretty flower-pots, and bloomed as brightly as if they were the pride of some gay parterre. On the table were fresh flowers, simple flowers, for Amy could not purchase those that were rare, but who that saw her hearts-ease, and double larkspur, and pinks, and mignonette, that "fragrant weed," grouped together with a few roses, and sprigs of lavender, and verberna, who that saw these could wish for any thing rarer or prettier? Over one of the windows, in the back room, were trained morning glories, and scarlet runners, and the branches of a large mulberry, which grew beside the house, had been trained over the other, so that it formed a beautiful drapery, shutting out the heat and the too strong glare of light, while it admitted every breeze. In each window hung a cage with a canary, and the birds trilled forth their matin and even song in the shadow of the bright green leaves.

"O! I am sure Catharine will like these branches

over the window; and how surprised she will be to see the morning-glories so high, and these flowers on the table—if I could only think of something else she would like—can you, mother? I love to do every thing that will please her."

"She is always pleased with what you do for her, Amy."

"I know it, mother—but she is so good, and I love her so dearly, that I can't do half enough for her. O, if I were a fairy godmother! Catharine should have every thing she wished, without asking for it."

Mrs. Clayton smiled at Amy's earnestness. Timid, truthful and impulsive, warm-hearted and generous, Amy looked up to her sister as to a superior being, and loved her with the strong and disinterested love of a young and confiding heart.

In the evening, Catharine and William were both to be at home, and this was the secret of all Amy's preparations. Mrs. Clayton had that morning received a letter, the contents of which she wished to communicate to her children, and Amy had gone to them early in the day, with a request from their mother to meet at home in the afternoon.

"They are coming now, William and Catharine together. There they are, mother, just turning the corner—I'll run and have the door open for them!" and Amy ran and held it open until they reached the house.

"Dear mother! how charmingly it looks here!" exclaimed Catharine. "How beautiful these flowers are! And look, William, at these back windows, covered with vines and branches. This is some of your work, Amy."

"Yes, but don't you think it pretty, Catharine? O, when I'm rich, I'll have all sorts of rare and handsome flowers, and birds, and pictures, and books; and mother shall have nothing to do but read all day long; and William shall have a study, where he may sit by himself and write his sermons; and you, Catharine, shall have the handsomest garden, and the choicest engravings and books; and I—I'll have a sweet little room, and a rosewood writing-desk, and a gold pen, and I'll write poetry. O, how happy we shall all be!"

The little party laughed at Amy's ideas of happiness, and her mother "wondered whether a young poetess could arrange a tea-table?" Through Amy's mind had been flitting in visions of splendid apartments, and many servants moving noiselessly at the nod of the mistress of the mansion, and she could not forbear smiling when, in a moment after, she found herself in the plain, neat basement of a small house, with the hands which, in imagination, had been guiding the golden pen, making the fire, hanging on the tea-kettle, and, while waiting for it to boil, cutting bread and butter, and arranging the table for tea. But love lightens all labor. Love throws a rose hue over the common things of common life. Love for wife and little one sweetens the toil of the poor laborer; love for the husband of her youth gives buoyancy to the step of the wife, as she treads the daily round of domestic duties; she

thought that it is for *him*, that his care will be lessened, or his comfort and happiness increased by her exertions, will make burdens, otherwise too heavy to be borne, light as the idle goosamer that floats upon the summer breeze; and love for *them*, for mother, sister, brother, made Amy's basement brilliant as a banqueting room in a queen's palace!

Meantime, Catharine walked from room to room, plucking leaves from the geraniums, and listening to the birds, while her heart swelled with gratitude.

"I am thinking, mother, what a pleasant contrast this house affords to the one we last occupied, and wonder it has never occurred to benevolent and wealthy individuals to build small and convenient houses, that might be rented to persons of moderate means. It is true, the money so invested would not bring to the capitalist such large returns as if it were expended in rearing dwellings for those more favored by fortune; but a far richer reward than a high per centage would be his—the sublime consciousness of doing good! The knowledge that he had been instrumental in giving fresh air, and green grass, and a few trees, to the sick and pining heart, which could neither afford to leave town in the pleasant summer months, nor pay the rent demanded for these things in the city! It must be that such a method of benefiting their fellows has never occurred to charitable people, who give large sums to societies, and therefore cannot be accused of wanting benevolence. It is a pity they do not go more abroad among the mass of the poorer and middling classes, and see how many, with pure tastes and refined feelings, are compelled to live in lanes and alleys, in basements and attics—how many such are compelled to come in contact with ruder natures, because they cannot pay a high rent. If houses were built with small, neat apartments, and, instead of lumbering up the lot with rear buildings, if it were left for a grass plat and a flower garden, what luxuries would these be to the lovers of cleanliness and quiet. But, alas! the rich do not think of thus benefiting their fellow creatures."

"Perhaps it is only because this method of doing good has not suggested itself to their minds, or been suggested to them by others," said Mrs. Clayton.

Here the conversation was interrupted by Amy's musical voice telling that tea was ready, and adding,

"Come with a good will,
Or come not at all."

"You don't mean to pass that off for original poetry, do you, Amy?" said William, who was always trying to tease her. "If you do, all the critics, I mean all the boys and girls in the street, will convict you of plagiarism, for they have sung or said it from time immemorial."

The contents of the letter to which we have alluded, formed the subject of conversation during tea, and again and again each one tried to conjecture who could be the writer.

"I will read it once more, dear mother."

"Do, William; you cannot read too often what has given so much happiness."

"DEAR MADAM—Knowing that it was your own wish, and the desire of your late esteemed husband, that your son, after passing through college, should study for the ministry, I place at your disposal the funds requisite for carrying your plans into execution. Let the amount be invested in any manner you think safest and best; and I beg you will have no hesitation, my dear madam, in making free use of what comes to you thus anonymously. Believe me, with the truest regard, yours."

"O, who can it be?" said Catharine; "if we only knew, that we might thank him."

"I wish I could find out; when I am rich he shall have the handsomest room in my beautiful house, and—"

"What! castle building again, Amy? Well, I wish you *were* rich, and then I should not be under any obligation to a stranger," said William, who sat holding the letter in his hand, and looking thoughtfully upon it.

"William," said his mother, "you are now old enough to decide for yourself; have you any hesitation in accepting this generous offer? If you have, say it at once, and we will keep the money until we can restore it to the rightful owner."

"I hardly know what to do, mother, it seems so like charity. Although it is the dearest wish of my heart to go to college, and then study for the ministry, yet I would rather forego this wish, and work at the lowest employment, than be looked upon as a pensioner on any man's bounty. I have often thought, that if I had completed my college course, I might have entered the Theological Seminary as a beneficiary, and then, when I obtained a parish, I would repay all the cost of my education, and preach a quarterly sermon in aid of the funds of the institution."

"Who's castle building now, I wonder?" said Amy, looking with mock gravity into her brother's face.

"I am glad of one thing, however," William continued, "that the students are no longer called beneficiaries, but are entitled to a scholarship as a reward of merit. It is said, 'what's in a name?' but I think there's a great deal in it, and I never can forget the remark I heard made at the last commencement. There was a lady near me who was praising the abilities of a young man that had just received his testimonials, when another lady sneeringly remarked, 'O, he's nothing but a charity scholar!'"

"My dear William," said Mrs. Clayton, "I regret that such a silly remark should have made so strong an impression. Many of the most pious, exemplary, and useful men in the ministry have received their education in this manner. It is no fault of theirs if the gift of wealth has been withheld from them; they have that which money cannot buy, talents, and godlike intellect, and it would be wrong if false pride, or dread of ill-natured remarks from the narrow-minded and cold-hearted, should make them bury the one, or neglect to cultivate the other."

"I try to think so too, mother, yet sometimes

proud feelings will rise up in opposition to my better judgment; but in this matter, of so much interest to us all, I will be guided by you; now tell me exactly what you think about it?"

"I think, my dear, that you should accept the offer; nor will you compromise your self-respect by so doing. It has been made in all kindness, and doubtless a refusal would but pain the generous heart which has sought to befriend us with so much delicacy. If God spare your life, you may yet be enabled to refund the amount, and thus lighten the weight of obligation, while your heart remains grateful for the kindness. I hope you will never be of the number of those who are ashamed to acknowledge a favor, and who repay the disinterested goodness of a friend by neglect and ingratitude, or, what is worse, depreciate the motives of those who could have no possible interest to promote, in serving them."

"Dear mother, let it be as you wish, and I promise you that I will endeavor to be the most diligent scholar within the walls of the college. What are you thinking about all this time, Catharine? you have not said one word since mother and I began to speak."

"I wished that mother might be heard without interruption, but now that your affairs are satisfactorily settled, I will communicate something nearly as strange as the contents of the letter."

"What is it, sister, what is it?" said Amy quickly. "I know it must be something good, you look so pleased about it." "It relates to you, Amy."

"To me! O, what is it?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Let me see—perhaps some one will send me a mocking-bird, you know I want one so badly—no?—well, maybe somebody will give me all Miss Edgeworth's, or Miss Sedgwick's works, and if they do—you know that old bracket of ours—well—I have some handsome green paper, and the other day I found some of the narrow gilt bordering we used to have, and I will paste them on the shelves, and put in a new green ribbon, and it will do to hang in that corner: I hope it may be the books!"

"Perhaps it's the gold pen to write poetry with," suggested William.

"No, it is none of these, and as you cannot guess I must tell you. Mrs. Clinton desired me to ask mother, if she would allow Amy to come every day to her house, and receive instructions with Ida and Emily. Emily is about your own age, Amy, and is a very lovely, amiable little girl. What do you say, mother? Will you trust Amy to me? Do you think I can be the 'good governess'?"

For a moment Mrs. Clayton was silent. Amy, mistaking the cause of her mother's emotion, threw her arms about her neck, and whispered, "Do n't you wish me to leave you, mother? You will be alone nearly all day if I go."

"Would you like it, Amy?"

"O, of all things," said the child, clapping her hands, "but will you not be lonesome? I can't go if you are, mother."

"No, my love, I will not be lonesome, my heart has too many pleasant thoughts to dwell upon. God has been very good to us, my children. In our greatest poverty and destitution, the hand of His protecting providence was ever upholding us. In the darkest hours of trial, the light of his love sent a ray of hope to cheer our almost desponding hearts. God has been very good to us, and may our future lives be devoted to his service."

Twilight deepened into night, and the moonbeams stole in through the vine leaves, and rested on Amy's beautiful face as she sat with her head reclining on her mother's lap. The soul of the young girl was in dreamland. That was a happy night in the widow's dwelling.

CHAPTER X.

THE FANCY BALL.

Crowds of fashionables were thronging to the illuminated mansion of the Archers. It was the night of the fancy ball, and all the world was expected to be present.

There were kings and peasants, monks and soldiers, princesses and flower-girls, ballad-singers and sisters of charity, noble lords and stately dames of the olden time, and simple shepherd lads and lasses. Among these latter was Laura Archer, leading about a pet lamb tied with a blue ribbon, in the manner in which ladies lead their lap-dogs. She had hesitated for some time between a lamb and a goat and pipe, a la Sterne's Maria. But the lamb at length prevailed, as she wanted a shepherd to attend her with his crook. It was for this she had written, requesting the presence of Edward Lester. In place of him might be seen an ungainly man, with dyed whiskers, and a jaunty wig, a little lame in one of his feet, and using his crook as a walking-stick to help him follow the

"Snow-white mountain lamb, and a maiden at its side."

Maria Teresa, in her robe of ermine and velvet, with the diadem on her brow, looked, her mother thought, exactly like the picture of Queen Victoria she had seen in a window down Broadway; and the count, the divine count, was certainly handsomer and more like a prince than Prince Albert himself (whom he personated) could be, as the latter was nothing but a German, with red hair and sandy whiskers.

We will not stop to detail the ridiculous things that were said and done, by many who had no conception whatever of the characters they represented. However, bating some little jealousies and heart-burnings, the evening passed off gaily enough, and after her guests had taken their departure, Mrs. Archer sought her husband to detail her triumph.

"But where are the girls? I must see Maria, to tell her how well she looked. Depend upon it, Mr. Archer, that girl will be a princess yet. I begin to think the count is not quite the thing for her, and as he professed his willingness to marry either of the girls when he first came here, I will try and play my

cards so that he will yet take Laura. When we go abroad next year, I have no doubt but some rich Italian prince will fall in love with Maria, and then, only think of it, Mr. Archer! one daughter a princess, and the other a countess! Bless my stars! What *will* Susan Jones say then?"

Mr. Archer had long ceased to expostulate; uttering a half groan, he turned away from his wife, and, sick and dispirited, threw himself on the bed in his own room, and was soon buried in a dull, heavy, unrefreshing sleep.

Laura was with her mother, but Maria could no where be found. On examining her room, they found the drawers in disorder. From them, and from her wardrobe, most of her valuable clothing had been taken. Her dressing-case lay open, and all her jewelry was gone. On a table lay two or three lines, hurriedly written with a pencil, which informed them that she had eloped with her beloved count. Mrs. Archer did not wake her husband, indeed she did not think it worth while to do so, and it was not until the next morning at breakfast that he heard his daughter was missing. What could have been the girl's motive? Her mother had all along forwarded her wishes, and her father was not allowed to interfere in the matter. True, whenever he had been appealed to, he gave a flat denial. But what of that? Both mother and daughters were too well accustomed to have their own way to be in the least daunted. Mrs. Archer could not forgive Maria for putting it out of her power to have a splendid wedding, and the only thing that soothed her wounded pride, was, that her daughter had ran away with a count!

In about a week a letter was received from the missing damsel, which ran as follows:

"DEAR MAMMA—You know I never could bear the dull, old-fashioned way of getting married, without any trouble at all, every body consenting but papa, (who, as you say, 'is as good as nobody.')

No, no! I am fond of romance—and so is my divine Antonio—and we arranged a pretty little plan between us. On the night of the ball, the count's carriage drove to the opposite side of the street, at a short distance from our house, and I repeatedly stole away from the company, and threw out several parcels, which were caught by the count's servant, who was standing on the side-walk ready to receive them. Just before the ball broke up, I contrived to muffle myself and steal out unperceived. I was soon joined by my Antonio. We drove to the house of a clergyman, roused him from his slumbers, had the ceremony performed, and left New York in the morning.

"Was n't that a dear, delightful, romantic way of getting married? You know it is three months since the count first visited our house, and I thought I knew him perfectly; but, like Lucy Clarke, who married her husband after a week's courtship, I can say, 'Antonio improves on acquaintance.' Her husband's name was n't Antonio, though—it was Jeremiah! Horrid! Jeremiah Jarnigan! Tell Lolly she may lay as many traps as she please,

now the count is safe. I hope she'll be more fortunate the next time she puts her head out of the carriage window.

"Your loving and dutiful,

"MARIA TERESA CANINO."

"I hope to Heaven she'll get enough of him yet!" was the kind response of Laura to her sister's letter.

Mr. Archer was the only one who seemed to feel the loss of his daughter. His heart, unlike his wife's, was devoid of vanity and ambition; and had his children sought his kindness, or even repaid what he bestowed without their seeking, they would have found him a fond and indulgent parent. But during their tender years his heart had been engrossed by the accumulation of wealth, and his daughters were entirely under the control of their mother. He often comforted himself with the thought that they were too young to receive any impressions, and that when they grew older he would take more charge of their education, and make them what he wished. But when they had grown older, and he attempted to use the least parental authority, the young ladies rebelled and ran to mamma, who always took the part of her darlings, and in their hearing reproached Mr. Archer for his undue severity. By degrees, he became weary of these repeated conflicts, and left both mother and daughters to themselves, while they regarded him as a mere money-making machine, of no use in the world but to coin gold for their extravagance. As for Mrs. Archer, she had the consolation of telling the friends who came to condole with her, "that if the dear child had eloped, it was with no vulgar person, but a real count"—and Laura rejoiced in her heart to be rid of her sister.

It was the gay season at Saratoga, and Maria and her dear Antonio were there, figuring among the fashionables, gay with the gayest, and dashing with the dashiest.

But already had there been some matrimonial tête-à-têtes, in which the lady pouted and wept, and the gentleman forgot his soft tone and broken English. Many changes were rung on the word money during these discussions, the count swearing that his funds were growing low, and that his wife must write to her father. Maria, although spoiled and self-willed, had not the cool assurance of her sister, and forbore complying with her husband's request. At length they returned to New York, and took lodgings in a fashionable hotel. Here the count compelled his wife to write a note addressed to her mother, but which he hoped might fall into the hands of Mr. Archer himself. Unfortunately, it was not received by either, but by Laura, who, to her other accomplishments, added those of breaking seals, and imitating various handwritings. She answered it in the name of her father, pouring a torrent of wrath on the unhappy Maria, commanding her never to dare write, or trouble him in any way again, adding that he had disinherited and cast her off forever!

The rage of the count on receiving this answer knew no bounds, and after venting his passion on his poor wife in a harsher manner than he had ever done before, he deliberately went to the bureau, took

out a valuable gold watch and chain, a number of rings, and other costly trinkets, and began arranging them in separate boxes. Maria sat trembling, silent and tearful, not daring to speak lest he should again become enraged; but when she saw him put them in his pocket, fasten his coat, and walk toward the door, she could contain herself no longer.

"Where are you going, Antonio? Pray, do not take those things from me—pray, do not—leave me at least that diamond ring—oh, leave me that!—it was papa's present on my last birth-day."

The weeping girl clung to his arm, but he rudely shook her off, and in a harsh tone, and with a vile oath cursed both her and her papa, and flung himself violently out of the room.

Maria was alone—alone in her destitution—alone in her despair! She was reaping the bitter fruits of her ingratitude and folly, and the tempter was whispering dark and sinful thoughts to her unhappy heart.

"I cannot live! I will not live!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet. "No one cares for me—I will die, and end this misery at once!"

Again she seated herself and again arose. This time she opened the window and looked out. There was total darkness, for the moon was eclipsed, and she shuddered with fear as she closed the window, and stood with her hands clasped to her burning forehead. There was a knocking at the door—she started, and in a hollow voice asked the person to come in. It was only her maid, who came to ask if she had rung the bell. On being answered in the negative, the woman still remained, and Maria trembled and turned away her face, thinking her purpose could be detected there; so true it is that "*gialt* makes cowards of us all." The servant, a kind-hearted Scotch lassie, after looking earnestly at her for a moment, said—

"Ye dinna leuk oure weel, me leddy; wull ye tell me gif there's ony thing I can do for ye?"

"Nothing, Maggie. I've a headach, and feel a little nervous, that is all."

With a respectful and well meant familiarity, Maggie put her hand on that of her mistress.

"Gude sake! but ye'r awfu' cauld. I'll rin doon an' ask a wee handfu' o' meal frae th' cook, an' mak ye a wee sup o' warm parritch."

"Never mind, Maggie. I thank you—but I could not take it now."

Maggie was a shrewd observer, and had noticed that her "puir leddy," as she called her, was unhappy; and more than once she had seen traces of tears on her mistress's cheek. She saw, too, that the "puir leddy" was left nearly all day and all night to the solitude of her own room, for her husband not only neglected her himself, but kept up a perfect system of espionage, lest she should communicate with the boarders, and perhaps disclose his infamous conduct. In consequence of this treatment of his wife, by her master, Maggie showed toward Maria a tenderness of manner which was often soothing to the irritated feelings of the friendless sufferer, and which made Maria permit the seeming freedom of the honest, warm-hearted girl.

"Its awfu' mirk the night, an' ye bein' alane might hae been frighted like—an' nae wonder gif ye war', for I hae thought o' naething but the day o' judgment since I leukit on the moon, an' saw it turn sae black an' awfu' like."

The day of judgment! These words arrested Maria's attention, and gently dismissing Maggie, with an assurance that she was better, and would ring if she required her services, she was once more alone.

The day of judgment! Was there such a day? She had heard of it occasionally when lounging in church, admiring her own dress, or criticising her neighbors; but it had long been a forgotten sound, until Scotch Maggie spoke it in a tone of solemn earnestness. Was there, or rather would there be such a day? And would she be there? Her every deed and thought arrayed before the Judge? On *what* had she but now been thinking? Self-destruction! Horrible! Horrible!

Because her own rebellious and unsubdued will had brought wo upon herself—because her own crime had brought its own punishment—she would rashly fling away the "precious gift of life with which her Creator had endowed her—would peril her immortal soul, and stand with all this load of guilt upon her head at the dread day of judgment! These were the first serious thoughts that had ever passed through the poor girl's mind, and humbled and repentant, she involuntarily fell on her knees, and asked God for pity and pardon. When her husband returned, she bore his taunts and unkindness with patience and meekness. The good seed had already been sown which might yet bring forth a plentiful harvest.

A week or two had passed away, during which Maria had endeavored to calm and soothe her husband's irritable temper, but without effect, when, at an early hour one morning, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and it was told the count some gentlemen wished to see him. Hurriedly dressing himself he left the room. His wife heard a noise, and angry voices in the hall, and with some trepidation awaited her husband's return; but, instead of him, Maggie entered and spoke to her mistress.

"Dinna be frighted, yer leddyship; its unco odd, but nae doot me maister wull explain a' to yer sateesfaction."

"What is odd, Maggie? What was the cause of the noise I heard just now?"

"I canna weel tell, yer leddyship; but my maister has gane oot verra airly th' morn."

"Gone out! Where to? Who was with him?"

"I dinna ken wha was wi' him—but they war nae gentlefolk, I'm thinking, frae their leuka."

"May I speak with you a moment, madam?" asked the proprietor of the hotel, looking in at the half open door.

"Certainly, sir." Maggie withdrew, and, for a few moments, there was an embarrassing silence.

"I do not know that you are fully aware, my dear madam, of what occurred this morning," said Mr. Masters, hesitatingly.

"What has occurred? My maid informed me that my husband—"

Maria paused—she felt that whatever had taken place must relate to him.

"I am sorry to say he has been placed under arrest."

"Arrest! For what? In the name of pity tell me all at once!"

Mr. Masters again hesitated.

"Tell me, sir, I beg of you!" said Maria, in agony. "The reality cannot be more dreadful than this suspense."

"Various things have been charged against him, among the rest swindling and forgery!"

Maria fell as if struck down by a blow, and, for awhile, was unconscious of her wretchedness. Mr. Masters and his excellent wife paid every attention to the poor sufferer, who, for a few days, was unable to leave her room. The moment her strength permitted, she obtained permission to visit the cell of her husband. Every day she went to him, soothing and endeavoring to comfort him, forgetting his past unkindness, and weeping over his present misfortunes. Meantime, the newspapers were filled with contradictory reports, all, however, agreeing in denouncing the soi-disant count as a villain and an impostor. Some, not content with exposing the crimes of the husband, indulged in a strain of ribald mirth at the expense of the wife, displaying their vulgar witticism in contrasting the cells in the Hall of Detention, with the superb magnificence of a nobleman's palace, and wondering whether her ladyship admired the new residence of her lord?

Have the conductors of such journals no human sympathies? Have they no mothers, no sisters, no wives, that they can thus sport with the wretchedness of a woman? Why will they court the laugh of the malevolent (for none other will laugh) by shooting poisoned weapons, every one of which rankles in the heart of some innocent victim connected by the closest ties with the real or supposed criminal? Have they no fear of God, no love for man, in their hearts, that they thus scatter fire-brands, arrows and death, and say—"they are in sport?"

At length the time appointed for the trial arrived.

The count was proved to be an impostor, convicted of the crimes which had been alledged against him, and sentenced to twenty years' confinement in the State Prison.

Maria exerted herself to the utmost—she wrote, petitioned, did every thing in her power to obtain a pardon—but it could not be granted, for it was proved on the trial that the convict had been pardoned not more than two years before.

The once gay girl, the sometime wretched wife, was now utterly alone, and but for some objects of

value, which had not been observed by her husband on the night he plundered her drawer, she would have been destitute. But she no longer rebelled—she felt that chastisement had been good for her—her health, too, was failing—and humbled and subdued she resolved on making one more appeal to her family. In terms of repentance and sorrow she wrote to her father, and, dreading her sister's influence, she addressed the letter to his place of business. Mr. Archer went to her immediately, and the first fond intercourse of their lives then took place between the sorrowing father and repentant child.

"You must go home with me, my dear—you must no longer remain among strangers."

"Dear father, although you are so kind to me, I am yet afraid to meet my mother and sister; from your last letter I was led to believe that none of you would ever forgive me."

"What letter are you talking about, child?"

"One I received in answer to a note I sent you some time ago."

"I never received any communication from you; but I see—I see—" Mr. Archer paused, and both were silent. A conviction of the truth flashed upon them—the letter had been forged by Laura!

At first, Mrs. Archer and Laura positively refused admitting Maria into the house. She had disgraced the family by running away with a fellow who was no count after all, but a vile convict from the State Prison! What *would* Susan Jones say? But in this point Mr. Archer was firm, and her own room was prepared for her under the superintendence of her father.

For a week after her return home Maria did not see her sister; and when they met Laura taunted her most bitterly. As for Mrs. Archer, all her trouble was to learn "what her friends would say of the affair?—and to wonder if they would visit her, after such a disgrace befalling her daughter?" But they did visit her, for while Maria was confined to her chamber, a confirmed invalid, her mother and sister received and entertained their guests in a greater style of magnificence than ever.

Many an hour of sweet communion had Mr. Archer with his suffering child. He left the counting-room early every afternoon, and passed the time in her sick chamber. With his own hand he ministered to her wants, and she watched for his step at the appointed time, and her eye lighted up at his approach, and she loved him with the deep love of an affectionate child for a fond and revered parent.

Thus were these two drawn together by sorrow. Thus was she taught the folly of her former frivolous pursuits, and thus did he find one frail flower to love and cherish in the barren wilderness by which he was surrounded.

[Conclusion in our next.

EPIGRAM.

Said a Judge to a Culprit he'd known in his youth,
"Well, Sandy! what's come of the rest of the fry?"

"Please your worship," cried Sandy, "to tell you the truth,
They're every one hanged but your honor and I."

AGNUS.

OR, THE LITTLE PET LAMB.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Feed my lambs.—*Bible.*

I NEVER shall forget the day
I went to see sweet ALICE GRAY—
The little LAMB that lived half way
To Heaven above—the child of May.
For near the path that led me by
The plum-trees, on the ground did lie
A little lamb, whose child-like cry
Told it had wandered there to die!

Its mother, wandering from the fold,
When it was only three days old,
Was found upon the open wold,
Dead—dying of the bitter cold!
All day along the deep ravine,
Beside the rill that rolled between
Two sloping hills of emerald green,
Its little tiny tracks were seen.

All night upon the emerald moss,
That did the old gray rocks emboss,
Beside the stream it could not cross—
It lay lamenting its great loss!
In pale cold swoon, with dew bedight,
Low in the moon's soft arms of light,
This lily lay in beauty bright,
Snowing her whiteness on the night.

For, as the little dappled fawn,
Out of the lily-jeweled lawn,
At day-break, eyes the milky swan
Floating upon the lake at dawn—
So did she, from the emerald lea
Of this dark life, gaze silently
At lambs beneath the big oak tree,
Sporting in joyful jubilee.

Thus, all day long adown the vale,
Vocal with her eternal wail,
She wandered, sighing out her tale
Upon the suckle-scented gale.
Sometimes amid the verdant bowers,
Attended by the noontide hours,
She scattered dew from off the flowers,
Down on her limbs in pearly showers.

Thus, orphaned in her utmost need,
Heaven-exiled on the dewy mead—
A weary, weary life indeed,
Did she among the lilies lead.
At noontide, with the wild gazelles,
Amid the flowery asphodels,
She learnt to drink from dewy wells,
That fountained in the lily-bells.

The fawn may seek the mountain doe—
Down from the hills may leap the roe
To where the saintly lilies blow
All night upon the vales below;
The amorous doe may come again
Back to the isles of jasper-cane—
But, for her mother, death has slain,
She all night long shall wait in vain.

For three long months, in bitter cold,
With child-like plaint, it meekly told
Its sorrows to the snowy fold
That fleeced all night the open wold.
At midnight, by the purling rill
That caroled down the distant hill,
She heard the plaintive whippowil
Beg to be whipped—keeps begging still.

I took it from the place it lay,
And bore it to sweet Alice Gray—
The little LAMB that lived half way
To Heaven above—the child of May.
It never, from the first, was wild,
But followed her like some sweet child,
With artless innocence, so mild,
As meek as it was undefiled.

Then, in an ocean of green wheat
I placed it, that it there might eat,
Where, wading with its silver feet,
Its happiness seemed now complete.
But how I loved that little lamb,
That played at evening in the calm,
With Alice, on sweet beds of balm—
Is only known to the I AM.

Although it lived till it was grown,
Its fellows it would never own—
Forgetting not the kindness shown
To it by me when left alone.
One day, I turned it out to see
If it would keep the company
Of other sheep, when, instantly,
It left them, running back to me.

Thus, humanized, it drew content
From those that Nature never meant
To be its partners, when she sent
It in this world where life is spent.
For never till its dying day,
Did it the full-grown sheep betray;
It was so like sweet ALICE GRAY,
Its lambhood never passed away.

One day, to please the love divine
Of my dear sister Adeline,
Whose spirit now in Heaven doth shine—
I made her, out of new white pine,
A little wagon with four wheels,
And, harnessing the lamb, with peals
Of laughter ringing at my heels,
I drove her all about the fields.

The sheep, with heads uplifted, stared,
As if they thought it were too hard
To be from freedom thus debarred—
Pulling her all about the yard.
Thus did I while the time away,
With my dear little ALICE GRAY—
The little LAMB that lived half way
To Heaven above—the child of May.

When it got hungry, as is so
With little lambs on earth below,
I made my little brother go
And steal me bread—his name was Joe.

So, when my joy was most complete,
I called it from the field of wheat—
It ran to me with silver feet,
As if it did its mother meet.

And while it stood there by my side,
A rope around its neck I tied;
Expecting soon, with joyful pride,
To take my sister out to ride.
Then, rubbing it upon the head,
Thus to myself I softly said—
“Wait till I get some crumbs of bread!”
When I got back—the lamb was dead!

While it was tethered to the stake,
The rope got tangled round its neck:
Finding it never more would wake,
I thought my very heart would break!
I buried it deep in the clay,
And went to tell sweet ALICE GRAY—
The little LAMB that lived half way
To Heaven above—cried all that day!

BOCACCIO AT THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

Boccaccio made a vow at the Tomb of Virgil to renounce the follies of his youth, and win for himself a “name, and fame.”

THE golden fruit, and snowy flowers, of the scented orange
bough,
Swept currents of rich fragrance o'er Posilippo's purple
brow;
The soft sweet-blowing myrtle breathed on that enchanted
ground,
Song, poesy, and romance filled the glowing realm around:
And the rippling waves of that lovely bay
Like rosy gems in the sunlight lay.

But o'er a haunted sepulchre, whose place was holy
ground,
By which an ancient monument stood, with wild ivy
crowned,—
There fell the sunlight loveliest—there sweetest sounds
were heard,
And the softest airs of the southern breeze around that
place were stirred.
For there he slept, whose dust has made
That spot a shrine still undecayed.

And there beneath a laurel tree, embowered in emerald
gloom,
A youth of twenty summers knelt by Virgil's classic tomb—
A glorious youth, with stately head, and pale, bright noble
brow—
Each feature cast in the antique mould of “Florence long
ago”—
And every glance of his dark deep eye
Seemed the spirit-wakening of Poésie!

From Arno's fair and leafy vale the young Boccaccio came;
His silvery lyre-string ne'er had woke to the music voice
of fame—
But all-radiant had his life-path 'mid the rose and purple
lain,
And his name in love, and beauty's bowers a charmed
word had been:
'Mongst troubadours and knights was he
The prince of gallant chivalrie.

But now he stood beside that grave, sad, yet with soul
sublime—
There, vowed no more to trifle with the solemn trust of
time!
No more at Pleasure's Proteus-shrine to cast his bright
gifts down—
Henceforth his guiding-star should light the path-way to
renown:
There was the mind's high empire won,
In the greatness of what should be done.

And well, O youthful votary! didst thou redeem the past—
The shadows from thy earlier years a glorious manhood
cast—
The applause of dazzling multitudes followed thy gifted
name,
And still thy lays and legends live on the starry scroll of
fame.
Though centuries on time's wing have sped,
Thy name lives mid the illustrious dead.

EVELINE DE ROSIERES.

OR, A SUMMER NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

At a few miles' distance from the town of Douay, lying in the great plain toward Lens, upon a large stream tributary to the Scarpe, there stands to this day a tall castellated building, surrounded by old orchards and spacious gardens, now all dilapidated and degraded to mean uses.

The site of the Chateau de Rosieres, for such is the name which it has still retained, although from being the abode of knights and nobles it has descended to the grade of a mere farmer's dwelling, is still beautiful in the extreme; and the thick clumps of shrubbery, now all neglected and untrimmed, the soft carpet of the verdant lawn, and the transparent mirror of the clear, quiet, brimful brook, to which the grounds slope downward, bear living testimony to its departed charms of ornamental scenery.

The days of which I write, however—the days of the decline of feudal power and feudal glory, though not as yet of feudal wealth or magnificence—beheld the chateau and its rich demesne still in its prime of cultured loveliness.

And, what was something remarkable for that part of France, its broad corn-fields waved unharvested by any hostile sickle; its grand old forests stretched for leagues around unfelled by foreign axes; its flocks and herds fed safely in the abundant pastures; its dappled foresters, the wilder denizens of brake and glade and dingle, fled from no horn, save of their privileged and titled hunter. For in those days, the earliest of the *Grand Monarque's* royal boyhood, foreign invasion and domestic strife had ravaged, for long years, the confines of unhappy France; and, on that ever bloody frontier of the Netherlands, armies had been set many times, through many following campaigns, face to face in that terrible arbitrament, which nothing can decide but the last judge—the sword.

In those days, then, the chateau was a vast pile of red brick, faced, at the angles of the buildings, and at the casings of the doors and windows, with hewn stone of a whitish hue. It consisted of a large square keep, or *corps de logis*, six stories in height, with four tall windows on each side of the great door; with a high peaked roof of gray slate, and a square tower at each of the four angles, each tower having a door at the base, and branching out, if I may so express myself, at its summit into four circular turrets with peaked roofs, such as, from their similitude to that useful implement, are generally known by the name of pepper-boxes.

The windows in this venerable pile were extremely numerous; and, except on the ground floor, very irregular, both in size and position, and alike only in their many sub-divisions, their heavy leaden casements, and their innumerable diamond shaped panes of glass, for the most part plain, but here and there gorgeously tinted.

On that side of the castle which fronted the high road from Lens to Douay, this keep was all that could be distinguished from without; for from the outer angle of each of the two towers, which flanked it to the right and left, there ran a lofty wall of brick, coped and battlemented with white stone, extending in parallel lines from the building to the road.

The space between these walls, equal to the width of the *corps de logis*, was closed, at the distance of five hundred yards from the great door, by a magnificent palisade of iron work, splendidly gilded, having a massive gate of scroll work in the centre; and through its whole length ran a double avenue of enormous limetrees, dividing the space into a central chancel, if I may so term it from its similitude to the grand works of the Gothic architect, and two side aisles, of impenetrable verdure.

For several miles, on either hand the gates, the road was flanked by long sweeping walls of brick, enclosing the home-chase, and suffering nothing to be seen but the green heads of the forest giants which diversified its level surface.

On the opposite side of the edifice, however, two wide extended corridors, or wings, of a single story, stretched far to either hand; and from each of these, another pile was thrust forward at right angles, exactly similar to each other, and to the main building, although smaller and less lofty in architecture and device.

The square enclosed between these three nearly equilateral sides, and the ha-ha, or sunken fence, which bounded it on the fourth, was surrounded by a noble terrace, adorned with balustrades of carved stone, richly sculptured urns, and many flights of broad easy steps, from each of which converged a wide paved walk to a common centre, occupied by a splendid fountain, inferior—if inferior—only to the great jet d'eau at Versailles.

Beyond the sunken fence again, there extended for nearly half a mile in length, and of equal width, a terraced garden, with fruit trees *en espalier*, clipped hedges, trim parterres, and all the stately decorations of that formal period. And without this again

wilderness, or maze, as it was called, more lovely than any thing that can be easily imagined. Here set, as thickly as the woods in Vallombrosa, with every picturesque and graceful timber-tree; here opening into sunny lawns; there arched into long bowery walks, very vaults of dark umbrage, as cool and almost as dim as arcades hewn in the living rock, with a glimpse, at the far end of each, of the broad crystal brook, framed, as it were, in a setting of green leaves.

So large was the space of ground actually occupied by this wilderness, so numerous the mazy and labyrinthine walks, and so dense the pleached foliage of the yew and hornbeam hedges, that any person who had wished to avoid observation might well have kept himself undiscovered, although a hundred men had been seeking where he lay.

It was perhaps five o'clock in the afternoon of a serene and breathless summer day, when a gay bevy of fair dames, arrayed in all the sumptuous splendor of that superb era, brocades so stiff with embroidery and gold that they would almost have stood erect, supported by their own solid texture; laces of Valenciennes and Malines, valued too cheaply at their weight in gold; diamonds and ostrich plumes, and tissues of pure silver, might have been seen sauntering slowly through the court; now loitering to mark the plash and inhale the fragrant coolness of the fountain; now toying with the graceful greyhounds, near half a score of which were gamboling around them; and now, most congenial occupation, coquetting with a train of noble cavaliers, who waited, willing slaves, on their footsteps.

With these, however, for the present we have nothing to do; they were fair, then, and witty; cynsours of many eyes; many brave deeds were doubtless done for them; many deep sighs breathed out from constant hearts; their course, however, was run uncelebrated, so far as I know, either in song or tale or history; and they accomplished their mortal mission to live, to love, and to be forgotten; and all, like those brave men who lived before Agamemnon, lie buried and unknown in long night, and for the same cause,

Carent quia vate sacro.

Nor am I, in this veritable history, about to raise the veil that hangs over these fair and virtuous dames, except in so much as to observe that shortly after they had crossed the sunken fence into the garden, one of their number strayed away, and was soon lost to their view amid the thickly clustered shrubs and embowered avenues; nor was her absence even noticed, until nearly two hours afterward, when she rejoined the company as they began to retrace their steps to the chateau, while the shades of the evening twilight were gathering rapidly around.

At the time when she disappeared, however, from the bright group to which she was one of the brightest ornaments, there might have been seen, had there been any eye to mark it, at the farther extremity of the wilderness, where the brick wall which divides it from the park, concealed by a tall

holly hedge, slopes down into the broad still rivulet, a magnificent gray horse, nobly caparisoned, with housings of blue velvet laced with gold, attached to the heavy demipique; blue velvet covers to the pistol holsters, embroidered with a duke's coronet in gold; and gay rosettes, of the same color, on the frontlet of the military bridle.

Fastened to the bough of a huge oak, on the further margin of the water, by the gilt chain which depended from his dragoon headstall, the noble animal would have been well concealed by the gnarled branches of the great tree, which swept downward like the roof of a tent almost to the grassy carpet at its base, but for the contrast of his sleek silvery hide to the dark background, and the impatient restlessness with which he pawed the sod, and whinnied for his long absent master.

But, as I said before, there was no eye to mark him, but that of the red squirrel, who sat among the leaves above his head; or of the great green woodpecker, which ever and anon sent forth his wild and laughing cry, as if to mock the sylvan echoes of that fair solitude.

Hither it was that the young lady, whom alone we propose to follow of the gay train from which we have seen her diverge, took her way hastily, as soon as she felt secure from observation.

At first, while within eyeshot of the dames and cavaliers who had accompanied her, she tripped as if carelessly from *parterre* to *parterre*, now gathering a rich clove carnation, to interweave it with her abundant ringlets; now raising up the dewy head of some drooping rose, and supporting it against its slender trellice; but ever interposing a greater and a greater distance between herself and her late companions, until she had reached a little circular grass plat, whereon stood an old stone sun-dial, and whence diverged two or three winding woodwalks.

Here she paused for a moment, glanced at the dial, and then cast an anxious look to the group she had quitted; when, seeing that all their heads were averted for the moment, she sprang with a bound, like that of a frightened fawn, to the shelter of a large yew tree, quaintly clipped into the semblance of a rampant centaur.

Once hidden thus, she remained leaning forward, as she had alighted from her spring, a-tip-toe, with her forefinger pressed on her pouting lower lip, and her heart palpitating as if it would have burst from the confinement of her tight corsage, watching with eager eyes, and ears on the alert to catch the smallest sound, to judge if her evasion had been observed, or her absence noticed.

After she had gazed thus, for perhaps five minutes, she appeared to be perfectly satisfied, for she broke out into a low merry laugh, as musical as a bird's warbled glee, and said—

"I need not have taken so much care; I might have been sure that they would be too much occupied about themselves to observe me. And if they should miss me after all, Clara de Hauteford will be but too well contented to get that odious Monsieur St. Espremenil all to herself, to say any thing about

me. But it is late—it is late already—and I must make haste, or he will be gone."

And with the words she darted away, as fast as her little feet could bear her, across one avenue and along another, flitting from bower to bower almost as swiftly as a bird on the wing, until she was safely hidden in the closest shades of the wilderness.

There is a slight touch of coquetry, as if it were indeed a natural instinct, even in the most frank and least artificial of the sex—a secret disinclination to suffer the whole of their thoughts to be perused even by those whom they love, and to whom they are not unwilling to testify that attachment—a wish to appear free and unconcerned, even at the times when their feelings are the most fully implicated, and above all to appear so in the eyes of those whom they most wish to win.

It was some feeling of this sort, undoubtedly, which induced the young girl, of whom I have been speaking, after she had run nearly a quarter of a mile faster than she had ever done in all her life before—after she had disheveled her beautiful soft ringlets, and made her heart to beat so violently as almost to give her pain—after, in short, she had come within a few hundred yards of the place of appointment—to stop short—to loiter on the path—to consume many minutes in collecting the scattered tresses of her rich silky hair within the riband from which they had escaped in her haste—to pause and listen to the birds, or admire the flowers—and, in a word, to try to cheat either herself or others into the belief that her coming to that spot was the most indifferent thing to her in all the world, and that she cared not at all how long she might be on the way.

Protract the moments as we will, however, the end of all things must arrive; and it was not long before, in despite of all her pretty graceful flutterings, all her little devices to delay the meeting, to which she yet looked forward with delight, the young girl reached the margin of the rivulet at a point nearly opposite to that where the white charger stood, champing his golden bits, and tearing up the sods with his impatient hoofs.

And here it is meet that I should pause for an instant to introduce the youthful beauty to those who may think it worth the while to accompany her through the hair-breadth 'scapes and romantic perils which rendered the adventure of that summer's night the most eventful and most memorable of her life.

Eveline de Rosieres, for that was the pretty name of the prettiest girl in all the Pas de Calais, or as her admirers were accustomed to insist in all France, was at this time in the beginning of her eighteenth year, and a more lovely specimen of youthful womanhood could not be found or imagined than she was at that sunny period of life's pilgrimage.

Above the middle height, and delicately slender in her person, with feet and hands that seemed almost *too* small, the outlines of her form were yet so exquisitely rounded, the soft beauties of her sex so perfectly developed, and every motion so supple

and so graceful, that no painter's or poet's ideal could have presented in a greater degree the union of promise with perfection, the rare combination of the girl's slender symmetry with the woman's voluptuous maturity.

Her face, too, was very lovely; perhaps more lovely than her figure, or, what is the same thing, more original and striking in the character of its loveliness. Her skin, as white as the driven snow, and as soft in its polished texture as the richest satin, showed yet through its transparent purity that exquisite and healthful glow peculiar to the complexion of fair-haired and blue-eyed women; and on her neck and bosom it was enlaced by millions of small azure veins, full of quick life and young affection. Her hair, which was singularly profuse and luxuriant, falling down to her knees when she stood erect, if unconfined in its wavy flow, was of the brightest and most lustrous brown, full of clear glancing lights, and showing like a flood of gold in the sunshine, but perfectly free from a single tint which could be called red, or even auburn. Untarnished by the disfiguring powder and pomatum of the day, this splendid head-gear was collected into a broad soft plait, of sixteen or eighteen strands, low down on the back of her neck, concealing in no respect the classical shape and setting of her fine head. In front it was parted evenly in the centre of her high smooth forehead, and trained to fall thence down either cheek, along the swan-like neck, over the sloping shoulders, and the first swell of the lovely bosom, in a soft maze of glistening ringlets. It was the eye, however, with the long lashes and the marked brows, that lent its decided and original character to that sweet face. For, what is most uncommon in girls of her complexion, the eye-brows and the long silky lashes were as black as those of the darkest beauty that ever flashed love glances from eyes of Spanish or Italian languor. And at the first glance you would have judged that the eyes themselves were black likewise; but it was not so; nor did any black eye ever beam with delighted mirth, or melt into softest sympathy, as did those deep blue orbs, deep in their liquid hue as the waters of the fathomless Atlantic.

The rest of her features were beautifully chiseled; and full by turns of deep thought and sparkling animation. Varying ever in expression, and changeful as the play of the sunshine on the rippling sea, they reflected in prismatic splendor every bright thought or gentle sentiment that fell upon the mirror of her soul, and seemed to bespeak that soul as luminous, as incorrupt, as liable to soft or high impressions as that same mirrored surface of the calm ocean.

Her dress was the splendid and graceful costume of that day, when 'adies could be distinguished from their soubrettes by the quality and form of their garments, befitted to the station of the wearers; when the diamond and the plume, the rich satin and the downy velvet were as distinctive of the nobly born of females, as was the sword upon the thigh of the high-bred and gentle cavalier—when garb and grace went hand in hand—and vulgar wealth, the offspring

of trafficking and trading, presumed not to arrogate to itself a place with gentle birth and gentle bearing.

Yet, though she was arrayed in satins that outvied the peacock's neck for sheeny lustre, though gems were in her hair and on her bosom that would have paid a prince's ransom, though the rare plumes of the desert bird fluttered among her golden tresses, yet no eye that fell on her would have paused a moment to note the adventitious glories that arrayed her, so much were they eclipsed by her innate and actual beauties. Nor, had Eveline de Rosieres been attired in the russet jerkin and blue gown of the peasant maiden, had her hair, instead of being fairly braided, been folded simply beneath a colored kerchief, would any one have doubted for a moment that she belonged to the highest classes of society. So true it is, that however seemly it may be to suit the garb to the station and rank of the wearer, neither can the most splendid habiliments disguise the meanness of the rude and low, nor the poorest weeds conceal the innate nobility of the truly noble.

The place, at which Eveline reached the bank of the rivulet, was one admirably chosen for a stolen interview. It was a little circular lawn of turf, as soft and smooth as velvet, around which the stream made a wide curve, embracing half its circumference with its broad gentle waters, which at this point were as tranquil as an inland lake, yet as clear withal as a silver springlet, wherever the eye could reach its surface among the polished leaves and cup-like flowers of the yellow and white and azure water-lilies that studded it in luxuriant bloom.

On the land side, this sequestered nook was surrounded by a wall of verdant shrubbery, so thickly grown, and so luxuriantly overrun with wild vines, honeysuckles, clematis, and other creeping parasites, that it was absolutely impossible to penetrate it, except by one narrow and meandering walk, so indistinctly marked at the point where it opened on the regular alleys of the wilderness, that none but an eye very familiar with its whereabouts could have discerned it, much less traced its windings.

Beyond the stream, the land rose in a short abrupt hillock, covered with immense oaks, like that to which the gray horse was attached, completely intercepting the view from the summit of the slope. And, to render the seclusion of the place more absolute, there grew on the confines of the lawn a vast weeping willow, the branches of which falling all around it like a leafy curtain, and, concealing every thing within its screen, enclosed a little segment of the clear water, on the one side, with a small rustic landing place; and on the other side a similar segment, of the green turf, roofed overhead by the moisture-loving umbrage of the graceful tree.

Here Eveline de Rosieres paused, and looked around her for a moment wistfully.

The summer sun had stooped low enough already to be partially concealed by the towering heads of the tall trees which grew on the hill facing her; and a cool, grateful shadow was thrown across the stream, and over all the little glade or lawn, steeping it as in evening twilight. But still the azure sky

overhead, embossed with snow-white fleeces of far cloud, was laughing in the gorgeous sunlight; and the tops of the giant oaks, which cast the shade, were bathed in golden glory.

There was not a sound on the breezeless air, not a stir in the motionless shrubs, or on the silent water; for, wearied by his own restlessness, the gray horse was now standing motionless, with his head drooping languidly toward the ground, and his long silver tail whisking away the flies from his dappled flank.

As Eveline came upon the scene, the willow tree was interposed directly between her eye and the oak to which the charger was attached; and there was nothing in the tranquil picture to induce the belief that there was any human being within half a mile of the spot.

She paused, as I have said, then for a moment, and looked wistfully about her, as if expecting to see some one; and when it became evident to her that she was alone, she glanced her eye upward in seeming disappointment toward the sun, as if to judge, by his elevation, of the hour.

"It is long past the time," she said, in a low, silvery voice—"he must have been here. Surely, oh surely, he would not have gone away." Then raising her tones a little, she cried aloud—"Claude! Claude! Are you not here? Claude—Claude!"

And as no answer was returned, she wrung her hands with a look and gesture almost of agony.

"He has gone—gone and left me to despair. Or, perhaps, has not come at all," she said, in wild and agonizing sorrow. "Yet no—no!" she interrupted herself—"he is all truth, and honor, and true nobility of soul. He has been here, and something has occurred to drive him hence; or something has prevented him from coming. Alas, alas! how sad—how more than sad, how miserable a mischance! For my heart tells me that to-night must end the whole. I think I cannot be so much deceived. No—no! The Spaniards will be here to-night. My uncle has betrayed his country, and sold poor me to the best bidder. This Count de Fuensaldagne! Sold *me*!—sold *me*! My God—my God! Where do you tarry, Claude?—my Claude? Come, come! ere it be too late, and poor Eveline!"

She stopped abruptly in her speech, pressed her hand on her brow for an instant, and then said very calmly—

"But no—no! That shall never be, while knives will cut, or water drown. I will wait, and be patient—and strive to the last against their tyranny. But when the last hath come, sooner than be the wife of that man, loving another as I do, I will make trial of my Maker's mercy, say what they may about self-slaughter! I would I had some laurel water—I fear the weakness of my hand on the poniard. The river—the river is the best, after all. In its blue depths I shall find the peace which the green earth denies me. And yet—and yet—" she said, pausing yet again—"it is sad, very sad to die—all is so dark, so doubtful there, beyond the grave—and here it is so beautiful—so beautiful! and

and died. For, do you know," she added, looking full in his face, with her large dark eyes full of fear and wonder, "that if we had not met to-day, we should most likely never have met any more?"

"And would that have so much grieved you that you would have desired to die?" he said, with a smile at the earnestness of her affection.

"You know it would, Claude," she replied, "but this is no time for compliments or pretty speeches, I assure you. Nay! nor for kissing hands, sir, either," she continued with a smile, "for we are on the verge of a very great danger, and I do not know how we may shun it."

"What danger, dearest one? Explain yourself," said the duke, understanding now, for the first time, that she was in earnest, and that there was some real peril at hand, and to be apprehended.

"Listen, St. Paul; you know what I told you concerning Monsieur de St. Espremenil, and his coming so often to and fro, accompanied by German and Spanish couriers; and of his holding long private conversations with my uncle. And how sure I felt that there was some secret negotiation going on between my uncle and the archduke. Well, it was late last evening, when the lamps were all lighted in the great hall, that I had gone into the library to get a book, before retiring to my chamber; and while I was there, on a sudden there arose a great clatter of horses in the courtyard, and a very loud bustle in the corridors; and in a moment I heard a voice cry out, 'conduct them to the library,' and, before I could think what to do, their footsteps were at the door. I was frightened and blew out my taper, and felt my way in the dark into the little angle under the stair-case of the gallery, intending to escape by the small doorway there, and so to make my retreat good to my bed-room.

"Judge of my terror when I found it locked on the outside, and the key not there. The great door opened, and the glare of the torches fell upon the floor, and in a moment more I should have been discovered; but with the speed of thought I darted up the stairs, and concealed myself behind one of the great pillars that support the roof; and was thenceforth, although unwillingly, a spectator and an auditor of all that took place.

"It was my uncle who came in, and with him, as I expected, St. Espremenil, who, as I told you, has been tormenting me of late with love messages from this Count de Fuensaldagne. But, as I did not expect, there were no less than three Spaniards also, two of them in their full uniforms, with cuirasses and broad flapped hats. The third was wrapped, as he entered, in a great black cloak, and his velvet sombrero was pulled down almost to his eyebrows. But when he took off the mantle he was dressed in a close-fitting *just-au-corps* of bright yellow silk, buttoned in front with diamonds; a magnificent collar of *point d'Espagne* was about his neck, and the order of the Holy Ghost glittered upon his bosom. When he removed his hat, I saw his face clearly in the lamplight—the darkest man I ever have yet seen, with piercing black eyes that seemed to flash living

fire. His forehead was exceedingly high, and rather narrow, and the crown of his head entirely bald; but all the hair he had, as well as a little pointed beard on his chin, and a pair of huge mustaches curled upward till they almost touched his eyes, were as dark as night!"

"By all the saints in heaven!" exclaimed the Duke de St. Paul, who had been listening to every word she uttered with eager attention, "it was the count—it was Fuensaldagne himself."

"It was indeed, Claude," answered Eveline, "at least I judge so—for they did not call him by name. Well, they sat down about a table covered with maps and papers, and consulted for a long time deeply; and, except a word here and there, I overheard every thing. And this is it—my uncle is to have the order of the Holy Ghost, and to receive a free grant of all my possessions here in France, on condition of giving me in marriage to this Fuensaldagne, as soon as may be done conveniently; and of raising from my vassals two thousand footmen and five hundred horse, to serve the enemy against the king. And the Spaniards are to send a regiment of horse to garrison the chateau, this very night, and to-morrow morning eight companies of foot with artillery!"

"The villain!" exclaimed the Duke de St. Paul fiercely, half unsheathing his sword as he spoke—"The villain! but he shall rue it—he shall rue it—by my name, and my patron saint!"

"But that is not all, Claude. Just as I thought all was finished, and that they were going quietly away, St. Espremenil whispered something in the ears of the Spanish count, and they spoke apart anxiously for a moment or two. I could observe, too, that my uncle looked vexed and solicitous, while they were communing together, although at the same time I could see that he wished to hide his uneasiness.

"At length Fuensaldagne stamped his foot heavily and angrily on the ground, and cried out, 'By Heaven! you are right, Espremenil, and I will not be fooled.' Then striding fiercely up to my uncle, he exclaimed, 'Hark you, sir count, St. Espremenil here tells me that not a man of your niece's vassals on this estate will rise, unless it be at her especial order; which she will not give, doubtless! Is this so?'

"I fear it is, your excellency," replied my uncle, very much annoyed, as it was perfectly evident to me. 'What then? what then?' exclaimed Fuensaldagne. 'She must be my wife at once! at once! By Heaven! to-morrow night! and then we will soon have her sign-manual. What do you say, sir count?' My uncle hesitated for a few moments, and then replied. 'I fear it cannot be, my lord. She is a resolute, high-spirited girl, and it will take time to subdue her.' But the Spaniard replied sharply, 'Tush! I say, tush! sir. I will bring a priest with me who will not care for a few tears; and, for remonstrances! he cannot understand them, seeing he speaks no French. It must be done, sir, or else all is off.' And, after a little discussion, it was all

arranged; and they will be here in force at nine o'clock to-night; and before ten, whether I will or no, I shall be made the wife of this foreign bigot! But I will die rather, Claude. I would die rather fifty times! and I *will* die, if needs must be, by my own hand, and trust God's mercy rather than man's compassion."

"No, dearest, no! you must do neither. You must fly with me; which we can arrange easily, although there is but little time. It is unlucky, it is most unlucky! If I had but my men here, or nigh at hand, or had I but heard of this yesterday, I would have driven their regiment into the Scarpe easily enough. But now I have not a man, except my page Henri and two troopers, nearer than Mouchy le Preux. And all the cavalry of our army are away as far as Bapaume. There is no help for it, Eveline. You must escape with me to-night as soon as it grows dark! happily there is no moon. Henri too, luckily, is mounted on my black barb, which is used to carry a lady, and the troopers have a led horse, my second charger. You cannot hesitate, my sweet girl. You know that you can trust in me; and, under circumstances such as these, even the bad and bitter world will justify your conduct. You cannot hesitate, my Eveline."

"I do not hesitate, Claude," she replied, giving him her hand frankly. "But I fear, I fear lest we should be taken."

"No fear of that, my angel," he replied, "only be here as early as you may. I will be waiting with the men and horses. And I know every yard of country between this place and Mouchy, whither we must fly at once, for Turenne is there with all his host, and many nobles whom you know, and many ladies, too, of your acquaintance."

"I will be here then, Claude," she answered. "I will be here at eight o'clock unless they hinder me."

"You must not let them hinder you, love. If it comes to the worst, appeal to the old servants of the house. Your father's stout old veterans would not allow you to be harmed."

"I would not willingly expose them to the danger—"

"Surely not willingly, my Eveline. But think for what a stake we are playing, and rather risk any thing than risk losing."

"Well, Claude," she made answer, "I will. I promise you I will! Look for me soon after eight o'clock. If I am alive I will be here. And now I must hurry home, lest they should miss me, and then all would be lost indeed!"

"Heaven guard you, Eveline."

"And you, Claude, and you also. But let me go. Let me go, now," she continued, tearing herself away from his arms. "And fear not, for we will meet again."

One long embrace, and they parted; she flitting through the long alleys, among which the twilight shades were gathering fast already; he driving the little shallop lightly across the clear deep brook, and hurrying to make such preparations as the time

and circumstances would admit, for the safety and comfort of the fair fugitive.

In a moment or two she was lost to sight among the mazes of thick shrubbery which had procured for that part of the grounds its well known name of the wilderness; and shortly afterward, as I have stated above, she rejoined her gay companions as they were beginning to retrace their steps toward the chateau, and drew good auguries of the future from the fact that she had not been missed from the party, nor her absence noted even by the quick eyes of female rivalry.

Even more rapidly was the Duke de St. Paul lost to sight; for after fastening the shallop carefully to the shore farthest from the chateau, and concealing the oars among the water weeds, at some distance, in order to prevent the possibility of the removal of the boat, he unchained his white horse from the branches of the oak, sprung to the saddle hastily, and galloped off, the cut sod flying high into the air behind his charger's heels, in search of his page and troopers, whom he had posted on the watch, at a safe distance, while he was holding his stolen interview with the fair lady of his love.

For nearly two hours nothing occurred in that quiet spot that told in any degree of the hot strifes and eager, restless passions that were at work all around it. A rabbit or two crept out of the neighboring shrubbery, and hopped about lazily over the short green turf; a squirrel chattered sharply among the tree tops; and, presently afterward, three teal, the smallest and most beautiful of all the European waterfowl, came gliding on balanced wings over the summits of the oaks, circled round once or twice, as if to ascertain that all was safe, and then dropped down with a heavy plump into the limpid water.

For a long time they lay there, floating about among the large leaves and bright flowers of the water-lilies, pruning their feathers, or pursuing the aquatic insects and small fry on which they feed; but after about the space of time I have mentioned, when it was already growing dark, they raised their heads simultaneously, as if they heard some distant sound, and in a moment whirled up into the air, and were out of sight in the darkening skies, while the sharp whistle of their wings was still clearly audible.

The next moment, although it was now so dark that their forms could scarcely be distinguished against the background of the leafy hill, four horsemen came down at a hard canter to the river's bank; one of them mounted on a magnificent white charger—it was no other than Claude Duke de St. Paul, and two of the others leading between them a spare horse, equipped with a lady's saddle.

Collecting themselves for a moment under the shadow of the great tree, the duke gave them a few brief instructions, and then dismounting, went down to the boat, followed by his page, a handsome strippling of sixteen or seventeen years. With his assistance, he soon launched the skiff, fitted her with the oars, and shot across the stream, taking the boy with him.

As soon as they had entered the canopy formed by

the weeping willow, Claude leaped ashore, desiring the boy to lie on his oars, and be ready to start instantly.

"She may be pursued," he said, "therefore do you push off the instant she is on board you. Make the skiff fast, and get her on horseback instantly. Wait for me till you may see what befalls, but if I am taken, or killed, or desperately hurt, do not mind what she says, or think of endeavoring to help me; but make the best of your way, without loss of time, to the camp, and place her under the protection of the Marechal Turenne. Observe, these are my positive and last orders! But it is growing very late—it must be nearly nine o'clock now. She should have been here ere this."

The words were not well out of his lips before the great bell of the chateau began to toll heavily, and the next moment the distant blast of a trumpet, which the quick ear of the young soldier distinguished for a Spanish note, came ringing down the wind.

He had scarce time to cry, "Henri—Henri! be on your guard!" when Eveline de Rosieres darted into the little lawn from the opening in the shrubbery, almost with the speed of the hunted fawn.

Dark as it was, her eye distinguished her lover's person in a moment, and crying—"I am pursued! I am pursued! St. Espremenil is close at my heels!" she darted up to him.

"To the boat, dearest—to the boat, with the speed of light," he replied, unsheathing his rapier, for St. Espremenil and one of his serving men had already come into view. "Henri is there, and will put you across the stream in a minute—and I will join you instantly—so soon," he added, in a deep whisper, "as I have given this dog what he merits."

Happily Eveline was a girl of mind and reason, and, judging that her lover knew the best what was fitting in emergency, she wasted no time in sentimental folly, but did promptly as she was advised. In less time, therefore, than it has occupied to tell of it, she was ferried across the brook, and in another moment was securely mounted on the black barb of her lover, and ready for an instant start.

In the meantime, St. Paul had met her pursuers. On reaching the open space, the servitor who had, up to this time, followed behind his master, took the lead, and, not seeing the young duke, was rushing past him, when St. Paul tripping him heavily with his foot, and striking him at the same time on the back of his head with the pommel of his sword, he was hurled suddenly to the ground, and lay there, for the moment, stunned and senseless.

Meanwhile St. Espremenil, seeing indistinctly what had occurred, drew his weapon, and shouting loudly to some persons, whose voices might be heard coming up in pursuit, attacked St. Paul without a moment's hesitation.

He had, however, miscalculated his own strength and skill, or those of his assailant; for, though a fair swordsman enough in broad daylight, he was no match for Claude de St. Paul in that glimmering and uncertain darkness. So that before three thrusts and

parries had been interchanged, he felt the cold steel gliding through his sword arm, and was the next instant laid prostrate on the turf, with the blood gushing, like water from a pump, from a deep wound in his right bosom.

Just as the master fell, however, the servant recovered his feet and his wits together. He seized the young duke powerfully from behind, by the left shoulder, and endeavored to master his right arm likewise, and indeed partially succeeded in so doing, for Claude's attention was distracted by seeing three or four more men come upon the scene, with torches and fire-arms.

The foremost of these luckily stumbled, in his haste, over the prostrate body of St. Espremenil, extinguishing his light in the fall, and throwing the rest into momentary confusion.

A voice came loudly from the further side the stream—

"Monsieur le Duc! Monsieur le Duc! We are all wounded. Come—come! or we must leave you!"

Instantly, with his left hand, Claude freed his stout dagger from its sheath, and striking a back handed blow, which took effect fatally, delivered himself from the man who held him, hurled the bloody weapon at the nearest of his pursuers, inflicting a slight wound—darted down to the bank, and, placing his good sword between his teeth, struck boldly out for the further shore.

But the old Count de Rosieres had now come upon the scene, and his voice was heard calling loudly to his followers.

"Quick—quick! Advance your torches! It is that villain, de St. Paul! A hundred louis to the man who shoots him as he swims!"

A dozen flambeaux were gleaming in a moment on the bank; and two or three matchlocks and musketoons were leveled at so short a distance, that Claude, who was just gaining the bank, scarcely hoped but that every ball must take effect.

But at this moment the page Henri—who, with a prudence of precaution that from his years and experience could scarcely have been looked for, had made the duke's troopers unsling their carbines—shouted aloud to fire, discharging his own piece at the instant with deliberate aim.

One of the matchlockmen fell, wounded by his shot; and another was killed outright by the ball of one or other of the duke's troopers; and the rest, taken by surprise, and alarmed at finding themselves assailed, when they thought to be assailants, threw their fire away in a scattering and random volley.

Scarce were their pieces empty ere Claude de St. Paul had sprung up the grassy slope, sheathing his weapon as he did so, and leaped lightly into his saddle.

There was not time for many words, but with a fervent and heart-felt ejaculation—"All praise to our Almighty Lord and Father!"—he caught the reins of poor Eveline's barb in his right hand, and shaking his own bridle with the left, while he gave

his good horse the spur, hurried her away at a hand gallop; and, in a few seconds, not the deep rivulet only, but the brow of the hillock was interposed between the lovers and their enemies.

Although, as soon as they crossed the brow of the hill, they lost sight of all their enemies, it was yet a considerable time before they ceased to hear the bells of the chateau, clanging furiously, as if to summon all the vassals of the estate, and the prolonged flourishes of the Spanish trumpets, announcing beyond the possibility of any doubt that Fuensaldagne had indeed arrived with his Spanish force at the French Chateau de Rosieres.

For an hour, or perhaps a little better, the fugitives galloped forward, making the best of their way through by-lanes, over swampy meadows, and by deep woodsides, to gain the great high road from Douay to Bapaume, along the line of which, although many leagues farther down, the French army was in quarters.

During this time few words were spoken, all the little party being engaged in guiding their horses through the swart gloom, and thridding the defiles of the broken country to the best advantage.

At length, however, the high road itself was gained, and, drawing in their bridles, they began to pursue their way toward head-quarters, at a safer and more leisurely gait.

Claude de St. Paul had just uttered the words, after a short address of encouragement and tenderness to the beautiful girl at his side—

"Well, God be praised! our adventures for this night, at least, are ended, for there, in the bottom of the valley, are the lights of Mouchy le Preux—" when, from a cross-road intersecting that whereon they were traveling, leading from Cambray toward Arras, a hundred and twenty cavaliers, who had been marching so silently that they had not suspected their vicinity, debouched upon the causeway, and crying "Spain! Spain!" surrounded them in a moment.

There was no chance either for flight or for resistance, none of the party having suspected any thing, until it was too late, with the exception of the page Henri, who turned his horse short round at the moment when the headmost horseman appeared, and making him leap a large trench which bounded the road, was out of reach of pursuit in a minute.

Claude de St. Paul's heart, brave as it was, and indomitable, fell as he found himself thus hopelessly surrounded, and his sweet lady-love a captive to her worst enemies. But there was nothing to do but to endure manfully what could not be avoided.

He soon perceived, looking about him in this spirit, that the party to which he had been thus unexpectedly forced to surrender, had no connection with those from whom he was flying.

And he discovered, shortly after, that they were in fact a party employed in bringing powder and munitions of war to the Spanish lines, which were formed around Arras, and in daily expectation of compelling it to surrender at discretion. So he was informed, at least, by the Spaniard, a lieutenant,

who commanded the party; and in fact he had already observed that every horseman had a bag on his horse's croup, containing, as the officer told him, no less than fifty pounds of powder; while eighty horses, led by peasants, were loaded heavily with bomb-shells, and hand-grenades, and other terrible explosives.

On learning this, Claude began to remonstrate, somewhat warmly, on the discourtesy and cruelty of obliging a lady to journey in the company of men employed on so desperate an errand, and in such immediate peril of her life—and was in the act of offering his parole of honor, that they would not escape, but would follow the line of march, rescue or no rescue, to the camp before Arras, if allowed to fall a little way to the rear, when the lieutenant replied, rudely—

"Nonsense—nonsense! You a soldier, Monsieur le Duc, and make such a fuss about a little gunpowder! There is no danger in the world."

"It is precisely because *I am* a soldier," retorted the duke, rather angrily, "that I know there *is* danger, seeing things of this sort done so unsoldierly."

"What do you see done unsoldierly?" asked the other, sharply.

"I see the third cavalier above us in the line," replied St. Paul, "so drunk that he can hardly sit upon his horse, and smoking a long pipe—which is very soldierly, certainly."

"By Heaven!" answered the Spaniard, glaring upon the speaker fiercely, and half inclined to resent his words; until, losing his anger in his sense of the imminence of the peril, he dashed his spurs into his horse, and galloped up to the offender.

St. Paul instantly drew in his bridle, and Eveline's horse stopping likewise, they were left a few yards behind, by the cavalcade of which they were the last already, when the duke saw the officer ride up to the offending soldier, snatch the pipe from his mouth, abuse him violently, and strike him with the flat of his sword.

The soldier instantly put his hand to his holster—and, as he did so, St. Paul flung himself out of the saddle so impetuously that he almost fell down in his haste, and catching Eveline in his arms, threw her, and himself by her side, flat on their faces on the ground.

And it was well for both that he was so prompt to think and act; so quick of eye, and hand, and execution.

For the lieutenant, seeing the drunken man bent on firing, swerved in his saddle to avoid the ball, and the pistol was discharged full into the powder bag at his crupper. There was a broad bright circling glare, a loud explosion, and a wild yell of mortal anguish—but, almost before eye could note, or ear detect the first flash, the first roar, bag after bag exploded throughout the whole line, with such rapidity that it seemed but one sudden outburst, quicker and keener than heaven's lightning! one roar more stunning and appalling than the eternal thunder!—nor was this all, for the cases of ex-

plosives caught likewise, and, for a minute's space, the whole air was alive with whizzing rockets, and reverberating bombs, and soaring shells, with their long trains of fiery light, and their appalling devastation.

One minute had not passed before of all that band Claude de St. Paul and Eveline alone were unwounded.

Few escaped. Not more indeed than a score of the whole number came off with their lives; not a dozen of the horses, and these so maimed and scorched, and in such fearful agony, that their groans and outcries were yet more terrible than the roar of the explosion.

While St. Paul was bearing Eveline off the road, who had fainted between terror and the concussion of being thrown so suddenly and rudely from her horse, a French trumpet sounded within a quarter of a mile, and, in a few minutes afterward, the clang of hoofs was heard, and a gallant little troop of some

fifty partisans came sweeping up to investigate the causes of that strange light, and to give succor to the unfortunate survivors.

Great was the joy of the page Henri, who had already fallen in with the scouting party, at finding his lord and the beautiful young lady safe and uninjured.

And never-ending was the gratitude of the young Duke de St. Paul and his sweet bride—for herewith their adventures indeed terminated; and, within a few days, they were united, never again to part, in the presence of the great Turenne and all the loyal nobles of the realm.

Great, I say, was their gratitude to that All-powerful and All-wise Guardian, who so often raises up to us salvation out of those very things which, to our blinded mortal eyes, appear to portend sure destruction—and never did they cease to remember that summer's night adventure on the great plain between Lens and Douay.

COVENANT-SONG

ON THE MORNING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DANNEBERG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOERNER.

DARKLY shuddering, sternly, grimly,
Breaks the great, the eventful day;
And the blood-red sun shines dimly
Down upon our bloody way.
In one pregnant hour assembling,
Crowd the fates of nations vast;
And e'en now the lots are trembling,
And the brazen die is cast.
Brothers, in holiest compact united,
Warned by the hour, be our solemn vow plighted,
Come life or come death, to be true to the last.

Back o'er shame and foul dishonor,
Night her raven pinion waves;
O'er our country's spreading banner
Torn and rent by foreign slaves.
How our noble tongue was slighted,
And our holiest shrines profaned!
Brothers, German faith is plighted—
German brothers, be't unstained.
Lo! where the flame of Heaven's vengeance is burning;
Up, and its curse from your country be turning!
Up, and be freedom's lost charter regained!

Blessed hopes shine bright before us,
And the future's golden days;
A whole heaven of bliss hangs o'er us,
Whence bright freedom pours her rays.
German art, thou reappearest,
Song, again thy raptures burn;
Love and beauty—all that's dearest,
All that's bright again return.
But there awaits us a desperate daring,
Blood must be poured all free and unparing;
Only in blood will our glory's star burn.

Now, with God! we will not falter,
Stand beneath fate's heaviest blow;
Bear our hearts to freedom's altar,
And to meet our death we'll go.
Native land, for thee we'll perish—
All thy bidding will we dare;
And the sons our bosoms cherish
May thy blood-bought freedom share;
Oak of our country, grow broader and bolder,
Stretch thy proud arms o'er the spot where we moulder;
Hear, O our country, the oath which we swear!

Now your glance toward home's sweet treasures,
Yet for one brief moment, cast;
Part ye from those blooming pleasures,
Which the South's fell poisons blast.
Though the silent tear be starting,
Shame shall ne'er such tears attend;
Waft them one last kiss at parting,
Then to God the loved commend.
All the sweet lips whose prayers are awaking,
All the fond hearts that are bleeding and breaking,
Mighty Jehovah, console and defend!

Cheerly now to battle wending,
Eye and heart to light away!
Earthly life to us is ending,
Lo! where breaks a heavenly day.
On, with patriot ardor burning!
Every nerve a hero prove:
True hearts see once more returning—
Now farewell each earthly love!
Hark! where the thunders of battle are crashing;
On, where the storm of red lightning is flashing!
Meet again in the realms above.

ATHENAI S.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

In her utmost lightness there is truth—and often she speaks lightly;
And she has a grace in being gay—which mourners even approve;
For the root of some grave earnest thought is understruck so rightly,
As to justify the foliage and the waving flowers above.
E. B. BARRETT.

WHAT could he wish for more? The girl was graceful, high-bred, intellectual, and singularly beautiful, and yet Mr. Sydney Hazard was not satisfied; only because his kind uncle had chosen for him, instead of allowing him the right of judging for himself; and therein did Mr. Sydney Hazard's uncle show himself an exceedingly impolitic and injudicious old gentleman. He should have let the wayward youth alone, and ten to one he would have fallen desperately in love with the very being whom he now vowed he would not so much as look at—because he was sure beforehand that she would not please him. The truth is, our Sydney had some very romantic dreams about love and courtship and marriage, and the idea of proposing to any given person, because his uncle happened to think it expedient to do so, was utterly repugnant to the tastes of a poetical, high-toned being like him. In the meantime, his newly arrived cousin—Honora Revere, the lady in question—assumed, whenever he approached her, an air alternately of the most provoking indifference or the most chilling hauteur—so different from what our “conquering hero” had been accustomed to, that he might easily have been piqued into the required passion, but for the officious zeal of the well-meaning old gentleman.

It was the more vexatious, because with others she seemed the very soul of gaiety and sweetness. She was a rare creature, too. In the very wildest excess of spirits, when her dark magnificent eyes seemed absolutely on fire with excitement, her voice never lost for a moment its “low, liquid contralto,” her attitudes and movements never their soul-born majesty and grace.

Sydney began to feel quite provoked with her for being so wonderfully enchanting. Nay, he caught himself once or twice wishing that the old gentleman had been in Guinea before he had sworn to disinherit him in case he did not propose to her within a year, because otherwise he might possibly have condescended to take the trouble to admire the lady; but now, of course, the thing was impossible. “Besides,” he said to himself, “she is a mere coquette after all; for, did she not jilt poor Seymour, whose attentions she certainly permitted, if not encouraged!”

At last, what with the lady's nonchalance, and the gentleman's obstinacy, matters came to such a pass that they scarcely spoke to each other, except when common courtesy required it, and then in the coldest and briefest manner possible.

At this delightful crisis our hero, fortunately for his resolution, met with a new interest in another quarter, which threatened quite to supersede, at least for the present, all thought of the haughty Honora.

In carelessly glancing at the contents of a new magazine, his eye was arrested by the following verses, under the signature of “Athenais:”

TO ———.

Upbraid me not, that having taken thee kindly
Into my earnest heart, and finding still,
There where I throned thy spirit, somewhat blindly,
A depth, a height, which thou hast failed to fill—
That finding this—my faith I disavow,
And seek a nobler, holier love than thou.

That my soul asks it, pleads for it forever,
Proves it a claim divine, and not a wrong.
Stay the wild rush of yon impetuous river,
Nor the upsoaring of a spirit strong;
For I were wronging *these* to meanly tame
Each winged impulse unto thy light claim!

Thus would our natures both be chained, degraded—
Be ours a larger, nobler, loftier care!
The flowers, with which yon summer bower is braided,
Plead always wistfully for light and air;
So grow *thy soul*—from love to love ascending—
Not to its mortal clay ignobly bending!

Something in the sentiment of this little poem touched his fancy—nay, his heart—and, with nothing better to do, the whim of the moment prompted a reply to it.

CHAPTER II.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee—were the clouds away!
’Tis the child-heart draws them, singing
In the silent-seeming clay—
Singing! Stars, that seem the muteest, go in music all the way.
E. B. BARRETT.

A lovely girl, half asleep in a fauteuil, lay languidly turning over the leaves of a magazine. Suddenly she started; a soft bloom dawned and deepened in her cheek, and her dark eyes dilated with surprise, not unmingled with pleasure. It was the romantic young dreamer whose verses had attracted the attention of Sydney Hazard, and it was his reply, addressed—“To Athenais”—and signed simply “Vivian,” that had so startled her from her reverie. Listen to her, dear reader, as

with a faltering, subdued, but exquisitely modulated voice she reads the lines aloud.

TO ATHENAI8.

A pilgrim here—with waiting heart—
I've passed by many a blooming shrine,
And some were wrought with rarest art,
And some were touched by light divine.
Why won they not the gift—the prayer?
My soul would fain have worshiped there—
But something whispered still—"Beware!"
Not *these* are thine,
That dream resign!
Nor thus profane th' appointed hour
When blooms for thee thy promised flower!

And calmly then I went my way;
Too sacred glowed the fire I nursed,
To blend with any but the ray,
The one dear ray—the last—the first—
The only one, reserved to share
My path below—its joy—its care—
And that sweet life in Aiden, where
Each radiant dream,
That lends its gleam,
A glimpse of Heaven our earth to give,
Will take its own bright shape—and *live*!

Speak, lady, did I wait in vain—
In vain reserve the sacred fire?
Must Love, beneath thy far disdain,
Make of this heart his funeral pyre?
A soft light dawns upon my way—
A flower unfolds, my steps to stay—
I hear a heavenly harp-string play!
My soul and lute,
Till now so mute,
In one wild thrill, respond to thine!
Bid me not, sweet, "*that* dream resign!"

This was Romance indeed! Oh! if she could but dare reply! It would be so beautiful—this enchanting mystery—this spiritual love! Besides, it would keep her mind from wandering to a certain haughty and indifferent person, who did not deserve a look, a thought from her—and yet who, somehow, contrived to occupy a prominent place in every dream by night and reverie by day.

"I *will* reply," murmured Romance—"there can be no harm in it, for he can never discover me."

But then womanly delicacy and pride began to remonstrate—and a week—almost a fortnight elapsed, ere she could decide.

I can't help blushing a little myself, dear reader, while I am forced to acknowledge that—wild, wayward, thoughtless, wilful, dreaming Romance won the day, and sent the following response to the Magazine.

THE SLEEPING HOPE.

Yes—in my soul, with folded wing,
A pure and happy hope is sleeping,
While Love low lullabies doth sing,
His vigil o'er it keeping.

A hope, divinely beautiful,
With wings in rosy splendour gleaming;
It dreams of Heaven—it dreams of *these*—
It smiles in that sweet dreaming!

I dare not name its name to thee,
No, not in softest, faintest sigh—
For oh! if once betrayed by me,
'T would wake and weep and fly!

No earthly care or grief shall wave
Its cold and blighting pinions o'er it—
For Love shall guard my spirit-hope,
Till Heaven dawn before it.

Then let it sleep—profane it not—
That slumber soft and light and holy!
The dearest joy—the fairest thought—
That lights my lot so lowly.

Ah! let it sleep, with folded wings,
Till when the angel Death shall free it—
At Heaven's own glorious gate it sings—
Then shall *thy spirit* see it!

CHAPTER III.

"And her smile—it seemed half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

"And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware,
With a halo round her hair."

Sydney Hazard read the reply of Athenais with a glow of rapture that was new to him, and from that moment the correspondence went swimmingly on.

In the meantime, a strange change had come over Honora—an unwonted light was in her eyes—a new and ever changing glow upon her cheek. She seemed to be ever in a waking trance—to be gazing at some unseen form, and listening to music inaudible to those around. She might have passed for a Greek sybil—so beautiful, so melancholy, so inspired was her look. And young Hazard watched her with an increasing interest, which he struggled in vain to subdue.

Not that he was inconstant for a moment to his worshiped Athenais—his spirit-love. Oh, no! but he found himself hoping one morning, much against his will, that she might resemble Honora—in person and manner—in *mind* he was sure she did.

He began earnestly to long for an interview with his fair incognita. She, in the wild poetry of her womanly faith, had wished that they should never meet on earth, and had repeatedly described the glorious visions she cherished of a life with him in Heaven.

But our less spiritual friend Sydney could no longer content himself with this sublime state of things, and he wrote her a passionately eloquent letter, earnestly imploring an interview.

Poor Athenais! How could she resist such musically worded entreaties? It was true, to grant them would put to flight the ideal dream which she had lived upon so long. But then she was too unselfish not to sacrifice even that to *his* wish—and so the meeting was appointed—a meeting at her friend's, May Mortimer's—a lovely little arch imp of mischief, who knew a great deal more about the whole affair than either of the lovers. She had discovered Athe-

nais' secret long ago; and now, at last, partly by accident, she had found out who "Vivian" was. But she kept the precious knowledge to her little wise self, and patiently and demurely awaited the denouement.

Sydney was an old friend of May Mortimer's, and he was quite surprised when he found that his unknown poetess knew her also. He was rather annoyed, too, that he should be obliged to reveal himself to her, as a party to this ultra-romantic appointment. But there was no help for it—so he put a bold face on the matter, and walked straight to her house.

May showered her fair soft curls over her eyes to hide the mischief in them, as she curtsied demurely on his entrance. She was alone, and Sydney almost felt relieved to find her so, for his heart throbbed half painfully at the thought of what was to come. But May would not let him long enjoy his reprieve.

"My friend is in the conservatory," she said. "We did not expect you quite so soon," and she glanced archly at a French time-piece—a figure of Cupid running away with a watch.

Sydney bit his lip—for he saw that, in his eagerness, he had anticipated, by ten minutes, the hour appointed.

"Will you seek her, Mr. Hazard—or shall I bring her here?"

"Oh, do n't let me give you that trouble, I beg," he replied, and, glad to escape the playful malice of her smile, he hurried to the conservatory.

A lady, with her back to the door, was bending over a beautiful camelia in full bloom. The majestic form—the superbly classic head, with its mass

of dark, glossy hair, wound in a careless, simple, yet perfect wave of grace around it! How like Honora Revere!

Startled by his step the lady turned—and at the same moment the gay, light tones of May Mortimer were heard from the hall, exclaiming, as she tripped up stairs—"There, Honora! how do you like your Vivian?"

She stood for a moment a very statue of amazement! Then a rush of mingled emotions—shame—love—and, shall we confess it?—an indefinable rapture, came over her heart—and hiding her burning, drooping face with both her hands, she would have fallen had not our astonished, yet equally delighted hero, recovering his self-possession, sprang forward to sustain her.

"Honora! Athenais! my precious angel-love! Look up to me! Speak—speak but one word! Oh, God! this ecstasy is too divine!"

Slowly the color stole back to her hueless cheek—slowly she unclosed those beautiful, humid eyes, and meeting his ardent gaze, hid them again on his shoulder. It was enough—their cup of happiness was full.

Of course, Romance and May Mortimer were altogether to blame in the affair, and they ought to have been ashamed of themselves for their conspiracy against two such dignified and determined personages as Sydney and Honora—had tried to be. But the delighted old gentleman thought otherwise, it seems—for as he clasped, on the wedding day, a costly cameo bracelet around the dimpled arm of the bridemaid, he whispered in her ear—

"We have had our own way with them, after all—hav n't we, May?"

L I N E S .

BY P. P. COOKE, OF VA.

DEAR cousin, I am pondering now,
With the sweet south wind on my brow—
And thoughtful eyes, which only see
The Past, in sky and grass and tree.

Into the past I go to seek
The lustre of thy maiden cheek,
And all thy graces debonaire—
I go to seek, and find them there.

Canst thou revisit, as I do,
The days wherein I learned to woo?
The days when, young in thoughts and years,
We learned Love's lore of smiles and tears?

Our early love found early cure;
But, cousin mine, of this be sure—
In that young time we loved as well
As stateliest lord and demosel.

If thou didst not, pray tell me why
Thy soul stood beckoning in thine eye;*
Playing the sweet mime to my own,
And evermore to mine alone!

If I loved not, why should it be
That, quickened by a thought of thee,
My spirit goes so fiery fast
To meet thee in the radiant Past?

Ah! spurn not in thy ignorance
The golden rule of that romance—
But let it hold thy riper age,
As mine, in happy vassalage.

As mine? By Eros! to be free
From bondage of that memory,
Were but to wear a colder chain—
Were but to give my bliss for pain.

* This line (2d of 5th stanza) is nearly identical with one in a song written by the Earl of Carbery, (1653.) It sprang up in my mind as original, and I wrote it as such. My verses are too flimsy in their texture to be meddled with, or I would put another in its place.

THE HUSBAND'S RUSE.

A TALE OF SPANISH JEALOUSY.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

IN the city of Havana, some years ago, lived a wealthy Spanish merchant named Fuero—Don Diego Fuero. He may be still living there, for aught I know to the contrary; and this seems very probable, as it is not over ten years since the episode in his life, which I am about to relate, occurred. Don Diego was, at that time, about forty years of age, of a strong frame and vigorous constitution. His complexion was swarthy—his hair black and bushy, and his face, half concealed behind a pair of huge dark whiskers, wore an expression of fierce determination, bordering upon ferocity.

He was a man who rarely smiled, and with whom neither friend nor stranger ever thought of taking an undue liberty. Nevertheless he was reputed strictly honest in his dealings, and the immense fortune which he possessed had been acquired by long and patient industry.

Now Don Diego was not happy—and why? His fortune was princely—his health good—and his wife beautiful. Ah—alas! it is not always happiness to have a beautiful wife! Some prefer rather a plain one, with good sense; and although we laugh at them, I, for my part, am beginning to think that these are the wise ones, and we the fools. Be that as it may, however, Don Diego's wife, as I have said, was beautiful. Many thought her the most beautiful woman in Havana. This is saying much. I would not myself like to go so far. I have seen some very lovely women in Havana. No matter for that. It is enough to know that the Señora Fuero was very beautiful. She was very young, too—not quite twenty—in fact, not half the age of her husband Don Diego—but among the Spanish aristocracy age is not considered in the disposing of hands—it has, however, something to do in the bestowing of hearts, and, unfortunately, the heart of the Señora Josefa had never been the property of her husband. Not that it was another's. Not by any means, for she had never loved. Brought up, a young Creole, upon her father's plantation, and seeing no one but her parents, a maiden aunt, and some scores of negro slaves, she had no opportunity of indulging in the delicious dream.

Young, guileless, and in fact unconscious that such a passion existed, she was bought from her father by the gold of Don Diego, and by the latter transplanted from her rustic home to the gay city.

Now here a question arises, on the respective advantages of choosing a wife in the city, or bringing one in from the country. I have known this to be productive of furious debate. Both have their

advantages and disadvantages—though, in either case, I think the disadvantages preponderate. Some prefer city-bred ladies for their superior refinement in dress and manners. Others like a hale honest country girl, with rosy cheeks and an arm like a pugilist. Well, after all, it is a matter of choice. For my part, I intend to marry a city lady. I have my reasons, of course. I mean to reside in the city. If I intended going upon a farm, I might prefer a country girl for my wife; but I do not mean to go upon a farm—so I shall not be so indiscreet as to choose a country wife and bring her to town. They become very much changed by being so transplanted. Quite another thing. The intoxication of town life—balls, parties, and the theatre—quite deranges them; they become foolish, and make others look very foolish, just about the time when city girls have grown matronly and wise. These are mere opinions, and will hurt no one. So let us return to Don Diego and his new wife.

After his marriage our rich merchant furnished a splendid house in one of the most fashionable streets in the "barrio," where he took up his residence. A magnificent carriage, with blooded horses, soon drew the attention of all Havana to the beautiful Creole. She was at once pronounced a belle, and beset by a crowd of flattering admirers. To say the least, the fair Josefa did not seem to dislike the relish of such adulation. She who had never known other than the clumsy compliments of her sable handmaidens, was now greeted by the refined flattery of the fashionable circles of the most fashionable city in the new world. No wonder she should become a little vain. Ah! vanity, there is much danger in thee—many a frail creature hast thou seduced to sin and shame!

The exceeding popularity of his wife enchanted Don Diego, and his moody brow for a season seemed to clear up and assume an expression of partial gayety.

He was fond of showing his beautiful wife—as all men who have beautiful wives are—at balls, at the theatre, and on the Pasao. Moreover, he loved her dearly, and wished to gratify her every whim—and, to do her justice, she began to entertain not a few of these. Don Diego, however, humored them all—it must be acknowledged at a good round cost—but for this he cared not so long as it gave pleasure to his "dear Josefa."

So ran the time—through scenes of gayety and pleasure. Clouds, however, at length appeared on the horizon of Don Diego's happiness. He began

to grow jealous. Not that he was naturally of a jealous disposition—that is, for a Spaniard—but he had more than once detected a handsome cavalier gazing in a very expressive manner at his wife—and—he might be mistaken—but he imagined that Josefa did not seem at all to dislike it. Wherever he went—to a ball or theatre—the cavalier was there. If he drove his wife upon the Pasao, the cavalier dashed past him upon a coal black steed, looking at the beautiful Josefa as if his soul were in his eyes. Furies! this could not last. It must end in something worse—and it did not last, for Don Diego growing more and more jealous, came to the determination of keeping his wife within doors—which he did. She was seen no more at the theatre—and seldom, if ever, on the Pasao. This caused a great deal of talk, and not a little scandal. In the vortex of fashionable life in a great city like Havana, one theme of scandal soon gives place to and is submerged in the whirl of many others, and in a short time the rich merchant's wife and her involuntary seclusion from society ceased to be spoken of. We must assume a more serious style: the drama we are about to relate requires it.

Behind Don Diego's mansion was a beautiful garden—backed by a low wall, over which drooped the branches of a variety of tropical trees. In one corner of this garden grew a clump of orange and lemon trees, which had been woven into an arbor by means of the twining tendrils of the West Indian jessamine. This arbor was so completely overshadowed as to be impervious to the rays of the noonday sun, while at night time the only light that shone in its fragrant interior was the flash of the *cocuyo*. In front of the house, on the other side of the street, was a splendid mansion, which, like that of Don Diego, was furnished with balconies and Venetian blinds. Don Diego had never inquired who occupied this house. Accident, however, at last made him acquainted with who was the tenant of the mansion. One evening he had returned home earlier than usual from his warehouses, and, the evening being pleasant, had gone up to the *azotea*, or roof, to enjoy the sunset. His wife had not seen him come in, as he entered by the garden door, a private entrance of which he always carried the key.

A row of large japonica trees grew in boxes along the front of the *azotea*, and screened observation from the street. As Fuero sat behind one of these, his eye accidentally roamed through the dark green foliage and fell upon the balcony blinds of the opposite house. Judge of his surprise when he saw, through the half opened jalousie, the face of the very cavalier who had already caused him so much uneasiness. He was not perceived by the latter, who seemed to be intently gazing on the lower windows of Don Diego's house, and at intervals smiling, as though some one acknowledged his courtesy. The thin lip of the Spaniard quivered with rising emotion—the sharp, stinging pain of jealousy shooting through his heart almost caused

him to cry out—but he conquered his feelings, determined to await the result. The cavalier disappeared for a moment from the window but presently returned, and holding a folded *billet doux* through the bars of the Venetian, seemed to ask the question—"May I send it?" As though he had received an answer in the affirmative, the folded paper was drawn back, and the cavalier, with a gratified smile and a polite bow, withdrew from the window. Presently a mulatto servant issued from the house, and taking a circuitous route, crossed over to the mansion of the merchant, and rung the bell.

Don Diego received the note from his own servant. It was somewhat laconic for a love epistle, and ran simply as follows:—

"Loveliest of Women:—Grant me but one interview, and I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.

"ALPHONSO."

"Thank Heaven!" muttered the Spaniard, "it is not yet too late!" and he thrust the note into his bosom.

A moment afterwards Don Diego entered the drawing-room in which his wife was seated. She was not near the window, but her paleness and agitation plainly told that she knew all that had happened.

With a gloomy, but determined look, Don Diego approached his trembling wife.

"Here!" said he, producing the billet, and speaking in a tone of bitter irony—"this is for you, my dear Josefa—it requires an answer."

"An answer?" echoed she, feigning astonishment and indignation—"what villain has dared this? Don Diego, he must be punished!"

"He *shall* be punished—here, write the answer—thus—"

The pen trembled in her small white jeweled hand as she wrote, after Don Diego's dictation—

"Twelve o'clock to-night—an arbor in the garden—the wall may be scaled without difficulty.

"TUYA."

She felt as though she had written the death warrant of *him*, yet innocent in *deed*, and perhaps led on to guilty thought by her own imprudence and vanity. How was she to save him?

"Fold and direct!" abruptly commanded Don Diego.

"Direct—to whom?"

"To whom?—to Alphonso."

And as Don Diego delivered the stern sarcasm he walked up to the window. His back was turned upon his wife!

With an instinctive presence of mind, felt only by women when placed in desperate extremes, that little hand seized the pen, and at the bottom of the page wrote—

"Do not come—Don—"

She intended to have written, "Don Diego knows all!" but the Spaniard returning to the table prevented her. He did not perceive the addition. With a look of keen despair the young wife folded the note mechanically, and directed it as she had been

desired. Don Diego took the billet from her hand, and motioning her to a cabinet, which she entered, he closed the door, and locking it, put the key into his pocket. He then rung the bell, and after giving some directions to a confidential servant, walked from the room.

The note reached its destination, but the half uttered warning, "Do not come—Don—" was not understood by the enraptured but unfortunate lover. He thought it had been addressed to himself, and interpreted it as the last struggle of expiring virtue.

The bell of the great cathedral was just tolling the hour of eleven, when Don Diego Fiero silently glided from the back piazza of his house, and entered the arbor we have already spoken of. A crescent moon had just gone down behind the hills of Mexico. The night seemed to portend storm. The darkness was extreme, and objects were only visible by the light which emanated from the burning *cocuyo*. As the glowing insects flitted before the face of the Spaniard, they reflected features of no common expression. A deep and desperate re-

solve was depicted in that face, and every muscle of those swarthy lineaments was strained to its extreme tension.

With his hands, and by the aid of a palmetto, he cleared the arbor of the fire-flies, and now stood in darkness, silently awaiting the approach of his victim. One—two—three—twelve o'clock from the cathedral! A rustling is heard among the orange trees—the breaking of a bough—a form is upon the top of the wall—then follows a heavy sound, as of some one leaping to the earth, and all again is still. Only for a moment. A man, guided by the light of the *cocuyo*, is seen making for the arbor. He reaches it—he enters. Hist! hist! The gleam of a dagger is seen, followed by the noise of a death struggle—muttered curses are heard, and the dull, heavy sound of stabbing—then issues a groan—another and another—and all is silent as before!

See!—a man comes out of the arbor—the light of the fire-fly glares upon him—horror! *he is dragging a corpse!* He lifts it upon the wall—a fearful imprecation—the sound of a heavy body falling upon the street—and all is silent again!

A D R E A M .

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

This is in reality a poetical fragment which came to the author in a dream, (under the idea that he was reading a new poem by Longfellow,) singularly enough on the morning of January 1, 1845. Immediately on awaking, retaining a perfect recollection of it, he wrote it down as it now stands, with the exception of correcting the measure, and altering some phrases, which were too fantastic to be generally intelligible. This unusual, and, he might add, agreeable manner of composition, must be the apology for its unconnected and fanciful character.

A voice rang through the endless depths of space,
And from their tireless guard, together called
The destinies of Heaven.

Among the stars
Whose watch-lights glimmered through the mighty void,
Back from whose awful majesty the mind
Of bright-winged angels weakly turned away,
There rolled—in discord with the glorious sound,
That, born of light and beauty infinite,
Breaks in sweet waves upon the walls of Heaven—
A darkened orb. Its baleful shadow marred
The glory of the starry hosts, and on
Its wandering path it cast a transient gloom
On many a brighter flame.

But while they came,
Those mighty spirits whose decree should blot
The evil planet from the hosts of God,
A pure, pale orb, that like a diamond burned
Through the far darkness of eternal space,
Crossed the dread shadow of its wavering track,
Then silent from their thrones of light looked down
The destinies of Heaven. Lo! like a spear,
Through the rent darkness came its steady ray
And pure, undimmed, shone on the clouded orb,
That faintly glimmered in the radiance back,

And checked its rushing flight, to linger near
The stainless glory that it could not win!

The angels smiled. Still brighter grew the orb,
On in its round, beside the sinless sphere;
Pierced by the flame, the veiling shadows fell,
And from its growing radiance came a tone
Whose mild, sad sweetness sounded far above
The chorus of the universe sublime,
And reached the ear of God!

Then looked the stars,
And marveled that the wand'ring orb should win
A glory brighter than their own, before
Whose glance their diamond lamps grew dim,
And that the first tone of repentant love
Should drown the grandeur of their starry chime.

But when the last dark shadow left the sphere,
And, like a sun, it filled the void with light,
Then glowed the glorious brows of angel hosts
With the wrapt splendor of immortal joy;
And from Heaven's centre, where archangels turn
With drooping wings away, a lustre came
Filling the vastness of the universe,
While the sweet melodies that with it streamed,
Thrilled through the countless armies of the stars
God's blessing and his joy!

ELIZABETH FENWICKE.

BY R. K. WILLISTON.

It was early in the year 1639 that a sorrowful group had gathered around the dying bed of a young and lovely woman, in a fine old mansion in England. She was the wife of George Fenwicke, who was about to leave the fair heritage of his fathers, to lead a band of his countrymen to an asylum from religious intolerance and civil oppression in the New World. Mary Fenwicke had sustained her husband under all the discouragements attendant upon his enterprize. She had been ready for his sake, and for the sake of the sacred cause in which he had engaged, to leave all else that had been dear to her youth; and she was almost on the eve of departure to the New World, when she was summoned, by sudden and fatal illness, to the spirit-land. She feared not to die, but her heart clung to her husband and her children, and she would fain have lingered on the earth that her care might be over them. That wish was vain, for even then the hand of death was upon her, and she was bidding a last farewell to those loved ones.

"I fear not to die, my dear husband," she said, "for my trust is in God; but I sorrow much to leave you to go alone with our tender children into the wilderness."

Elizabeth, the only sister of George Fenwicke, impelled by a sudden impulse, knelt by the bed-side of the departing one, and exclaimed—

"Hear me, my sister—and may it give comfort to you in your last moments—while I promise, in the sight of that Heaven which you are so soon to enter, that I will go with my brother and your children to the land of their pilgrimage, and so far as my own care can supply to them the place of your watchful love, shall that care be given to those beloved ones."

A smile passed over the face of the dying one—a look of thankful emotion—and she was at rest.

Elizabeth Fenwicke rose from her knees with a sense of the ruin which her vow to the dead had brought upon the cherished hopes of her youth, added to the desolation of bereavement. She turned and met the reproachful gaze of her affianced husband, and the next moment she was weeping upon his bosom. She was betrothed, at a very early age, to Sir Everard Morton, with the full approval of both their parents. Indeed, their union had been a favorite project with their fathers, even in their childhood. As they grew up they sanctioned the choice of their parents by a mutual attachment, which had grown and twined around them until it seemed interwoven with their existence. Both were now fatherless—and George Fenwicke had been both as parent and brother to Elizabeth. Pain-

ful as was the anticipation of parting with this dear brother, she had never for a moment thought of swerving from her engagement to Everard to accompany him, until, moved by a sudden impulse, she had made her promise to her dying sister.

The funeral of Mary Fenwicke was over, and she was laid to rest in the tomb of her husband's ancestors. The heart of Elizabeth Fenwicke was torn by conflicting emotions. On the one side was her affianced husband importuning her to abandon the thought of accompanying her brother into his exile. On the other was that much loved brother, going forth from the land of his fathers, with his three young children, uncared for by a mother's love—mourning the loss of the wife who would have made his home happy, even though that home was but a hut in the wilderness. On the one hand was the plighted faith and the deep affection of many years—on the other, an affection unlike, but enduring as her life, and a solemn vow made to the departed. Her brother did not claim its fulfillment, but desired that her marriage should take place before his departure, as it had been first appointed. For himself, he could not now abandon the enterprize, even had his inclination prompted him to do so, for his word was pledged to lead the pilgrims to their asylum in the New World, and he was a patentee of the territory where that asylum was to be found. But vain were the remonstrances of her brother, and the importunities of Sir Everard Morton. Elizabeth felt that she might not draw back from the fulfillment of her vow and be guiltless—that however painful to her heart it might be, she must not falter.

"Urge me not, dear Everard," she said, "from what I feel to be my duty—and forgive me that, in that moment of sorrowful excitement, I remembered not that my vow to my dying sister clashed with my plighted faith to you. But take hope, my beloved—we may yet be united in happiness in our native land. Circumstances may occur which will leave my brother free to return; and you know that we do not relinquish the right to our ancestral estate, but leave it in trust in the hands of others, to be resumed at pleasure. We may yet return to the home of our fathers."

"There is no hope to me, Elizabeth—nothing but misery before me. If you go forth to the New World, I feel that we shall be forever separated. Perhaps, when so far distant, you may forget me for a nearer lover. There are gentlemen of noble birth and courtly bearing in your band, and among them is young Huntington, who has long loved you, though in silence, almost to idolatry. And you may

embrace the faith of the Puritans, and feel your vows canceled to one who is not of them."

"Pain me not by doubting my truth," replied Elizabeth. "Should the faith of the pilgrims become mine, it shall not separate us. I will never be the wife of another."

Surely man loves not as does woman. Everard Morton thought not of leaving his fair inheritance that he might accompany his betrothed bride. He had loved her as one who was to adorn and beautify his prosperous fortune—not as one for whom he could give up all else, and count it happiness. Had duty called him to give up all the advantages of his lot, and go forth to the wildest and most distant land, she would have gone with him with a cheerful heart.

Amidst many prayers and blessings that pilgrim vessel was launched forth upon the ocean. Long and weary was the voyage, and with joyful hearts they attained the haven of their rest. It was a pleasant location, at the mouth of the Connecticut river; and here they immediately erected their dwellings. They were rude, indeed, compared with the mansions which many of them had left in England; but they felt that they were the homes of freedom, and they entered them with the hope that at no distant day they would give place to those more befitting their early station. A fort had been previously erected, and to the fort and settlement were given the united names of two distinguished noblemen of their faith—the Lord Say and Lord Brook.

George Fenwicke, when wearied with the cares and perplexities of his office he returned to his home, felt that he had cause to bless the self-sacrificing devotion of the sister who made that home pleasant and cheerful, and gathered his children in happiness around him. But when, as time passed on, he saw her cheek fading, and knew that though for his sake she strove to appear cheerful and happy, sorrow was preying at her heart, he reproached himself that he did not forbid her accompanying him, and sacrificing her hopes of individual happiness. Once only had she heard from her lover. A vessel had come, laden with accessions of emigrants and stores for the colony, and by it she had received a letter from him. It was written in great sorrow and bitterness of spirit, and added much to her previous unhappiness. Everard was constantly present to her mind, and she mourned in secret for his wretchedness.

A year had thus passed by since she left her native land. And where, then, was Sir Everard Morton? One of the gayest of the gay cavaliers of the court of Henrietta of France, and the husband of one of the most frivolous and heartless ladies who graced the court by her beauty.

One short year had wrought this change! After accompanying the Fenwicks to the place of their embarkation, and watching the receding vessel until it was no longer discernible, he returned with a heavy heart to his estate. After a few sad and weary months spent upon it, he felt that he could endure its loneliness no longer, and sought the court

of his sovereign, that he might find relief in its society. In mingling in the festive throng, he had heard—what was meant for other ears than his own—himself alluded to as the deserted bridegroom, and a feeling of resentment for the first time arose in his heart against Elizabeth.

There was one lady of the court who, charmed by the graces of his person—for in gallant bearing and personal endowments he excelled—and still more by the reputation of his large estate, resolved that, could her attractions win him, he should not long be a "deserted bridegroom." Gifted with uncommon beauty, and with every fascination of manner, she succeeded, and became his bride.

And was Elizabeth Fenwicke forgotten? No! Her form arose before him even at the altar where he was plighting his vows to another. The thought of her was with him continually, and when he learned ere long the frivolity, the heartlessness, the utter disregard of his wishes by her he called his wife, he felt that Elizabeth was indeed avenged.

Lagging as were the voyages of those days, the tidings of Sir Everard Morton's marriage came fleetly enough to the heart from which they were to crush out all youthfulness, and hope, and buoyancy forever. So trusting had been the nature of Elizabeth, that a moment's doubt of his constancy had never found place in her mind. It came to her like a thunder shock—that she was forgotten, and forgotten for one who in moral worth, and mental endowments, and in all save the fleeting charm of personal beauty, was infinitely her inferior. She felt that her own happiness had perished, but she the more earnestly sought the happiness of those around her. No casual observer, who witnessed her in the cheerful performance of every duty, would have suspected the desolation of heart which that apparent cheerfulness concealed. But the solitude of her chamber, and the silence of the night watches, witnessed the tearful agony that was covered from the world. Her brother, in the bitterness of his self reproach, expressed his sorrow that he had suffered her to accompany him, but she assured him that she thought it far better to be undeceived than still to have loved and trusted unworthily, and requested him never to name the subject to her again. Her engagement had been publicly known in England, and, as many of the colonists were from the same section, it was consequently known to them. When the marriage of Sir Everard Morton became known in the colony, Edward Huntington hoped that the affection he had so long cherished might not be in vain. His principles were too honorable to allow him to speak of affection to the affianced bride of another, but he now hoped that as Elizabeth was freed by Morton's perfidy from her faith to him, she might in time return the regard that he had so long secretly cherished for her, and become his wife. But his hopes were fallacious. Elizabeth knew that he was indeed more worthy of her affection than he upon whom their wealth had been lavished, but she could neither love again, nor give her hand in a heartless marriage.

More than ten years had passed by since the settlement of the colonists at Saybrook—years of mingled trial and prosperity. And changes great and strange had those years made in their native land. The sovereign whose oppression had driven them forth had perished upon the scaffold, and his gay and beautiful queen had found an asylum in another land. It was not long after these events that a stranger arrived at Saybrook, accompanied by a daughter of some seven or eight years of age. The stranger was Sir Everard Morton. He had borne no part in the civil strife that had convulsed his country, but had remained in retirement upon his own estate. He disapproved too much of the oppressive acts of his sovereign to take up arms in his defence, and still was withheld by feelings of personal attachment from raising his hand against him. His wife had mourned unceasingly for the lost gayeties of the court, where her world had centred, and with her he had never known domestic happiness. She had been some time dead, and he had come to seek to win the hand, and the affections, which he had once so recklessly cast from him. He found Elizabeth changed from the glad and buoyant being to whom his faith was plighted long years ago in England—changed, indeed, but as he thought far more lovely. Her fair face had lost the bloom which it then wore, but in its place was an expression of deep and holy interest, which in the light-hearted days of her early youth it had never known. She received him with kindness, as one whom she had known in her native land, but without emotion. He spoke of the hopes that had led him thither, and entreated her forgiveness of the past.

She replied, "I have long since forgiven you, Everard, but think not to again awaken my affections, or to win me to a loveless marriage. I once loved you with all the trusting devotion of an ardent and enthusiastic nature—you cast that affection from you and became the husband of another. All the pride of my heart was roused to conceal my anguish, and to conquer the misplaced attachment that had caused it. I folded my wrongs and sufferings within my own heart. I at last overcame all regard and affection for one whom to love longer were a crime, but in the conflict my whole nature has changed—I can never love again."

Sir Everard Morton left the presence of Elizabeth

a disappointed and remorseful man, but never in their happy youth had she been dear to him as in that bitter hour. He still lingered in Saybrook, that he might be near her, (and as he had long since embraced the faith for which they were exiles, he was welcomed by the colonists as a brother,) and when, not many months after, he was laid low by a fatal illness, he committed his child to Elizabeth in full confidence that she would tenderly care for its welfare. Her hand wiped the death damps from his brow, and his last look was upon her.

Time passed on, and youth had faded from the fair sad face of Elizabeth Fenwicke. The children of her adoption had grown up around her to manhood and womanhood. One great sorrow had fallen upon them. The loved brother and father was no more.

He had been led by business to return to England. His sister declined accompanying him, preferring to remain in their home with her young charge. She had no longer any wish to return to the land to which her heart had turned with such yearning during the first year of her residence in America. Mr. Fenwicke died in England, and was laid beside the wife of his youth in the tomb of his ancestors.

The young Clara Morton had grown up with all her mother's remarkable beauty. Under the careful training of Elizabeth she had been prepared for what her mother was not—to make her home happy amidst the sober realities of life. Her mother had loved only its gala days and pageantry. And did Elizabeth love this child of her adoption no better than if she had been the child of a stranger committed to her care? Her own heart answered yes. And this affection was returned as by the love of a child to a mother. A broad domain was Clara's inheritance in her native land, but she had no wish to return to it while that return would separate her from her adopted mother. Ere her foster-mother passed away from the earth, Clara became the wife of young Edward Fenwicke. Elizabeth had long looked forward hopefully to the grave as the bourne where her weary heart would find rest, and from which she should pass to the happiness for which her soul thirsted. She was laid in it ere the meridian of her life was hardly passed by, and there were many, very many, who there mourned a beloved and devoted friend in Elizabeth Fenwicke.

D U T Y .

BY H. ELLISON.

Would every man but of his duty do
A tithe, this earth were as a paradise!
Then would the victory be for the wise,
The good and virtuous, and not unto
The sword and spear, the brute-strong, who undo
Their fellow men, and rend in twain the ties
Which bind all hearts to holy ministries:

13*

Those ministries which, like pure ore, run through
The common bosom in this week-day life;
But we do lend ourselves to brutish strife,
Blind tools in a blind hand: we violate
Truth, Justice, Mercy, and ourselves deprive
Of their high blessings—learning, but too late,
That on all sin self-punishment must wait.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

(WITH AN ENGRAVING.)

It is only of late years that foreign travelers have admitted that American scenery is behind none in the world for beauty, grandeur, or loveliness; and too many of our own people, until this verdict was given, were equally unjust to their native country. But, perhaps, nowhere on the globe is the scenery so diversified as in the United States. We have here every variety of landscape, from the wild sublimity of the Rocky Mountains to the calm loveliness of the Connecticut bottoms. We have the hills of the Upper Mississippi, festooned with gorgeous parasite plants—the purple Highlands of the Hudson, emulating the romantic passes of the Rhine—the vast prairies of the West, like an ocean strewn with flowers—and here and there landscapes of more quiet beauty, sprinkled with farms and woodlands, and vieing even with the boasted fields of old England in rural loveliness. Yet, even at this day, the American public is but half informed of the landscape beauty of this country. Thousands of our people annually cross the Atlantic in search of the picturesque, when it lies almost at their doors, but disregarded or unknown.

One of the most picturesque landscapes the United States can boast is visible from the top of Mount Holyoke, in the neighborhood of Northampton, Massachusetts. We know of no scene, indeed, so nearly approaching the cultivated beauties of the celebrated Isle of Wight, perhaps the best specimen of the rural loveliness of England. The face of Mount Holyoke which looks toward Northampton is at an elevation of 1100 feet above the Connecticut River, and commands a prospect of over sixty miles in all directions. When the traveler reaches the top of this acclivity, he stands for a moment breathless with wonder and delight at the exquisite beauty of the landscape below. He sees a vast plain at his feet, bounded in the distance by the blue hills, and scattered all over with towns, villages, farm-houses and clumps of woodland. The rich green of its fertile valley, the white walls of the villages, and the graceful church spires piercing to the sky, are the first objects that attract his attention. Through this unrivaled valley of the richest meadow land he sees the Connecticut River winding to and fro, like a thread of silver through a tissue of green, its bright waters flashing and dancing in the sunlight and wind, and its borders fringed with shrubs, wild flowers, and the graceful weeping elm of New England. Four times the river turns to the west, and thrice to the east, making a circuitous course of twenty-four miles in a distance of about twelve. Far off is the town of Northampton itself, one of the loveliest places in Massachusetts, situated on a rising ground which slopes down, in a succession of natural terraces, to the river.

To the south-west of the spectator is Mount Tom, between which and Mount Holyoke the Connecticut

has apparently, at some early geological epoch, broken through, affording an outlet for the waters of an immense lake which, at that period, unquestionably existed here. In the opposite quarter, to the north-east, is Monadnock; to the north the Green Mountains, advancing and receding in the distance; to the north-west, Saddle Mountain. The whole forming a range of mountain scenery which constitutes a fitting frame for the lovely landscape at the feet of the spectator.

No scene, perhaps, could be selected so peculiarly New England in all its features. The high cultivation of the farms, the evidences of wealth and taste in the architecture of the villages, the innumerable church spires betokening the religious feelings of the people—these are all characteristic of the hardy, thriving, educated, and moral New Englander. On the Sabbath, when the sound of innumerable bells, rising sweetly through the air, calls the villagers to the house of God, no scene can be imagined more soothing and holy than that beheld by the traveler from the top of Mount Holyoke.

Yet this now peaceful landscape once echoed to the savage war-whoop; those smiling fields were once obscured by the smoke of battle. In the early settlement of the country the towns on the Connecticut river bore the fiercest brunt of the conflicts with the aborigines. On this exposed frontier human blood was shed like water!

At the feet of the spectator, as he looks from Mount Holyoke, and on the eastern side of the river, is a little hamlet still bearing its Indian name *Hoccanum*, which was burnt by the savages, and the inhabitants either killed or taken captive. Another village, at the foot of Mount Tom, called *Pascomuc*, shared a like fate. The town of Northampton, though surrounded with palisades, was often subject to successful assaults of hostile Indians, during which some of its houses were burnt, its forts destroyed, and its women and children taken prisoners. In that day it was the ordinary practice for the farmer to take his musket with him into the field, and not unfrequently he was summoned from his plough by the sight of his house in flames, and his family flying before the inhuman savages.

It was in 1653, thirty years after the landing at Plymouth, that the township of Northampton was first purchased from the aborigines. Settlers soon flocked to the vicinity, attracted by the richness of the alluvial soil, and long before the intermediate country between it and the sea-coast was occupied, this township became comparatively thickly populated. The price of the tract of land, thus sold by the Indians, was a hundred fathom of wampum and ten coats. A few years after, a piece of land containing about nine hundred acres was bought for fifty shillings. These two tracts are now worth over a million of dollars.



BLAKE'S VISITANTS.

BY WILLIAM K. C. HOMER.

"Blake, the painter, forgot the present in the past. He conceived that he had formed friendships with distinguished individuals of antiquity. He asserted that they appeared to him, and were luminous and majestic shadows. The most propitious time for their visits was from nine at night till five in the morning."

THE stars shed a dreamy light,
The wind like an infant sighs;
My lattice gleams, for the queen of night
Looks through with her soft bright eyes.
I carry the mystic key
That unlocks the mighty Past,
And, ere long, the dead to visit me
Will wake in his chambers vast.

The gloom of the grave forsake,
Ye princes who ruled of yore!
For the painter fain to life would wake
Your majestic forms once more.
Ye brave, with your tossing plumes,
Ye bards of the pale, high brow!
Leave the starless night of forgotten tombs,
For my hand feels skillful now.

They come, a shadowy throng,
With the types of their old renown—
The Mantuan bard, with his wreath of song,
The monarch with robe and crown.
They come! On the fatal Ides
Of March you conqueror fell,
And the rich green leaf of the laurel hides
His baldness of forehead well.

I know, though his tongue is still,
By his pale, pale lips apart,
The Roman whose spell of voice could thrill
The depths of the coldest hearts:
And behind that group of queens,
Bedight in superb attire,
How mournfully Lesbian Sappho leans
Her head on a broken lyre.

That terrible shade I know
By the scowl his visage wears,
And the Scottish knight, his noble foe,
By the broad claymore he bears;
And that warrior king who dyed
In Saracen gore the sands,
With his knightly harness on, beside
The fiery Soldan stands.

Ye laureled of old, all hail!
I love in the gloom of night
To rob the Past of his cloudy veil,
And gaze on your features bright.
Hah! the first bright beam of dawn
On my window redly plays,
And back to their homes of dust have gone
The mighty of other days.

THE HOME OF LOVE.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIDE.

In summer's early day,
I saw a lovely maiden wander forth,
To cull the flow'rets gay,
That grow in beauty on our lovely earth.

She was most bright and fair,
No trace of sorrow lingered on her brow;
But smiles of joy were there—
For Love had uttered in her ear his vow.

She wove a garland bright,
And in a transport cried, "This, this for Love!"
Then, blushing with delight,
She turned her joyful eyes to heaven above.

I've been in pleasure's hall,
Where lightest mirth and gayety abound,
But there was sadness all
Compared with joy that in her breast was found.

Love there had found a home,
And he was welcome to her thrilling heart;
With him 't were sweet to roam,
But never, never would she with him part.

The morning sun arose,
Gilding the earth with heavenly-colored rays,
While at fair evening's close
Earth grew more bright to her enraptured gaze.

The summer passed away,
With all its singing birds and charming flowers,
That, like our loved ones, stay
But little time for us to call them ours.

Yet love was in her breast,
And though the snows of winter came to chill,
He there found pleasant rest,
And slept, or fluttered wildly at his will.

No time nor place could change
The summer-brightness of her joyful sky;
No darkness could estrange,
For Love was near her with his beaming eye.

Love there had found a home,
And he was welcome to her thrilling heart;
With him 't were sweet to roam,
But never, never would she with him part.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern: With an Historical Introduction and Notes. By William Motherwell. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 2 vols. 16mo.

The early songs and ballads of a nation are among the most interesting portions of its literature. They are generally pure expressions of the national character, reflecting the moods, manners, superstitions, thoughts and feelings of the age in which they were produced. Their most fascinating characteristic is, of course, their naturalness. All their words and phrases stand for things. The very poverty of expression at that period of a language when its powers have not been fully developed, forces the singer to write close to the things he expresses. In these old ballads every thing has the appearance of being true to the fact and letter as well as the spirit. The peculiar raciness and sweetness they breathe have never been reached by any modern imitator. The form may be reproduced, but the vital spirit eludes the most painstaking labor.

This elegant reprint of Motherwell's collection will be eagerly sought by all lovers of the natural poetry of the heart. The introduction of the editor is well written, and evidences learning, taste, and a keen relish of the old ballad spirit. In Motherwell there was that combination of the antiquary and the poet, which fitted him to perform his task well. The collection contains some seventy or eighty ballads, many of which are exquisite specimens of narrative poetry. They generally open "with some striking and natural picture, fragrant with life and motion. The story runs on in an arrow-like stream, with all the straightforwardness of unfeigned and earnest passion." The ideas and feelings conveyed by allusion are often the most poetical from their beautiful simplicity. Some of the ballads are highly dramatic in the great requisite of impassioned action.

There is one ballad, called the "Master of Weemys," which Motherwell publishes for the first time, the greater part of which we extract. It is very striking and powerful.

The Master of Weemys has biggit a ship,
To saile upon the sea;
And four-and-twenty bauld marineres
Doe beare him companie.

They have hoistit saile and left the land,
They have saylit mylis three;
When up there lap the bonnie mermaid,
All in the Norland sea.

"O whare saile ye," quo' the bonnie mermaid,
"Upon the saut sea faem?"
"It's we are bounde until Noroway—
God send us skaitless hame!"

O Noroway is a gay, gay strande,
And a merrie land, I trowe;
But nevir nane aull see Noroway,
Gin the mermaid keeps her vowe:

Down donkit then the mermaid
Deep intil the middil sea;
And merrie leuch that master bauld,
With his jollie companie.

They saylit awa, and they saylit awa,
They have saylit leagues teu;

When, lo! uplap be the gude ship's side
The self same mermaid.

And aye shee sang, and aye shee sang,
As shee rade upon the sea:
"If ye be men of Christian moulde,
Throwe the master out to mee.

"Throwe out to mee the master bauld,
If ye be Christian men;
But an ye faile, though fast ye sayle,
Ye'll nevir see land agen!

"Sayle on, sayle on, sayle on," said shee,
Sayle on and nevir blinne;
The winde at will your saylis may fill,
But the land ye shall nevir win!"

It's nevir word spak that master bauld,
But a loud laugh leuch the crewe;
And in the deep then the mermaid
Doun drappit frae their viewe.

But ilk ane kythit her bonnie face,
How dark dark grew its lire;
And ilk ane saw her bricht bricht eyne
Leming like coals o' fire.

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The wind blaws unco hie!"
"O there's not a sterne in' a the lift
To guide us thro' the sea!"

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The storm is coming fast!"
"Then up, then up, my bonnie boy,
Unto the topmost mast!"

"Looke oute, looke oute, my bauldest man.
Looke oute unto the storme,
And if ye cannot get sicht o' land,
Do you see the dawin o' morn'?"

"Looke yet agen, my ae best man,
And tell me what ye do see?"
"O Lord! I spy the false mermaid
Fast sayling out owre the sea!"

"How can ye spy the fause mermaid
Fast sayling on the mirk sea?
For there's neither mune nor mornin' licht—
In troth it can nevir bee."

"O there is neither mune nor mornin' licht.
Nor ae star's blink on the sea;
But, as I am a Christian man,
That witch woman I see!

"Good Lord! there is a scaud o' fire
Fast coming out owre the sea;
And fast therein the grim mermaid
Is sayling on to thee!

"She hailes our ship wi' a shrill shrill cry—
She is coming, alace! more near."
"Ah, woe is me now," said the master bauld.
"For I both do see and hear!

"Come doun, come doun, my ae best man.
For an ill weird I maun drie:
Yet I reck not for my sinful self,
But thou, my trew companie!"

The Life of the Rt. Hon. George Canning. By Robert Bell. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This volume presents an animated view of the life of one of England's most prominent orators and statesmen,

and enables the reader to comprehend the steps by which the highest honors of the government were attained by the son of a poor actress, through the combination of splendid and showy powers with fortunate circumstances. The biographer's bias is evidently toward the party which Canning opposed, but still his estimate of the genius and character of his subject is high, and his eulogy hearty. That portion of the volume is perhaps the most interesting which relates to the great parliamentary battles in which Canning was engaged during the wars growing out of the French Revolution. Canning, as the adherent of Pitt and Pitt's policy, developed in these hot intellectual contests his masterly powers of debate, and his command of the most brilliant resources of the orator. An interesting chapter of the volume is devoted to Queen Caroline and her royal husband. A number of striking facts respecting the character of George the Fourth are here very happily condensed. We have always viewed this monarch as coming nearer the ideal of complete scoundrelism, than any other that ever sat upon the English throne. He only wanted great talents to be a great criminal; but, as he lacked these, he sunk into a mere pitiful liar, blackguard and sensualist. He was intoxicated on his wedding day, and reeled drunk into the bridal chamber, and fell under the grate, where he passed most of the night. It was by such a husband as this that the poor German woman was denounced and persecuted. Mr. Bell's book contains many precious details regarding the life of this mean and bad man, and other scions of the same stock. The sons of George the Third did more to degrade majesty and royal blood in the eyes of the world, than could have been effected by a thousand satirists.

Memoirs and Essays, Illustrative of Art, Literature, and Social Morals. By Mrs. Jameson. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mrs. Jameson is one of the most eloquent, if not judicious, of critics, and never wrote any thing without displaying more than common richness of expression and glow of feeling. The present volume contains some fine essays on the House of Titian, Adelaide Kemble, The Xanthean Marbles, Washington Allston, Woman's Position, and Mothers and Governesses. In the first, her style is almost as gorgeously colored as the paintings of the great artist she takes for her subject. The paper on Adelaide Kemble contains much fine criticism, broken by bursts of panegyric. In "Woman's Position," she declaims nervously against the false position in which the female laborers of England are placed, and sets forth with considerable clearness and energy the bad consequences to which it must lead. To American readers the long paper on Allston will be the most interesting. A slight memoir is given of our illustrious painter, followed by a warm and appreciating notice of his different works, and a selection from some maxims relating to art and life, which she found written on the walls of his studio at Cambridge. Several of these last are very striking, and evidence the high estimate which Allston formed of the artist's vocation. Among those maxims relating to life, the best is this: "The devil's heartiest laugh is a detracting witticism—hence the phrase, 'devilish good,' has sometimes a literal meaning." Mrs. Jameson quotes from one of Allston's letters a magnificent image, which we cannot forbear extracting. He says—"I saw the sun rise on Lake Maggiore. Such a sunrise! The giant Alps seemed, literally, to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold, to send up a Hallelujah almost audible!" We notice that some of the English news-

papers, in referring to this article on Allston, seem almost entirely ignorant of his paintings, and quote Mrs. Jameson's rapturous eulogies with the most marked surprise.

History of the Roman Commonwealth, from the End of the Second Punic War to the Death of Julius Cæsar; and of the Reign of Augustus: With a Life of Trajan. By Thomas Arnold, D. D. New York. 1 vol. 8vo.

In this work Dr. Arnold traces the history of those long and bloody wars of spoliation and conquest which made the empire of Rome universal. He has performed the task with signal ability and candor. The style of the work is clear, simple and forcible, well calculated as a medium of narrative and reflection, and requiring in the reader no other than a pleasant exercise of thought and attention, thoroughly to comprehend the period. Dr. Arnold excelled in analyzing states of society; and this volume is calculated to convey a most vivid impression of Roman life under the Commonwealth. The corruption of morals, the servility, the rapacity, the licentiousness, which distinguished so many of the prominent men, are clearly set forth. The portion devoted to Cæsar is especially interesting. His life and character are a good exemplification of the great unprincipled statesman and warrior. It is curious to note that propensity in mankind, which induces them to give their highest honors to those employed to enslave or destroy them. In Cæsar's wars in Gaul alone, it is said that a million of men were killed in battle, and a million more made prisoners, and reduced to slavery. This was altogether a war of conquest, undertaken to enrich himself and discipline his army, in order that he might have at command the means of attacking his country. It is impossible to estimate the sufferings caused by the civil wars his ambition provoked—the spoliations, the confiscations, the slaughter, which accompanied his victorious career. The genius of the man, though exercised wholly in the service of selfish passion, defies even now the reprobation of the mediocre moralist. This is one of the great evils of the world—not merely the common alliance of intellect and selfishness, but the almost universal respect paid to the brilliant results of the alliance. The scream of "loud Fame" is heard above the still small voice. Cæsar rules men now—enslaves them now—commands now their minds and hearts; and his empire will continue as long as mankind receive great power of intellect and action as apologies for cruelty, baseness and selfishness, in their most fearful forms, and most terrible excesses. The world still seems to hold that what brain a man possesses is given to him to prey upon those who have less.

Achievements of the Knights of Malta. By Alex. Sutherland. Philada. Carey & Hart. 2 Parts. 12mo.

These stirring volumes form Nos. 2 and 3 of "Carey & Hart's Library for the People." Mr. Sutherland seems to have delved into the records of the great knightly race he commemorates with commendable perseverance. It is most essentially a "bloody" book, and might be judiciously used as an aid to raise volunteers for the Mexican war. With these two volumes printed on his brain, or kindling in his blood, any man could muster courage to charge a battery, or mount a breach. Many of the knights whom Mr. Sutherland celebrates, have never been excelled for stern, death-dying courage; and the feats they achieved with their "death-doing" swords and lances, compel the heroes of later times to "pale their insectual faces."

The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud; or Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans. Compiled from Arabic Sources, and Compared with Jewish Traditions. By Dr. G. Weil. Translated from the German. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is one of the most curious books of the season, and one which deserves an extensive circulation. It contains nine legends, exhibiting those corruptions of the Bible which were common in Arabia, and from which Mahomet compiled his Koran. The legend of Adam is exceedingly curious. It seems rather a caricature than a corruption of the early chapters of Genesis. The whole volume is replete with that cast of diction and imagery peculiar to Oriental poetry—the most splendid imaginations being intermingled with the most grotesque and senseless fancies and descriptions. Altogether, it makes the strongest of arguments for the divine character of the Bible, by the contrast it suggests between the Bible as it is, and the Bible corrupted to serve the passions and purposes of men.

Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, from the Year 1818 to the Present Time. By Sir John Barrow. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Sir John Barrow, we believe, is the author of most of those articles in the Quarterly Review, on voyages and travels, which gave the department of that journal devoted to nautical discovery and adventure, so much romantic interest. He wrote over two hundred articles for the Quarterly, and has been the most prolific of all contributors to periodicals. The present volume, written at the advanced age of eighty-two, is abridged and arranged from the official narratives of the commanders of the different expeditions by sea and land, to find a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific—with two attempts to reach the North Pole. The volume contains a large map of the North Polar regions. It belongs to the series of cheap books, published under the name of "Harper's New Miscellany."

Shores of the Mediterranean: With Sketches of Travel. By Francis Schroeder. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

These volumes are principally composed of private letters, written by the author for a family circle. They have much of the freshness and sprightliness of familiar correspondence, and likewise convey considerable information respecting the scenes and countries to which they relate. The effect of the writer's descriptions, however, is frequently injured by his ambition of effect. He often wearies by his solicitude to be perpetually buoyant and brilliant, and his constant intrusion of his own sayings and doings into his descriptions. We have been unable to detect the point in many things intended to be pointed. As a book of travels, however, it will, on the whole, reward perusal. The briskness of the author's style preserves him from dullness, and his taste from disquisition; and many of his sketches are picturesque and graphic.

Uncle John: Or, It is too much Trouble. By Mary Orme. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 18mo.

We do not know whether "Mary Orme" is an assumed or real name, but can testify that it stands responsible for an exceedingly clever little book. The style of "Uncle John" is dashing and piquant, and is the vehicle of much

good feeling, shrewd observation, and common sense, well spiced with humor. The senseless selfishness of fashionable people, the hypocrisies of good people, and the occasional nonsensicalities of all people, are well delineated by one who has viewed life and character with a knowing eye. The practical application of the book to various classes in society, is direct and pointed. May it find readers whom it will benefit.

Ecclesiastical Reminiscences of the United States. By the Rev. Edward Waylen, late Rector of Christ Church, Rockville, Maryland, Eleven Years Resident in America. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 8vo.

It is rare that we see a volume from an American press more elegantly got up than this, and we wish we could say that its merits were worthy of its dress. The book is the production of an English Episcopal clergyman, and gives a considerable amount of information respecting Episcopacy in the United States. Apart from this, it has little or no value. It is at once one of the feeblest and best natured of all the books written by Englishmen on this country. To us it seems hopelessly dull. It may prove more interesting to the different clergymen of the author's persuasion, whom it puffs or criticises.

The Connection of the Physical Sciences. By Mary Somerville. From the Seventh London Edition. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo. (Harper's New Miscellany, No. 14.)

Mrs. Somerville gained a wide reputation by this excellent and learned work. It is one of the few books of science to which the champions of woman can turn as evidencing the strength and comprehension of the female intellect. There are few men in England who could have written a better. Mrs. Somerville was one of the small number of persons whom La Place thought capable of completely understanding his great work.

A School Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Abridged from the Larger Dictionary. By Wm. Smith, LL. D. With Corrections and Improvements. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The indefatigable Dr. Anthon has fairly earned the gratitude of teachers and scholars by this work. A great deal of very important information respecting ancient history and literature is here given in a compact form, and illustrated with a large number of engravings. To the general reader, as well as the student, it will be found to contain much knowledge that he cannot afford to be without.

The Holy Bible: With Marginal Readings; together with a Copious and Original Selection of Parallel and Illustrative Passages, in a Manner Hitherto Unattempted. 24mo. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 1846.

The Bible is not a new book, but we have no doubt it contains a great deal that will be quite as fresh to some of our readers as the last new novel. The edition before us is unquestionably the finest of the pocket editions published in this country; and is beautifully illustrated with pictures and maps.



LE FOLLET

PARIS: Boulevard St. Martin 61

à la vente de M^{me} Moreau, 12^{me} rue de la Chapelle, 89. — Chapelle de M^{me} Bratt, boulevard de la Chapelle, 121. —
 Bonnet & lingeries de la Maison Caffard, 12^{me} rue 18. — Costumes de Colard & Co, boulevard de la Chapelle, 121.
 Thomas de Carlier, 12^{me} rue de la Chapelle, 31. — Costumes de Carlier, 12^{me} rue de la Chapelle, 31.
 Coiffures d'Arnould Recombe & Co, 12^{me} rue de la Chapelle, 31. — Coiffures de Hoffmann, 12^{me} rue de la Chapelle, 31.
 Garçol, 12^{me} rue de la Chapelle, 31. — Coiffures de Gillon, boulevard de la Chapelle, 121.

LITERARY PROSPECTS.

THE fall season is to be prolific of good books, in good editions. The fashion of cheap literature is nearly over, and we have promise hereafter of "books which are books." Among the literary enterprises which occupy the attention of authors and the trade we give below some of the most interesting.

Mr. Irving, before this number of our Magazine reaches its readers, will probably have returned to the United States from his mission to Madrid, and immediately upon his arrival, we understand, will commit to the press his History of Mohammed, composed principally from original materials left by the Moors in Spain. Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, of New York, will also publish a new and very handsome edition of all his works, in small octavos. Mr. Irving is now nearly seventy years of age, and will probably retire to his "Roost" on the Hudson to spend the remainder of his life.

Mr. Cooper has been some time engaged upon a new edition of his valuable Naval History of the United States, which is on the eve of publication.

Mr. Prescott has nearly completed his History of the Conquest of Peru, which will appear in two octavo volumes, like those of his previous histories; and he has made considerable progress in his Life of Philip the Second. Both of these works will be of the highest interest, and our great historian will doubtless increase by them his brilliant reputation.

Mr. Bancroft has completed the fourth volume of his History of the United States, but will probably not publish it while he remains in the cabinet.

Mr. Sparks is also engaged upon a History of the Revolution, and if Truth be the first quality of History, as Gibbon declares, there will be no better account of our Revolution than this laborious, discriminating and honest author will give to us. We encountered him a few weeks ago making topographical surveys of the battle-fields in the vicinity of Philadelphia, for his forthcoming work. Mr. Sparks's Library of American Biography, published by Little & Brown, of Boston, has now reached the twentieth volume, and we understand that it is to extend to twenty-five. It is a work of great interest and value, deserving a place in every library of the country. Its authors are the most eminent American writers, and its subjects generally men who have contributed most largely to build up and do honor to the republic. The last volume issued contains the Life of Gen. Greene, by Mr. George W. Greene, late American Consul at Rome.

Mr. Griswold has in press, to be published in November, in one royal octavo of seven hundred pages, with portraits by Sartain, after pictures by the best artists, The Prose Writers of America. It will comprise biographical and critical memoirs of our principal authors, with selections from their works, and an elaborate review of the intellectual history, condition and prospects of the country. The eighth edition of Mr. Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, revised, enlarged, and much improved, is now going through the press of Carey & Hart.

Mr. Wilkins Updike, of Rhode Island, Author of Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar, etc., has in press A History of the Church in Narragansett, which will contain much curious information respecting the colonial age. It will be in one octavo volume.

Encouraged by the success of their splendid edition of the poems of Mr. Longfellow, Messrs. Carey & Hart will publish in the same style this season the works of Mr. Bryant, illustrated by Leutze. This will probably be altogether the most beautiful book of the season. The great poet grows constantly in the admiration of the people, and such an edition of his writings will be eagerly purchased.

Mr. Peet, Her British Majesty's Consul for Philadelphia, known in the literary world by his admirable translation of the Tragedies of Schiller, has in press The Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome, to be published by Carey & Hart, in one octavo volume, to match Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, etc. Mr. Peter, whom we are proud to number among the contributors to our Magazine, is one of the finest scholars of the age, and this new work of his we are sure will increase his already high reputation.

Little & Brown, of Boston, have lately published The Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from 1623 to 1633, edited by that accurate historical critic, the Rev. Dr. Young, whose important labors in this department we have before had occasion to notice. We take the liberty of suggesting to Messrs. Little & Brown that Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*, the most curious, entertaining, and valuable of the Puritan histories, with an introduction and elucidations by the same judicious editor, would be very acceptable to the public. The work is now very rare, and there has never been what in Boston passes for a "good edition" of it. Dr. Young is the very man to prepare one, and we are sure no other house would publish it in so elegant and appropriate a style.

A new and very interesting work on American Antiquities is about to appear under the auspices of the American Ethnological Society. It is by Mr. E. George Squier, of Chillicothe, Ohio, who has attended personally to the excavations of some sixty of those remarkable mounds in the Valley of the Mississippi, which have hitherto so perplexed the brains of antiquaries. The results show conclusively that the ancient civilization in that part of our continent was much greater than is generally supposed. The work will be in one quarto volume, illustrated with numerous charts and drawings.

One of the most splendid works that have been published in this country is the Shakespeare, edited by Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, profusely illustrated by R. W. Wier, and published by the Harpers. In beauty of typography and embellishments it is not surpassed by any English edition; and the notes comprise, beside the criticisms of the eminent editor, the most valuable by old and cotemporary British commentators. It will be preferred on all accounts to either of the costly editions by Collyer and Knight.

Mr. John P. Kennedy, since he quitted the halls of Congress, has returned to the labors of his study, and we believe is soon to present the public with the Life, Times and Literary Remains of his distinguished friend the Hon. William Wirt. It will of course be a book of great interest.

The sometime expected Life of Allston, by Richard H. Dana, may be looked for in the coming autumn; and we believe the Memoirs of Channing are also nearly completed.

One of the most graceful and elegant poets who now write in the English language is Mr. P. P. Cooke, of Virginia, whose *Emily—Proem to the Froissart Ballads*—we had the pleasure of publishing in this Magazine last year, and whose contributions have since occasionally ornamented the pages of the Southern Literary Messenger, and our own miscellany. His Florence Vane has been universally admired, and is perhaps as fine a specimen of song writing as has been produced in this country. We hope ere long to have an opportunity of reviewing his collected writings, which will be honorable to the "Old Dominion," and indeed to the literary character of the nation.

The works of our eminent countrywoman and contributor, the late Maria Brooks, with a memoir by a literary friend, are shortly to appear, in two octavo volumes. Wordsworth said of her Zophiel that it was "wonderful;" Southey, that its author was "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses;" and Charles Lamb, writing of Southey's allusion to it as the work of a woman, laughs at the idea, "as if there had ever been a woman capable of any thing so great." A reasonable doubt, Elia! but Zophiel, and Idomen, and several other remarkable books, were nevertheless written by Mrs. Brooks. We have a portrait of the distinguished poetess in the hands of our engraver, which will soon appear, with a sketch of her life and genius, in the gallery of "Our Contributors."

Since our last number went to press our popular contributor *Fanny Forester*, now Mrs. Emily E. Judson, has sailed with her husband, the distinguished missionary, for Burmah, and we trust to have from her elegant and graphic pen hereafter sketches of missionary life in that interesting country. Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, have in press an edition of her published writings, to appear in two volumes.

Another of our contributors, Mr. J. Bayard Taylor, is preparing for the press his *Journal of a Tour through the Rural Districts of Europe*, made in 1844, 1845 and 1846. It will be one of the most attractive books of its kind, and make us as well acquainted with the people as others have made us with the cities of the Old World.

We learn that our contributor, Mr. Wm. H. C. Hosmer, has in press a new volume of poems. Mr. H. has chosen the richest field for the American poet, that of our aboriginal mythology and tradition, and he delves in it alone. He is constantly improving, as our pages bear witness, and is destined to a most honorable rank among the poets of the country.

William Pitt Palmer, whose poems—distinguished for a scholarly finish, the most refined taste, and imagination and feeling—have sometimes graced our pages, will soon give to the press a collection of his writings, of which we shall take due notice on its appearance.

Mr. Hendley, whom we also number among the writers for this Magazine, is spending the summer among the Adirondack Mountains, and in the autumn will give us one or two new works. His *Letters from Italy*, and his *Alps and The Rhine*, had an extraordinary sale, and his last publication, *Napoleon and his Marshals*, has already reached a third edition.

Mr. W. Gilmore Simms is spending the summer in the North, and Wiley & Putnam announce one or two new works from his prolific and vigorous pen; one of which, *The Huguenots in Florida*, is upon a most attractive subject, well suited to the author's genius, which delights in "turmoil of action." We believe Mr. Simms intends also to comply with the wishes of his publisher, in giving to the public a complete and uniform edition of his poetical writings, which are now in several volumes, and difficult to be obtained.

Mr. Charles F. Hoffman's poems, lately published by the Harpers, have been eminently successful, and a new edition of them may soon be expected. This charming writer is in some respects unequaled by any of his contemporaries, and whatever he commits to the press is sure to receive general attention and applause.

The *Annals* for 1847 will not be very numerous, but some of them will be more than usually attractive. The *Diadem*, in quarto, with engravings by Sartain, will doubtless be the first in literary and artistic merit. The best American poets and prose writers are contributors, and the previous volumes have shown the quality of its embellishments. The same house will issue *The Evergreen*, and a magnificent floral gift book, in quarto. *The Fountain*, a "temperance annual," to be published by Mr. Sloanaker, we understand, will also rank in many respects with the most beautiful volumes of this description. We hear of others, but probably these will be the favorites of the season.

Messrs. Appletons, of New York, are publishing for the holidays a richly embellished edition of the *Poetical Works of Thomas Moore*, in large octavo. It will in every respect, we are assured, be equal to the beautiful edition issued last year in London. The same house have in press *The Rose*, and other *annals*, and a variety of important works in history, philosophy and religion. They have nearly completed the admirable *History of France*, by Michelet, and have in preparation an edition in English of the writings of Guizot. Mr. George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, will soon publish an edition of *Childe Harold*, elegantly illustrated; and Carey & Hart are printing the same work with the splendid engravings of Murray's last London edition.

Messrs. Appletons, of New York, besides the works above mentioned, will reprint the complete edition of the works of Walter Savage Landor, recently issued in London; Lord Mahon's *History of England*, (edited by Professor Henry Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania;) and the *Complete Works of Southey*, (including his hitherto unpublished American poem, *Oliver Newman*.) This house has just ready a new work by Robert Carlton, author of that amusing sketch of western life, *The New Purchase*, which we shall notice particularly hereafter.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is said to have in preparation a collection of his poetical writings.

Miss Margaret Fuller, the "Star" of the New York Tribune, and the author of *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, *A Summer on the Lakes*, etc., sailed a few days ago for Europe, intending to spend a few months in Italy. Before leaving the country, she read the proof of the last sheet of her *Papers on Literature and Art*, which may be shortly expected from the press of Wiley & Putnam.

J. B. Thorpe has in the press of Carey & Hart a *History of the Campaign on the Rio Grande*.

Mr. Francis, of New York, has in press a new and uniform edition of all the works of the Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., to be completed in about eight volumes.

The venerable Ashbel Green, D. D., who was Chaplain to Congress during the administration of General Washington, and in habits of familiar intercourse with the most celebrated persons of that period, is preparing for the press a *Diary* which he has kept for more than half a century. It will be a very valuable contribution to our religious and general history.

The writings of Hamilton, including his official papers, and *The Continentalist*, Marcellus, Titus Mantius, etc., are to be published under the patronage of Congress. Mr. Madison's writings not included in the volumes edited by Mr. H. D. Gilpin are likewise to appear under the same auspices.



Yours
Respectfully
Raynell Crates



great Quaker establishment at Westtown, Chester County, Penn. His classical education was obtained at "Friends' Academy in Fourth Street," Philadelphia, also founded by Penn, and the first classical seminary established in the colony. The foundations of his mathematical knowledge were acquired at the private boarding-school of the late

religious family; in which communion the latter continued until her death, in April, 1836. Our contributor, however, entertaining views of the political duties of citizenship, especially in relation to war, which were inconsistent with those of Friends, was induced to resign his birth-right membership with them, in 1835. In all other essential points of faith,



Yours respectfully
Reynell Carter

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1846.

No. 4.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. XXIII.

DR. REYNELL COATES.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY JOHN S. HART, A. M., PRINCIPAL OF THE PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL.

DR. REYNELL COATES was born in Philadelphia, on the 10th of December, 1802, and is now in the forty-fourth year of his age. He is the youngest son of the late Samuel Coates, a distinguished Quaker philanthropist; and his paternal ancestor, Thomas Coates, who is said to have been disinherited in consequence of his adhesion to the tenets of the religious Society of Friends, was among the earliest settlers of the colony of Pennsylvania, having followed the founder in 1684, two years after the entry of Wm. Penn. The family emigrated from the neighborhood of Sproxtton, in Leicestershire, where it had maintained a respectable position among the small landed proprietors from a very early period. His mother was descended from a Yorkshire family of the name of Hornor, and her earliest American progenitors were among the primitive settlers of Long Island and New Jersey. She, also, adhered to the tenets of the Quaker sect, and became an elder of the church in that communion.

The elementary education of our contributor was completed exclusively at seminaries under the jurisdiction of the Friends. His primary studies were commenced at one of the public schools originally founded by William Penn, and completed at the great Quaker establishment at Westtown, Chester County, Penn. His classical education was obtained at "Friends' Academy in Fourth Street," Philadelphia, also founded by Penn, and the first classical seminary established in the colony. The foundations of his mathematical knowledge were acquired at the private boarding-school of the late

Mr. John Gummere, at Burlington, N. J. In his seventeenth year Dr. Coates terminated this elementary course, returned to the parental roof with a mathematical reputation unusual for one so young, and almost immediately entered upon the duties of Junior Resident (equivalent to the French *Interne*) at the Pennsylvania Hospital, of which noble charity his father was, for nearly half a century, a most active and efficient manager.

Young Coates received his medical diploma at the University of Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1823, and, in the succeeding September, commenced a voyage to the Mauritius and Bengal, as Surgeon of an Indiaman, reaching the former destination a few days after having acquired his majority.

In November, 1824, he returned to Philadelphia, and established himself in the practice of his profession. In December, 1827, he married the daughter of William Abbott, a member of the Society of Friends, according to the forms of that denomination of Christians.

On the occurrence of the late schism in the Quaker sect, which took place shortly before the marriage, Dr. Coates and his intended wife adhered to what has been termed the Orthodox branch of that religious family; in which communion the latter continued until her death, in April, 1836. Our contributor, however, entertaining views of the political duties of citizenship, especially in relation to war, which were inconsistent with those of Friends, was induced to resign his birth-right membership with them, in 1835. In all other essential points of faith,

he continues his adhesion to the fundamental doctrines of the original Quakers, and remains, on this account, a member of no religious sect.

In 1829, Dr. Coates accepted the Professorship of Natural Science in Alleghany College, and removed with his family to Meadville, Crawford Co., Penn., but feeling himself deceived by the representations which induced this step, he returned to Philadelphia in the succeeding year.

The consequences of this excursion proved ruinous to the professional prospects of our contributor as a practitioner in Philadelphia, and he removed to the town of Bristol, on the Delaware, in 1831; but being there deprived of both of his children, borne down by the pressure of previous pecuniary losses, and finding the narrow circle of village life unsuited either to his interest or his talents, he returned to Philadelphia in 1834, relinquished the practice of his profession, and devoted himself to literature and the subject of medical instruction.

During several consecutive years, Dr. Coates was subjected to a succession of severe and unusual trials; but, incapable of bowing to the storm, however violent, he did not sink into misanthropy with the selfish, or helpless despondency with the feeble. Withdrawing almost entirely from general society, of which, indeed, he had never been particularly fond, he appears to have devoted himself with increased energy to the advancement of his favorite science. The medical journals, and other publications of the time, bear ample testimony to the activity of his pen, while the debates of the Philadelphia Medical Society, of which he became one of the Vice Presidents, were greatly enhanced in interest and value by his lucid details of observations, and logical theoretical deductions. He exercised a powerful influence on the medical policy of the day, and placed himself in the very front rank of American medical writers.

As a surgical lecturer Dr. Coates was distinguished at once by profundity and clearness, employing with happy effect upon this important branch of medical science the resources of a mind trained to the rigor of mathematical deduction, with an unusual share of mechanical ability, both theoretical and practical. A genuine republican in feeling, he has exerted himself in many ways to render science popular, and elevate the masses; and few persons have ventured upon courses so extensive, or questions so profound in their nature, before miscellaneous classes, including both sexes, and every reasoning age. His lectures on Physiology, delivered in Philadelphia, Boston, and many other places, comprised a review of the progress of animal organization, from the zoophyte to man; a physical proof that the mind is not a function of the organization; a defence of the science of Phrenology, coupled with a refutation of those doctrines advocated by its founders, which are considered as tending toward materialism and fatalism; an analysis of the principles of human responsibilities, and the foundations of criminal law; the physiological influences which naturally control the affec-

tions; and many other curious discussions, no less remarkable for originality of thought, than for perspicuity of demonstration. To enchain the attention of mixed audiences throughout a course of twenty lectures, each occupying nearly two hours of time, upon subjects usually pursued exclusively in the closet of the philosopher, and generally considered as intelligible only by the learned, was certainly no common effort; but it was effected by our contributor, to the equal satisfaction of the young and grave, the erudite and gay. Some of the most profound and accomplished scholars in the land were members of these classes, and we have heard but one opinion on their merit and their interest.

In December, 1836, Dr. Coates became attached to the Scientific Corps of the South Sea Exploring Expedition, under Com. Jones, and was placed at the head of the department of comparative anatomy. On the disruption of that scheme, and the substitution of the less extensive expedition under Lieut. Wilkes, the office of comparative anatomist being abrogated, our contributor became detached from the service, to the great regret of those who are best acquainted with his scientific abilities and the peculiar powers of his graphic pen.

Our limits compel us to hasten the conclusion of this very imperfect personal narrative; but, it is right to mention that, during the last two years, Dr. Coates has taken some part in political discussion. The Address of the Native Americans to the Native and Naturalized Citizens of the United States, in 1844; the original draft of the National Address of that party, and the address of the State Convention at Harrisburg, in August, in the same year, are among the products of his pen.

The intervals of leisure occurring in the midst of these various labors and pursuits, have been occasionally occupied in toying with the Muses; and, from the terse, didactic simplicity of his scientific style, we find him bounding away into the regions of fancy, or soaring upon the wings of the imagination, in a style alternating, often with the rapidity of lightning, from the playful to the pathetic or sublime—from the graphic to the profoundly metaphysical, without impertinence of ornament, but flowing, full and rhythmic in a remarkable degree. Indeed, the major part of his lighter productions are justly entitled to the character of prose-poems, by the facility with which the striking passages submit themselves to the restraints of metrical division. Among the happiest properties of his pen are the bold and artistic management of strong contrasts in light and shade, and the judicious arrangement of climaxes, producing effects which are powerful or startling, without the sacrifice of grace, and not unfrequently ascend to grandeur.

The noise and confusion of the catastrophe of Richmond theatre, in "The Fire-Doomed," rise up in perfect harmony with the indescribable hum of the wide-spread alarm, while "still the great bell tolls on" with measured iteration, sweeping its heavy bass like a huge ocean of sound above a thousand minor currents, as the maddening sorrows

of the hero of the piece envelop and commingle with the less but still heart-harrowing individualities of two which deluge the devoted capital; enhancing, rather than abstracting from the interest of the minor incidents. This remarkable sketch forms in its totality a verbal concert, which forcibly reminds us of the scenic and musical effect of Maelzel's Conflagration of Moscow.

The fevered dream of the incipient maniac, in the same article, foreshadowing the fate of the hero, furnishes one of the very few instances in which this writer has appealed to the supernatural in aid of an effect, and even here it is introduced in the delirium of fever, with a complete development of the ordinary physical causes which produce the grand hallucination of the disordered mind; indeed, it may be said of all the literary labors of Dr. Coates, that they are *peculiarly safe*. His genuine love of the species renders him incapable of catering to an immoral or degrading appetite, and this true refinement of feeling precludes all trespasses beyond the verge of modesty.

Among the most powerful pictures produced by our contributor, we may enumerate, for we have not space for comment, the exquisitely pathetic episodes of the dying lunatic, and the childish old man in the beautiful allegory of Hope, the prophetic scene of the aged mother, in the finale of "The Exile of Connecticut," the entire story entitled "Take Me Home," and the thrilling dramatic song of "The Gambler's Wife." As beautiful touches of domestic life, we may mention the cottage scene in the "Exiles," the story of Julia Savary—developing a Quaker character in a manner only possible by one educated within the pale of the sect—and the humorous tale of "The Mimic Chase."

In proof of the high descriptive powers of the writer, we would refer to the "Reminiscences of a Voyage to India," the "Manners and Habits of Deep-Sea Fish," the "Battle of the Gold-Fish," the "Lightning of the Waters," and the "Night at Sea;" while evidences of a deep knowledge of the stronger emotions of humanity are shown in "The Heart's Best Dream" and "We Part No More."

In poetry proper, Dr. Coates appears to have indulged but seldom, or, at least, he has published but little; though *The Cave of Despair*, *The Mountain Child*, *Eighteen To-morrow*, *The Grecian Maid*, *The Nautilus*, *The Island Lyre*, and several other fugitive pieces, give evidence of great delicacy of ear and taste, remarkable variety and facility of style, and deep passion both for the tender and the terrible. In the absence of any extended work, by which to determine his proper rank as a poet, we find sufficient proof that our contributor possesses no inconsiderable share of unemployed capacities both for the lyric and dramatic.

As this author has published many articles without acknowledgment, (the paternity of several among those already quoted being known to us only by accident,) it would be impossible, even if our limits permitted the attempt, to furnish a complete catalogue of his productions; and hoping that he will be

induced to collect his fugitive pieces in the form of a volume, at no distant day, we will merely indicate the principal receptacles in which his various contributions to literature and science may be found.

They are as follows:

Several Malacological papers, in the *Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences*, of Philadelphia.

More than forty communications (original articles and analytical reviews, replete with original observations,) in the *American and North American Journals of Medical Science*, and the *Medical Examiner*, of Philadelphia.

Several very elaborate Monographs, in *The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.

Oration on Medical Instruction in America—delivered before the Philadelphia Medical Society, and published by order of the society.

Popular Medicine, Lea & Blanchard, Philada.

First Lines of Physiology, (popular,) E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

First Lines of Natural Philosophy, (popular,) E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

Very numerous communications, in prose and verse, in the *Western Literary Magazine*, Cincinnati; *Friendship's Offering* and the *Boudoir Annual*, Boston; and the *Leaflets of Memory*—one of the most splendid annuals in the world—edited by our contributor, and published at Philadelphia.

And, finally, *Dreams of the Land and Sea*, a series of five articles, and *The Fire-Doomed*, one of the most powerful novellettes which has appeared for years. These last communications were published in this Magazine, and are not exceeded in power, variety and vividness of feeling or description by any of the literary efforts of their author.

Dr. Coates has been during his whole life an active member of scientific and other associations, and has been prominent both as a professional and popular lecturer. In the latter capacity his style is lucid, didactic, logical and terse, and his manner highly dignified. As a debater, when the feelings are interested, he is fiery, almost to fierceness, but, with intuitive propriety, he never stoops to an unnecessary personality. Genuine benevolence, a love of the species, a respect for the abstract right, and an utter contempt of the mere accidents of wealth, authority or power, are among the strongest peculiarities of his mind, but they are unconnected with the slightest disposition to censure or encroach upon the conventional or social privileges awarded to those possessing such advantages, unless employed to crush the rights of others. Though full of energy, he appears to be in a great degree divested of ambition, and may be regarded as an enlightened utilitarian, with the feelings of a philanthropist and the disinterestedness of a philosopher.

The likeness furnished by the artist, in our frontispiece, though very true to nature, represents the man of affairs, in readiness for action; and the sternness properly depicted on the features is far from being the habitual expression of a face which varies its tone, with every passing emotion, to a remark-

able degree. At the first address, the manners of the original are formal almost to coldness, but they rapidly subside into the suavity that springs from the politeness of the heart, and are adapted with singular facility to the tone of the company, whether serious, lively, guarded, friendly, or convivial. Far from being difficult of access, as his gravity of manner and unusual promptitude of speech might lead a stranger to suppose, he is fond of society, though rarely seeking it, and unostentatiously courteous to the diffident or the unfortunate; an instinctive benevolence more than compensating the very slight

rust of dogmatism and egotism, inseparable from retired habits—a fault at which no one could be disposed to smile more readily than he.

The pedestrian habits of our contributor (for he has traveled some thousands of miles on foot, with his rifle and knapsack, in search of adventure and the picturesque,) have given firmness and development to a form originally moulded for strength and endurance, and as both his paternal and maternal ancestry have been somewhat remarkable for longevity, he has probably before him many years of increasing usefulness and growing reputation.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

With thee, dear friend, though far away,
I walk, as on some vanished day,
And all the past returns in beautiful array.

With thee I still pace to and fro
Along the airy portico,
And gaze upon the flowers and river winding slow.

And there, as in some fairy realm,
I hear the sweet birds overwhelm
The fainting air with music from the lofty elm.

And hear the winged winds, like bees,
Go swarming in the tufted trees,
Or dropping low away, o'erweighed with melodies.

We walk beneath the cedar's eves,
Where statued Ceres, with her sheaves,
Stands sheltered in a bower of trailing vines and leaves.

Or strolling by the garden fence,
Drinking delight with every sense,
We watch th' enncamping sun throw up his golden tents.

With thee I wander as of old

When fall the linden's leaves of gold,
Or when old winter whitely mantles all the wold.

As when the low salt marsh was mown,
With thee I idly saunter down
Between the long white village and the towered town.

I see the sultry bridge and long,
The river where the barges throng—
The bridge and river made immortal in thy song.

In dreams, like these, of calm delight,
I live again the wintry night
When all was dark without, but all within was bright—

When she, fit bride for such as thou,
She with the quiet, queenly brow,
Read from the minstrel's page with tuneful voice and low.

Still in the crowd or quiet nook
I hear thy tone—behold thy look—
Thou speakest with thine eyes as from a poet's book.

I listen to thy cheering word,
And sadness, like the affrighted bird,
Flies fast, and flies afar, until it is unheard.

ANOTHER HEART BROKEN.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

She loved him all her life, (of love,) and yet *he* never knew it, until her death-bed confession disclosed the secret, and discovered the passion that had preyed upon her life. It was too late to save. She smiled sweetly upon him, as the angel carried her away. I promised her that by *one* she should not be forgotten. One song at least should celebrate her self-denying and silent suffering. I have kept my promise. M. R.

OH! vainly I'm weeping!—he thinks not of me—
And little he recks of the grief that consumes me—
Unspoken and silent my sorrow shall be—

He shall not know the cause of the anguish that dooms me;
I shall tell him that grief with my last dying breath—
I shall whisper it only in accents of death;
For his heart has been won and is worn by another—
And his love is for me but the love of a brother.

Time—no! eternity cannot efface

His likeness here graven so deeply—so sadly—
On this heart beating wild his dark features I trace,
In a brain that is 'guiled, for 't is now throbbing madly—
I fancy him near me—I hear his voice quiver—
I could listen its love-luring accents forever—
And I weep, for his heart has been won by another—
And his love is for me but the love of a brother.

SEVENTEEN AND THIRTY-SEVEN.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"I CANNOT imagine any thing that could have vexed me more!" said Mrs. Lee to her husband, one morning as they sat at the breakfast-table. Beside Mr. Lee lay an open letter, the contents of which caused his wife's annoyance, for it announced the approaching marriage of her only brother.

"Not but what I am willing," she continued, "that Paul should marry—but to make such a silly choice provokes me."

"Nay, my dear," replied her husband, "his choice may not be so silly after all—she may prove a very suitable wife for him."

"Ah no," sighed his wife—"she seventeen—he seven-and-thirty! Such a disparity of age, to begin with; and, moreover, she is a sister of that heartless Mrs. Elmore. No, no, Walter—it is a marriage planned by that family. Look at his own account, and you will see it plainly. He met her during last summer at the country house of a friend, where she and her family were visiting—he was charmed with her lovely, unsophisticated manner—so guileless—artless. Ah, my poor brother! you forgot the old nursery lines Jenny used to teach us, that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' I can fancy the delicious idleness that must have possessed him, to permit himself to be blinded by Mrs. Elmore and her mother. They knew well how to manage him. A rich, distinguished old bachelor was not to escape their maneuverings. Why, Paul used to understand that family as well as the rest of us—but it is too late now to help it, and I must regard it in the best light I can."

"Yes, Agnes," said her husband, "remember how kindly Paul acted at our marriage—how self-denyingly he yielded you up, without throwing a single objection in the way."

"Well might he to such a husband!" exclaimed his wife, earnestly.

"Who would have thought," said Mr. Lee, drawing his chair nearer to her, and placing his hand on hers, as he looked into her beautiful face—"who would have thought to have heard such a love-speech from a woman who has been six years and more a wife?"

Blushingly she parted the rich curls that lay clustering on her husband's noble brow, and pressing her lips on it, she said—

"Thank Heaven! we did not keep our love for the days of courtship merely. But come—the children will scold if papa does not give them a romp before he goes to his office."

They were a lovely sight—that husband and wife, as they passed through the spacious hall and ascended

the broad staircase together, his arm encircling her waist. But a lovelier sight greeted the beholder as Mrs. Lee threw open the door of the nursery. The two elder children—a fine noble-looking boy, and a tiny, golden-haired girl—were standing by Nurse Jenny's side, the same good creature who had nursed their mother in childhood, endeavoring to make the babe she held in her arms understand all about the lovely large country-place where they spent their summers. Little Walter had been old enough the preceding summer to enjoy the country sports, and his childish imagination had magnified the brilliancy of these pleasures during the long winter months which had shut him up in the close brick-lined streets. The prattling little Effie had heard her brother daily, almost hourly, ring in her ears so much of the green grass, beautiful singing birds, and flowers, that she was right willing to chime in with, "Brother Paul shall have golden buttercups and daisies." The babe opened his great blue eyes, and laughed and crowed aloud—but his little hands clapped and his crowing laugh grew louder as he caught sight of "mamma" at the open door. The two other children clambered upon their father's knees, and a merry hour went rapidly by. The striking of the clock gave notice of the end of the hour, and amid shouts of childish laughter Mr. Lee left the nursery.

Agnes Lee almost forgot, in the domestic enjoyments surrounding her, the vexation caused by the morning's post. An hour after, a servant entered the nursery to inquire at what hour she would want the carriage.

"Not until afternoon," she replied, tossing her lovely babe to and from Jenny, for the children's amusement, uniting in their laugh.

"Have you forgotten, ma'am," said Hannah, her maid, looking up from her sewing as the servant closed the door—"that Miss Wells is to be married this morning, and receives company at noon?"

"Do not say one word about marriages," replied Agnes, impatiently—"I think I shall have enough of them ere long!" and she gave the laughing babe into Jenny's arms, as if averse to further frolic, while the recollection of her brother's approaching marriage came back upon her memory. Jenny, who had been almost as a mother to her, having nursed her in infancy, and taken charge of her from the time of her mother's death, which had occurred while she was yet young, looked at the change in her voice and manner with surprise.

"Surely, Miss Agnes, judging from your own happy marriage, you should not fret at them," said the old nurse, rebukingly.

"You are right, dear Jenny," she replied, "I was very naughty—and, since I think of it, I promised to call for Miss Forest to accompany me on the bridal call. Be so kind, Hannah, as to tell John I will have the carriage at twelve o'clock."

The morning passed listlessly to her. She dreaded to tell Jenny of Paul's marriage—for the good old woman had herself early instilled into Mrs. Lee's mind a dislike of "*them bad little Holmeses*," as she used to call Mrs. Elmore and her brothers and sisters. Tell her she must—sooner or later—but she put it off from hour to hour. The children, finding "mamma" not very good company, played with each other, and Agnes threw herself on the lounge, vainly endeavoring to read; but even the sparkling translations of Mary Howitt failed to interest her, and she was relieved when Hannah reminded her of the dressing hour. After the ceremony of dressing was over, she dismissed her maid, requesting that Jenny should be sent to her. Jenny obeyed the summons with alacrity, for the listless, dissatisfied mood of her young mistress—so unusual—had not escaped her observation, and she anxiously longed to hear the cause of trouble.

"Nurse," said Mrs. Lee, as Jenny entered the dressing-room, "Master Paul is to be married!" and she bent over as if engaged in fastening a bracelet, but in reality to hide the vexation the announcement caused her.

"Indeed—and to whom?" inquired Jenny.

Now came the most unpleasant part of the business to poor Agnes, and she began searching for excuses in her mind, as she replied—

"To a Miss Ellen Holmes."

"Not one of them *Holmeses*, I hope, Miss Agnes," said Jenny.

"Yes, indeed, Jenny!—to one of those naughty children you used so much to dislike. But this must be one of the little ones, and she may not be so haughty as the elder children were."

"All bad, Miss Agnes!" said Jenny, in a tone of vexation. "That Mrs. Holmes never knew how to bring up children—they were the worst children I ever did see. But which one is this Miss Ellen? If she is one of the little ones she must be too young for Master Paul."

"She is much younger than my brother, it is true, Jenny—but remember how time flies. She is now a young lady of seventeen."

"Dear—dear!" said old Jenny, in a fretting voice. "Master Paul surely forgets how angry he was when Mr. George Holmes courted you, Miss Agnes—and how he used to send for me, and talk to me by the hour, to know if you cared any thing about him—and how glad he was when I told him you always threw away Mr. Holmes' pretty flowers, which he sent every day to you."

Agnes could not help smiling as the reminiscences of her nurse recalled to her memory the mischievous pleasure she had taken in tormenting her brother, and old Jenny, about this same rejected lover of her girlhood.

"Well, Jenny," she said, coaxingly, "this Miss

Holmes is so young—she may improve by being with brother Paul, and in a few years may be a very excellent woman."

The old nurse shook her head impatiently.

"We shall go on to the wedding, Jenny," continued Mrs. Lee—"and Paul desires particularly that you should come also. He says, in his letter, that dear nurse must be at his wedding to see his beautiful blue-eyed wife. The children will accompany us, of course—and Hannah can take charge of them when you go to see your old friends."

"Thank you, Miss Agnes," replied the nurse—"when must we be ready?"

"By the latter part of next week," said Agnes, as she followed the servant, who announced the carriage, down the stairs, and was soon rolling away to pay the visit fashion required.

A week after she was present at her brother's wedding, and, as she looked at the lovely blue-eyed girl who gazed so adoringly at her brother Paul, she willingly excused his infatuation. Vainly she endeavored to check her tears, and she nearly sobbed aloud as the low, silvery voice of the bride repeated in almost inaudible words the promise to be through sickness and sorrow, as well as prosperity and gladness, a right loving and faithful wife.

Paul Allen was not a handsome man, but his brow bore the impress of overpowering intellect, and one forgot, in gazing on him, the want of beauty, in the brilliant expression of his genius-lit eyes. He looked every year as old as he was. Ambition had wasted his health—close application had silvered his locks, and he seemed old indeed beside that young sunny creature—almost as old as her father. Agnes saw and felt the disparity, and it increased her fears for their future. Then when she caught sight of Mrs. Holmes' and Mrs. Elmore's faces, which were so expressive of their great satisfaction, as they looked around the magnificent drawing-rooms which were now Ellen's, angry thoughts arose in her mind—but they were dispelled when the beautiful Ellen returned her congratulatory kiss with enthusiasm, and murmured low in her ears, unheard by others—"Dear Mrs. Lee! you think me unworthy of him, and I am—but I worship him; and you must aid me by your love to become worthy of him."

Agnes kissed the lovely girl again and again, forgetting the surrounding company, and Paul was delighted at the affectionate greeting that passed between the two beings dearest to him of all others on earth—his only sister and wife. Nor was nurse Jenny forgotten; and when the gentle Ellen leaned forward to embrace the good old nurse, and said, in her sweet, child-like manner—"Dear Nurse! you must love me also—and let me be one of your children!" poor Jenny reproached herself for the bad thoughts she had entertained of her, and was ready to defend to any one Master Paul's choice.

"You must pay me a visit shortly," said Agnes, as she and her husband bade good-bye to her brother and his fairy-like bride, a few days after the wedding. "So soon as your gay parties are over, come to our home, and Walter and I will show you how quietly

happy we live. It will be a rest for you before the commencement of your summer campaign at the Springs."

Ellen eagerly consented, and Paul was charmed with the pleasure she showed at this proposition—he thought it argued well, and he looked at Agnes and Walter with a high, bright look, as though they must surely approve of his choice.

A few weeks passed by, and then Paul and his wife hastened to pay the promised visit. Mr. and Mrs. Lee had moved for the summer to the delightful country residence little Walter had been so eloquent in praise of to his baby-brother, and at this charming place they received Paul and his bride. Each day endeared the gentle Ellen more and more to Agnes, and even Jenny admitted she was lovely.

"Ah, how I dislike to leave you!" said Ellen, one morning, as Agnes was lamenting the approaching close of their visit. "Suppose, Paul," she said, turning to her husband, "suppose we do not go to the Springs—let us stay here."

"Agreed, my little wife, on my part most willingly," he replied. "But what will your mamma and sister Amelia say?"

"We will write to them," she answered, "and tell them of our arrangement," and quickly she hastened off to write the letter.

Paul smiled at her earnestness, and listened and looked till her form vanished from his sight, and the last silvery tone of her musical voice melted on the air.

"Is she not lovely?" he said, as he caught his sister's eye dwelling upon him.

"Yes, she is truly lovely, dear Paul," replied his sister. "Thank Heaven! you have so charming a wife! But do not yourself become chill and cold—let this delicious enthusiasm and earnestness of hers continue—never check her."

"What do you mean?" said he, smiling in surprise.

"I mean," replied Agnes, "that you must always see your wife as you do now. She worships you—almost too much—yes, Paul, almost too much for her own happiness—for her love is slightly mingled with awe of your superior mind, and one breath of disapproval from you would close up her sensitive spirit toward you forever—and, instead of the innocent, warm-hearted, enthusiastic creature she is now, she would become a cold, heartless woman of the world."

Long and earnest was the conversation that ensued between the brother and sister, and years after her words recurred to him as the words of a prophecy. But why anticipate? Time is gradual, though its changes are fearful and many.

The letter was written and sent off by the evening's mail, and Ellen gave herself up with girlish glee to the delightful prospect of the charming summer. She rode, walked, talked and sung, and was the delight of the household. Her voice was heard everywhere, gladdening all hearts. She was a perpetual sunbeam—and the children romped and played with Aunt Ellen as with one of themselves. Little Walter would roguishly steal the comb that

bound up her sunny ringlets, which, in their golden wealth, covered her as with a glittering veil—then would he bring Uncle Paul to see how pretty his blushing aunt looked—then peep merrily up through the curls for forgiveness. But these joyous hours were checked—for, in a few days, the post brought scolding, reproaching letters from Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Elmore.

"Your beautiful *trousseau*," wrote her mother, "which I, at so much trouble and expense prepared for you, will be lost completely in that stupid country house, where you see no society. I must confess I am truly disappointed at your resolve." And her sister Elmore complained equally as much. "I have already engaged rooms for you," she said in her letter, "and the Stevensons, your bridemaids, have expected so much pleasure from the *eclat* attendant upon the appearance of so distinguished a bridal party at the Springs. You must positively change your arrangements, Ella, or they and mamma will be justly offended."

Ellen's face grew sad, and tears filled her eyes as she announced to her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Lee the general contents of her letters.

"But must we go?" said Paul in a vexed tone, is it so absolutely necessary to obey your mother and Mrs. Elmore?" But a glance from Agnes checked him, and he soothed his sorrowful weeping wife by picturing forth the following summer—when they might spend their time undisturbedly with their happy relatives at Belle Glen. Many tears were shed on all sides the morning of their departure, and Ellen said in a sobbing whisper, as she bade Mrs. Lee good-bye, "I am sure I shall never be so happy away from you—if I could live with you always, Paul would never see any faults in me. Oh! when you write to him, make him love me through folly and all."

Agnes soothed her fears, and promised to visit her during the ensuing winter. The next winter, however, Mr. Lee received from the government an appointment to an official post at an Italian court, and he and his wife, children and Jenny left Belle Glen, and their comfortable town residence, to reside in Europe for many years. At first Ellen's letters gave evidence of the same sunny, joyous nature, but as years passed by, they breathed a deeper, more thoughtful tone. "She is a woman now," thought Agnes, when she noticed the change. Her brother's letters had always from boyhood been short, and rather cold, however warmly he might feel, therefore she could gather but little from them of the state of his domestic atmosphere. Report told her that ambition had again taken possession of him. The fame of his eloquence and intellect had extended abroad—his opinions were quoted, and it was admitted by the great men of other lands that he stood at the head of his profession. Her pride was gratified when she heard him spoken of by foreigners, and read accounts of him, as one of her most distinguished countrymen; but her pride was mingled with sadness, as she said to herself, "this distinction may be purchased at the expense of poor

Ellen's happiness." Several years rolled happily around to Mr. and Mrs. Lee, but at last they began to wish for their fatherland.

"We must surely return, Walter," Agnes said one evening as they sat enjoying a delicious Italian sunset, their troop of beautiful children playing on the lawn before them—the very beauties of nature that surrounded them recalled pleasant memories of their American home. "We must return, if only to stay a little while. I pine to see Paul and Ellen, and a host of other dear friends. The little Agnes, my namesake, Ella writes me, has grown quite a large girl, and talks of writing a letter soon, to persuade dear Aunt and Uncle Lee to come to see her and mamma."

"Poor Ellen!" said Mr. Lee, "her letters are so quiet and thoughtful—I fear she is not the happy creature she was when we bade her good-bye."

"How well I remember her appearance," exclaimed Mrs. Lee, "the morning we sailed, as she stood leaning on Paul's arm, she looked so lovely; tears stood in her eyes, and her sorrow at parting with us nearly overcame her, when Paul bent over and said something to her, which they were too far from me to hear, but I was sure it was some loving word, for a brilliant light flashed over her lovely face, and she looked up into his, as though heaven had just been opened to her."

"She has altered very much since then, dear wife," said Mr. Lee, "her letters prove it—they show her to be self-dependent now."

"And yet her letters are delightful—full of intelligence and thought," urged his wife, as if dreading to be convinced of what she already feared.

"A woman like Ellen," said Mr. Lee, "does not think and feel so deeply as she does without cause. The channel of her love has, I fear, been choked up, and her intellect has sought to supply the void to her restless asking spirit—such thought and seriousness are not natural to the child-like, joyous Ellen of our recollection."

The golden clouds lost their brilliancy as the gorgeous sun sunk into the arms of the glowing west, and "the little stars sat one by one, each on its golden throne," as the husband and wife sat talking. Jeuny, our old friend, and her assistant brought the younger children to say good-night, and the eldest girl, the golden-haired Effie, brought her harp to the window near where her parents were sitting, and as they talked, half-sadly, of their distant cherished ones, she touched the chords of her harp, and her rich voice swelled out in heart-stirring melody. The husband and wife hushed their conversation and listened—presently the deep mellow tones of young Walter joined with his sister's, and the hour of midnight came on them ere the lovely music ceased. The impression of that night mingled itself with the recollections of distant loved ones, and before many months had passed they were on the broad ocean, "homeward bound."

Paul was the first to greet them when they landed on the shores of their country. Agnes felt struck with his quiet, calm countenance; his whole ex-

terior seemed as of marble; he looked but little older, though his hair was much grayer, but a coldness dwelt in his whole manner—which was a little broken as he greeted her, and she fancied his lips quivered as he caressed her.

"You look so well, and even girl-like, Agnes," he said as his carriage drove them to his residence, "I can scarcely credit you are the mother of that great tall boy and girl."

"And Ellen," inquired Mr. Lee, "is she as young looking as when we left?"

"By the world," replied Paul in an indifferent tone, "Mrs. Allen is called a Venus, I believe. She is truly very beautiful, I must admit, though she is my wife."

His sister laughed as she reproached him with playful *badinage* for his fashionable coolness.

"Walter and I," she added, "are as old-fashioned as our grandmothers and grandfathers, we love each other as dearly, and think each other as perfect, as we did on our wedding-day."

Paul replied not, and for awhile they were silent, but as they neared the house he said, "You will not see Mrs. Allen to-night, I think, for there is a large ball at which all the fashionable world will be present, and moreover I do not know that she anticipates your arrival."

"I wrote to her when Walter wrote to you," exclaimed Agnes.

"Ah," said Paul, "I did not know that." This reply told too plainly the non-intercourse that existed between them. But Ellen met them in the hall, and, though silent, her fervent embrace and beating heart told how deeply and warmly she welcomed them. In an hour they were assembled in the large drawing-rooms, and the children and beautiful mothers formed a picturesque group.

Agnes saw that the change which had taken place in Ellen's mind was displayed in her countenance. She was even more beautiful than when a bride; her blue eyes seemed to have grown deeper; her golden hair was bound up in massive braids, giving an antique air to her beautiful head; but in her mouth was the greatest change; those rosy lips, that were wont to melt in endless smiles, were full and rich-looking, but quiet, calm and serious in their expression; her girlish figure had become full and dignified in its appearance, and if she had seemed as a Hebe at her wedding, she was now as a Pallas and Juno united.

"And this is my little namesake," said Agnes, as she caressingly regarded a dark-eyed, quiet, slender little girl.

"You may thank your pretty name for that compliment, if compliment it be," said Paul; and Agnes thought she detected a slight tone of sarcasm in his voice. She stole a look at Ellen, whose color was heightened and eye brightened as she said in a quiet tone, which proved the mastery she had obtained over her feelings, "Dear Agnes, you may attribute it to the earnest regard I bore for you. I wished to name my only one after you, for from you I have never received aught but love."

She looked not at her husband, but studiously avoided encountering him in conversation, and his cold, polite manner was evident to all whenever from necessity he addressed her.

"We feared to find you out this evening," said Agnes, "Paul thought you were engaged at a gay party."

"So I was," replied Ellen. "Before I received your letter I promised to chaperone sister Augusta; mamma was not very well, neither was Amelia, but they recovered in time to supply my place."

Day after day proved to Agnes and her husband the reserve and indifference that existed between Paul and Ellen. Their occupations and amusements were totally different, and sometimes days would pass without their exchanging a word with each other. There were moments, however, when Agnes could detect in her sister's feelings an under current of sadness.

"If it were not for that girl," said Ellen, one day as little Agnes's voice rang out merrily, while playing with her little cousins in the nursery that was adjoining her mother's boudoir—"if it were not for that child, dear Agnes, I would not care how soon the green grass waved over my grave. Children are truly a blessing—I envy you your crowd of little ones. I tremble constantly for my poor tiny flower"—and stepping over the threshold of the nursery, she caught her daughter in her arms, as she was running by in the circle of her companions—the gentle child forgot her play to receive mamma's caresses, and the children grouped around their aunt and cousin to unite in the endearments. Words and expressions like these, proved to Agnes the certainty of her fears. "But the cause, Walter—the cause—what can it be?" she would exclaim impatiently—"I am enraged at Paul, for Ellen is truly too good for so indifferent a husband."

By degrees Paul's manner softened toward his sister, and, though distant to others, he began, little by little, to unbend himself to her, as he had in her girlish days.

"And this is your library," said Agnes to him one evening as she entered her brother's room—"this is the den in which you shut yourself up to escape from such agreeable people as myself. Little Agnes tried to keep me from coming in, by saying that mamma never permitted any one to interrupt papa, but you know I have always acted independently of domestic laws." Paul pushed his books aside, and with a welcome smile handed her a chair. Her frank easy manner always disarmed him, and with a feeling of relaxation he gave himself up to the delights of a long familiar chat with her. They talked of scenes she had witnessed in foreign lands—distinguished people she had met with; and the charming *naïveté* with which she related many interesting events, caused the moments to pass more rapidly to him than they were wont.

"You left company down stairs, did you not?" he said, as a rich burst of song arose from the drawing-room beneath them, and interrupted for a moment their conversation.

"Only Miss Augusta with some gentlemen," replied Agnes; "that interesting Mr. Charles Campbell is there, contending with that stupid Mr. Collins for Miss Augusta's smiles. I watched the contest with some interest, for a little while, without being able to decide which would come off conqueror. I was in favor of Mr. Campbell myself."

"But Mr. Collins will carry off the prize, I will wager," said her brother sarcastically. "In that family wealth and position weigh down the balance against intellect, if that intellect be dimmed by poverty, as it is in Charles Campbell's case."

"A more disinterested, unselfish, noble-spirited creature than your wife, Paul, does not exist," said Agnes with earnestness.

"Possibly," he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "but they were not taught in childhood to act from impulse and feeling—self-interest is the leading tone with them—that I have long since discovered."

His sister endeavored to remonstrate, but he impatiently interrupted her. "Listen, Agnes—as I look on Augusta's course this winter I think of Ellen. She was sacrificed in her youth and beauty to the shrine of wealth and distinction. Me she never loved—how could she love one twenty years her senior, and moreover so destitute of the charms that win one so young as she was? Fool that I was, to allow myself to be so blinded by self-love and vanity."

"Paul! Paul!" exclaimed his sister, "how you have permitted suspicion to wrong your lovely wife. When I left for Europe she worshiped you; do you not remember the conversation we had at Belle Glen that happy summer following your marriage? I warned you then, dear brother, that your looks and words of disapprobation and coldness would chill and close up her heart toward you."

His sister's words recalled those moments of exquisite happiness almost forgotten by him, in the thick cloud which suspicion and doubt had thrown over his memory, and, for the first time for years, he began to question the justice of his accusations. Again did they talk long and earnestly. He could not recur to any one event that had caused the coldness which existed between them. Society had separated them at first—then, as the infatuation of love passed away, he began to see in her mother and sister faults; trifling at first, but at last more and more glaring, as they became indifferent to his opinion. He found them heartless, selfish and unlovely—it chilled him, and made him suspicious of the one whom he had promised to love and cherish.

"Come into the adjoining room, Paul," said Agnes, after she had gathered all this from his replies to her earnest inquiries; "in there are the neglected portraits which were taken just before the marriage of you and Ellen. Look on that face," continued she, as they stood before the Hebe-like picture, "is it not her very self, as she looked the first months of your marriage? Look in those eyes—at that cherub mouth—and tell me if deceit and art ever found a resting place there? No, no, Paul, you have bitterly wronged your wife."

Voices were heard in the next room. Paul started as he recognized his wife's voice. "The room on that side is Ellen's dressing-room," said Agnes, as they turned to enter the library. Ellen's first words detained them unconsciously.

"Oh, Augusta! how wrongly, how wickedly you are acting. You love Charles Campbell, while at the same time you are encouraging Mr. Collins, whom you can never, never love."

The lively, merry tones of Augusta were heard in reply—"Oh! do spare me a lecture, Ella. I am good for nothing, mamma and Amelia say, after I have been with you. What would you have me do? Marry Charles Campbell and poverty, and reject Mr. Collins and his splendid establishment? Oh, Ellen, he is so rich!"

Paul grasped his sister's hand as he listened to his wife's reply—"Riches are nothing, Augusta, when placed against such love as Charles Campbell offers you."

"Ah! it is well for you to talk," replied Augusta impatiently, "surrounded with such luxuries as one can see around you. I have no doubt you gave up some Charles Campbell when you married your cold husband."

Agnes felt for her brother, as with eagerness he leaned forward to catch the first words of Ellen's reply; a stifled sob increased his anguish, and Augusta's voice was heard in soothing, pleading words, endeavoring to atone for her unkind remark.

"No, no," said Ellen at last, in low hurried tones that betrayed her agitation, "you only judge me as he does. Augusta, wild, deep, passionate is the love I have felt for Paul Allen from the first summer we met, years ago. He was my first, my only love; had he not married me, I should never have married any one, despite all the entreaties of my mother or Amelia; and yet she continued, after a short pause, "what have I gained but sadness and disappointment after all?"

"And so it may be," said Augusta, "if I marry Charles, and I shall have poverty to bear with in addition to his fickleness."

"No, Augusta, Charles and you are more alike than Paul and I. I sought to mate with the eagle, and met with my reward—his brilliant mind looked down with contempt on mine, and he soared off alone. Oh! Augusta, what bitter anguish I felt when I at last became certain that my husband regarded me as no companion for him—if it had not

been for my little Agnes I should have died. I always feared him, but my adoration and his gentle forbearance during our courtship overcame my awe. But when the infatuation of love passed away, and he became conscious of my inferiority, my fear weighed down my love."

"And you still love him?" asked Augusta. "So indifferent and calm as you seem generally, I should think that you had overcome all love."

"The next room adjoins his library, Augusta. Judge of the wildness—yes, the childishness—of my love, when I tell you I have sat by the communicating door of that library, night after night, catching his faintest breath, and envying even the gleams of light that beamed from the breaks of the door, for they existed unchecked in his presence. Ah! poverty—bitter, abject poverty, I could endure," added she, with convulsive sobs, "did I possess his love."

"And his poor unworthy love you do possess, dearest Ellen," exclaimed the agonized, self-reproaching husband, breaking from his sister's clasping hands, and entering the dressing-room. Augusta and Agnes withdrew together—the moment was too sacred in their eyes for intrusion.

From that night Augusta was unmanageable. Love triumphed, and a few months after Charles Campbell claimed her as his bride. Never again did coldness and misunderstanding weave an icy veil between Ellen and her husband. The following passage in a letter, written two years afterward to Agnes and Walter, who had returned to their lovely Italian home, will prove it.

"You ask me, dear Agnes, or rather Walter bids you ask me, if Paul is still as close a student. I am sitting beside him at his library table as I write this; his head rests on my shoulder, overlooking me; he bids me say that his angel sits beside him so constantly—there, I will not write another word from his dictation—and the naughty tyrant threatens to take my pen—"

"And so I will take her pen," was added in different writing; "Dear Agnes, tell Walter an angel sits beside me, and I cannot study for gazing in her lovely eyes. We are coming to Italy to see you. I know that I am listlessly permitting my honors to languish, but what is fame compared to the pure happiness we now enjoy. There, wilful wife, will you not sign that last sentence? 'Willingly, with you.'"

"ELLEN—PAUL"

THE BRIDE.

TWIX angels, Love and Hope, oh both did guide
You to this hour, beautiful, trustful bride!
And linger with you. Love and Hope are so
Twin'd with each other, closely joined as be
Two rose-buds on one stalk, that still where we
First love, there, too, we hope; and there, you know,
Are the spring heads of being, whence must flow
Its relish and its charm; an eye to see
All things with love, that is the highest good:
Yea, all in one! it is the microscope

With which new worlds of beauty all may ope,
E'en in the smallest thing that round us lies;
And yet the telescope, with which to show
Glories beyond the stars, and open throw
The gates of Heaven! for where love is, what should
Not be there also? Love can grasp the skies!
And she who simply loves has all she could
Of bliss, in each of its varieties—
Lo! in how small a space, all Paradise!

Two roses-buds on one stalk, that still where we
First love, there, too, we hope; and there, you know,
Are the spring heads of being, whence must flow
Its relish and its charm; an eye to see
All things with love, that is the highest good;
Yea, all in one! it is the microscope

The gates of Heaven! for what love is, what she
Not be there also! Love can grasp the skies,
And she who simply loves has all she could
Of bliss, in each of its varieties—
Lo! in how small a space, all Paradise!



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THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A valuable pamphlet, privately printed, has recently appeared in London, from the pen of J. Payne Collier, the learned editor of an edition of Shakspeare. As the impression of the pamphlet in question was limited to fifty copies, it has nearly the value of a private communication; and we refer to it for the sake of an old ballad, entitled the "Enchanted Island," remarkable in its similarity of story to Shakspeare's *Tempest*. Mr. Collier informs us that this ballad was lately discovered in an old MS. in the British Museum—that rich depository of so many literary rarities. He adds, that when it was shown to Mr. Douce, author of the well-known "*Illustrations of Shakspeare*," the veteran shook his venerable locks in evident delight, exclaiming, that "it was one of the prettiest ballads he had ever read." The MS. bears the initials R. G., whence it is supposed to be the production of Robert Greene, a writer of no common powers, and who was one of Shakspeare's cotemporaries.

In Arragon there lived a king,
Who had a daughter sweet as spring,
A little playful child;
He loved his study and his book,
The toils of state he could not brook—
Of temper still and mild.

He left all to a brother's care,
Who soon usurped the throne unware,
And turned his brother forth.
The king he was Geraldo hight,
His daughter, Ida—dear as sight
To him who knew her worth.

The brother who usurped the throne
Was by the name Benormo known,
Of cruel heart and bold;
He turned his niece and brother forth,
To wander east, west, south, or north,
All in the winter cold.

Long time he journeyed up and down,
All bare the head that wore a crown,
With Ida in his hand,
Until they reached the broad seaside,
Where merchant ships at anchor ride
From many a distant land.

Embarking, then, in one of these,
They were by force of winds and seas
Driven wide by many a mile;
Till they at last a shelter found,
The master and his men all drowned,
In an enchanted isle.

Geraldo and his daughter fair,
The only two that landed there,
Were saved by miracle:
And, sooth to say, in danger's hour
His was a more than mortal power,
As seemed by what befell.

He brought with him a magic book,
Whereon his eye would oftentimes look,
Which wrought him wonders great;
A magic wand had he also,
That angry fiends compelled to go
And do his bidding straight.

The spirits of the earth and air,
Unseen, yet flitting everywhere,
To cross him would not choose:
All this by study he had gained,
While he in Arragon remained,
But never thought to use.

When landed on the enchanted isle,
His little Ida's morning smile
Made him forget his wo;

And thus, within a cavern drear,
They dwelt for many a livelong year,
For Heaven had willed it so.

His locks had turned to silver gray,
For time with him had worn away,
To teach his child intent;
And as she into beauty grew,
So waxed she into knowledge too,
And wise as innocent.

Most lovely was she to behold;
Her hair was like to sunlit gold,
And blue as heaven her eye;
When she had reached her fifteenth year,
Her dainty form was like the deer,
Sportful with majesty.

The demons, who the land had held,
By might of magic he expelled,
Save such as served his need;
And servants of the air he kept
To watch o'er Ida when she slept,
Or on swift message speed.

Now, all this while in Arragon
Benormo reigned, and had a son
Grown up to man's estate,
His sire in all things most unlike;
Of courage tried, yet slow to strike,
Not turning love to hate.

Alfonso was the prince's name.
It chanced post-haste a message came
One day to Arragon
From Sicily, to son and sire,
Which did their presence there require,
To see Sicilia's son

United in the nuptial band
To Naples' daughter's lovely hand,
And they to go consent.
So in a galley on a day
To Sicily they took their way,
On pleasant voyage bent.

Geraldo knew by magic art
The very hour of their depart
For distant Sicily;
He also knew that they must pass
Near to the isle whereon he was,
And that revenge was nigh.

He called his spirits of the air,
And bade them straight a storm prepare,
To wreck them on the shore.
And see! the bark comes sailing on,
With silken sails from Arragon,
And many a gilded oar.

But gilded oar and silken sail
Might ill against that storm prevail—
High blew the winds and loud.
The sails were rent, the oars were broke,
The ship was scathed by lightning stroke,
That burst from angry cloud.

But, such Geraldo's power that day,
That, though the ship was cast away,
Of all the crew not one,
Not e'en a ship-boy, was there drowned—
And old Benormo on dry ground
Embraced his dearest son.

About the isle they wandered long,
For still some spirit led them wrong—
At length, till weary grown,
They came to old Geraldo's cell,
Where he and lovely Ida dwell—
Though seen, they were not known.

Much marvel'd they in such a place
To see a hermit's wrinkled face—
Morg at the maid they start.
Nor sooner did Alfonso see
Ida so beautiful, than he
Felt love within his heart.

Benormo heard, with grief and shame,
Geraldo call him by his name—
His brother's voice well known.
Upon his aged knees he fell,
And wept that e'er he did rebel
Against his brother's throne.

"Brother!" he cried—"forgive my crime;
I swear, since that unhappy time,
I ne'er have tasted peace:
Return, and take again your crown,
Which at your feet I will lay down,
And so our discords cease."

"Never," Geraldo said, "will I
Ascend that seat of sovereignty;
But I all wrongs forget.

I have a daughter, you a son,
And they shall reign o'er Arragon,
And on my throne be set.

"My head is all too old to bear
A crown's hard weight—a kingdom's care;
Peace in my books I find;
Gold crowns beseech not silver locks,
Like sunbeams upon whitened rocks,
They mock the tranquil mind."

Benormo, worn with cares of state,
Which worldly sorrows aye create,
Saw the advice was good:
The tide of love betwixt the pair—
Alfonso young and Ida fair—
Had sudden reached the flood.

A galley, too, that was sent out
From Sicily in fear and doubt,
As hearing of the wreck,
Arrived at the enchanted isle,
And took them all in little while
Unto Messina back.

But ere his leave Geraldo took
Of this strange isle, he burnt his book,
And broke his magic wand—
Unhallowed art renounced, and swore
Never to deal in magic more,
The while the earth should stand.

From that day forth the isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen;
Some say 't is buried deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
Above its savage, rocky shores,
Nor e'er is known to sleep.

In Sicily the pair was wed,
And thence to Arragon they sped,
By happy fathers blest.
Alfonso ruled for many a year,
His people loved him far and near,
But Ida loved him best.

NELL'S HOME ON THE HUDSON.

HOME of her womanhood! bright as a vision
Of springtide it rises to memory's sight;
Blossoms fresh bursting, with odors Elysian,
And songs of glad birds fill the heart with delight.

Blue as the sky that above it is bending,
And spread like a lake, glides the river below,
Highlands beyond it with clouds their hues blending,
And white sails upon it, and steam-wreaths of snow.

Graceful the mansion and ample its portal,
Where dark eyes flash welcome to friends old and tried;
Love was the architect here, and he wrought all
In diligent fondness, with taste for his guide.

He leveled the lawn, and he turfed and he graded,
He planted the trees that should shelter his home;
But he left the wild glen with its forest-tree shaded,
And its cool mossy spring, where the thirsty birds come.

Through the long windows the river breeze playing
Betrays the faint hum of the city beneath,

Moonlight the while through the colonnade straying
Invites from without to the evening's fresh breath.

Fresher than evening, or mists of the morning
Unveiling the river's fair bosom to-day,
Charily, fold by fold, as the red dawning
Uplifts them, and breaks from the hill-tops its way—

Fairer than moonbeams through leafy walks stealing—
More grateful than bird-note, or tinkle of rills,
Or the wind-shaken blossoms their odors revealing—
Is the young human heart which home-happiness fills.

There, in that home on the banks of the river,
The daughter beloved is the mother and wife;
And from a new altar rise thanks to the Giver
Of blessings unnumbered that crown her fair life.

Home of her matronhood! long may it witness
The fruitage of seeds that in childhood were sown,
Gracefully proving the worth and the fitness
Of the Puritan nurture we glory to own! PSYCHE.

CATHARINE CLAYTON.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

(Concluded from page 126.)

CHAPTER XI.

DISCLOSURES.

THE scorching sun of midsummer had driven many of the citizens from their heated pavements and uncleanly streets, to cool grassy fields and sweet scented meadows; from the din of traffic, and the whirl of wheels, to the song of birds and the music of waters. Among the travelers were Mrs. Clinton and her daughter, on their way to Niagara.

Catharine had requested so earnestly to be allowed to remain with her mother that Mrs. Clinton consented, though with some reluctance, as she knew it to be one of Catharine's earnest desires to visit the Falls; but Mrs. Clayton had been complaining for a week or two, and her daughter could not be induced to leave her. It was the latter end of August; Mrs. Clayton and Amy were from home, and Catharine, who had been busily employed all the morning, had seated herself near one of the windows. She was engaged reading, and so wholly absorbed by her book that she was not aware any one had entered the room until she heard her name spoken. With a bright blush on her cheek, she rose and extended her hand. "Mr. Lester! this is an unexpected visit; I thought you would not return until Mrs. Clinton came back."

"That was my intention before I left here; but letters were forwarded to me, which I received while at Lake George. They were from England, and contained a request that I would return immediately, as my grandfather had been suffering from an attack of paralysis, and his recovery was doubtful."

"And you are soon going to England?"

"Yes, I shall leave in the packet of September 1st."

Catharine's head grew dizzy, and the color left her cheek. What was it to her that Mr. Lester was going to England? What was it to her if he were no more to be an ever-welcome guest at Mrs. Clinton's? What to her, if instead of the teacher, earning for himself an honorable maintenance, he was hereafter to be the man of leisure, the gentleman of fortune? These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, and sent a shiver through her frame, but she rallied herself in an instant.

"I regret that I am obliged to leave so soon," resumed Lester, as he drew his chair nearer to Catharine, "and I regret it the more, because my return here will be indefinitely postponed."

"You will return, then?"

"Yes, if my life is spared, I shall; but not while my grandfather is living. It was against his wish that I first left him, and if I find him alive on my return, I will stay with him during the remainder of his days, be they few or many."

"Mrs. Clinton will regret your departure."

"Not more than I shall regret parting from such a noble woman."

"Julia, and the girls, will miss you sadly."

"And will no one else miss me, Catharine?" and Lester took her hand in his. "Will none beside Mrs. Clinton regret my departure? Will not you sometimes think of the many happy evenings we have passed together?"

"Mr. Lester!"

"Catharine, I know you to be a woman above the shallow artifices of your sex; answer me with your own truthfulness, will you miss me?"

"Mr. Lester!" this time Catharine's voice was scarcely audible, and the hand that lay in Edward Lester's was cold and trembling.

"You are silent, Catharine; may I, dare I hope you will regret our parting?"

"I will."

"Heaven bless you for these words. I have loved you long, Catharine, but would not have told my love thus abruptly, had I not been summoned hastily away. I have more to ask—will you let me call your mother mine? Will you leave her, and go with me to my English home? Will you be my wife, dearest, my true, loving wife? We will come back again—we will settle in this country, never to leave it more—will you go with me, Catharine?"

"I cannot, Edward; ask any thing but that."

"Catharine," said Lester reproachfully, "I thought but now that you loved me, and I thought, too, that the woman who truly loves would leave all, sacrifice all, for the man to whom she has given her heart."

"I will wait years for your return, but I cannot go with you and leave my mother alone."

"Your mother will not be alone, William and Amy remain with her."

"Amy is but a child, and William, though good and kind, could never supply the place of a daughter. Do not ask it, Lester; my mother has passed through many sorrows, and I have always been with her—and—I will be candid with you—I will never be separated from her while she is living."

"Catharine, Catharine, this is mere child's play! Why did you not tell me at once that you did not love me—that you were merely trifling away an idle hour?"

Grieved and astonished to see such impetuosity in one of Lester's usually calm demeanor, she replied,

"You wrong me, Edward, I have not been trifling with you. Were I alone in the world, I would go with you wherever you wished—any spot on the habitable globe would be to me a paradise if you were there—I would live for you—toil for you—die for you! No, Edward, I have not trifled with you!" Ashamed of her earnestness, Catharine buried her face in her hands. It was Lester's turn to be astonished, gratified, delighted. It was thus he wished to be loved, with a woman's whole soul.

"I see you are not to be moved from your resolution, nor will I ask it. I own too that I honor your motives, that I appreciate your filial love, and that if I had been less selfish in my passion, I would not have made the request. But the thought of leaving you for an indefinite period, the thought that perhaps another might woo and win you, totally unmanned me. Forgive me, dearest, you said you would wait; bless you for this! You do not doubt me? you do not think I will ever forget you?"

"Doubt you, Edward! I would as soon doubt that the stars I look on nightly are not shining in the heavens, as doubt your truth. But let us talk calmly, Lester. You are going from here, you know not when to return. Time works strange changes—not that I think you would be influenced by merely external circumstances—but your friends may wish you to do what will be more for your interest than returning to this country might be; if so, do not hesitate, do what will be best for you, most pleasing to them. But, Lester, write to me—let me know all—keep me not in the tortures of suspense—let me know all—and if change should come, I will still bless you, and pray for your happiness."

"I will write to you, and you will answer me?"

"With my mother's approval I will."

"And then, when I return, and you are mine, your mother will live with us, and Amy, and William; what a happy family we shall be, dearest!"

Catharine's blushing cheek and tearful eye were more eloquent than words. Here was happiness such as she had never dared to contemplate. To be loved by Lester—to remain with her mother—to continue her guardianship over Amy—to see her beloved brother a minister of Christ's gospel. The past, the dark past was annihilated! The rainbow of promise rested on the future! No wonder Catharine was silent—no wonder the tide of happiness rushing full upon her heart filled it to overflowing—no wonder that she wept! At length Lester took leave, having promised to call in the morning for Catharine, to visit an exhibition of pictures which he wished to see before he sailed.

On Mrs. Clayton's return Catharine told her all that had passed. Long and earnest was the conversation of mother and daughter, and with her

mother's blessing resting on her head, Catharine laid her on her pillow—but not to sleep. Blissful visions, holy confiding thoughts, day dreams, and air castles occupied her mind, and the clock in a neighboring steeple tolled the hour of two before her senses were steeped in the forgetfulness of slumber. Oh, warm love of the young heart! how beautiful art thou in thy truth, thy earnestness, thy self abandonment. Oh, warm love of the young heart! how dost thou revel in the ideal, and clothe the world with sunshine, and drink deep of the poetry of life!

Almost the first person they met at the exhibition rooms was Laura Archer. She reddened with shame and vexation when she saw Catharine accompanied by Lester, and, like one of old,

"With jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance."

To think he had refused an invitation from her, and was now walking arm and arm with the governess! With her heart bursting with rage and mortification, she watched Lester's elegant figure, and kindling eye, as he moved from one picture to another, and pointed out their beauties to his companion. There was no mistaking his look, he was in love—in love with Catharine Clayton! And she, too, listened to his words, and raised her eyes to his so modestly, yet confidently—that she—yes—she must be aware of his passion.

Laura turned her gaze from Lester and looked upon the boy who was trying to play the man by her side, and answered him almost contemptuously as he uttered some silly remarks about tone and color. The boy-man twirled his hat, looked confused, and vowed "Miss Archer was so odd that he could n't understand her."

Laura made no reply, for her thoughts were not with the speaker. She had moved close behind the objects of her scrutiny, as they stood before a picture of Ver Bryck's. The artist had selected a grand and awful subject, and his genius had depicted it with startling vividness and solemn beauty. Amid the terrors of the final day, up through the lurid light of the burning heavens, rose a redeemed spirit. With a calm and holy faith beaming from the angelic brow, upward and onward went the saint, unharmed amid surrounding ruin, for her stay was on the Rock of Ages!

Down through the appalling horrors of thick darkness, and utter woe, lower, and lower, sunk the lost! A look of agony was raised upward. Had that fair spirit been linked with him through time? Were they to be parted now? parted forever, and forever? through the ceaseless roll of ages? on—on through a never-ending eternity?

"The one shall be taken and the other left." Pray God for us, dear Catharine, that such a fate may not be ours at the last day," said Lester, in a tone meant for Catharine's ear alone. But another had drank in every word he uttered.

"Dear Catharine! because he was in love with her, he would not come! Despised for her!" and the listener turned away with deep hate for the innocent girl ranking in her heart.

Laura Archer was called a belle. Hers was a showy figure, set off by fashionable dress, and fashionable ornaments. Her face was not very pretty, but she had large black eyes, over which she let fall her long eyelashes with an air of the most captivating modesty. Her mouth was rather large, but it was filled with fine teeth, which she took care to display on every occasion. Her tone of voice, her mode of speech, her whole manner, was a mixture of affectation and coquetry, and yet she had troops of admirers. Who were they? In general, men past the prime of life, and boys in the first importance of dawning manhood. The battered beau, and the middle-aged widower, whose vanity had outlived their discretion, were proud of being smiled on by the gay Miss Archer. And the half-grown coxcomb, the being of all others most unbearable as a lover, was petted, and caressed, until his allowance of pocket-money vanished, purchasing presents for the sordid and avaricious girl, who professed to be the most unselfish of human beings. But battered beau, and spruce widower, and coxcomb boy, served to swell the train of her conquests, and were each in turn smiled upon, until some new caprice took possession of the lady's fancy, when they were dismissed and forgotten, as easily, and carelessly, as Mrs. Archer had cast off her old friends when stemming the current of fashion. Laura's temper we have seen displayed in her altercations with her sister; her heart we have looked into as she turned away from Lester and Catharine.

And such are the women men call unique, piquant, and admire for their spirit and frankness of manner; even their over desire to please is thought to evince an amiable disposition; while the woman who is unassuming, and retiring, whose heart is like a folded rose-bud, ready to expand and shed its sweetness under the genial influence of a loved and loving home, is looked upon as tame and spiritless; well enough, mayhap, for a patient, quiet, domestic drudge, but totally unfit to be the wife of any one save some dull plodding simpleton. What strange mistakes men often make in their estimate of female character!

In a few days after they had visited the exhibition, Lester sailed for England, and Catharine sat alone, with tears falling on the small gold ring of her betrothal. She raised it once more to her lips, placed it on her finger, restrained her tears, and with a calm thoughtfulness upon her brow, and a woman's love within her heart, she turned to her daily duties at home, from which she hourly expected to be called by the arrival of Mrs. Clinton.

CHAPTER XII.

PRIDE AND RUIN.

"What do you think I saw this morning?" said a lady visitor, who dropped in at Mrs. Clinton's. "What do you think I saw this morning? Why, a red flag hung out at the Archers'. Every thing is going off at sheriff's sale. My husband heard Mr.

Archer was about to fail, but really I did not think it would be quite so bad. A sheriff's sale!"

"I am sorry for them," said Mrs. Clinton, "it will be a great shock to the family, and more particularly to the poor girl who is so ill."

"O, I forgot to tell you, she was buried the day before yesterday."

"Buried! Why I did not know she was dead," said Mrs. Clinton with emotion.

"O, yes, she went off quite easy after all. They had no thought she was dying, for I was there at a little supper in the evening, and Mrs. Archer and Laura, who had retired quite fatigued, were not in the room when she died. Well, she is better off, poor thing, out of the sorrows of this troublesome world."

"I trust that she is; the latter part of her life was spent in preparing for the solemn realities of eternity."

"Yes, I believe she grew very Methodistical, and had a clergyman there to pray with her. But isn't it strange about Mr. Archer failing? though I often told my husband such extravagance could not last. Such balls, and such parties, as the Archers gave! Such dresses! Why, I've known Laura Archer to pay seven hundred dollars for a camel's hair shawl, and she thought nothing of giving twenty-five and thirty for a bonnet and feathers. As for silks, laces, and embroideries, there was no end to them; no wonder her father was ruined!"

Again Mrs. Clinton repeated that she was sorry for them.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Clinton, how can you be sorry for such people? You know Mrs. Archer was a vulgar woman, who should have had no pretensions to any thing of the kind, and so I always said when I came away from her parties."

"But why did you go to her parties if you thought so? it was surely unfriendly to partake of her hospitality and then turn her into ridicule." The lady colored slightly.

"I never looked upon it in that light; she would insist upon our coming, and we could not shut our eyes to the extravagance that was displayed around us." As Mrs. Clinton made no further remark, the lady soon took her leave, to detail her malicious stories to more willing ears.

Mrs. Hardy was a censorious woman, and as her own income was rather limited, she always looked with envious eyes on the rich dresses and splendid entertainments of her wealthier friends, and more particularly the Archers. Being somewhat of a toady, she generally contrived to be invited by either Laura or her mother, so that no one ever passed an evening with Mrs. Archer without meeting her penumbra, Mrs. Hardy.

Mrs. Hardy was but one of a large class, who court and flatter their acquaintances (we cannot say friends) in the time of their prosperity, but when adversity comes they flee away, and like birds of ill omen go croaking over their former companions' downfall. You may know them by the burden of their strain. "I said so—I knew it would come to this—I

told you such extravagance could not last, and now my words have come true; I wonder people can make such fools of themselves!" In this instance, Mrs. Hardy's words had indeed been true. The Archers were completely ruined! So suddenly had it come even upon Mr. Archer himself, who had latterly devoted most of his time to his dying daughter, that he found no time for making arrangements of any kind, and before he had recovered from the stupefaction of grief caused by the loss of his child, every thing was in the power of his creditors. His wife and daughter were loud in their reproaches. "It was all owing," they said, "to his inattention to business. They thought it would end so when he was spending half his time in Moll's room, with her and the Methodistical parson. What in the world were *they* to do now? Work? no, that they would not, they would starve first! A pretty thing it would be to see ladies who had moved in the society in which they had, obliged to earn their living like common vulgar people. What would their friends say? No, indeed, they had still some pride left."

And so they had, a contemptible pride! ashamed to use their energies for obtaining their own support—ashamed to act independently, and avow honestly that they were poor. Where was their self-respect? Lost in conjecturing "what the world would say?" in wondering "what Susan Jones would say?" Where was their self reliance? gone with their wealth, the only thing on which they had ever relied for obtaining the friendship of the world of fashion. And thus were these women, who had been so proud and arrogant in prosperity, who were so incapable of using the bounteous gifts of a good Providence aright, thus were they, mean and spiritless, filled with false pride and false shame in adversity.

After many delays Mr. Archer succeeded in obtaining a situation as clerk in a counting-room. His wife and daughter were violently opposed to his accepting it.

"A clerk!" said Laura—"only think of papa being a clerk! I shall die with mortification! Indeed, papa, you were very stupid, that you did not sooner look into your affairs, and make an assignment of your property, to secure it from your creditors."

"Would that have been honest, Laura?" asked her father, mildly.

"Honest—fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Archer, sharply—"who cares for honesty now-a-days? What would have become of the Goldmans, if their father had not played his cards better than you have done? You know he took the benefit of the act, and when Thompson, at whose store the girls had purchased all their dry goods, asked him to pay part of the large bill that was due, Mr. Goldman vowed to Heaven he could hardly support his family! While, at the same time, they had never left their beautiful house, and were every day driving through Broadway in their own carriage. Now if you had been as sharp as Mr. Goldman, Laura and me might have had our house and carriage still, in spite of the creditors."

"Once I might have been tempted to do so, but not now," replied Mr. Archer. "I wish, my dear, instead of looking to such men as Mr. Goldman for example, that you would rather endeavor to emulate the conduct of our old friend, Mrs. Remsen, who, when her husband failed, not only insisted on giving her own personal property toward the liquidation of his debts, but, with her daughter, immediately sought employment, and thought none degrading that would insure their independence. I have always regretted that just at *that* time you blotted their names from your visiting list."

"Lord, papa, how strangely you talk! Who was going over to an obscure street, on the east side of the town, to visit them, I wonder? I would not put my foot in such a plebeian place."

"Laura, you forget yourself. Mrs. Clinton, whom you were so proud of receiving as a guest, always visited, and still continues to visit the Remsens. I fear your pride must receive a still greater humbling. You know that through the kindness of a friend we obtained this furnished house, until we could make some permanent arrangement. Here we cannot stay, for we cannot afford it. To-day I hired apartments suited to our limited means, and to-morrow we must remove to them."

"Apartments! Where are they, Mr. Archer?" exclaimed his wife, drawing her little fat figure to its full height—"where are they? I repeat. It is necessary that my daughter and myself should know where we are going to. It must be no mean place, let me tell you. What street are they in?"

"Division street—there is a shop underneath, but the rooms are pleasant; and, as we will not be able to keep a servant, I hired them mostly for their convenience."

"Good heavens! Mr. Archer, are you mad? Do you think Laura and me will go and live in Division street—up stairs, too—and over a shop at that?"

"I declare, papa, this is insufferable—I shall not stir a step from where I am!" said Laura, crying with vexation.

"I am afraid you must, Laura, as this house is already rented to other tenants, who take possession the day after to-morrow. If we remain here longer than to-morrow night, we must either go to our new lodging, or walk into the street."

The mother and daughter cried, complained and stormed by turns, but, finding there was no alternative, they consented to Mr. Archer buying some furniture, and having it placed by day in the rooms, to which they would remove at night, for they were determined that none of their old acquaintances should ever find out where they had gone to. But they did not succeed in keeping themselves hidden. For Mrs. Hardy, who had envied their prosperity, and gloated over their ruin, was determined on finding them—and having done so, she one day walked into the front door without knocking, ascended the stairs, and, with the coolest effrontery imaginable, passed into a room where she found Mrs. Archer engaged in some very homely domestic avocations,

and Laura seated, *en déshabillé*, reading a new French novel, from a circulating library.

"My dear Mrs. Archer—my dear Laura!" began Mrs. Hardy, before they had time to recover from the surprise and mortification caused by her unexpected entrance—"how delighted I am to see you, and how sorry to find that you, dear Laura, with your refined and elegant habits, are obliged to live in this place!" Here she glanced at the scanty furniture, and showed a very perceptible curl of the lip. "And you, Mrs. Archer, how very domestic you've grown."

Mrs. Archer, instead of repelling Mrs. Hardy's familiar intrusiveness, and by her own dignity putting to silence the insolence of her visitor, began to apologize for having been found busy at all, and talked something about the servant being out of the way.

"O, pray do n't apologize to me—you know we were so intimate—and you can't think how shocked I was to see a red flag hung out at your house; dear me, people should be economical in this world—but we must all live and learn, I suppose. Laura, dear, I wonder if you will be invited to many parties this winter? For my part, I do n't pretend to give very expensive ones—nothing at all like yours—if I did Mr. Hardy would soon be ruined."

There was little attempt on the part of the Archers to prolong conversation, and when Mrs. Hardy had fully gratified her curiosity as to the number of apartments they occupied, and had ascertained beyond a doubt that they kept no servant, she took her leave, to spread the news from house to house, among the former acquaintances of the Archers. Among the rest she did not forget Mrs. Clinton, and this lady, from a purely kind feeling, sought out their abode, but found no admission.

Mrs. Clayton, too, and Catharine, forgetting the past arrogance of Laura Archer, went to see them—but, after knocking until they were tired, were obliged to turn away from the house. The Archers could see from the window above who was below in the street, and they had let these, their only two friends, go away without the least mark of courtesy, or even recognition. Ever since the untimely visit of Mrs. Hardy, the front door had been kept locked, and was only opened on the return of Mr. Archer in the evening.

A miserable home was his to return to after a day of toil! Reproaches and recriminations between mother and daughter, an untidy room, and a slovenly prepared supper! How often did he recur to the days when he thought of training his wife! How often did he wish to be at rest in the church-yard, sleeping quietly beside his daughter! Poor Mr. Archer!

After struggling on for two years longer, his wish was at length granted, and he was laid in his grave a weary and heart-broken man.

Laura and her mother now found it absolutely necessary to do something for their support, and after the usual "what will people say?" they decided on hiring a furnished house, which had been

offered them by a friend of Mr. Archer's, and taking boarders, alledging as an apology for so doing, "that they would be very lonesome if there were no one in the house but themselves."

No sooner was Laura in her new abode than she began coquetting as of old, but without her former success. Then she had the reputation of being rich, now she was known to be poor.

There was a young countryman, whose father had sent him to the city to remain during the winter, that he might qualify himself for opening a store in his native village in the spring, and he boarded with the Archers.

Laura, having failed in all her other matrimonial speculations, laid siege to the heart of the bashful stripling.

There was no resisting Miss Laura's kindness, Miss Laura's winning ways. If she went out for a walk, or wished to go shopping, she could not think of going alone; no, she invariably called on him. If she wanted any thing brought from down town (which she did very frequently) she begged the favor of him. And, finally, in a fit of desperation, when he talked of going home, and "guessed as how he should n't settle there, but would go out West," she vowed she could not live without him.

What mattered it that she was several years older than he? What mattered it that he was half a head shorter than she? "What would the world say if she were an old maid?" Aye, that was it! and, in spite of all disparity, Laura became Mrs. Peter Jenkins!

CHAPTER XIII.

BLUE STOCKINGS AND BRIDES.

"And so Amy still retains her *penchant* for writing poetry. I believe she is afraid of my ridicule, and that is why she has always concealed her verses from me," said William Clayton to Catharine, as they stood one day looking over some manuscripts.

"Yes, you always teased her so much about being a poetess, and so often called her *bas bleu*, that she is rather shy of you."

"Well, there is a goodly pile of paper here, and some of the lines are thoughtful and sad to have been written by so young a girl."

"But Amy is not like the generality of young girls. Child as she was when our dear father was taken from us, his death made a deep and vivid impression upon her mind, and she never reverts to the painful events of that night without a shudder. Her early training in the school of sorrow has made her thoughtful beyond her years; but those deep and solemn thoughts are hidden within her heart, only to be breathed forth in verse. In daily life, Amy's warm and joyous nature makes her a very sunbeam in our path."

"I know it, Catharine, and Heaven grant she may ever be as now, the light of our home, the pride of our hearts. Here are some lines which purport to have been written after losing a young friend to whom she was tenderly attached:"

Thou comest in strange beauty,
Like a star-gleam on the sea,
And memory's shadows round thee fall
All soft and silently.

Thou comest in the freshness
Of thy unsullied worth,
Like angel ones who smile upon
The dwellers on this earth.

Thou comest in thy sweetness,
Which all unearthly seems,
Like lovely visions which but haunt
The beauteous world of dreams.

Thou comest in thy brightness,
Like golden hues of even,
Which, as we gaze in ecstasy,
Lose all their light in heaven.

Thou comest, and the tear drops
Are gathering in mine eye.
I thought not when I saw thee last
That thou so soon shouldst die!

Thou comest in the midnight,
When every glittering star
Shines out a world of glorious light
Where sinless spirits are.

Thou comest when the day-beam
Breaks forth from darkness free,
Thou 'rt ever with me, sainted one,
As other ne'er can be.

Thou comest, and I know thou art
A worshiper on high,
For every thought of thee is linked
With glories of the sky.

Thou comest, and I pray to be
Admitted where thou art,
In presence of th' Eternal One,
Where dwell the pure in heart.

"Let us put away these manuscripts now," said Catharine, when they had finished reading the lines, "and when we have more leisure I will show you some verses of Amy's which have been published."

"Published! and by our Amy? why she is not seventeen!"

"A young poetess, I grant you, but girls will feel, and think, and write, at seventeen," said Catharine, taking some magazines and papers from a book-shelf.

"I see by the signatures that all these have been sent anonymously."

"Why you do n't suppose that our timid, shrinking Amy could ever find courage enough to avow herself an authoress? You know how much ridicule has been thrown, by the small wits of the day, upon those whom they are pleased to term 'blue stockings,' and Amy is yet too young, and too timid, to treat such twattle with the contempt it deserves. It is said that literary women are slovenly and pedantic, and make miserable housekeepers. Now I venture to affirm, that the woman who is slovenly as a writer would be equally so if she never put pen to paper—that the woman who is pedantic, using big words to express common ideas, and displaying

her learning on unsuitable occasions, does so, not because she knows too much, but too little—and that the literary woman who is a bad housekeeper would be a still worse one if she were an ignoramus. Because a woman in her leisure moments jots down what is passing through her brain, it does not follow that she cannot (if need be) concoct a pudding, or make a pie, or get a comfortable meal for her husband, or mend her children's clothes, or do any other thing equally useful. When the hands are employed in domestic duties, the mind cannot be idle, and surely it is better to let it roam 'fancy free' than to chain it down to counting the stitches in a seam, or the bubbles on a pot."

"Bravo, Kate! henceforth you shall be the champion of the 'Blues!' Badinage aside, I confess it has been too much the fashion to decry lady writers, but depend upon it, it has only been done by men of narrow and illiberal mind. Such men are generally ignorant and conceited, and unwilling to allow any superiority to woman. The man whose intellectual powers have been highly cultivated, whose mind and heart are enlarged, feels no such petty jealousy. He has no fear that woman will outrival him, even in the lighter departments of literature, and an ignorant woman, however pretty she may be, can never maintain a power over his heart."

"Why, my dear brother," said Catharine, in a tone of mock seriousness, "how strangely you talk. A lady, who knew my fondness for reading, once said to me, 'Why do you read so much? Depend upon it you'll never get married; the men don't like women who know too much.'"

"Well, Catharine, that from one of your own sex should have been conclusive. But this speaking of marriage reminds me of Lester; when may we expect him?" Catharine blushed. "Do not blush. Kate; had you a letter this week? Fy! what a tell-tale face you have. I really wish Lester were here, he might help us solve this mystery about the money sent to mother for my education. Ah, there are mother and Amy, I'll ask them when you heard from him."

"O, Catharine, dear Catharine, we have just come from Mrs. Clinton's, and she says the vessel is below; and they are all overjoyed for your sake, dear sister."

"What vessel, Amy?" said her brother, "what vessel are you speaking about?"

"The packet that Mr. Lester's coming in—has not Catharine told you? She had a letter by the last steamer."

Catharine was startled by this sudden intelligence, for she had not expected the vessel so soon, and she sat down faint from emotion.

"There is Lester now!" exclaimed William, darting to the door.

Catharine could neither speak nor move, and the next moment Lester caught her in his arms.

"My dear girl!—my own Kate! My dear Mrs. Clayton! Amy! William! All here—all spared! Thank God!—thank God!"

It was some time before either of the group was

sufficiently composed to speak with any thing like coherency. Five years had Lester remained in England, faithful to his promise not to leave it while his grandfather was living. Often, when he had written of his ardent desire to return, one word from Catharine would have brought him to her side, but she encouraged him in his resolution, and besought him not to leave the old man who doated on him. In the meantime she remained with Mrs. Clinton, and the liberal salary allowed her by that lady enabled her to maintain her mother in a plain, genteel style of living, without Mrs. Clayton being obliged to use any exertion but such as her health permitted. William had been nearly three years in the Theological Seminary, and at the expiration of the fourth was to receive ordination; and Amy had grown a beautiful and accomplished girl, almost a woman, without losing any of the warm, frank-hearted truthfulness which had made her so engaging when a child. What a long, long talk had Edward and Catharine together, when the rest of the family considerably withdrew, and left them to themselves. What fears that they should never meet—what hopes and prayers that they might—had been theirs during those five long years!

"And did you never doubt me, Catharine, as year after year went by without my returning?"

"Never for a moment, Edward—how could I, dearest, after—"

The rest of Catharine's answer was smothered on her lips, and Edward Lester, even with his added five years, forgot his usual stately demeanor as he repeated "dearest!" and added, "my own sweet Kate!"

We will not linger over our tale, though we could relate much that would find an echo in every loving heart—much that would bring back the bright visions of their youth to the sober matron and the man of middle age—and much that would make the old look back over a long lapse of years, and give a sigh to the past.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," and never was there a brighter sun than that which shone through the church window, and fell on the white vestments of the priest, and never was there happier bride than Catharine Clayton as she knelt and pronounced those vows which made her Lester's for life.

Her wildest dreams—dreams that had haunted her when a girl, that had clung to her through the darkest hours of her destitution—were now realized. She had a home, a happy home, for her mother, her brother, and Amy!

The following summer William was ordained, and, after repeating for the hundredth time his wish to know who was his generous benefactor, Catharine whispered the secret in his ear.

"Lester? Why did I not think of him? Dear, generous Lester! And how long have you known this, Catharine?"

"Only since your ordination. Edward had determined on not telling it before, nor would he have ever told it had we not been married, for he knew

your aversion to being under obligations to any but your dearest friends."

"Dear Lester, how can I ever repay your kindness?" said William, turning to his brother-in-law, who was entering the room.

"By standing godfather to my little Willie," answered Edward, pointing to a chubby urchin who was sleeping soundly in his cradle, by which Amy was seated.

"Ha! my young poetess—caught at last!" and Lester playfully drew forth a slip of paper, the end of which was peeping out of Amy's pocket. "Lines to a Sleeping Infant!" Here, William, read them. Nay, Amy, if you are not afraid of Graham, or the Knickerbocker, why should you be afraid of us? Read, William."

But before William could commence, Julia and Emily Clinton entered—and Amy, slipping slyly behind her brother, seized the paper and put it again in her pocket. William and Emily chanced somehow to be left by themselves, while the other members of the party, with Mrs. Clayton who had joined them, were grouped around the baby, who began to give audible signs of wakefulness.

"You remember what you promised, Emily, as soon as I obtained a church and a parsonage!"

Emily blushed, and glanced timidly around to see if they were observed, but all seemed lost in their admiration of the infant, and totally forgetful of the presence of William and herself. What was the promise to which he had alluded? Simply this—that Emily Clinton had promised to be his wife as soon as he had obtained the charge of a congregation.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Hardy, to one of her friends—"Well, I declare! Mrs. Clinton is the strangest woman in the world! Why, I hear that her daughter Emily is engaged to William Clayton. Only to think of her allowing one of her girls to marry the brother of a governess! And he is poor, too, with nothing but his profession to depend on—nothing but the salary he will receive as a clergyman! What *will* the world say?"

But how little was Mrs. Clinton, or her friends the Claytons, influenced by the opinions of those whom Mrs. Hardy styled "the world!"

Through a life of unbounded prosperity, Mrs. Clinton had ever been mild, gentle and unassuming; treating the lowliest of her fellow creatures as beings who had been made by the same God, who had been redeemed by the same Savior, and who should be judged by the same Judge as she herself. Never, when visiting the abodes of the destitute, or when welcoming with frank cordiality the poor in purse but gifted in intellect to her elegant home, did she fear compromising her own dignity by so doing, nor pause to ask, "what will the world say?"

Through bitter trials, through years of adversity, the Claytons had always retained their self-respect. They had never cringed to the wealthy, nor done aught that partook of meanness. They had not spent their time in useless and sinful repinings, but with humble and trusting, though often saddened hearts, had relied on that Almighty Providence whose care

is over all His creatures. And why should they, firm in their integrity, pause to ask, "What will the world say?"

In less than six months after William Clayton's

ordination, another bridal party entered the church; the sun shone gloriously on another bride, and a dearer link was added to the chain which bound the Clintons to the Governess.

TO THE NEW MOON, PASSING BEHIND MONUMENT MOUNTAIN, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

Crescent bark of silvery light!
Launching from yon hoary height,
Let me from its topmost cliff
Leap into thy fairy skiff,
And o'er twilight's rosy sea
Sail with eve's first star and thee;
Wafted by the westerling breeze
Through those cloud-Hesperides,
With the great Sun right before,
And the Night with dusky prone
In our gloaming wake abast
Looming like a corsair-craft.

O what transport it would be,
What sweet boon for memory!
One round voyage with thee to make
In the slant sun's gorgeous wake,
As he sweeps aerial seas
Isled with prismy Cyclades:
Till from yonder height, as now,
Thou shouldst turn thy silver prow,
And again with lessening sheen
Vanish in the dim serene!

Whose sails o'er Horicon
Glide in silent wonder on,
For its crystal depths appear
But a buoyant atmosphere
Poured into the hollowed hills
From the sky's own airy rills;
And all shapes that glance therein,
Golden scale or silver fin,
And all lifeless forms besprent
Through its magic firmament,
Sparry cloud and crystal star
Gleaming upward from afar,
To his steadfast vision seem
Phases of a fairy dream.

Thus should I, who never strayed
From this valley's native shade,
Launching from yon cliff with thee,
Rover of the twilight sea!
Gaze with wonder wrapt and calm
On the shifting panorama—
Lonely waste and crowded mart
Trophied with the pomps of art—
Seas and streams where commerce flings
To the breeze her snowy wings—
Fields baptized in red renown
Where the tyrant's helm went down,
Or the spent ranks of the free
Hopeless bowed the stubborn knee.

Birds have sung their vesper-hymn,
Rosy clouds grow cold and dim;
Shadows cast o'er hill and glade
Fade in evening's browner shade,
And the forms that cast them too
Soon shall perish from the view,
Till, from mountain, grove and plain
Morn shall lift their pall again.
Lo! as twilight's smiles depart,
Sadness veils my lonely heart,
For the landscape's dusky stole
Casts its shadow o'er the soul.

Let me, then, bright argosy,
Coast night's starry seas with thee,
Wrapt from nature's Ethiop twin,
Gloom without and gloom within!
Let me feel the awe that broods
O'er primeval solitudes,
Where the voice of centuries
Speaks from patriarchal trees,
Whose concentric annals shame
Written lore's remotest fame,
Telling more than e'er betid
Ghizeli's grayest pyramid.

Soon thou 'lt cross the eastern verge
Of the boundless prairie-surge,
Whose unrummured billows sleep
Like a green enchanted deep
Tranced in ever-during rest
When its dance was loveliest.
Let me see the Sioux braves
Stealing through those grassy waves
Toward some hillock's bosky screen,
Whence far o'er the pastoral scene,
Bathed in sunset's mellow gleam,
Winds the bison's dusky stream,
Hither, thither, bend on bend,
Like a Lethe without end.
Now they scent the nearer strife,
Bend the bow and grasp the knife,
And with one far-echoing whoop
On their shaggy quarry swoop!

O what rapture it would be,
Bark of twilight's rosy sea!
One round voyage with thee to make
In the slant sun's gorgeous wake,
Till from yonder height, as now,
Thou shouldst turn thy silver prow,
And again with lessening sheen
Vanish in the dim serene!

BESSIE BELL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

WHEN did Love, saucy urchin, ever stop for reflection? When did he ever take heed for the mischief he might be doing, as he recklessly lets fly his arrows around? *Did he ever? Not he!* It even appears as if he enjoyed the sport the more—the more he witnesses the sighs and tears of his victims, which his own cruel hand has wrought—and laughs beneath his wings at the frowns and threats of obdurate papas, and the grave lectures of prudent mothers!

For example, now, here is an exploit of the little god in our own good village of Fairdale.

Upon the summit of a beautiful green knoll in the most secluded quarter of the village stands the comfortable cottage of Goodman Bell, the miller. In front the view is unobstructed, sweeping gradually down to the bright waters of the Silver Creek, as it is called, which skirts the base. And here stands the old mill which has ground out the corn and rye to feed all Fairdale for two generations, in the tempting guise of johnny-cakes, hasty-pudding, and substantial loaves of smoking brown bread! Leaping over the dam come the waters of the creek, rushing and dashing down with great attempt at display, then creaming and foaming around the old moss-grown stanchions, fall off quietly into the silver sheet below. From morning until night the cheerful music of the mill mingles with the song of the birds, and the gentle whispers of the wind among the drooping branches of the old willow-tree. And after a storm, the waters as they hurry over the dam, vexed perhaps that their translucent beauty is for the time destroyed, fret and fume so loudly that they may be heard even for miles around.

At the back of the miller's cottage is a thick grove of pines, embalming the air with their healthful fragrance. Between this grove and the house, however, is the substantial kitchen garden, which in their season displays a flourishing array of vegetables—nor must I omit to mention in proof of the taste which reigns within the cottage, that upon each side of the lawn in front is a small flower-plot, bordered with tulips, pinks, and jump-up-johnnies—huge peonies in the centre, and the intermediate spaces filled up with ragged-robin, lark-spur, marigolds, and other floral varieties. There are rose-bushes, too, around the windows—wild grape-vines trained over the little summer-house, and upon each side of the front door a tall lilac stands nodding to its neighbor snow-ball at the corner. In fact, one may travel far and not rest their eyes upon a more lovely spot than marks the domain of our good miller.

And as all was so quiet and pleasant *without* the

cottage, so was it all sunshine *within*. The miller's wife was a pattern of thrift and cheerfulness, and Bessie—but here I must pause a moment to think *what* she was like! Such a little mischievous merry maiden has seldom tripped over Fairdale green as Bessie Bell! Such a pair of roguish black eyes—long silken lashes, perfect love-nets to ensnare poor swains—then such a redundancy of dark shining tresses, as *would* curl and do as they pleased in spite of comb or coquettish ribbon. But as for her mouth, it defied all criticism—I am almost sorry to say that the little gipsy kept it in such constant play, laughing and singing, that it must be a keen eye indeed which could detect its outline—but her lips were red as cherries, and her little teeth almost dazzled, they were so white and shining. She was not fair, but more beautiful far, with her clear olive complexion, and cheeks like a fresh blown rose. She was no sylph, Bessie Bell—for two hands could not span her waist by many long inches, and her plump round arms could wield the broom or ply the dasher with equal dexterity.

I would not insinuate by this that she was *very* industrious—how could she be, the merry one, when there were the birds, and the butterflies, and her own happy heart, bidding her be on the wing for joy and gladness! Sometimes the good mother would shake her head and exclaim:

"Well, well, this will never do—Bessie *must* go to work!"

"Yes, yes, Bessie *must* go to work!" echoed the miller.

And so they kept on shaking their heads, and apostrophizing, from week to week, and from month to month, and year to year! But one glance from Bessie's roguish eye would destroy all the grave lectures which Goodman Bell had treasured up during his day's work as reproofs for her giddiness—and the wheel of the old lady never flew round and round so swiftly as when she was listening to one of Bessie's merry songs. And thus smoothly passed the life of the miller's only daughter until her seventeenth year,

"The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, and slumbers light,"

marking the innocence and gladness of her heart.

Plenty of lovers had Bessie—causing no small share of envy from the more wealthy and accomplished village belles—for their brothers—their cousins—even their beaux from the city, all alike seemed perfectly fascinated by the charms of the little maid.

Never was miller more prosperous than Goodman

Bell—never was so much grist brought to one mill—never a clapper kept so busy! The little boys, poor fellows, could scarcely ever mount the meal-sack and ride on old Dobbin to mill—and *why*? Why, because their elder brothers, or some neighbor's tall gawky son, *would* carry the grist themselves—and not only *carry* it there, but, bless you, they would wait, and wait, hour after hour, sauntering around the mill, or in the grove, under pretence of waiting for their load, when it was all just for a glance at that bewitching little gipsy, Bessie Bell!

Now, as Bessie was their only child, and withal so pretty and lively, it is no wonder the honest miller and his wife had formed great expectations for the future. No less quality than a lawyer, or a doctor, perhaps a clergyman, did they look for in a son-in-law; and, as he counted over his gains, with honest pride the good man would exclaim:

"Our daughter will not go empty-handed into any man's house!" and the old lady would glance complacently at the crowded clothes-presses filled with snowy linen, and at the large chests heaped with bed-quilts and blankets, all the work of her own hands, intended as a marriage dowry for her darling Bessie.

In short, all went pleasantly and happily under the miller's roof until that same Love must needs kindle up discord and rebellion! I do not wonder the little god wished to try his skill upon one as roguish as himself—but then, for once, he might have let "the course of true love run smooth," and not caused so much disturbance in the shape of Hal Carey, comely as that shape was! Now, who was Hal Carey? no lawyer—no doctor—no minister—not even a spruce clerk in our "variety store!" He was *nobody*—just *nobody* at all—and for Love to introduce such an one to the affections of the miller's bright-eyed daughter, all who read must allow was a most shabby trick!

Hal Carey belonged to that numerous class of persons who never get up in the world—not from any fault of their own—not because they have not industry, honesty, sobriety, and perseverance—but because Fate like a mill-stone presses upon their heads, and whenever they would rise, sinks them again to the level. The grandfather of Hal had been an industrious day-laborer—working from morning till night, toiling like a slave in the fields and barns of Fairdale—so had Hal's father—and so did Hal himself; but there was a certain shrewdness and talent about the latter which his progenitors did not possess—and many knowing ones in the village prognosticated that "Hal would be something yet!"

Goodman Bell often employed Hal, little thinking what a piece of work he was laying out for himself; and although he often glanced at the athletic figure and fine open countenance of his workman, and thought what a noble-looking fellow he was, the simple old man never once surmised his pretty daughter might think so too!

So there was Hal day after day busy about the mill, or in the garden, or cleaving the huge logs piled up in the wood-yard—and there was sly Bessie, too, running back and forth, now dancing and skip-

ping down to Silver Creek, now industriously weeding the onion-beds, or peeping up roguishly at the animated face of her lover, almost beneath the very stroke of the axe, as, like a dutiful daughter, she gathered up chips for her mother—naughty Bessie!

Some perhaps may blame poor Hal, whose only wealth consisted in the possession of a kind old grandmother, whose delight he was, and for whose support every dollar he earned was applied, for stealing the affections of charming Bessie, whose station in life, though but a humble miller's daughter, was so far above his own. Nor do I think he had any such intent—it was Love's doings—neither Hal nor Bessie had any voice in the matter!

At length a suitor, such a one as gladdened the eyes and joyed the heart of Goodman Bell, made his appearance at the cottage. What though he was as old again as Bessie, and a widower with three rude romping children! This was a mere trifle—for was he not a lawyer, living in one of the finest houses in Fairdale—nor was there any lack of handsome carpets, or stately mirrors, to gladden the eyes of a young bride! No wonder the miller was a happy man, as, day after day, he saw the gig and fine bay horse of the lawyer wending up the hill and stopping at his own little gate—nor did he deem it occasion to frown if there the gig remained an hour, or even longer. Sometimes, too, the lover acceded to the kind invitations of Mrs. Bell, and partook heartily of her nice bread and butter, praised the flavor of her fine tea, and the delicacy of her cheese-cakes. The old lady was in ecstasies—but the perverse Bessie appeared to care very little about it, and had always some particular errand to call her from the little parlor, leaving the enamored lawyer to a cosy tête-à-tête with good Mrs. Bell.

Everybody in Fairdale respected Lawyer B—. He seldom mixed in any society, and it is perhaps an anomaly in village annals, that, although rich, talented, and agreeable, neither widow nor maiden ever thought of aiming at his heart. When, therefore, it was whispered around that he was courting the miller's daughter, the excitement was immense, and, if the truth could have been ascertained, Bessie herself cared less about the matter than any one. The poor girl now became the object of general animadversion—from mothers down to misses of fourteen, she was called "pert," "artful," "presuming," nor for the time did the lawyer himself suffer less from the jealous tongues of the young men.

This state of things continued for some weeks, yet, as love had command of the heart's machinery, could not remain thus passive forever. The crisis arrived. Many times had the lawyer sought an opportunity of divulging his love to the ears of the conscious maiden, yet such was her caprice that he was even forced at length to require the intercession of Mrs. Bell, and surely no lover ever enlisted a more staunch ally!

True to her allegiance, the very next morning the good woman summoned her daughter to the dairy, under pretence of needing her assistance in buttering

the rich yellow cheeses. The dame was evidently impressed with the importance of her mission, and sanguine of its success. She therefore opened the debate at once, by exclaiming:

"Well, Bessy, what a lucky girl you are!"

Bessie opened her eyes, looked at her mother, but said nothing.

"Yes, a lucky girl—for only think, Lawyer B—wants to make you his wife! Just think of it! Not but what you are good enough, child, for any man, though I say it—but then to marry a lawyer, and such a rich one, too, is pretty well for the child of Andrew Bell!"

Still Bessie made no answer, but assiduously rubbed and turned the cheeses.

"Now say, Bessie," continued the dame, "aint you delighted? Why just think, child, you will be as grand as any body in the village. Yes, yes—there will be Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Davis, and all the great folks hand and glove with you."

And now Bessie laughed until her bright eyes swam in tears.

"Ah, I knew you would feel merry as a cricket at such good news. Now, child, when the lawyer comes to-night, you must not run off into the garden, or down to the mill, as you always do. You must put on your prettiest smile and sit still, and then he will tell you all I have said, and like enough a great many more fine things. And then you must thank him kindly—tell him you love him, and will be proud to be his wife."

"No, mother, I shall tell him no such thing—for I do not love him, and shall never be his wife."

"Bessie!"

"Mother!"

"Are you crazy, or what on earth do you mean? Not marry Lawyer B—! Pooh—pooh! child—how silly you talk!" cried the old lady.

"Well, I cannot help it, mother. But, I tell you truly, I never shall marry him! No, indeed! Why, only think, he is almost as old as—as—"

And here Bessie, catching a glimpse of Hal Carey through the little latticed window, blushed like a rose, laughed, nodded, and in short forgot what she was talking about.

Unfortunately, the watchful eye of Mrs. Bell saw the sudden blush, detected the cause, and her suspicions were at once aroused.

"I do believe, positively, Bessie, that impudent fellow, Hal Carey, has been making love to you!"

"Yes, mother."

"Yes, mother! And how dare you let him, Bessie Bell—answer me that!" exclaimed the indignant mother.

"Why, I could not help it, mother—for I love him just as well as he loves me!" innocently replied Bessie.

The cheese which Mrs. Bell held aloft upon one hand, in the act of being restored to its fellows upon the upper shelf, at this announcement slipped and fell to the floor, while, darting an angry look at her daughter, she rushed through the door, nor stopped until she reached the mill, and had poured into the

ears of her good man the astounding discovery she had made.

Although proverbial for his good nature, the anger and indignation of the miller were, if possible, even more excited than that of his dame; and the unconscious Hal, who happened at the moment to be busied about the mill, received a torrent of invective and abuse—was instantly dismissed forever from the service of the miller, and forbidden not only to approach near the house, but never to presume to even think of Bessie again!

Ah, ha! poor old man!—thought sly Love—as if I was going to give up the sport! No, no—the fun has just begun!

Hal dismissed, it was now poor Bessie's turn. Passive as a lamb, she received the united outpourings of wrath from father and mother, until told never to think of Hal again, and to prepare instantly to receive the lawyer as her lover. Then little Bessie stood up, and said with firmness—

"No father—no mother—I cannot obey you! I love Hal Carey, and I will either be his wife, or remain Bessie Bell all my days!"

The wife of Hal Carey! Did any one ever hear the like! And taking her up in his arms, the miller bore the naughty girl to the garret, and there telling her she should remain until she consented to become Mrs. B—, he locked the door and left her to repentance.

Poor little Bessie—what should she do? Was she to remain a prisoner all her life? For give up Hal, dear Hal, she never would for any lawyer in creation—not she! And so down she sat, pouting and sobbing—wishing all manner of things—more particularly that all lawyers, and Lawyer B—especially, were drowned in the mill-race—and that Hal, like the Prince in Cinderella, could come in a coach and six and carry her off!

She was a courageous little soul, and very much in love, and to prove it she resolved to do something desperate. What should it be?

"Shall I hang myself," she pondered, "upon that ugly beam yonder, with the strings of dried apples and seed corn? No. Well, shall I jump out of the window, and throw myself into the creek? No—that won't do. Well, what shall it be?—for I will die, I certainly will, before I marry any body but Hal. I'll starve myself! Yes, that will do nicely!" and having formed this comfortable conclusion, she closed her little teeth firmly together—compressed her pouting red lips—wiped her eyes—folded her hands resignedly, and, leaning back against the rough partition, awaited her fate!

As if to further her object, no dinner was sent to her. But at tea-time, poor Mrs. Bell, already anxious and worrying about her darling, took up herself a nice cup of tea and some cream short-cakes. Bessie neither spoke nor looked at her mother—but sat like a martyr.

When, in the morning, her breakfast was carried to her, there stood the supper untouched—the same with the breakfast—the same with the dinner—and the same with the supper again! Well, this would

never do—and so the dame told her husband, who forthwith ascended to the garret and began to remonstrate—to coax—and finally to implore Bessie to eat, if only one morsel. Yet now Bessie not only would not *eat*—but, bless you! she would not *speak*—but sat making signs, like a deaf mute! All night and all day did the anxious miller and his wife run up and down the stairs every five minutes! Still there was no change in Bessie—until at length, very much alarmed, and repenting their severity, they hastily summoned the doctor to prescribe for this sudden and unaccountable malady.

Bessie had always been a great pet with the doctor, and the worthy man was therefore quickly at the cottage of the miller.

A roguish smile, which, in spite of herself, played amid the dimples of Bessie's little mouth, as she saw the anxiety depicted upon the countenance of her kind old friend, convinced him with half an eye that the case of his patient was not a hopeless one, and, remembering the old adage, "a bird that can sing, and will not, must be made to sing," immediately took the most effectual method to bring about so desirable an event. Putting on a very grave face, however, the doctor felt the pulse and examined the tongue of his patient, shook his head, and then summoned the parents to a private conference.

He soon found out how matters stood, and resolving his little favorite should not be thwarted in her affections, and moreover having an excellent opinion

of Hal Carey, felt himself enlisted at once in the service of the lovers. Bidding the anxious parents not to be too much alarmed, as he had some hopes of their daughter's recovery from her singular state, he took his leave, and in a short time his old green gig was seen at the gate of Lawyer B—.

When the doctor next visited the cottage of Goodman Bell, strange to say, he was accompanied by the lawyer himself, who, to attest his eloquence at the bar, at once commenced an appeal to the generosity and affection of honest Andrew and his wife, entreating them not only to forgive their child, but to send for poor Hal Carey and consent to his marriage with their darling Bessie. Nay more—if other inducement were wanting, save the happiness of their daughter, he would bestow a fine farm upon the young couple as a marriage dower!

It is almost needless to say his eloquence, backed by so solid an argument, prevailed, and the lawyer himself hastened to announce to Hal the happiness which awaited him.

It was astonishing how soon Bessie recovered, not only her appetite, but her volubility!

The kind lawyer was as good as his word. In the snug little cottage upon Wintergreen Farm now dwell Hal and his pretty, roguish wife. One would think, too, the happy husband would feel a little jealous, for every day of her life Bessie declares she does love dear Lawyer B— better than almost any body in the world!

THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Heaven was in her before she went to Heaven.—*Izaak Walton.*

Now in her snow-white shroud she lies,
Her lily-lids veil her blue eyes,
As if she looked with mild surprise
Up to her soul in Paradise.

Her hands lie folded on her breast,
Crossed like the cross that gave her rest;
She looks as if some Heavenly guest
Had told her that her soul was blest.

She lies as if she seemed to hear
Sphere-music breaking on her ear—
Breaking in accents silver-clear,
In concert with her soul up there.

The calmness of divinest peace
Rests on her brow—upon her face—
Expressive of her soul's release
From earth to joys that never cease.

Her pale, cold lips, by Death compressed,
Speak out to me most manifest—
A silent language of the rest
That she now feels among the blest.

Her body was the Temple bright
In which her soul dwelt full of light,
Triumphing over Death's dark night—
High Heaven laid open to the sight.

Burning with pure seraphic love,
Veiled in the meekness of the dove,
Her soul, beside the throne of Jove,
Looks down on me from Heaven above.

I wept warm tears on her pale face,
As she lay there in Death's embrace,
Whereon no passion could we trace,
But calmness, meekness, Heavenly grace.

In Death's great whirlwind she did hear
God's voice upon her listening ear,
Breaking in accents silver-clear—
"The goal that thou dost seek is near."

With haggard, pale face then she went
Out of this world's great discontent,
Up through the starry firmament,
Into the Place of Pure Content.

"TO BE WEAK IS MISERY."

A STORY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA WILDS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

THE DELAWARE WATERGAP has been often described, and has a place among the fine specimens of American scenery illustrated by artists; but it has something to complain of that it has not become more universally a favorite resort. The visitor who wishes to escape from the city in warm weather would be at a loss to find a spot where a contrast to the scenes he has quitted, of the freshness and wildness of nature, is more delightfully offered.

The Gap House, built for the accommodation of the few who have taste enough to prefer this locality to more fashionable and crowded watering places, is small, but pleasantly situated on the side of a mountain, and commands a fine view of the entrance of the river into this magnificent gorge. The House has, moreover, an abundance of piazzas, that convenience so indispensable to comfort in the summer season, from which the contemplative guest may feast his eyes with beauty, in the misty morning, or at golden eve, or beneath the silver radiance of moonlight.

At the time I first visited the Water Gap no hotel was built, and if the chance traveler stopped a few moments to enjoy the new and sublime scenery around him, he fastened his horse to a tree, and walked to the points where the finest views could be obtained. Even now the hand of art has done little to impair the picturesque wildness of that silent solitude. The hoary pines still crest the mountain summits, and mantle their shaggy sides with sombre verdure; the forest is still as impenetrable, and the valley as rude, as before the hand of man had built a dwelling there. To one who stands within the Gap, the mountains seem to reach almost to the clouds, richly wooded to the top, save one precipitous, rocky wall on the left hand. Through all the windings of the gorge it may be seen that the mountain, according to the Indian tradition, was once united, and has been rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature to give passage to the Delaware. The projections correspond to recesses on the opposite sides; and it appears not impossible that the mountain's ponderous jaws might again close. For a mile through this ravine flows the calm river, picturing the woods and cliffs in its bosom, and darkened by the shadows of masses of foliage.

Almost equally beautiful, if less striking "incidents of scenery," enchant the traveler westward with a perpetual surprise. The road leading to Stroudsburg, a pretty village embosomed by moun-

tains, and that diverging northward, which our party followed, are as romantic as poetic lover of nature could desire. Now the road is lost in the deep forest, into which the sunbeams at noonday can hardly penetrate—now it skirts the mountain, overlooking a rich and cultivated valley—now it winds along or crosses some bright stream—now borders some shelving precipice, or ascends some elevation commanding an extensive view. Far as the eye can reach stretch mountains above mountains, the most distant fading into a misty and mellowed outline; their summits and sides are covered with a rich mantle of foliage, which at this time wore the gorgeous livery of autumn, crimson, purple and gold. The windings of the river could be followed by the eye to a great distance, gleaming from its fringe of woods, or bordering cultivated fields; and small farms and clusters of houses, here and there, formed an enlivening variety to the broad, primitive forests on every side. But these forests—they have a glory and a beauty of their own. It is that of a redundancy—a luxuriance of vegetable life, such as cannot be described. They are almost impassable from the rich undergrowth, and yet the soil is teeming. This is, however, only in the valleys; the mountains are exposed to the bleak winds of winter, and the growth, though still close, is less impervious.

I remember in one of the wildest spots of this romantic region, a small cluster of houses, too few to be called a village (for here the anticipative spirit of the west is unknown) but enough to show that social human life was there, and to promise the traveler refreshment and repose. This promise appealed more palpably to the senses when we saw a rustic sign swinging in front of one of the white-washed cottages, if so they might be called—for the building, though it boasted two stories, was not elaborate enough to be entitled to the name of a hotel. In fact, it was of logs roughly hewn—but had an air of comfort, notwithstanding; for a large oak tree by the door shaded it from the sun, and it was protected from the sweeping wintry winds by a lofty hill just in the rear. The sign hung from one of the branches of the tree—its uncouth painting of a man and horse betokened that food and rest for both animals might be found within. Then, to show that even this humble exterior could be embellished by the hand of taste, a little garden on one side bloomed with phlox, chrysanthemums, and other flowers in season, and showed, moreover, no poor

variety of fruit trees. A vine was trained up the front, and, curling round the windows, gave a pretty rural air to the place. The barn, stable, and various outhouses, were commodious and well furnished enough to exhibit both good farming and good management.

I could describe this locality even more particularly, for it is impressed upon my mind by after associations. But it is not necessary. As we approached the house, and stopped to alight, a beautiful child, about four years of age, who had been gathering apples in the garden, came out to look at us. His cheeks were red as the sunny side of the fruit itself; and his large, dark eyes, with their sweet expression of earnestness and innocent wonder, drew our attention.

"My little fellow," said one of our party, "will you not give me one of your nice apples?"

The child instantly reached out the one he held in his hand, and, wishing to be impartial in his liberality, proceeded to deal one to each of the rest from his little basket.

"That is a fine boy. What is your name?"

"Harry. Have you brought home my papa?" he asked, after a pause.

"No, my child. Where is your papa?"

"I do not know where he is—but he is coming home to-night," replied the boy. And then, as an elderly man came from the house to receive us, he ran gaily back to refill his basket.

Before we entered my attention had been arrested by the sound of a female voice singing, and I looked up. A young woman was partly leaning out of the window, as if to gaze at us. I had a full view of her face, which was a very pretty one, but its expression startled me. The smile—for she was smiling—was not one of pleasure, but of vacancy, and impressed me painfully. She clapped her hands as she saw the child run back, and then resumed her song, while we were conducted into the cottage.

At the evening meal, as is sometimes the custom in remote parts of the country, the host and hostess sat down with the guests. The young woman I had heard singing did not appear. At the close of the repast I ventured to ask the old woman if she had any children beside the little Harry.

"He is my grandson," she replied. "I have only one child—a daughter."

I saw her countenance change, and she sighed as she spoke. Of course, the conversation was not renewed. We all retired early to humble though comfortable sleeping accommodations.

It was, as nearly as I can remember, about two in the morning, that I was awakened by a gleam of light in the narrow entry into which the door of my apartment opened. At first, I supposed it was morning, and some of the family were up; but the deep stillness throughout the house, in which the slow though light footsteps without could be plainly heard, excited some curiosity, not unmixed with apprehension. It required no slight exertion of the will to rise and open the door softly, wide enough to enable me to see. A superstitious person might have

been appalled at the sight; as to myself, I shall not pretend to describe my sensations, and therefore pass them over, simply recording what passed under my observation.

A female figure, in a white night-dress, holding a candle in her hand, stood in the entry. Her face I instantly recognized—it was the young woman who had appeared at the window. Its expression, however, was no longer vacancy—it was that of trembling anxiety and expectation. She glanced from side to side; her figure was slightly bent forward, as if in eager attention; and her hand shook as she shaded the light while she moved. Evidently, she was not sleep-walking; her eyes were full of fire and earnestness; her lips were parted, as if some thought that occupied her whole soul were on the point of utterance; her movements were slow and stealthy. She might have been thus careful for fear of disturbing the sleeping household; but her whole air betokened so much anxiety, mixed with fear, that it could not be supposed she merely dreaded awakening others. It was certainly singular. What could be the errand that called her forth at this hour of the night?

Passing my door, she descended the stairs with the same cautious step, set down her light, opened the house-door, and went out. Perhaps fifteen minutes elapsed, and she had not returned, when the door of a room below, where slept the host and hostess, opened. Just then the young woman came back. I could hear the father's voice, speaking in tones of displeasure. As she ascended, and went again to her chamber, the expression of grief and disappointment could be plainly seen in her face. She shook her head, and murmured some words indistinctly, putting her hand frequently to her eyes, as if to wipe away the tears.

Nothing more was heard during the night. But the strange occurrence I had witnessed deprived me of sleep till near dawn, when nature made amends for her deprivation. The sun was high when I arose. A clean-looking breakfast-table was laid in the dining-room or parlor, which opened into the kitchen. The guests were free to go thither also, and to see the bountiful preparations for the morning meal. The good old dame, whom I shall call Mrs. Herrot, was engaged in these, for she had no servant, her husband performing the out-door duties. On one side of the fire sat the young woman, her daughter, spinning flax at a small wheel. I was almost startled to perceive how totally changed she was from the singular apparition of the night. She looked as quiet and sedate as if she had no thought beyond her spinning-wheel. Her face was youthful even to childishness; her features were almost classically regular, and would have been beautiful but for a certain want, one could hardly say of what, which impressed the beholder with a feeling of sadness whenever she raised the large eyes that were commonly veiled under the longest and darkest lashes in the world. So complete was the repose of the countenance she could hardly have been believed capable of a single emotion. The

little boy sat at her feet, eating a bowl of bread and milk. Occasionally, when he spoke to her, she would suspend her work for an instant to look at him, and I perceived the same strangely vacant smile I had before noticed.

Mrs. Herrot could not fail to observe that her daughter was an object of attention, which she perhaps thought connected with the occurrence of the night. She took an opportunity of apologizing, in a low tone, for the disturbance, which she excused by saying that her poor Lydia's mind was not quite right. She would frequently walk about, and sometimes leave the house, at night.

"My girl," added the old woman, "was not always so. She was as bright a child as that boy yonder," pointing to little Harry. "And it was no fault of hers that brought her to this condition, unless it be a sin to love too much. God willed she should suffer for the wickedness of another. We must submit."

The mother wiped her eyes as she said this, and none would have been so unfeeling as to have pressed for an explanation. Curiosity was silenced in awe and sympathy. The sufferings of the honest poor have a sacredness on which strangers have no right to intrude.

It was not until years afterward that I heard the story of that unfortunate girl, with its strange sequel. To avoid digression and obscurity I shall relate it as a connected narration.

Lydia Herrot grew up, as her mother had said, a bright and blooming girl. Her sprightly disposition, and her sweet, cheerful voice, with which she was continually singing rustic songs, made her as blithe as a bird, and a perpetual joy to her parents. She assisted her mother in the household work, rode on horseback about the country, and was present at every quilting frolic, dance, or tea-drinking within a dozen miles around. Of course, she was not without admirers, and soon made choice of one among them. Her selection was not altogether approved of by her parents—but they would not cross the wishes of their only child. Robert Barlow was a dashing young fellow, able and willing to work, and had some property. It was a pity only that he had no relations in the neighborhood to keep him steady. He had come from one of the western States, and seemed to have no settled home. Yet he was full of fair promises, and Lydia loved him devotedly; so the simple-hearted old couple could not refuse their consent. They only stipulated that he should take a farm near them. He did so—and the young married couple lived a year or two apparently in happiness. Lydia saw her parents frequently, but did not tell them that her husband drank too freely—that he had formed associations with several young men as wild as himself—that he often passed the nights from home, or returned intoxicated and terrified her with his violence. She did not tell them that their means gradually wasted away—that the stock was sold to buy provisions and liquor—and that sometimes, when she brought her infant to her father's house, she was faint from not having tasted food since the

preceding day. All this she kept to herself with a wifelike tenderness and delicacy instinctive even in uncultivated natures; and though Mrs. Herrot surmised that all was not as it should be, she knew not the extent of her daughter's privations and sufferings, till the conduct of her husband had become the talk of the neighborhood.

The catastrophe soon came. Barlow, who had often abused his wife, on his return home after his mad carousings, because there was not plenty of food and fire in his wretched dwelling, became a changed man—but not for the better. He went out little by day, pretending to busy himself about the repairs of his grounds, but seldom spent a night at home. But there was no lack of provisions, clothing, or even money, in his house. Poor Lydia felt this the hardest blow of all. She had been brought up in the strictest principles of honesty and virtue; and the knowledge that she was forced to live, from day to day, on the fruits of vice—of theft—was more than she could bear. She had borne poverty and hardship with scarce a murmur—but the anguish and shame of this discovery she had no strength to endure.

One night, Barlow came home late, and flung down on the hearth a lamb he had stolen from a farmer some miles distant, bidding his wife make haste to dress some of it for supper as he wanted to go out again. Lydia had put her child to bed, and sat watching his innocent slumbers. She did not move when first spoken to—nor after the order had been repeated—till her husband asked, with an oath, if she meant he should have no supper. Suddenly she sprang from her seat, and threw herself on her knees before him.

"Robert," she said, with an energy she had never before displayed—for her nature was gentle and submissive—"you have not come honestly by this!"

"That is none of your business!" retorted the man sharply.

"Oh, yes it is, Robert! and I have been thinking how wicked it has been in me not to speak—all along—when I knew you were doing such things! But I could not bear to displease you!"

"Get up, will you, and have done with your whining! I am hungry!"

"I will not get up—till you promise me never again to—"

"Silence, I tell you!"

"I cannot be silent. Robert, I have never contradicted you before; but now—it is the voice of God. Look in the Bible there, where I have been reading, and see what a curse rests on those who do so. Oh, my husband! it is dreadful to have the curse of the Almighty!"

He was silent. Lydia, encouraged, rose and tremblingly took up the sacred volume in which she had read. It was open at the very text. She placed it in his hands; with a furious execration he dashed the book into the blazing fire, and rushed from the house.

The unfortunate wife stood still, as if palsied by horror at this last atrocity. She made no effort to rescue the volume she had been taught so deeply

to reverence from the flames for many minutes; her strength was lost in utter despair. What had she to hope further? With her agony a superstitious fear was blended. She had heard of frightful judgments on the perpetrators of an outrage upon the Bible; and her reason was not powerful enough to combat the vague and terrible apprehensions that seized upon her. At last she took the half-consumed book from the fire, wiped and laid it on the shelf, and then sat down, buried her face in her hands, and wept long and bitterly.

Not many days after, a daring robbery was committed, which was readily traced to Barlow. The outraged neighborhood was roused; the guilty man fled to avoid an arrest. He fled without a word of adieu to his wretched wife, who, with her son, was taken home by Mr. Herrot. The sufferings she had endured were too much for a delicate frame; a long and wasting illness followed that brought her to the borders of the grave. From this illness she slowly recovered, but the health of the mind had been destroyed forever. Fortunately, perhaps, for her own happiness, she retained but a faint and imperfect recollection of the past. The horrors that had shattered an intellect never strong were no longer remembered, save as the impression of a painful dream. But the affections survived the mental powers. She knew and loved her parents, and devoted herself to them with more cheerful obedience than ever. Her little boy was her playmate and constant delight. Stranger than all—she remembered her husband with a deep and passionate love, which sickness and absence had no power to diminish. She comprehended only that he was gone away for a brief season, but always insisted that he would soon return. In this hope she used often to dress her child in his best clothes, and lead him across the hills in the afternoons, as she said, to meet his father. Of Barlow's vices or crimes she had no remembrance. It was a touching instance of the strength and purity of woman's affection—outliving all things else, though the energies of the spirit had been crushed.

It was only at night that the memory, indistinct as a cloud, of something painful in connection with her husband seemed to pass across her confused thoughts. Then her usual sweet serenity and cheerfulness would be exchanged for moods of restlessness and anxiety. She would fancy she heard the step of Barlow—or his hand on the door-latch—or his voice without. At these periods it required her father's authority to restrain her; but she always submitted to his commands. Doubtless she had been under the influence of this half-consciousness of evil, this vague but eager expectation, born of the love that still reigned in her heart—on the night I have mentioned, she had risen from bed and gone forth to seek for her husband, whom she continued thus vainly to expect.

During several years, two of which had elapsed from the period of our visit to that region of country, she remained in this state of partial imbecility, for it could neither be called idiocy nor lunacy. Poor girl!

her misfortunes won a respectful sympathy from all who had formerly known her; but these became fewer every year, as the old neighbors emigrated to other portions of country, and new settlers took their places. The old couple, thus stricken in their only child, had little intercourse with those around them, although they kept an humble inn for the accommodation of chance travelers. They shrank from curiosity or pity; and Lydia herself seemed to have an instinctive dread of strangers.

It seemed as if misfortune was not weary of persecuting this afflicted family. The good dame, Mrs. Herrot, died after a short illness. Lydia was left alone to attend to the house, and her father removed his sign, and announced that he no longer received strangers. They lived now in the strictest retirement. But this could not avert a more terrible calamity about to overtake them; which brings me to the conclusion of this sketch.

One night in October—it was cold and rainy—Mr. Herrot was gone to a village, some miles distant, on necessary business. Lydia was at home, alone, except her little boy, who was asleep on the bed in the corner of the kitchen. The wind howled dismally, and rattled the naked boughs of the old tree against the window; it was pitch dark without, though the ruddy glow of large blazing logs in the chimney spread a cheerful light through the room. It was not far from midnight, but Lydia expected her father home every moment; she had prepared his supper, and sat down patiently to wait for him. One of more active imagination would have felt uneasiness at the loneliness of the hour, rendered more gloomy by the storm. But she had now no thought beyond what was immediately before her eyes. Her anxious moods no longer troubled her; she was uniformly calm and happy; so that her father never had a fear in leaving her alone.

Footsteps were heard without; some one approached the window of the kitchen and looked in, and presently there was a loud knock at the door. Not at all alarmed, Lydia rose, calmly went to the door, and opened it. Instead of her father, two fierce-looking men came in. One of them was a stranger; in the other, altered, pale, haggard, as he was, and wrapped in a large overcoat, with hat pressed over his eyes, she instantly recognized Barlow, her husband, and stepped back with an exclamation.

"What, Lydia, is this you?" he said in a rough tone, but not apparently surprised, and desirous not to alarm her. He probably knew where she lived.

"Oh, Robert, have you come at last!" exclaimed she, not noticing his companion. "I have been waiting for you."

"Have you? well—I see you have supper prepared, and I have a long journey to go before morning. We will help ourselves." Both he and his companion ate voraciously of the meats and bread set out on the table, and hastily crammed the rest into their pockets.

"Some drink, my girl," was the next demand;

and Lydia drew a pitcher of cider and handed it to them.

"But you must not go, Robert," she said, laying her hand coaxingly on his arm, "till father comes home. You were out, you know, all day yesterday."

"When is your father coming?" asked the stranger.

"Now—directly—he is only gone to S—."

The stranger whispered in the ear of his companion. Barlow shook his head. "You see she could not betray us!" he answered in a low tone. "Are you afraid of an idiot? Let us begone!"

"Herrot will be here presently—she will tell him, and the neighborhood will be on our heels."

"True—who would have thought she knew me? What shall be done with her?"

Another brief whisper—but Barlow would not agree to the suggestion. "She must go with us," he said, "as far as the lodge—and by to-morrow she can do us no harm."

"Come, then," cried the other, "we have no time to waste."

Barlow seized the arm of his wife—"Come, Lydia," he said, "you must go with me."

"Oh, Barlow, it is very stormy! You must not—"

"Come along—this instant."

"How can I leave Harry?"

At the same instant Barlow's companion pointed to the child, who, awakened by the talking, sat upright in bed gazing at the strangers.

"Harry," said the mother, "here is your father come home."

A sudden sense of their danger from the recognition of the child urged the criminals—for such they were—to immediate action. Barlow seized the boy, and hurried with his companion from the house, trusting to the maternal instinct of Lydia to induce her to follow them. Nor was he mistaken. A half-uttered scream from the startled mother was stopped by a fierce threat; and in silence did the poor young woman follow them at her utmost speed through the driving wind and rain. They plunged directly into the wood. Lydia was unprotected even by a shawl from the storm, and her dress was soon torn by the brambles and boughs of the trees; but she was conscious of no pain as she fled on, pursuing the two men through the windings of the forest, for more than three miles. They stopped, at length, before a sort of cave, concealed from view by a heap of brushwood. Here was shelter at least from the rain. Barlow led her into the cave, threw a cloak over her, and laid down the boy by her side.

"Now I am ready, James," he said to his companion. At a little distance two horses were tied to a tree. The two men loosened the bridles, mounted, and were soon lost in the woods.

Poor Lydia, exhausted with her rapid walking, or rather running, and benumbed with cold, sank almost insensible upon the ground, clasping, however, firmly in her arms the boy she had so feared to lose. Both fell thus into a deep slumber, from which the mother was roused by the voice of little Harry asking where they were, and where the men were gone

who carried him off. Lydia rose and looked out. The sun was shining, but only a dim light came into the cave, though the leafless forest was flooded with it. She crept forth, and looked about her, striving to collect her thoughts. Her father's house she knew was at a great distance; she could not tell which way to go in search of it. Holding her boy by the hand she walked in different directions, but could find no opening leading out of the forest. Nearly the whole day was thus spent—their only food being nuts picked up in the woods. Once more she found herself not far from the spot where she had passed the night.

"Mother—mother!" cried the child, who was standing by her, "I hear them coming again!" The rustling of the boughs, the tramp of horses' feet, and several voices could be distinctly heard.

With the impulse of sudden alarm, fearing only for one object, Lydia caught up her boy and fled to the cavern. There, clasping him close in her arms, she bent forward intently listening. The woods, before so silent, seemed alive with men. Some of them raked away the brushwood that concealed the entrance; two seized Lydia and dragged her forth, while the terrified boy followed, clinging to his mother.

Not one of all the faces around her was known to the frightened Lydia. She was assailed by questions she knew not how to answer, and remained silent. The cave meantime was searched, and various articles brought out; she was then placed on horseback before one of the men, and conducted out of the woods, in a different direction from her home, to the village of S—.

A frightful murder had been committed near the village on the preceding night. The house had been robbed of a large sum of money and then carefully fastened up. The neighbors next morning, alarmed at the unusual stillness, forced open the doors, and found the owner weltering in his blood. The report spread like wild-fire; every occupation was suspended; and the country round was scoured as speedily as possible, in hopes of finding trace of the murderers. The wild tract of forest, in the depth of which Lydia had passed the night, might have sheltered them; it was explored, and the result was as we have seen.

It is unnecessary to dwell on painful details. The unfortunate Lydia was taken before a magistrate in S—, and examined on suspicion of participation in the murder. It was in vain that her unhappy father appeared and testified to her imbecility; the fact of her being absent on so wild a night, and found so far from home, in the recesses of the wood, and in a spot bearing evidence of its recent habitation by persons who could no longer be traced, was against her. The cloak under which she had slept was identified as belonging to the murdered man. A pistol, the fellow to one found in the house where the tragedy had been enacted, was picked up in the cave, and a knife stained with blood; besides one or two articles of clothing, and an empty pocket-book—all of which had been taken out of the house

in question. As for the poor young woman charged with so frightful a crime, she was wholly incapable of uttering a single word in her own defence. Between terror at her arrest, and the confusion of ideas caused by the sudden appearance of her husband, the feeble glimmerings of reason she had before exhibited were utterly extinguished. She sat still during the examination, working her fingers with a nervous motion, and moving her lips frequently, but never attempting to speak. No question could elicit a distinct answer from her. The testimony of the child, that some men had come at night and carried him and his mother into the woods, was held to be worthless—the story being so improbable that it was believed it had been framed with a design that he should repeat it.

Lydia was committed to jail; her little boy was taken from her and given to the care of his grandfather. The first sign of emotion she had shown in years was when she was made to comprehend that little Harry was to go from her. Alas! she knew of no joy but him! From the day of their separation she was changed. She no longer smiled; her prison walls never resounded with the cheerful songs she always sung in her father's house. She would not even read the Testament and Tracts brought her by charitable hands, but stood most of the time gazing out of the window, or sitting listlessly on her low straw bed. When she heard the door of her cell open she would start eagerly up; for her father was often permitted to visit her, and he always brought the little boy. Then she would run to embrace them, and in the ecstasy of her tenderness give the child morsels of food that had been brought for her own meals, but which she frequently left untouched.

It was a touching sight to see that gray-haired honest man, so deeply a sufferer from undeserved misfortune, with the bright young boy, unconscious as yet of the cause he had to be miserable—yet suppressing his natural gayety, and shadowed by the doom that threatened to crush the innocent! She—the victim—the most injured, the most helpless of all, knew least of all why she was unhappy! But she wept as she wiped away the old man's tears, and was in agony when the hour of parting came. There, while Herrot walked mournfully with his grandson away from the jail, the wretched mother would sit on the floor, and weep in a paroxysm of anguish that would have moved the sternest heart.

In the meantime, all possible search was made for the chief actors, as they were believed, in the late tragedy. Not a trace was found of them. All that could be ascertained was that two men on horseback had passed a lonely log house twenty or thirty miles westward on the night of the murder. The owner had been roused by the violent barking of his dog; but he could not describe the persons of the fugitives. General suspicion, however, rested upon Barlow, and it was hoped that something more would be elicited on the trial of his wife.

The day of trial came. The disappointment felt at the failure of all efforts to detect the criminals, notwithstanding proclamations and rewards offered,

was great and universal. The public excitement was prodigious. A victim was imperatively demanded. And that victim—should it be the poor, defenceless, imbecile creature who knew not how even to frame a sentence in vindication of herself?

The rustic court-house of S— was crowded before the opening of the trial. All were hushed in breathless attention as the prisoner was led in, supported by her father, on whom sorrow seemed to have done the work of years. She also was sadly changed. Her imprisonment had been only for a few weeks, but that, or the *wounds of the heart*—the separation from those around whom her being—for her whole being was affection—was twined, had severely shaken her hold on life. Many who had known her were startled to see her so emaciated; and the paleness of her face was the hue of death itself.

The trial began. The usual formal question was put to her—"Guilty or not guilty?" She took no notice of it till it was asked again and some one prompted her. Then looking up, with the same innocent expression her countenance always wore, she repeated mechanically what she had been told to say—"Not guilty."

Her tone, her expression, the unconsciousness of her whole air, produced a sudden impression on the minds of all who saw her, of the utter mockery of such a trial. Several who had doubted her imbecility, believing it, in part at least, assumed for the purpose of covering her guilt, experienced a complete change in their opinions, and a new-born sympathy for the helpless creature who appeared before them in so terrible a situation. A murmur ran through the crowd. The popular voice, so lately clamorous against her, might now as loudly have demanded her release; but the decision was committed to other hands.

The evidence, all circumstantial, was taken. The prosecutor rose to speak. He was an acute and eloquent lawyer from a neighboring town, and really believed in the guilt of the accused. He dwelt on the evidence before them, which he deemed conclusive, joined with other suspicious circumstances about the prisoner. Her connection with a man of evil character—her unsocial habits of life—her strange seclusion—all were calculated to awaken doubts concerning the nature of her alleged mental malady. To his judgment it appeared rather sullenness than alienation of mind. He called attention particularly to the singular pertinacity with which she had always insisted that her husband had not left the country, and her mysterious excursions at night in quest of him. What more probable than that Barlow had employed her as his tool or assistant in the perpetration of his crimes.

Then where was it proved she had been on the night of the murder? Not in her father's house, though the inclemency of the weather rendered it absolutely dangerous for a timid and delicate woman to venture forth. She had been found in a spot selected doubtless by the assassins as their place of rendezvous and shelter. It was proved to a cer-

tainty that the murderers had been there. What had the prisoner to do in such a place, in the depth of the forest, on so wild a night? What—but to follow her felon husband. And was it not clear as daylight what had been the result? The villains, alarmed perhaps at some unexpected occurrence, had made their escape, leaving their wretched accomplice behind to whatever fate might befall her.

The speaker called to mind the numerous instances in which criminals had escaped from punishment by pretending lunacy. Not that he would venture to assert that the prisoner was perfect in her mental faculties; but he maintained that she could not be regarded as free from moral responsibility. This was all he contended for; it was all that was necessary to her conviction. Hereupon he entered into a learned discussion on the subject of diseases of the mind, quoting rules and cases enough to bewilder the heads of half who heard him.

I need not repeat his arguments. They were supported by a speech of great eloquence and pathos, in which he described the fearful deed that had been done, and the sufferings of the survivors. All this had its effect. Public opinion rose once more against the accused. Vengeance craved its victim. Nothing that the prisoner's counsel, a strong-headed man, but destitute of the brilliant oratorical powers of his opponent, could urge in her defence seemed to shake the general impression of her guilt.

To be brief, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy on account of insanity. A pardon was obtained on that ground. Lydia was removed from prison, to be once more under the protection of her father's roof. But she was fast going whither man's "proud, mistaken judgment and false scorn" could not pursue her. Not only did her mind fail to recover from the new shock it had received, and

"The delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never cleared again,"

but her health rapidly declined. With the early spring she passed away, calmly and peacefully, as some tender flower droops and fades, unconscious that deep disgrace rested on her name—feeling no portion of the anguish which wrung the heart of him who laid her in the grave with his own labor-hardened hands, and wished, in his bitter despair, that he had been permitted to lie down beside her.

What I have further to relate is so remarkable that I should not dare to record it, had I not been assured, by an individual who knew the parties, that it is *strictly true*. In this instance, eminently, "truth is stranger than fiction." I shall confine myself, therefore, to a simple narration of the fact.

Herrot's sole wish and purpose in life, after he had buried his daughter, was to remove from her memory the horrible imputation under which she had died. For this end he determined to search out, and bring to justice, the real murderers. He sold what property remained to him, living in the humblest and coarsest manner, and devoted his days and nights religiously to this object. But all in vain. He ascertained enough only to produce a moral con-

viction in his own mind that Barlow was the assassin. He had fled, doubtless, far beyond the reach of justice. Compelled, at last, to give up this hope, the old man, taking his grandson with him, quitted the country where he had suffered so much.

Five years after the events above mentioned, he was living, with the boy, in one of the southwestern States, where he had obtained the place of overseer to a small cotton plantation.

It was late on a November night. One of the laborers had been taken suddenly ill, and Herrot despatched a negro to fetch a horse, intending to ride himself for a doctor. The negro was absent so long that the old man grew impatient, and went out to see what had delayed him.

To reach the field where the horses were kept it was necessary to cross the highroad. The moon was shining clearly, as Herrot stepped into the road from the low fence. His eyes fell on a man, at a few paces distance, walking briskly forward, with a knapsack on his back. Suddenly Herrot stood still, gazed an instant at the man, then turning, leaped the fence again, and ran with all his speed back to the house. He met there the negro leading the horse.

"My gun!" he cried, in a hoarse voice.

Snatching the gun, and giving no answer to the astonished servants, he sprang on horseback, and in a few moments was again in the highroad. It was but a short time before he overtook the traveler, whom, in a loud tone, he called upon to stop.

The stranger turned round, and stood face to face with his pursuer.

"I have found you—AT LAST—Robert Barlow!" exclaimed the old man.

The traveler made no answer.

"I have found you—thank Heaven—at last! You are the murderer of James C——! Of my daughter! But I have you now!" And he leveled his gun, resolved to fire at the least attempt to escape.

"Herrot!" cried Barlow, evidently confounded at this sudden apparition of the man whom, of all on earth, he would have most dreaded to see.

"Yes, Herrot—Lydia's father!" repeated the old man, hoarse with strong excitement. "The avenger of blood!"

"God's will be done!" murmured the criminal.

"Dare you say so?" asked Herrot.

"Yes—for I am guilty, and I give myself up to justice. I killed James C——. I have Lydia's blood, too, on my soul, if not on my hands! For five years I have never known a moment's peace. I have been an outcast—I have never had a night's rest. I would rather die than live so! You need not point your gun at me—I will not resist you."

The squalid, miserable appearance of the guilty man confirmed what he said. Herrot led him, unresisting, to the house, and sent for the nearest neighbors. Barlow made no attempt to conceal his guilt. He confessed that he had planned and executed the murder. His accomplice had aided him in securing the money. They had gone to Herrot's house, knowing him to be absent, to supply them-

selves with provision before their flight, for they well knew that stopping any where for food would be furnishing a trace to encourage search for them. Their motive in carrying Lydia and the child into the woods he also confessed—and he was not ignorant what a train of calamities he had thus brought on the family of his victim. Beyond the borders he had parted from his companion in guilt, wandering ever since alone, restless and wretched, shunning the sight of men, haunted night and day by the spectre of an accusing conscience, and welcoming

the prospect of a felon's death as an actual relief to the hell he carried in his own bosom.

Barlow was brought back to Pennsylvania, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder he had committed five years before. The lonely old man, Herrot, had the comfort of knowing that justice was done to his daughter's memory, and of receiving the sympathy of his former neighbors. But he did not remain in that vicinity. He returned to the State where he had found employment as overseer, and, as I have since heard, died not long afterward.

THE DESERTED HALL.

BY W. H. C. HOSEMER.

To a mortal heart how humbling
Is a view of yon old Hall,
Into dust and darkness crumbling,
While rude winds shake roof and wall.
Moss is round the casement spreading,
And no more the windows blaze
When the weary day is shedding
His last red and quivering rays.

Under the neglected arbor
Foxes in the night-time bark,
And the bat and spider harbor
In its chambers drear and dark.
Weeds, about the door-stone growing,
Whisper of decay and blight—
On the hearth no ember glowing
Sheds a warm and cheerful light.

Near the ruin is a river,
And the waves while flowing on,
From their lips of crystal, ever
Breathe that word of mourning—*gone!*

Round the place old poplars cluster,
And the leaves give out strange tones
When the moon flings pallid lustre
On the roof and basement stones.

Saddened and deserted dwelling!
Of a wronged and broken heart,
While the dirge of hope is knelling,
Oh! a mournful type thou art!
Flowers of love, untimely perished,
In its barren realm lie waste,
Like thy garden grounds once cherished
By the moulding hand of taste.

Creatures that haunt places lonely
In thy empty halls are bred,
And that *heart* is peopled only
By the shadows of the dead.
As yon moon, with look subduing,
Lights the home of days gone by,
In that heart—a *nobler ruin*—
Sadly glimmers memory.

THEY TELL ME THOU WILT PASS AWAY.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

THEY tell me thou wilt pass away—
My fairy dream!
As fades the rainbow's glowing ray
Upon the stream:
Thou vision of hope, and love, and truth!
That gently steals o'er the soul of youth,
Like the music of a seraph-band
From the far-off realm of the spirit-land.

They tell me that my joyous heart
Is all too light:
And chide that striving to impart
My vision bright,
Which steals from care-worn Grief his tear.
And makes his wrinkles disappear,
One moment 'neath the sunny gleam,
The next, he shakes his head—"It is but a dream."

They tell me 'neath the radiant smile,
On lips I see,
There lurketh many a subtle wile—
Unconscious me!
That oftentimes accents, that we deem
Gush from the *heart's* bright fountain-stream,
Are [shocking! when we're so *entraine*]
But "the mere coinage of the *brain*."

My bright, my glorious dream of youth!
I'll cling to thee
Until thy sunny gleam of truth
O'ershadowed be,
Though "crouks the raven evermore!"—
"The reign of faith and trust is o'er."
I'll deem each one my pilgrim-brother
In that great faith—"Love one another."

A DAY'S HUNTING ABOUT THE MONGAUP.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A GLORIOUS October morning! The east is of that bright, burnished gray which announces the coming of the sun, and there is a white frost over every object, as though the splendid moonlight of the past night had frozen where it lay so deliciously. Roofs, fields, fences, trees, shrubs, all things are covered. What a glorious lighting up will there be at the first beam of sunshine, e'er this delicate silver, this congealed breath of Autumn, melts away into great twinkling, many-colored drops. But hurrah! I must not linger—for I see Tyrrell, and Meech his cousin, are already upon the green before the house belonging to the former, in which I have slept, preparatory to the expected sport of to-day. There the two are, "armed and equipped," with Ponto, the best hound in Sullivan County—that is, if we believe Tyrrell, his master. So I sally out, also in order, and join them.

"As fine a morning for sport as ever shone, squire," exclaims Tyrrell, laying his rifle on his shoulder, and patting Ponto.

"A stag of ten
Bearing his branches sturdily,"

(Tyrrell is a great admirer of Scott)—"must die to-day—eh, squire?"

"Even so, Tyrrell," answers I—"as he comes

"Stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily—hardily."

"Well, onward!" shouts Tyrrell, putting his long legs in motion. Ponto answers with a joyous bark and bounds forward, and we three tread along the grassy lane that leads from the house. The brittle verdure crinkles beneath our footsteps, which peel off the fragile frostwork, leaving every print visible; and as we go along we hear on every side the sweet, rural sounds of the farm. Chanticleer sends out his note most lustily—quack! quack! go the ducks, waddling toward a pool—tinkle! tinkle! strike the bells of the cows, mingled with the sound of their croppings, and loud blowing of their breaths as they graze in the white pasture—the sheep scamper off bleating, and then stop to point their sharp, innocent noses at us—whilst Tyrrell's two horses bristle up their manes and tails, and trot along the rail-fence, then pause, look, stamp and whinney.

We soon, however, leave the precincts of the farm, and stride merrily onward. How fresh and brisk the air feels—the Autumn air! It is delicious. Each draught is full of health. Whu-wheet! there sounds the clear whistle of the quail from the buck-

wheat stubble. And hark! near by rings the warble of a robin. Caw! caw!—above us is a crow, flapping lazily along—and see! he has lit upon the slender tip of that white pine, and now swings backward and forward to the tune of his own harsh and conceited croak. With what a saucy chirp yon little striped squirrel ran across our path, and how quick he glides along those zigzag rails. Aha! there is master hawk sailing in a wide sweep.

"I say, Tyrrell—it appears to me he's just over the spot where I saw your brood of chickens."

Tyrrell, clapping his rifle to his shoulder, fires—and the hawk, instead of dropping head downward, as the marksman—and he is a marksman—evidently supposed, shoots away to the woods, realizing the adage that "a miss is as good as a mile."

We leap over a stone wall into the buckwheat stubble whence came the whistle of the quail. There is a line of tall goldenrods along the wall, on which a flock of yellow-birds were swinging, and feeding upon the insects that frequent the thick sown blossoms, bending over the slim stalks in the shape of plumes. Our leaping over, however, scatters the flock, and what a chirping is heard as the little golden creatures skim "up hill and down" through the air.

We quickly pass through the buckwheat lot, amidst half-burned stumps and charred roots, showing that it has but lately been chopped out of the forest, and probably furnished a splendid fallow-fire during the last spring, and, scrambling over a rough brush-fence, made of withered pine branches, we plunge into the "jam." This is a large space, choked with the trunks of prostrate trees, intermingled with each other—all tangled and woven over with raspberry and blackberry vines that have taken root in the interstices.

Fatiguing it is to make our way, now struggling over the rough twigs of some gnarled hemlock, and now tearing through the bristling vines that rear themselves as high as our heads—but we pass through at last. The wild forest is now around us, through the depths of which flows the Mongaup. There are golden sparkles through the eastern branches, announcing the advent of the sun. Stop! see that woodchuck, sitting upright and eating with lifted paws. Aha! the snapping of the twig has frightened him, and he disappears quick as thought. Here is the cave of the gray hermit, shelving under this bank of roots. Come here, Ponto! none of your thrusting that long snout of yours into the hole—there's nobler game ahead for you. Ha! waaa.

a burst of sound! See, see—there goes the male partridge, limping and trailing his wings to lure away Ponto, whilst the female has just flown. These arts are for the purpose of diverting our attention from the young, which are all this time snugly ensconced under some thick bush or wreathed root, and, by the time we have reached yon hollow, the mother will again be stretching her protecting wings over her brood.

"Now, Ponto," at length exclaims Tyrrell, "your work commences. Meech, you and the squire go to the runway at 'the forks,' and I'll take a circuit with the dog, and see if we can't rouse up a deer."

So saying, he whistles to Ponto, and strikes off to the left, whilst Meech and myself make the best of our way to "the forks." The glow of light is stronger amidst the eastern branches, and by the time we reach a grassy opening in the woods there are streaks of lazy gold shooting between the trees. A half hour's walk succeeds, and we come at once upon the Mongaup. The two forks of the stream flow together at this spot, and hence the name.

We seat ourselves upon a mossy log near the edge of the main branch, with "the forks" a little below. The banks, with one exception, are level, clothed densely in alders and laurels, with homelocks, sycamores, willows, elms and birches slanting and hanging over the stream, making dark its smooth glossy current. There is a water-break formed by a small terrace of rock in mid-stream, and purling with a hollow, delicious monotone—an island of pebbles is above, with here and there smaller ones near "the forks." This pebbly island is directly in the runway, or customary trail which the hunted deer pursues through the forests. The exception I have noticed to the general level of the banks is immediately opposite. It is a high knoll, which, in the middle, has had a slide, leaving bare its strata of slate and clay, whilst the upper edge of the hollow is fringed with fibres of roots hanging down like threads.

Here we await the coming of the deer—that is, if Ponto and Tyrrell. (I beg his pardon for putting the dog first,) succeed in rousing one. The sun is coming up, too, through the fringes of yon cedar, bronzing the dark foliage most beautifully. How the hues of the forest are brought out, and glow under the slanting beams. And, speaking of hues, I believe I have not yet described the autumn tints now brightening the leaves. The forests are in their full glory. A glow of rich and mingled colors meets the eye everywhere. The effect is almost dazzling under this splendid sunshine and deep blue heaven. I cannot describe the scene as a whole—let me select some nook. I will take the knoll opposite, in which is the land slip before mentioned. What a multitude of tints, and in what strong contrasts. Yon oak is in imperial purple—the maple near it in gorgeous scarlet—the walnut, bending above, shows a garb of brilliant gold, whilst every intermediate shade of color known in nature is exhibited by the other trees. Mark also within the hollow, how the dull blue of the slate, the brighter

tint of the clay, and the rich ochre of the sand are dashed over with spots of purple and chrome yellow formed by the asters and goldenrods, whilst around the rim of the hollow there is a crimson edge of sumacs, dogwoods and hopple bushes. What a rich red yon creeper shows, mingling as if for sake of the contrast with the orange colors of that beech. A dark green yellow pine, contorted in shape and covered with great brown cones, juts at an angle immediately over the hollow, as though, whilst in the act of being precipitated over the edge, it had twisted up its rough trunk and huge bristling head with a "no you don't" to its aggressor, a leaning oak, swathed in the mantle of the Cæsars, whilst beside it is an aspen dressed in deep yellow, and trembling all over at sight of the danger incurred by the old hisser at tempests. Hurrah for the burly pine! how it wrestles with the winter blasts, and fights up against the strong breath of the thunder-gust.

All this while, however, we keep our ears open to hear the cry of the hound, and our eyes chiefly upon the bank opposite the pebbly island where the runway leads to the water. Our sight-seeing around is merely by glimpses, whilst our hands are continually upon our rifles, ready to bring them to instant aim. But we hear nothing save the natural sounds of the spot—the prattle, prattle, prattle of the water-break—the whirr-r—whirr-r, sad yet sweet of the cricket—the twitter, twitter of the snipe, balancing upon the stones and pebbly spots in the bed of the stream—with now and then the startled chirp of some bird alighting too near us, and the scamper of some rabbit or squirrel through the dry leaves of the forest. A half hour thus glides by, sped on by the interchange of such ideas as come uppermost in our brains. I am on the point of giving it up as a bad job, when hark! faintly to our ears comes the gladdening yelp of a hound.

"That's Ponto!" exclaims Meech. "You shall shoot the deer, squire! Keep your eye on the runway and your rifle ready!"

I look intently, with my rifle slanted, so as to be clapped to my shoulder in a twinkling. The cry of Ponto is no more heard—a counter current of air has probably swept the sound in another direction. I try to be cool as possible—but really, somehow, my heart leaps like a bird striving to break from its cage. I fix my eyes steadily upon the runway—straining them almost from their sockets—still no deer.

"Well, this is tedious!" I am on the point of exclaiming—when lo! darting from the thicket at the point indicated as the runway, like a burst of radiance, comes a slight, graceful thing, and stops suddenly at the waters. It is a doe. She bends round her beautiful slender neck, as if to listen for the hound, and, whilst she is in that position, I fire. A plunge in the water—a scattering of pebbles—and a shooting through the opposite bank succeeds.

"You've missed her, squire, I'm afraid!" exclaims Meech—"but, however, we'll see."

We hurry to the spot where she entered the forest

in her headlong flight. There's her trail plainly marked in the soft mud of the margin and black mould of the woods, but no blood or hair are seen on the bushes around or the surface below.

"She's gone, squire," says Meech, screwing up his mouth, and yet trying to look sorry.

Now, reader, a word in your ear. I believe I killed that deer. I had as fair a chance at her as ever I had at any thing in my life. My rifle was aimed right at her heart. A barn door could n't have been a better mark. To be sure, I am somewhat near-sighted, and "no great shakes" of a shot, and beside felt very great shakes of the nerves at that moment. But, nevertheless, I believe I shot her. Whenever I say so to Meech, however, and detail the circumstances over to Tyrrell, they both look as if they were ready to laugh. Why, only look at it a moment. Here was I—and there was the deer. What hindered the bullet from reaching her? She was quite near, and I had the fairest shot at her in the world. And besides—there was a doe found, a week afterwards, in the wildest part of the "jam," dead, and partly eaten by the wolves. To be sure, old Shaver was out the day before she was found, and the drunken old vagabond asserts that he shot a doe near the "jam" about twilight, and that it grew so dark he could not follow her. And they do say his rifle never misses. However, I have no faith whatever in the story. I believe I shot that deer. It could not have been otherwise.

A short time elapses and Ponto makes his appearance, with his tongue lolling out, and giving other indications of a long run; and, after some twenty or thirty minutes more, Tyrrell arrives, out of breath.

"Well, what luck, squire?" shouts he, in a hearty good-humored voice.

I relate to him the facts, and hazard the opinion above given.

"No matter, squire—let her go!" he answers; "we'll have another bout. Better luck, perhaps, next time. You two cut across this piece of woods, and station yourselves on the wild turnpike south of Uncle Zeke Canfield's, where another runaway crosses. You know where it is, Meech. I'll take a turn once more with Ponto. Mind your eye this time, squire, and take a good aim along your rifle before you fire."

He starts into the woods again, followed by the hound, while we commence our way across the "piece of woods." *Pieces* of woods, indeed! If it was one mile, it was three. And what with a heavy "cut" rifle in my hand, struggling through laurel swamps and underbrush, knocking my head every now and then against the low branches, and keeping up a regular "dog trot" all the time—it was no small job, reader, I assure you.

Various picturesque objects, however, catch my eye as I pass them. Old fractured trunks, prone and cushioned with the greenest moss—rocks covered with gray lichens—great beeches, with their hearts hollowed out—here and there an oak shattered with lightning—trees leaning on each other—

giant hemlocks cast down, with huge masses of roots in the air—dead sycamores, white and spectral—dark bristling cedars, where the owl loves to hide—and pointed pines, where the eagle perches—tamaracks, with their hanging tufted boughs spotted all over, as well as their withered looking stems, with scales of light green moss—rushy, sullen brooks, creeping between laurels—granite ledges, in which the wolf and rattlesnake make their dens—grassy glades and tangled coverts—all steeped in the twilight of the woods, tinged, however, as it seems to me, by the reflected splendor of the autumn leaves.

Well, I declare, if here is n't old Shaver's hut, and a rough concern it is, too. A few logs piled on each other, the seams filled with mud, and covered with rough slabs, probably stolen from Allen's saw-mill near the bridge. There's the old rascal, too, and hang me if he is n't skinning a deer. What luck some folks have. Some old fellow like this, now, never fails. Not that I failed, reader, in my case. No, no, I won't give that up. I shot that deer.

However, as I was saying, there sits the old rascal by the spring he has there in a hollow block, whistling away for dear life, and skinning his deer—a buck, too, with antlers big enough to hang a dozen coats on.

"Hellow, squire!" shouts he at the top of his voice, and with a twist of his ugly old mouth, "a n't you lost? How comes on that are warrant you issooded agin me last week!"

The old scoundrel! Three times has he been before the Court of Special Sessions for aggravated assaults and batteries, and each time has he been cleared by his friend Joe Mason, who is the most detestable pettifogger that ever humbugged a jury.

I scorn to answer the old fellow, and we soon lose sight of him and reach the wild turnpike. We throw ourselves panting down at the edge of the road. What a mingling of perfumes there is in the air. There is the rich fragrance of the everlasting, whose transparent blossoms whiten the earth around us—and there is the sweet odor of the wilted leaves which have fallen from the trees nipped first by the frost—and there is the scent of the dying fern—and there are other pleasant breaths, too, from the dead-wood—the fruit of the mandrake—the sassafras, and a hundred "compacted sweets." How delightful is it all! It is the incense which Nature in her dying hour offers to her God.

And what a quiet and lovely place, too, we have lit upon. Upon the other side of the road, opposite, is a large spot, free from underbrush, and thinly scattered with large beeches, with grassy places beneath them, as though each tree had its own carpet, like an Oriental. On our side, the forest is thick and tangled with bushes up to the very edge of the road. Over our heads is a maple, rearing itself above a thicket, its mossy roots affording us a seat, and its scarlet foliage shedding a red glow, as it were, upon our faces. Through the breaks of the trees opposite, a low mountain is visible, where the richest colors seem embroidered upon a dark green

background of pines and hemlocks. At the extreme side of this picture, on the grassy margin of the road, is the log hut of old Canfield, or, as he is generally called by the young men, Uncle Zeke. It is a low structure, built, as usual, with logs placed on one another, the interstices filled with clay, and a roof of clapboards. A rude door is confined by a large wooden latch, raised from the inside by a leathern string with the end hanging out. A huge woodpile, with great logs lying around, is near the door—an oven of hard-baked clay is close to the hut—a hog-trough and shed to hold the hay, and shelter the cow in winter, complete the outdoor arrangements. Behind the hut are two or three rye and buckwheat stubbles—a field half of potatoes and half of corn, with great yellow pumpkins underneath—the stubbles and field separated from each other by brush fences, and scattered over with black stumps—with a meadow of grass now rising in this genial climate to its second growth. There is also a spring of silver water in a half barrel a few rods from the door, in the nearest field, with a well-worn path leading to it from the hut through a pair of bars, the upper one of which is slanted down. A rough sketch of the cabin and clearing of an old settler, for such is Uncle Zeke, with the usual qualities fully developed, one of which is to move from spot to spot as fast as he, in the parlance of the country, “brings it to,” or, in other words, reduces it to something like cultivation. In the course of the few years I have known him, he has changed this locality twice.

Before us runs the road, or “wild turnpike,” as it is called, and a quiet, grassy, stony, half-ruined road it is too. Built in the earliest settlement of the country, it has had hardly a day's labor upon it since. Although not often vexed with wheels, the rains and frosts have had their own way with it, and the effects are seen in hollows and gulleys. As for the stones, they have never been removed from the first. And yet there is a charm to me about this road. There is about all old roads. Whether it is the contrast of their solitude and silence with what they were intended to be, I cannot say, but there is this charm. I have traveled miles upon miles along the “Old Hunter Road,” extending from Neversink to Rockland, in Sullivan county, with the dark forests on either side, seeing nothing but an occasional partridge, a scampering rabbit, or a feeding deer, and been delighted with the loneliness and beauty. However, let me return.

“There will be a good hour before any deer comes, squire,” says Meech, stretching himself within the thicket. “However, here is Uncle Zeke limping toward us, and we'll hear him talk a little.”

“How are you, Uncle Zeke?” exclaims Meech, as the old fellow checks his halting gait near us.

“Well, middlen,” draws he in answer, “How is 't, yourself?”

“Good,” answers Meech. “How is Aunt Hannah?”

“The old woman is n't fust rate this fall; she's

got a touch of the rheumatix. This hut is n't as dry as the last one was.”

“When did you come here, Uncle Zeke?”

“Me and my boys cut the fust tree here in February, five year ago, and we come for good the April arter.”

“You have removed a number of times in your lifetime, have you not?”

“I come from Connetikut to the Neversink country forty-six year ago last grass, when there was n't a house from Mammykotten Holler all the way up. That's once. Then I went from there to where Mountsilly is now, when there was n't only one house, what Squire Jones put up. That's twice. I built a shanty where General Street's law office now is, and lived there until a year arter Squire Billens come to practyse law, and then I went to Delaware River a lumberen. That's three times. I tended saw-mill and steered down ravs to Philadelfy for sum time, and then got a contract for a hundred acres of land in Liberty, and went there. That's four times. I staid there a long spell, but finally at last, as I could n't pay for the land, I gup up the contract, and went clearn down to Sheldrake Brook. That's five times. Then I went up to Willememoc, and then come here. That's seven times in all.”

“You have had quite a stirring life, Uncle Zeke,” said I.

“Yes,” answered he, taking out a rusty iron box, and biting off the end of a stick of black tobacco, “grass has n't growed at my heels. I've had my ups and downs, too, like other men.”

“Did you say there was not a house from Mamakating Hollow to the upper Neversink when you came?”

“House! why there was n't a tree cut from the little log tavern kept by old Jack Sloan, at the Bashe's Kill, to where Honce Sheely lives now.”

“How did you make your way?”

“I come by the old road that run from Orange county over Shongum Mountain and across the Holler, and so up along the Barrens to the Neversink River, and then along up. It was made by one of the old surveyors what surveyed out sum of the fust divisions of the Hardenburgh Patent. Well, (by this time the old man's tongue had got fairly going, and when that was the case it was like a six day clock,) when I concluded to leave Connetikut. I got married to Hannah, my old woman that is, bought an ox team and wagon, with one of these cloth tops on it, out of my airmens, put Hannah in, with a kittle or two, and two or three chears and table and bed and a plough, three or four axes and spade and what not, clapped a fust rate rifle on my shoulder, and with a cow that Hannah brought me, I started. I had hard gotten a long, I can tell ye, boys. The woods was so thick that we could n't much more than see daylight through 'em, and when night come, the wolves howled so that it made our hair stand on end. I always had a rousen good fire though, and that kept the critters off, but we sumtimes heerd the painters screech so as to make

our flesh fairly crawl. Howsever, I always slept with one eye open, and now and then Hannah would spell me in keepen watch. So we got along up, finally at last, to where I was a goen to locate, and the few neighbors within half a dozen mile on us made a bee, and knocked up a log hut for us in less'n no time."

"Why you had a pretty fair beginning in the world, Uncle Zeke."

"Yes, as good as I wanted; but Hannah got sick, and I got sick with fever agur, and a man cheated me out of most every thing I got, and then the title to my land failed, until finally at last I got so poor that I went to Mountsilly, and worked at days' works, and then concluded to go a lumberen a spell on the Delaware, as I was a tellen on ye."

"How long were you there?"

"I was there ten year, and got to be as expart as enny man on the river, excepten old Captin Tyler, in steeren a raft."

"You had some strange adventures on the river, Uncle Zeke, had n't you?" asked Meech. "How is that one (winking aside to me) about your going to Trenton on the top of the big fresh?"

"Why, you see," answered the old man, clearing his throat, (he had taken a seat beside us some time before,) "we had all got rafted, and had waited for a fresh a long time, but no rain. It got to be as late as the middle of April, but at last the rain come, and, lord a massies! how it did come when it set about it. For twenty-four hours we thought that heaven and airth was a comen together. Howsever, finally at last it stopped, and then the river riz. And sich risen I never seen or heerd on afore. It carried away all the ravs around Cosheth-ton, 'cept mine and Captin Amos's and one or two others that happened to be in a good sitivation in the eddy. The river roared like a thunderstorm, and looked so angry, and made sich a travelen torts Philadelphy that we was all afear'd. Why, you knows that are island just above Squire Curtis's," turning to Meech, "well, there was nothen seed there but the tops of the trees jest a sticken out of the water. It was awful, now I tell ye, boys, to see frustrate ravs with all the oars on, and even the shanty up, come a lurchen along with nobody on 'em, and see 'em a dashen themselves agin the bridge and the crooks of the bunks. Howsever, as I was a sayen, there was my raft and three or four others left, but it was as much as we could do to keep 'em. We did so though until the fresh got to its height, and had even begun to fall a little. Now, you knows, boys, I spose, that when the river is a risen the middle is higher than the sides, and when it's a fallen that its lower. Well, the mornen it begun to fall, I and one of my forred hands by the name of—let me see, what was that are chap's name—oh his name was Decker, Joe Decker. Well, I and Joe Decker went on my raft to see whether the withs that held the raft to the one aside on 't was strong and tight yet. Well, while we was a tryen the withs, sumthen or other, a greater shooten than usooal of the current I spose, made the largest of the withs break, and

crack they all went, each on 'em like the sound of old Shaver's rifle over there. My raft was on the outside of Captin Amos's, and it was a light board one, and if ever you seed lightnen go, you seed that are raft start out of the eddy slap dash right into the middle of the current. There we was, and I tell ye, boys, it was enuff to make the hair lift the hat right off of one's head. The oars was, four on 'em, all rigged on to be sure, but me and Joe Decker could no more manage that are raft in that are current than we could climb one of these ere big pines foot foremost. Well, the way we went round the crook of the bank was n't slow, now I tell ye, and, by lightnen, boys, we did n't more than see Cosheth-ton bridge ahead on us, afore, whew! it seemed as though the sun guv a wink, and we was through. Slap dash, hurrah boys! away we went, as though Old Harry was arter us, the housen and the fences and the folks on the banks a spinnen one way, and we 'tother. By'm by we heerd a roaren, and we both on us knowed then what was a comen. It was Cosheth-ton Falls, and me and Joe lay flat down on the raft. It was n't a minute afore we was in 't. Up and down, up and down the raft went, and sich bilen and jumpen and crashen all round us was amazen, now I tell ye. Howsever, we got through arter a fashion, and down we went. There's no use a tellen on ye, boys, all the places we went through. Butler's though was another place that was aggravaten and skeary that day, but there was n't no stop to us. Down, down we went, and almost afore we knew it, night come. But there wa n't no more use in tryen to land than in thinken to lower the stream by laden on it out. So me and Joe lay down full length, and let the raft slide, arter we'd eat sumthen, for by good luck I had carried, only the night afore, our stock of bread and pork into the shanty, and there it was ready for us. Well, as I said afore, me and Joe lay down on the raft, for we didn't care to go in the shanty, 'case we wanted to see what was a goen on around us. No sleep for us, boys, you may be sarten, and when mornen come agin was n't we glad. Sum how or or other fright did n't take away our appetites, so we sot down to our breakfasts. Jest as I had got into the spirit on 't, Joe, all on a sudden, takes a squint forred, and hollers out, "Foul Rift!" I jumped up, and, sure enuff, there was the old critter right a head on us. It was n't many minutes afore we was up to it, and I tell ye what it is, boys, it was awful times there. The waves was a dashen over the two black rocks on the Jarsey side of the entrance, as white as a sheet, and the noise almost stunned us. But did n't we streak it through that are rift! Did ye ever see, boys, a steam injine in full motion? If yer have, you've sum notion how we went, and when we got through, I felt as though a hundred pound weight was lifted right off of my feelens. Well, to make a long story short, for I see the squire there is gotten fidgety, we went through Wells's Falls in about the same fashion we did Foul Rift, and about sundown we went through Trenton bridge and struck tide. A couple of men, parsoiven

our situation, pushed out from Bloomsbury in a boat, and joined us. We all four on us then took hold of the oars, and we were soon a layen tight and close at the dock; and gladder fellers than me and Joe never was, I can tell ye, when we set down safe and sound to a nice warm supper at the Bloomsbury Tavern."

As the monotonous sound of the old man's voice ceased, I felt a great relief. I looked around me. All was deep, sweet quiet. The sunshine lay upon the woods, the fields and road, in pure yellow beauty. A large spotted butterfly was undulating from shrub to shrub—a bee was diving so deep into the purple tuft of a thistle near me, that his ebony girdle and golden back were scarcely distinguishable—a jay was showing, from bush to bush, his bright blue jacket and glossy crest, uttering at intervals his harsh screech—and a flock of crows was alternately wheeling and settling upon the summit of a distant dead pine, their croakings just touching the ear with a faint and pleasant sound. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring. So still was the atmosphere that the thistle-down did no more than turn one or two somersets in its passage from the bank of the road to the surface.

But where was the hound all this time? No tidings could I hear from him. I bent my head in the direction whence I supposed his cry would come. I saw Meech doing the same thing. But no sound was heard that told of Ponto.

In the mean while, Uncle Zeke had taken the black stump of a pipe from the breast-pocket of his coat, struck fire with his flint and steel, and commenced smoking. Pah! what a villainous smell of bad tobacco. It poisons the air all around. The delicate scents that were floating about so lately have all vanished. Gone before the irruption of this vile effluvia. Still the old fellow puffs—puffs away. However, "the least said the soonest mended."

Meech bends his ear once more in the direction of the runway—then settles himself down again, with his back to the maple, and his rifle protruding from between his knees, and, with a comic look at me, again addresses Canfield—

"That was quite an interesting story of yours, Uncle Zeke. Suppose you give us another. How is that about the panther you once encountered near the Beaver-Kill?" [Conclusion in our next.

SIR HENRY'S WARD.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 113.)

CHAPTER IV.

Oh most delicate fiend!

Who is 't can read a woman? *Cymbeline.*

FLUSHED with success that was almost unexpected, and triumphant in the haughty pride of a conquest far dearer than any that had ever followed his warrior course of battle—the conquest of a pure heart that had hitherto kept aloof from his professions of love—General Arnold entered his carriage after his brief interview with Isabel, and drove home.

It was earlier than the time allotted for the *levee* of officers and citizens, which this aristocratic republican general held four mornings in the week, and as his domestics had received orders to admit no visitors earlier than that hour, General Arnold might have been surprised, had his mind been less occupied, to observe that a plain hackney-coach, bearing a most business-like aspect, was obliged to withdraw from the door in order to make room for his own superb equipage. But Arnold was far too happy and self-occupied for close observation. He descended from his carriage and mounted the steps of his dwelling with the haughty port and imperious tread of a prince; his fine features were radiant with happiness, almost unknown to his heart before.

As he turned to give an order to the coachman, a smile arched his lip, and, as if it were unconsciously, he tossed a piece of gold toward an infirm old man who was tottering by and looking wistfully toward him. As his foot touched the threshold a small man in black, who had descended from the hackney-coach, came gliding up the steps with a noiseless motion, and almost touched Arnold's elbow before the preoccupied general knew of his approach.

When Arnold saw this man, the smile left his lip; he drew back a step, but recovered himself instantly and lifted his military cap with a more profound inclination than the stranger's dress or apparent station seemed to warrant.

The stranger returned this salutation with a measured and grave bend of the head. Accepting the invitation conveyed by a slight motion of Arnold's hand, he entered the dwelling first, and walked composedly toward a side-door at the extremity of the hall, as if quite familiar with the building.

"Enter," said Arnold, flinging open the door, "it is earlier than my usual hour of attendance, but you always have command of my time, Mr. Longtree."

The stranger entered a small room, opening to one of larger size, and fitted up luxuriously as a study or closet. A table stood in the centre of the

room, covered deep with papers; several tall-backed elbow chairs, cushioned with crimson leather, stood near it, and against the wall was a high book-case and secretary, the desk part of which lay open, revealing a nest of pigeon-holes crowded full of documents. Several maps and charts were suspended on the wall, and a richly ornamented sword lay across a pair of gilded brackets over the mantel-piece, which also supported a brace of pistols, and one or two implements of warfare of less elaborate workmanship, evidently placed in their conspicuous position as battle trophies, rather than from any intrinsic value attached to them.

The stranger stood with his hand resting on the back of a chair, while he glanced around the room and allowed his eyes to settle upon the face of his host.

"You have a fine mansion here, general," he said, with the slightest possible curl of the upper lip, which, faint as it was, brought a warmer hue over Arnold's forehead. "Have you purchased this noble old dwelling?"

"No, I am not rich enough for that," replied the general with a forced laugh. "Indeed, the establishment costs enough without the expense of ownership; but sit down, Mr. Longtree, sit down, and let us talk at leisure. It is a long time since you have honored me with a visit."

Paul Longtree sat down in one of the tall chairs and rested his elbow on the table. Arnold sat down also, and began to trifle with the papers that lay before him, piling them in heaps and then sweeping them down again, while the visitor sat gazing hard in his face. At last Arnold thrust the papers from him, and turned frankly to his guest.

"I trust," he said, with the air of a man determined to face an unpleasant subject at once, "I trust, Mr. Longtree, that you have come to offer me farther accommodation, rather than press the old claim. I have always found you a most lenient creditor."

Longtree smiled coldly, and glanced through an open door into the large and richly furnished saloon where the republican general usually held his morning levees.

"I can imagine that all this requires money," he said drily, "but my claims have already swelled to a heavy amount, and in these times ready cash is worth a higher premium than you can afford to pay."

"I am not sure of that," said Arnold hastily.

"Besides," continued Longtree, "every day of this expensive living diminishes the small security that I have for my moneys."

"Not so," said Arnold, interrupting him; "every day adds to that security—" he hesitated, and broke off in some embarrassment.

"How can that be?" was the cold rejoinder.

"Because each day brings me nearer a marriage which will enable me to fling off all these troublesome encumbrances. Listen, my old friend, and remember you are the first person to whom the important secret has been breathed—I am on the eve of wedlock with one of the most lovely—"

"It is true, then," cried the visitor in a cold, sharp voice, while his dark eye kindled, and a frown gathered on his forehead; "it is true, then, General Arnold, and you are a—a—"

"No, I am not a bridegroom yet, if that was what you intended to say," said Arnold, laughing with some constraint, evidently surprised at the singular emotion exhibited by his guest, "but in a few months—perhaps the lady may be persuaded to make it weeks—her portion will enable me to pay off your demand; until then, let me beseech you, my kind friend, leave me in peace, or, if the base earth must be mentioned between us, add another thousand to the old loan. Heaven knows I shall require help from some quarter to keep the necessary style till my nuptials are over."

"They are then certain, these nuptials I mean," said Longtree in a constrained voice.

"Certain as the lady's vows and the father's promise can make them," was the exulting reply; "an hour since I had this assurance from two of the rosiest lips in America."

"And the father is rich?"

"As a Jew, Longtree—rich as a Jew!"

"And the lady's portion?"

"Rest content there, good friend," cried Arnold, with exultation—"it is enough to satisfy you, and every other demand against me, five times over."

"The wedding is certain—how long before it is to take place?"

"That is not quite settled. But, as my eloquence has succeeded so far, it will not fail in gaining an early day—rest assured of that."

"And then my demand will be paid?"

"In full, with that of every other creditor."

Longtree paused a moment, rested his forehead on one hand, and seemed to be musing. When he looked up there was a gleam in his dark eye that was difficult to understand. He smiled, too—very faintly—but there was subtle malice in the slight quiver of his lips that made Arnold move restlessly in his chair.

"You speak of other creditors," he said, "but you will find the number less than may have been expected. Finding that your paper was getting into discredit in the market, I took the liberty of an old friend and bought it up. At this moment I am almost your only creditor."

Arnold's face brightened, for some of these creditors had harassed him greatly, and the principal anxiety connected with his marriage arose from a fear that these men could not be persuaded to rest patiently till the fortune which he expected to secure with Isabel was in his possession. When assured that he had but one man to deal with, and that man a friend who had been always liberal and obliging, his heart leaped as if a load had been cast from it, and, stretching his hand across the table, he grasped that of Paul Longtree.

"This is kind—this is noble! You have saved me from a world of annoyance, perhaps even from ruin—for a knowledge of those debts might even have broken off my marriage had it reached the

lady's family. Believe me, I am deeply grateful."

Longtree withdrew his hand, and shrunk back in his chair with a sort of shudder, as if a serpent had clung to his fingers.

"I am afraid you will think that my urgent necessity for the whole money will leave little room for gratitude," he replied. "In truth, I have pressing demands for this sum, and come this morning to require full and immediate payment!"

Arnold started up, and began to pace the floor.

"Immediate payment!" he exclaimed—"immediate payment of all my debts! Why, Longtree, what can have induced this extravagant demand? I might as well attempt to dethrone King George with my single dagger point, as pay a third of my debts at a moment's warning."

"I will give a week," replied Longtree, coldly.

"A week!" cried Arnold, laughing bitterly, and pausing in front of his guest—"pray tell me how I am to raise three thousand pounds in a week?"

"Five thousand!" interposed Longtree, quietly—"five thousand three hundred and odd shillings—"

"Three—or five! How am I to meet any such demand?" repeated Arnold, with desperate bitterness. "Were I to sell every article of furniture in this house—horses, carriages, every thing—they would not bring half the sum."

"Besides, the sale might break up the marriage, from which so much is expected, and that would be a pity," chimed in Longtree, with sneering affectation of sympathy.

"It might and would. I tell you, Longtree, if the demand is insisted on it will be my ruin. But you cannot be in earnest!"

"I was never more so in my life, General Arnold—of that rest satisfied."

Longtree arose as he said this, and drew on his gloves. Arnold stood gazing upon him, now flushing red with anger, again turning pale as death, and gnawing his lip to keep back the rage that filled his heart.

"You are determined to ruin me, then," he said, at last, as Longtree lifted his hat from the table.

"I am determined to obtain the money justly my own," was the calm reply.

Arnold now gave way to all the haughty rage that his visitor's manner had from the first enkindled in his arrogant heart.

"This is malice—this is extortion!" he thundered forth. "You know how important it is that I should stand well before the public just now, and take advantage of my position. If this is intended to force me into paying usury—if I am to be fleeced and jewed for indulgence during the short time that intervenes between this and my marriage, speak out! I am ready to pay any amount, reasonable or unreasonable."

Longtree set down his hat, and stood a moment tearing one finger of his glove between his teeth, and with his eyes bent to the floor, as if pondering the subject over in his mind. At last he turned to Arnold, with more of animation than he had yet exhibited.

"Your marriage with this heiress is certain, then?"

"Most certain!" was the prompt reply, and, drawing a deep breath, Arnold sunk to a chair, relieved in supposing the change of manner in his guest bespoke a disposition to negotiate for time.

"And there is no doubt that the money will be forthcoming then?"

"None whatever!"

"In waiting till that time a person may be quite secure of receiving the money without delay?" persisted Longtree.

"Quite sure, I pledge you my honor!"

"Oh, as to that—" Longtree checked himself, adding—"In that case I can see no reason why any difficulty should arise in the matter. I am in great want of the money—indeed, it is impossible for me to get along without it—but if the repayment is certain, there can be no reason on earth why you should not pay it at once."

"But how—tell me how I am to obtain so large a sum?" cried Arnold, impatiently.

"You have at all times this amount of government funds in hand—why not use them?"

"What! use the government funds to pay my own private debts?" cried Arnold, turning crimson. "Are you raving mad, or is this said to insult me?"

"I am no fighting man, and of course never offer insults to those who are," replied Longtree. "As for making the government your creditor, rather than myself, the choice rests with you. I merely pointed out a way by which the inconvenience of breaking up this fine establishment might be avoided."

Arnold gazed hard in his visitor's face while he uttered this speech, in the quiet and low tone which he had kept unvaried throughout the interview. There was nothing in that impassive countenance to give hope of change in any determination the man might have formed. Arnold saw this and turned his eyes away. His elbow rested on the table. His forehead sunk to the palm of his hand, and he fell into a train of deep thought.

Longtree watched the shadows come and go on his temple—he saw the hot blood dash to his cheek and away, leaving it hueless for an instant, till the red tide came back again. Longtree knew that evil mind had caught the spark which had been flung to it with such cool forethought.

"I will call again to-morrow," he said, in a low silvery voice, calculated to fix itself upon the memory, without arousing the hearer from his reverie, and, gliding through the open door, Longtree crossed the reception-room, and left the house quietly as he had entered it.

The moment he was alone in the coach, with the door closed and the blinds up, a terrible change came over this singular man. His eyes gleamed, his lips were white and trembling, and he grasped the leathern cushions fiercely with one hand.

"Oh, why had I not the power of a wild beast, to tear and strangle him to death as he stood!" he cried through his clenched teeth. "Why is it that I am so feeble of body and so fierce of mind? And

yet—" here he paused, relaxed his hold on the cushion, and a subtle smile stole over his lips—" Why do I wish to swallow all this great feast of revenge at a mouthful? It shall last—it shall last!"

As Longtree uttered these words, the wild passion left his features, and, closing his eyes, he fell back in the seat apparently quite exhausted, for his mouth was relaxed, and drops of perspiration stood thickly on his forehead. The singular man had not preserved his calmness so thoroughly in Arnold's presence without an effort that shook every nerve in his body the moment that that effort was relaxed in the slightest degree.

Longtree drove into the most thickly settled portion of the city, and entered a hotel, where he had been residing for more than a week, in strict privacy, with his unhappy sister.

He mounted slowly to an upper chamber and entered it, pausing a moment at the door to gather breath, for he was a man of infirm health, and the least exertion, physical or mental, had a serious effect upon him. His sister was in the room, sitting on a low chair, exactly as he had left her two hours before. She turned her large black eyes earnestly upon him as he crossed the room, but did not speak, though her face was eloquent with unasked questions. At length, when her brother sunk to a chair, she seemed to notice for the first time that he was both faint and weary. She started up, drew his head to her bosom, and swept the drops from his forehead by a gentle pass of her hand.

"You have seen him, Paul?" she said, in a low voice, that was scarcely more than a whisper—"You have seen him?"

"There was keen anxiety in her voice—a sort of wild and intense eagerness—that made Longtree turn his eyes pityingly upon her. He knew the question that lay so heavily upon her proud heart, and answered it before it was asked.

"I have seen him—and he is the villain we supposed!" replied Longtree, raising his head from her shoulder, and turning his eyes anxiously on her face.

"The young person whom we saw—do you believe this, Paul—do you believe that he is, in truth, about to make her his—his wife?"

"He told me so with his own lips!"

Longtree started, for as these words left his lips his sister's heart, that had been beating with a heavy and smothered pulsation against his head till then, stopped with a force that seemed to him almost like a rebound. He looked up, and the sight of her deathly face renewed, for a moment, his own overtaxed energies.

"Laura—Laura! Do not, for my sake—for Heaven's sake! do not let this villain hold his power over you longer. It is terrible—the sight of it will kill me—unless—unless—"

The excited man clenched his right hand fiercely, and set his teeth together.

"Unless what, brother Paul?" said Laura, with a faint smile, that was painful to look upon.

"Unless I get the power to wring his foul heart as he has wrung ours," cried the brother, grinding

his teeth together. The heavy drops again started to his forehead, the unnatural strength which passion had given him gave way, and he moved feebly toward the bed with one arm still around his sister.

Laura sat down by him, silent and in great alarm. She had seldom seen his weak frame so terribly shaken before, and as he lay upon the pillow with his eyes shut and his limbs relaxed, she kissed his forehead, his lips and his hands, with a sort of desperate fondness, beseeching his pardon over and over for the great trouble which her wrong act had brought upon him, and heaping bitter reproaches on herself.

Longtree heard these reproaches, and opening his eyes made an effort to smile.

"Hush! Laura, hush!" he said in a faint voice. "I cannot bear to hear you talk in that way—hush, love, if you would not kill me!"

Laura drew in her breath with a sob, kissed his forehead once more, and sinking on her knees by the bedside remained there during some ten minutes silent and still as death. Her brother lay upon the pillow motionless, and with his eyes closed, almost senseless, if not asleep.

All at once a new expression shot over Laura's face, she bent her eyes upon her brother with a look of wild irresolution, and arose from her knees. Going into the next room she took up a crimson cardinal that lay upon a chair, drew the hood over her face, and went out with a cautious but quick footstep, as if she dreaded a recall.

In his agitation Longtree had forgotten to discharge the hackney-coach, and it was still at the door; Laura entered it, gave a direction to the coachman, and in a few minutes she stood within the hall of General Arnold's dwelling.

"My master receives no company to-day, he has just given orders that no person whatever be admitted," said the servant, as she was about to pass him.

"He will receive me—I am expected," said Laura, still advancing; "does this way lead to his room?"

"Let me take in the name—my master's orders were positive to admit no one, though this is his reception day," persisted the man, following her to the door of the reception-room, which stood open. But she was half away across the apartment before the man had finished his sentence, and a moment after she glided into the closet where Arnold was sitting. His head was bent; one hand shrouded his eyes, and Laura Longtree had stood opposite him, across the table, half a minute before he was aware of her presence. She had flung back her hood, and the cardinal fell in waves of red drapery across one shoulder and over her arm down to the hand which was pressed upon the table.

"If there is no other way, it must be," muttered Arnold, whose mind was dwelling feverishly on the means of freeing himself from the heavy demand that Longtree had brought upon him so unexpectedly. "After all, I am sure of repaying it in a few weeks."

and the government will—well, well, I must do the best I can, if he persists."

Arnold had not spoken these words distinctly, but the mere sound of his voice thrilled to the heart of that listening woman. It brought old and sweet memories thronging upon her. It struck upon her heart as the rod of Moses fell upon the rock, and floods of tenderness, frozen for years in the marble of her haughty bosom, were freed. When Arnold moved the hand from before his eyes, his visitor stood before him almost as he had parted from her seven years before, her great black eyes flooded with mournful tenderness, and her lips trembling with passionate love and a wild sense of wrong, which at that parting hour made her life a bitterness. The most glorious beauty possessed by woman Laura Longtree always had—that of sensitive feelings and a vivid intellect—and now, when both these properties were burning wildly in her nature, dyeing her cheeks and lips with a deeper red than the bloom of youth ever knew—when her eyes were kindled like diamonds beneath the lashes that were lifted from them with an inky curve, her beauty had a wild and spiritual air that would have startled an indifferent observer, how then must it have struck the conscience of the traitor?

He stood up white and startled, the words that he would have spoken clung to his lips—then he sat down and bent toward her, as if to be certain that some freak of imagination were not deceiving him. Laura spoke; her voice was unsteady and thrilling.

"It is long since we have met, Arnold; will you not speak to me?" she said.

The sound of her voice, sweet and troubled as it was, seemed to unchain the vulture in Arnold's heart. His imperious temper had been terribly aroused that day, and the sight of this woman, so beautiful in her wrongs, only exasperated him the more. It seemed to him that every base or foolish act of his life, every debt, moral and financial, that he had ever incurred, were brought before him for payment on the very morning when, of all others, he might have been most happy.

"I do not know what has brought you here," he said, with an effort at calmness, and his voice, though harsh and cold, was unsteady, "but I had hoped that the past—our past, Laura—was buried forever. If you have come to me as a friend—*only* as a friend—I am glad to see you."

Laura's half-parted lips closed convulsively, and she sat down with her eyes fixed upon Arnold, burning with wild reproach, as a wounded antelope might look upon its slayer. There was a moment of profound silence, and the two gazed fixedly on each other. The ordinary words of appeal seemed too feeble for the lips of the injured woman; the intensity of her suffering, the magnitude of her wrongs, seemed to lock up her heart, as the rushing torrent is walled in by artificial barriers. She spoke calmly, or with the appearance of calmness, from very lack of language.

"I have *not* come here as a friend, because friendship between us is unnatural. I have come to

you in extremity, as the patient goes to his surgeon to have a limb severed from his body, with a desperate hope that he may be spared, but resolved to bear the agony though it wrenches up the very root of existence."

Arnold sat gazing upon her almost in wonder, for there was something sublime in the courage with which she came to have his hands tear away the last sweet delusion of her life—the lofty courage burned in her eyes, and arched her delicate lips with an expression that was far more beautiful than a smile could have been. The form and face were for that moment full of grandeur. Arnold was a brave man, but he was only physically brave, and had no appreciation of that moral heroism, the highest and holiest on earth, that makes the brave woman.

"I have come to speak of the past," she continued, and here an intonation of tenderness softened her voice; "I have come to talk of the past that I may look upon the future with an 'unshackled eye.'"

"I tell you," said Arnold, half rising, "I tell you frankly that I have no idea of listening to reproaches for that which is irretrievable; why not bury the past, as I have? it were the better wisdom."

Laura sat down on the chair her brother had occupied but an hour before, and leaning on the table shrouded her eyes with one hand—it shook a little, that delicate hand, and a single tear forced itself through the fingers.

"Still I must speak of the past," she said, without unveiling her eyes, "of the past, when you found me a girl, a mere child—"

"Why talk of this—why persist in it?" cried Arnold impatiently.

"When I was a child," continued Laura, and now the tears gushed through her fingers one after another fast and large, while a sob broke from her lips. "You are right—you are right!" she continued, with a passionate burst of anguish, "I cannot talk of it. I cannot think of it with your cold, cruel eyes upon my face. Oh, Father of Heaven, this is in truth the bitterness of shame!"

"If the remembrance pains you so, why seek to call it up—why inflict a torture on yourself that you have lost all power to force upon me—once again. why should we not remain friends, now that our dream of love is over—now that we have met again after years of separation total as ours has been? I thought—I hoped that you had forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you!" cried the unhappy woman, removing the hand from her eyes and turning them full upon him. "Do you remember that I was an orphan—that I had nothing in the wide world to love—nothing to think of? That my brother had been five years absent, and whom I had never learned to love—"

"But he came to you at last—at any rate I was so informed," cried Arnold, eager to break off a subject that was every way annoying. "Surely you have never been in want—I should deeply condemn myself had that been the case."

"Want!" cried Laura bitterly. "Ah, yes, I did

suffer want—the deep, yearning want of a heart broken up and crushed, while the spring of youth would put forth blossoms among the ruins. I suffered, oh, heavens! how I suffered, because love and hope, born of the trust and delusiveness of youth, would not give me quite up to despair. Arnold! Arnold! for seven years I have looked forward to this hour when we should meet, and your voice should say, 'Laura, I loved you then—I love you still!'"

"I will not deny that our parting gave me pain," said Arnold, softened for the moment by her pathetic anguish.

Laura looked up, and her eyes flashed even at this guarded concession. He saw the look, remembered Isabel, and went on. "But I have been much in the world since then, and new impressions have made me forgetful of all that was happy or painful in our history. Indeed, I hoped that long before this you would have been honorably married!"

"Honorably married!" repeated Laura with a bitter smile, and a revulsion came over her face, sweeping every vestige of tenderness therefrom. She arose and gathered the cardinal over her shoulder, as if the girding of its blood-red folds over her heart would give it pride and strength, and then she turned firmly toward her betrayer again.

"It is the penalty of my sin that I have loved, and perhaps must love, a man for whom I can henceforth have no respect. Another question, Benedict Arnold, and we part forever!"

"Propound the question," said Arnold, whose cheek had paled with rage at her last cutting speech. "However bitter, it shall be welcome if it secures me from a repetition of this interview."

His tone of defiance only rendered Laura more firm.

"Do you love the woman whom you are about to make your wife?"

The worst part of Arnold's nature was aroused; he saw the terrible anxiety with which his reply was anticipated, and took a cruel pleasure in rendering it as painful to her as lay in the power of words.

"She is beautiful, wealthy and virtuous—I love her to adoration," was the unfeeling answer.

"And I was never loved!"

The voice in which these words were uttered would have startled a man less excited than Arnold, but he only replied by a cold and meaning smile.

Laura looked at him a full half minute, and then turning away went to the carriage, slowly, and with her head uncovered. *[To be continued.]*

TO NIAGARA.

BY THE LATE MRS. MARIA BROOKS.

Spirit of Homer! thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of Nature—this great fane of Nature's God—
Breathe on my strain!—oh, touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votress kneeling on the sod!

Sublime and beautiful your chapels here!—
Here 'neath the azure dome of heaven ye're wed—
Here, on this rock which trembles as I tread!
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source, and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but oh! beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or hearken to your maddening melody,
Sense—form—would spring to meet your white foam's kiss,
Be lapp'd in your soft rainbows once, and die.

Color, depth, height, extension—all unite
To chain the spirit, by a look intense.
The dolphin, in his clearest seas, or thence

Ta'en, for some queen, to deck of ivory white,
Dies not, in changeful tints, more delicately bright.

Look! look! there comes, o'er yon pale green expanse,
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast,
A glad young swan. The smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes, have lured her soft advance—
She nears the fatal brink—her graceful life is past!

Look up! nor her fond, foolish fate disdain;
An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath—
Feels he the charm? woos he the scene beneath?
He eyes the sun—moves his dark wing again—
Remembers clouds and storms—yet flies the lovely death.

"Niagara! wonder of this western world,
And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
Of cataracts!" an angel, who had been
O'er earth and heaven, spoke thus—his bright wings furled
And knelt to Nature first on this wild cliff unseen.

ON A WINDY PARSON.

"Preaching is foolishness," he made
The text of his oration;

And all confessed that he display'd
A perfect demonstration!

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOSSOM IN THE VALE.

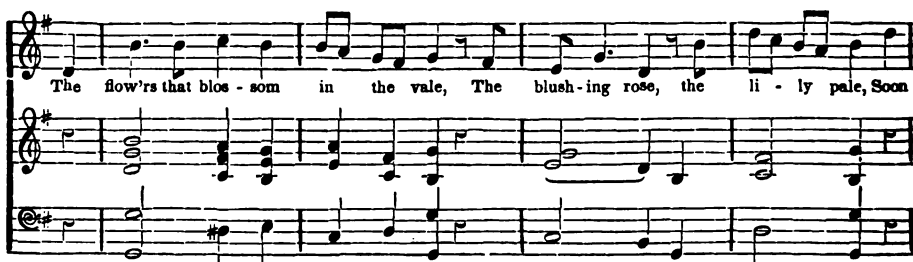
WALTZ.

THE WORDS BY J. POCOCK, ESQ.

THE MUSIC BY B. HIME.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN, 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Moderato.



where the con - stant I - vy shoots, But where the con-stant I - vy shoots, It fas - tens by a

thou - sand roots, And nev - er fades a - way, And nev - er fades a - - way.

thou - sand roots, And nev - er fades a - way, And nev - er fades a - - way.

Second Verse.

So pas - sion dies, the gau - dy flow'r, Blooms but to wi - ther in an hour, And all its sweets are o'er, And all its sweets are o'er. But true love like the I - vy springs, But true love like the I - vy springs, And round the heart it fond - ly clings, To part from it no more. To part from it no more.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By M. Michelet. Translated by G. H. Smith, F. G. S. Nos. 6 and 7. New York.

These numbers bring the history of Michelet down to the reign of Louis XI. The vigor, splendor and vivacity of the author's style, his singular power of infusing vital life into his narrative, and his hearty sympathy with the French people—a sympathy so strong that he enters into the biography of his nation as if he were writing his own—continue to give the work the same interest which the earlier portions excited. Bating a dash of something, which, in a less learned and powerful man, we should call quackery, the work will, when completed, form one of the most peculiar and fascinating of all histories. The portion in the present numbers relating to Joan of Arc is exquisitely beautiful and touching, combining the charm of ideal romance with the truth of history. Michelet has sifted the records of her life with the greatest care, and produced a portrait which makes the Maid of Orleans a palpable existence to the heart and imagination. Spenser's Una is not more ideal than Michelet's Pucelli—Scott's Jeannie Deans is not more exquisitely natural. Of her life it might be truly said, "that it was poetry put into action." No woman in history shines with a light so holy and beautiful as that shed from her character; and rarely, if ever, has fiction pictured as possible a maid so perfect as she was in reality. "She was a living legend—but her vital spirits, exalted and concentrated, did not become the less creative. The young girl created, so to speak, unconsciously, and realized her own ideas, endowing them with being, and imparting to them out of the strength of her original vitality, such splendid and all-powerful existence, that they threw into the shade the wretched realities of this world. If poetry means creation, this undoubtedly is the highest poetry."

Responses on the Use of Tobacco. By the Rev. Benjamin Ingersoll Lane, Author of "The Mysteries of Tobacco," &c. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This little work consists of a lecture on tobacco, and a series of letters from twenty-five professional gentlemen, giving either their own experience of the deleterious effects of the weed, or their opinions respecting its use. The book is exceedingly curious. The editor is evidently an enthusiast in the cause of anti-chewing and smoking. He sees half the ills of life through the haze of tobacco smoke. Like all reformers, he gives the impression that if the particular vice he opposes were eradicated, an undefined and enormous amount of suffering, misery and sin would cease to torment humanity. Many of the eminent gentlemen who furnish the "Responses," seem to coincide with the editor. Some of the letters contain a good deal of humbug and childish reasoning. Effects are attributed to tobacco which might have been caused by other stimulants. In cases where disease and mental weakness seem directly traceable to its use, there is nothing brought forward to show that such results were not owing to some peculiar unfitness in the constitution of the individual "Responder," to the use of the weed. But, with all

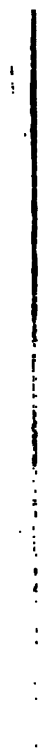
abatement, the volume deserves attention from students, not more from its blast against tobacco, than for the argument it suggests against the use of all physical stimulants among literary men. We believe that tobacco is only one of those causes which produce the most vexatious of all the ills afflicting the writer—we mean the weakening of his will. Coffee, tea and wines do this, as well as tobacco. It is owing to this that half the leisure of men of letters is spent in unprofitable reverie, instead of energetic thought and composition. These stimulants gradually wear away the power to act, and substitute a dreamy, objectionable meditation for conscious thinking. We believe that double the amount of intellectual labor might be done if the laborers did not attempt to excite their powers artificially. To a man who uses stimulants, all thought directed by volition to a palpable object is irksome, except when it is under strong excitement. This is the general rule. As every artificial excitement is followed by a period of depression, much time is thus wholly lost to the student. If he stimulates continually he dies before his time. If, like Lord Rochester or Lord Byron, he is drunk or excited all his days, his days are sure to be few, if not evil.

Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles. Edited by H. Hastings Weld. Illustrated with Eight Engravings by Sartain. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is no Annual, but a Perennial; and it is suitable not only for presentation at holidays, but as a companion, at all seasons alike, for the refined in taste and the simple in heart, for the learned and for the unlearned. The men of whose lives and deeds and doctrines it treats, are the property of all time and all ages; and the themes upon which the writers speak, charming to the mere literary taste and grateful to the perception of the beautiful, are those which will form the burthen of that song which is to reach its full and happy chorus only when earth and all that it inherits shall have passed away. The volume, with the exception of some forty or fifty pages of prose by the editor, is compiled from the offerings of the poets from the time of the quaint school of Drummond, Herbert and Gascoigne, down to the finished verse of the present era. Much of the poetry is for the first time here republished in this country; and we know of no volume which, without pretension to that character, is so complete a "specimen book" of sacred poetry. In the binding and getting up, the publishers have done themselves great credit. The white calf is particularly delicate and beautiful, and there are also other varieties for all possible tastes.

The Illustrated Gems of Sacred Poetry. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.

This volume is unique. It contains some thirty illuminated pages, drawn by Schuutz, and printed in colors by Sinclair—the illuminations being very tastefully allegorical of the subject. The cover is inlaid, to correspond with the work within; and, in addition to the illuminated pages, there are six steel plates, by Sartain. The contents



consist of a well made selection from the writings of English and American poets. This volume is entirely distinct in its contents from the other illustrated book by the same publishers; and the two would make beautiful centre-table companions; while it would perhaps be difficult to decide between them if only one were to be taken.

Hochelaga: or England in the New World. Edited by Eliot Warburton, Author of "The Crescent and the Cross." New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This work consists of two parts—the first relating to Canada, the second to the United States. It has no marked excellencies as a book of travels. The author is a quiet, gentlemanly Englishman, disposed to look with a friendly eye on this country—but he evidently knows very little about it. Most of the information he gives has been worn threadbare by other tourists, and is the mere commonplace of conversation here. There is nothing in the book to entitle it to a place in a "Library of Choice Reading." It is ludicrous to observe the gravity with which the author announces stale truisms, and retails the chit-chat of American drawing-rooms as political wisdom. A kind of hopeless mediocrity characterizes most English narratives of travel in the United States. The "American Notes" of Dickens possessed one advantage—they were not dull. Now, as critics, we prefer brilliant sauciness to somniferous politeness, even in a work on our own country; and had been better pleased if the present writer had made us angry instead of making us yawn. Warburton, the editor, is a brilliant man, and probably stood god-father to the book in order that his name might make it sell. The reader, however, who thinks to find in it any of the quiet humor or flashing wit of "The Crescent and the Cross," will be sadly disappointed. The portion relating to Canada is the most interesting, as it contains some information not generally known out of the province.

War Songs and Ballads from the Old Testament. By Wm. Plumer, Jr. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This elegant little volume contains five songs and ballads—The Song of Moses and Miriam, The Song of Deborah and Barak, Saul with the Witch of Endor, The Song of the Bow and Absalom. We received the volume too late to give any thing more than a hasty glance at its contents, but our impression of it is favorable. The following, from the Song of Deborah and Barak, is a good specimen of the versification:

Like chaff from the threshers, when winds sweep the floor,
They fly in their terror bold Barak before.
As potter, that treadeth beneath him the clay,
So trod he o'er princes and chiefs in the fray;
O'er helm and falchion, o'er gauntlet and spear,
O'er war-chiefs, down-trodden, disarmed, in their fear.
Their warriors are women—late boastful and vain—
Like women in travail who cry in their pain.
'Mid braying of trumpets, and smothering of steeds,
'Mid chariot-wheels broken, and spears snapt like reeds,
Like reeds, when behemoth down tramples the fen,
'Mid canebrakes of Jordan, so trod he o'er men.

Like waves, tempest-driven, that broke on the shore,
So broke they, nor rally their scattered ranks more.

With nine hundred chariots of iron, his boast
Was loud, that his war-steeds should tread down our host;
Should sweep o'er us proudly, and trample in dust
The warriors of Israel, though God was their trust.
With necks clothed in thunder, and eyes darting flame,
'Mid shouting of captains, on rushing they came:
They came like the whirlwind; but, firm as the rock,
Our spears met their onset, and breasted the shock.

The Modern British Plutarch; or Lives of Men Distinguished in the Recent History of England for Their Talents, Virtues and Achievements. By W. C. Taylor, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Dr. Taylor is a man of very respectable acquirements, but no very striking talents, who has learned the trade of making books, and is now a prominent literary craftsman. The present volume looks *jobby*. It belongs to that large class of volumes got up, not so much in authors' brains as behind booksellers' counters. An accomplished writer would have made out of the materials of this book a very fascinating volume; Dr. Taylor has made an useful one. It gives short biographies of Arkwright, Burns, Burke, Byron, Canning, Chatham, Clive, Fox, Grey, Hastings, Sheridan, Pitt, Mackintosh, Eldon, Erskine, Wellington, Grattan, Scott, and some dozen others. As a book for reference it will be found useful. It contains a condensed statement of the principal facts in the lives of the great men of the last generation, and is a safe book for children and families; but it is a great impertinence in the author to call it a "Modern Plutarch"—lugging in the name of the most charming of all biographers, to cover the mediocrity of the scantiest of all biographies. Why it was necessary to mention that the author was a Doctor of Laws is beyond our conjecture. Any bookseller's hack could have compiled the volume.

The Expedition to Borneo, of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy. By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R. N. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is an interesting volume to all who desire information regarding human nature in its uncivilized aspects, and who delight in narratives of adventure. Capt. Keppel writes like a brave English sailor, rather than as an accomplished rhetorician, and his work shows that he handles cutlass and musket better than the pen; but the want of much grace or force in the style is hardly noticed in the interest of the matter. The extracts from the journal of James Brooke, the British Agent at Borneo, and the account of his life and services, are peculiarly valuable. The volume forms No. 18 of "Harper's New Miscellany," a capital collection of cheap, well-printed books.

Italy, Spain and Portugal. With an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha. By Wm. Backford, Author of Vathek. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

It would be useless to praise this book, for it has long been celebrated among all reading men. Few books of travels approach it in splendor and picturesqueness. The peculiar character of the author is stamped upon it, lending to nearly all the descriptions an individual interest. The publishers have issued the work in an elegant style, and we cordially commend their cheap and tasteful edition to the public.

Temper and Temperament: Or, Varieties of Character. By Mrs. Ellis. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Mrs. Ellis's various books have had a large circulation in this country. Their popularity is to a considerable extent deserved. They have more than the usual amount of intellect and sentiment found in works professedly published to advance a practical moral purpose. "The Poetry of Life" possessed much literary merit, and evidenced a large acquaintance with polite literature. The present volume contains two stories, "The Managing Wife" and "Imprisoned Mind," which evince no mean powers of composition and delineation.

The Colonial History of the United States. By James Grahame, LL. D. A New Edition, with the Life of the Author, by Josiah Quincy, LL. D. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

It is a strange fact that the best histories of the United States have been written by foreigners. Jefferson, writing to John Adams, speaks of Botta's History of the Revolution as the most spirited and enthusiastic work on the subject; as one indeed that would have been quite perfect had the Italian relied less on Chief Justice Marshall as an authority—a circumstance that in no degree lessens our regard for him or his work. Grahame, a scholar of sound learning, large views, and the most perfect candor, felt the deepest interest in our "great experiment," and conceived for our country the warmest affection. He collected with diligence every thing relating to our early history, and devoted his life to the noble task of vindicating it in the eyes of the world. His work commences with the planting of the colonies, and ends with the declaration of independence. In clearness and dignity of style, in thorough research, nice discrimination and sound judgment, it is to be ranked with the very best compositions of its class in the English language.

A few months ago we had occasion to notice the publication of an edition of this work, in four volumes, which was sold at a high price. The present edition is in two volumes, printed with large type, on fine, white and firm paper, at the comparatively very low price of five dollars. A life of the amiable and learned author, prepared by Josiah Quincy, LL. D., the late President of Harvard University, at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, adds to its interest and value.

The Modern Cook: A Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches. By Charles Elmas Francatelli. One volume, octavo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

The ladies who read our Magazine will thank us for calling attention to this great work on the noble science of cooking, in which every body who has any taste feels a deep and abiding interest. Francatelli is the Plato, the Shakspeare, or the Napoleon, of his department; or perhaps the La Plâce, for his performance bears the same relation to ordinary cook books that the *Mecanique Celeste* does to Dnoll's Arithmetic. It is a large octavo, profusely illustrated, and contains every thing on the philosophy of making dinners, suppers, etc., that is worth knowing.

The Fountain: A Remembrancer for MDCCCXLVII. Edited by H. Hastings Weld. Philadelphia: William Slounaker.

When we mention that besides the contributions of its amiable and accomplished editor, this gift book contains articles by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, John G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, Wm. H. C. Hosmer, and Mesdames Kirkland, Sigourney, Stephens, Osgood, Seba Smith, Esling, and "Fanny Forester," we need say no more in praise of its literary character. The engravings, of which there are eight, are executed in a very admirable manner; the volume is beautifully printed, on fine white paper; and is bound with singular taste and richness by Gihon, of 98 Chesnut Street. The Fountain "will have a run."

The Diadem for MDCCCXLVII. A Gift for All Seasons. With Ten Engravings from Pictures by Leutze, Sully, Gray, etc. Quarto. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is unquestionably the most attractive of the annuals to appear the present season. The exquisitely

engraved illustrations, with but two exceptions from pictures by our own artists, we have never seen surpassed in an American book. The literary contents are not less excellent. Emerson has rarely written a better poem than "The World Soul," and the stories of "Julius" and "Poor Margaret," are of the first class of romantic fictions. Every thing about the volume shows the exquisite taste and tact of its editor.

Small Books on Great Subjects: Six Numbers. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

We are glad to perceive that Messrs. Lea & Blanchard are reprinting, for a quarter of their original price, this admirable series of little books, which have justly attracted so much attention in Great Britain.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Bowen, one of the best artists of his department in this country, is preparing an edition, in very large octavo, of McKenney and Hall's magnificent work on the Indian Tribes of North America. It will contain all the pictures, reduced in size, but engraved and colored more carefully than in the folio edition, with the letter-press printed in the best manner, for only thirty dollars.

The veteran Audubon, now nearly seventy years of age, uses his pencil with as much skill as when he made the best drawings for his *Birds of America*, which the great Cuvier declared was the most splendid monument which Art had reared in honor of Ornithology. His new work, *The Quadrupeds of America*, is quite equal to it in every respect. The publication of the plates will be finished in 1849, and the first volume of the letter-press is now nearly ready for delivery to his subscribers.

George B. Zeiber & Co., of this city, are issuing in numbers an edition of that very valuable and interesting publication, which has been so popular in Great Britain, Chambers's *Information for the People*. It is profusely illustrated, and quite equal to the Edinburgh impression, though at only half its cost.

Messrs. Appleton have published a very beautiful edition of the complete Poetical Works of Robert Southey, with his latest corrections, and the poems unpublished at the time of his death. It is the most elegantly illustrated and finely printed of the "large volume editions" that have been published in this country. Their edition of Moore, in the same style, will appear immediately.

Lea & Blanchard are about publishing Hawker on Shooting, with large additions by Dr. Porter of the New York Spirit of the Times, the very man to edit a book on the gun or the rod. To adopt the language of Christopher North, in the *Notes Ambrosiana*—"Hawker's is the best and most business-like book on shooting" that has ever been printed. Youatt on the Dog is another book for sportsmen, in press by the same house. Their edition of this very popular work is being printed under the direction of Dr. Lewis, with beautiful illustrations.

The Rev. Dr. Bush, of New York, will publish, in a few days, a work on the higher phenomena of Mesmerism, designed to show that the laws of spiritual intercourse developed in the magnetic state afford a striking confirmation of the truth of Emanuel Swedenborg's revelations on the same subject—so much so, that if the asserted mental phenomena of Mesmerism be facts, Swedenborg's claim to communion with spirits is established. At the same time, the learned professor contends that the evidence of his truth is amply sufficient to command faith independently of this, and that the credit of his doctrines is in no way compromised by any position assumed in regard to Mesmerism.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1846.

No. 5.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

Pres. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this high shore?
Ariel. Close by, my master.
Pres. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ariel. Not a hair perished. *TEMPEST.*

"D' YE hear there, Mr. Mulford?" called out Capt. Stephen Spike, of the half-rigged, brigantine Swash, or Molly Swash, as was her registered name, to his mate—"we shall be dropping out as soon as the tide makes, and I intend to get through the Gate, at least, on the next flood. Waiting for a wind in port is lubberly seamanship, for he that wants one should go outside and look for it."

This call was uttered from a wharf of the renowned city of Manhattan, to one who was in the trunk-cabin of a clipper-looking craft, of the name mentioned, and on the deck of which not a soul was visible. Nor was the wharf, though one of those wooden piers that line the arm of the sea that is called the East River, such a spot as ordinarily presents itself to the mind of the reader, or listener, when an allusion is made to a wharf of that town which it is the fashion of the times to call the *Commercial Emporium* of America—as if there might very well be an *emporium* of any other character. The wharf in question had not a single vessel of any sort lying at, or indeed very near it, with the exception of the Molly Swash. As it actually stood on the eastern side of the town, it is scarcely necessary to say that such a wharf could only be found high up, and at a considerable distance from the usual haunts of commerce. The brig lay more than a mile above the Hook (Corlaer's, of course, is meant

—not Sandy Hook) and quite near to the old Alma House—far above the ship yards, in fact. It was a solitary place for a vessel, in the midst of a crowd. The grum, top-chain voice of Captain Spike had nothing there to mingle with, or interrupt its harsh tones, and it instantly brought on deck Harry Mulford, the mate in question, apparently eager to receive his orders.

"Did you hail, Captain Spike?" called out the mate, a tight, well-grown, straight-built, handsome sailor-lad of two or three-and-twenty—one full of health, strength and manliness.

"Hail! If you call straining a man's throat until he's hoarse, hailing, I believe I did. I flatter myself there is not a man north of Hatteras that can make himself heard further in a gale of wind than a certain gentleman who is to be found within a foot of the spot where I stand. Yet, sir, I've been hailing the Swash these five minutes, and thankful am I to find some one at last who is on board to answer me."

"What are your orders, Capt. Spike?"

"To see all clear for a start as soon as the flood makes. I shall go through the Gate on the next young flood, and I hope you'll have all the hands aboard in time. I see two or three of them up at that Dutch beer-house, this moment, and can tell 'em, in plain language, if they come here with their beer aboard *them*, they'll have to go ashore again."

"You have an uncommonly sober crew, Capt. Spike," answered the young man, with great calmness. "During the whole time I have been with

them, I have not seen a man among them the least in the wind."

"Well, I hope it will turn out that I've an uncommonly sober mate in the bargain. Drunkenness I abominate, Mr. Mulford, and I can tell you, short metre, that I will not stand it."

"May I inquire if you ever saw me, the least in the world, under the influence of liquor, Capt. Spike?" demanded the mate, rather than asked, with a very fixed meaning in his manner.

"I keep no log-book of trifles, Mr. Mulford, and cannot say. No man is the worse for bowing out his jib when off duty, though a drunkard's a thing I despise. Well, well—remember, sir, that the Molly Swash casts off on the young flood, and that Rose Budd and the good lady, her aunt, take passage in her, this v'y'ge."

"Is it possible that you have persuaded them into that, at last!" exclaimed the handsome mate.

"Persuaded! It takes no great persuasion, sir, to get the ladies to try their luck in that brig. Lady Washington herself, if she was alive and disposed to a sea-v'y'ge, might be glad of the chance. We've a ladies' cabin, you know, and it's suitable that it should have some one to occupy it. Old Mrs. Budd is a sensible woman, and takes time by the forelock. Rose is ailin'—pulmonary they call it, I believe, and her aunt wishes to try the sea for her constitution—"

"Rose Budd has no more of a pulmonary constitution than I have myself," interrupted the mate.

"Well, that's as people fancy. You must know, Mr. Mulford, they've got all sorts of diseases now-a-days, and all sort of cures for 'em. One sort of a cure for consumption is what they tarm the Hyder-Ally—"

"I think you must mean hydropathy, sir—"

"Well, it's something of the sort, no matter what—but cold water is at the bottom of it, and they *do* say it's a good remedy. Now Rose's aunt thinks if cold water is what is wanted, there is no place where it can be so plenty as out on the ocean. Sea-air is good, too, and by taking a v'y'ge her niece will get both requisites together, and cheap."

"Does Rose Budd think herself consumptive, Capt. Spike?" asked Mulford, with interest.

"Not she—you know it will never do to alarm a pulmonary, so Mrs. Budd has held her tongue carefully on the subject before the young woman. Rose fancies that her *aunt* is out of sorts, and that the v'y'ge is tried on her account—but the aunt, the cunning thing, knows all about it."

Mulford almost nauseated the expression of his commander's countenance while Spike uttered the last words. At no time was that countenance very inviting, the features being coarse and vulgar, while the color of the entire face was of an ambiguous red, in which liquor and the seasons would seem to be blended in very equal quantities. Such a countenance, lighted up by a gleam of successful management, not to say with hopes and wishes that it will hardly do to dwell on, could not but be revolting to a youth of Harry Mulford's generous feelings,

and most of all to one who entertained the sentiments which he was quite conscious of entertaining for Rose Budd. The young man made no reply, but turned his face toward the water, in order to conceal the expression of disgust that he was sensible must be strongly depicted on it.

The river, as the well known arm of the sea in which the Swash was lying is erroneously termed, was just at that moment unusually clear of craft, and not a sail, larger than that of a boat, was to be seen between the end of Blackwell's Island and Corlaer's Hook, a distance of about a league. This stagnation in the movement of the port, at that particular point, was owing to the state of wind and tide. Of the first, there was little more than a southerly air, while the last was about two-thirds ebb. Nearly every thing that was expected on that tide, coast-wise, and by the way of the Sound, had already arrived, and nothing could go eastward, with that light breeze and under canvas, until the flood made. Of course it was different with the steamers, who were paddling about like so many ducks, steering in all directions, though mostly crossing and re-crossing at the ferries. Just as Mulford turned away from his commander, however, a large vessel of that class shoved her bows into the view, doubling the Hook, and going eastward. The first glance at this vessel sufficed to drive even Rose Budd momentarily out of the minds of both master and mate, and to give a new current to their thoughts. Spike had been on the point of walking up the wharf, but he now so far changed his purpose as actually to jump on board the brig and spring up alongside of his mate, on the taffrail, in order to get a better look at the steamer. Mulford, who loathed so much in his commander, was actually glad of this, Spikes' rare merit as a seaman forming a sort of attraction that held him, as it might be against his own will, bound to his service.

"What will they do next, Harry?" exclaimed the master, his manner and voice actually humanized, in air and sound at least, by this unexpected view of something new in his calling—"What *will* they do next?"

"I see no wheels, sir, nor any movement in the water astern, as if she were a propeller," returned the young man.

"She's an out-of-the-way sort of a hussy! She's a man-of-war, too—one of Uncle Sam's new efforts."

"That can hardly be, sir. Uncle Sam has but three steamers, of any size or force, now the Missouri is burned, and yonder is one of them, lying at the Navy Yard, while another is, or was lately, laid up at Boston. The third is in the Gulf. This must be an entirely new vessel, if she belong to Uncle Sam."

"New! She's as new as a Governor, and they tell me they've got so now that they choose five or six of *them*, up at Albany, every fall. That craft is sea-going, Mr. Mulford, as any one can tell at a glance. She's none of your passenger-hoys."

"That's plain enough, sir—and she's armed. Perhaps she's English, and they've brought her here into this open spot to try some new machinery."

Ay, ay! she's about to set her ensign to the navy men at the yard, and we shall see to whom she belongs."

A long, low, expressive whistle from Spike succeeded this remark, the colors of the steamer going up to the end of a gaff on the sternmost of her schooner-rigged masts, just as Mulford ceased speaking. There was just air enough, aided by the steamer's motion, to open the bunting, and let the spectators see the design. There were the stars and stripes, as usual, but the last ran perpendicularly, instead of in a horizontal direction.

"Revenue, by George!" exclaimed the master, as soon as his breath was exhausted in the whistle. "Who would have believed they could have screwed themselves up to doing such a thing in that bloody service?"

"I now remember to have heard that Uncle Sam was building some large steamers for the revenue service, and, if I mistake not, with some new invention to get along with, that is neither wheel nor propeller. This must be one of these new craft, brought out here, into open water, just to try her, sir."

"You're right, sir, you're right. As to the nature of the beast, you see her buntin', and no honest man can want more. If there's any thing I *do* hate, it is that flag, with its unnatural stripes, up and down, instead of running in the true old way. I *have* heard a lawyer say, that the revenue flag of this country is unconstitutional, and that a vessel carrying it on the high seas might be sent in for piracy."

Although Harry Mulford was neither Puffendorf, nor Grotius, he had too much common sense, and too little prejudice in favor of even his own vocation, to swallow such a theory, had fifty Cherry Street lawyers sworn to its justice. A smile crossed his fine, firm-looking mouth, and something very like a reflection of that smile, if smiles *can* be reflected in one's own countenance, gleamed in his fine, large, dark eye.

"It would be somewhat singular, Capt. Spike," he said, "if a vessel belonging to any nation should be seized as a pirate. The fact that she is national in character would clear her."

"Then let her carry a national flag, and be d—d to her," answered Spike fiercely. "I can show you law for what I say, Mr. Mulford. The American flag has its stripes fore and aft by law, and this chap carries his stripes perpendic'lar. If I commanded a cruiser, and fell in with one of these up and down gentry, blast me if I would n't just send him into port, and try the question in the old Almshouse."

Mulford probably did not think it worth while to argue the point any further, understanding the dogmatism and stolidity of his commander too well to deem it necessary. He preferred to turn to the consideration of the qualities of the steamer in sight, a subject on which, as seamen, they might better sympathize.

"That's a droll-looking revenue cutter, after all, Capt. Spike," he said—"a craft better fitted to go in

a fleet, as a look-out vessel, than to chase a smuggler in-shore."

"And no goer in the bargain! I do not see how she gets along, for she keeps all snug under water; but, unless she can travel faster than she does just now, the Molly Swash would soon lend her the Mother Carey's Chickens of her own wake to amuse her."

"She has the tide against her, just here, sir; no doubt she would do better in still water."

Spike muttered something between his teeth, and jumped down on deck, seemingly dismissing the subject of the revenue entirely from his mind. His old, coarse, authoritative manner returned, and he again spoke to his mate about Rose Budd, her aunt, the "ladies' cabin," the "young flood," and "casting off," as soon as the last made. Mulford listened respectfully, though with a manifest distaste for the instructions he was receiving. He knew his man, and a feeling of dark distrust came over him, as he listened to his orders concerning the famous accommodations he intended to give to Rose Budd and that "capital old lady, her aunt;" his opinion of "the immense deal of good sea-air and a v'y'ge would do Rose," and how "comfortable they both would be on board the Molly Swash."

"I honor and respect Mrs. Budd, as my captain's lady, you see, Mr. Mulford, and intend to treat her accordin'ly. She knows it—and Rose knows it—and they both declare they'd rather sail with *me*, since sail they must, than with any other ship-master out of America."

"You sailed once with Capt. Budd yourself, I think I have heard you say, sir?"

"The old fellow brought me up. I was with him from my tenth to my twentieth year, and then broke adrift to see fashions. We all do that, you know, Mr. Mulford, when we are young and ambitious, and my turn came as well another's."

"Capt. Budd must have been a good deal older than his wife, sir, if *you* sailed with him when a boy," Mulford observed a little drily.

"Yes; I own to forty-eight, though no one would think me more than five or six-and-thirty, to look at me. There was a great difference between old Dick Budd and his wife, as you say, he being about fifty when he married, and she less than twenty. Fifty is a good age for matrimony, in a man, Mulford; as is twenty in a young woman."

"Rose Budd is not yet nineteen, I have heard her say," returned the mate, with emphasis.

"Youngish, I will own, but that's a fault a liberal-minded man can overlook. Every day, too, will lessen it. Well, look to the cabins, and see all clear for a start. Josh will be down presently with a cart-load of stores, and you'll take 'em aboard without delay."

As Spike uttered this order, his foot was on the plank-sheer of the bulwarks, in the act of passing to the wharf again. On reaching the shore, he turned and looked intently at the revenue steamer, and his lips moved, as if he were secretly uttering maledictions on her. We say maledictions, as the ex-

pression of his fierce ill-favored countenance too plainly showed that they could not be blessings. As for Mulford, there was still something on his mind, and he followed to the gangway ladder and ascended it, waiting for a moment when the mind of his commander might be less occupied to speak. The opportunity soon occurred, Spike having satisfied himself with the second look at the steamer.

"I hope you don't mean to sail again without a second mate, Capt. Spike?" he said.

"I do though, I can tell you. I hate Dickies—they are always in the way, and the captain has to keep just as much of a watch with one as without one."

"That will depend on his quality. You and I have both been Dickies in our time, sir; and my time was not long ago."

"Ay—ay—I know all about it—but you didn't stick to it long enough to get spoiled. I would have no man aboard the Swash who made more than two v'yges as second officer. As I want no spies aboard my craft, I'll try it once more without a Dicky."

Saying this in a sufficiently positive manner, Capt. Stephen Spike rolled up the wharf, much as a ship goes off before the wind, now inclining to the right, and then again to the left. The gait of the man would have proclaimed him a sea-dog, to any one acquainted with that animal, as far as he could be seen. The short squab figure, the arms bent nearly at right angles at the elbow, and working like two fins with each roll of the body, the stumpy, solid legs, with the feet looking in the line of his course and kept wide apart, would all have contributed to the making up of such an opinion. Accustomed as he was to this beautiful sight, Harry Mulford kept his eyes riveted on the retiring person of his commander, until it disappeared behind a pile of lumber, waddling always in the direction of the more thickly peopled parts of the town. Then he turned and gazed at the steamer, which, by this time, had fairly passed the brig, and seemed to be actually bound through the Gate. That steamer was certainly a noble-looking craft, but our young man fancied she struggled along through the water heavily. She might be quick at need, but she did not promise as much by her present rate of moving. Still, she was a noble-looking craft, and, as Mulford descended to the deck again, he almost regretted he did not belong to her; or, at least, to any thing but the Molly Swash.

Two hours produced a sensible change in and around that brigantine. Her people had all come back to duty, and what was very remarkable among seafaring folk, sober to a man. But, as has been said, Spike was a temperance man, as respects all under his orders at least, if not strictly so in practice himself. The crew of the Swash was large for a half-rigged brig of only two hundred tons, but, as her spars were very square, and all her gear as well as her mould seemed constructed for speed, it was probable more hands than common were necessary to work her with facility and expedition. After all, there were not many persons to be enumerated

among the "people of the Molly Swash," as they called themselves; not more than a dozen, including those aft, as well as those forward. A peculiar feature of this crew, however, was the circumstance that they were all middle-aged men, with the exception of the mate, and all thorough-bred sea-dogs. Even Josh, the cabin-boy, as he was called, was an old, wrinkled, gray-headed negro, of near sixty. If the crew wanted a little in the elasticity of youth, it possessed the steadiness and experience of their time of life, every man appearing to know exactly what to do, and when to do it. This, indeed, composed their great merit; an advantage that Spike well knew how to appreciate.

The stores had been brought alongside of the brig in a cart, and were already stowed in their places. Josh had brushed and swept, until the ladies' cabin could be made no neater. This ladies' cabin was a small apartment beneath a trunk, which was, ingeniously enough, separated from the main cabin by pantries and double doors. The arrangement was unusual, and Spike had several times hinted that there was a history connected with that cabin; though what the history was Mulford never could induce him to relate. The latter knew that the brig had been used for a forced trade on the Spanish Main, and had heard something of her deeds in bringing off specie, and proscribed persons, at different epochs in the revolutions of that part of the world, and he had always understood that her present commander and owner had sailed in her, as mate, for many years before he had risen to his present station. Now, all was regular in the way of records, bills of sale, and other documents; Stephen Spike appearing in both the capacities just named. The register proved that the brig had been built as far back as the last English war, as a private cruiser, but recent and extensive repairs had made her "better than new," as her owner insisted, and there was no question as to her sea-worthiness. It is true the insurance offices blew upon her, and would have nothing to do with a craft that had seen her two score years and ten; but this gave none who belonged to her any concern, inasmuch as they could scarcely have been underwritten in their trade, let the age of the vessel be what it might. It was enough for them that the brig was safe and exceedingly fast, insurances never saving the lives of the people, whatever else might be their advantages. With Mulford it was an additional recommendation, that the Swash was usually thought to be of uncommonly just proportions.

By half past two, P. M., every thing was ready for getting the brigantine under way. Her foretopsail—or foretawail, as Spike called it—was loose, the fasts were singled, and a spring had been carried to a post in the wharf, that was well forward of the starboard bow, and the brig's head turned to the southwest, or down stream, and consequently facing the young flood. Nothing seemed to connect the vessel with the land but a broad gangway plank, to which Mulford had attached lifelines, with more care than it is usual to meet with

on board of vessels employed in short voyages. The men stood about the decks with their arms thrust into the bosoms of their shirts, and the whole picture was one of silent, and possibly of somewhat uneasy expectation. Nothing was said, however; Mulford walking the quarter-deck alone, occasionally looking up the still little tenanted streets of that quarter of the suburbs, as if to search for a carriage. As for the revenue-steamer, she had long before gone through the southern passage of Blackwell's, steering for the Gate.

"Dat's dem, Mr. Mulford," Josh at length cried, from the look-out he had taken in a stern-port, where he could see over the low bulwarks of the vessel. "Yes, dat's dem, sir. I know dat old gray horse dat carries his head so low and sorrowful like, as a horse has a right to do dat has to drag a cab about this big town. My eye! what a horse it is, sir!"

Josh was right, not only as to the gray horse that carried his head "sorrowful like," but as to the cab and its contents. The vehicle was soon on the wharf, and in its door soon appeared the short, sturdy figure of Capt. Spike, backing out, much as a bear descends a tree. On top of the vehicle were several light articles of female appliances, in the shape of bandboxes, bags, &c., the trunks having previously arrived in a cart. Well might that over-driven gray horse appear sorrowful, and travel with a lowered head. The cab, when it gave up its contents, discovered a load of no less than four persons besides the driver, all of weight, and of dimensions in proportion, with the exception of the pretty and youthful Rose Budd. Even she was plump, and of a well rounded person; though still light and slender. But her aunt was a fair picture of a ship-master's widow; solid, comfortable and buxom. Neither was she old, nor ugly. On the contrary, her years did not exceed forty, and being well preserved, in consequence of never having been a mother, she might even have passed for thirty-five. The great objection to her appearance was the somewhat indefinite character of her shape, which seemed to blend too many of its charms into one. The fourth person, in the fare, was Biddy Noon, the Irish servant and *factotum* of Mrs. Budd, who was a pock-marked, red-faced, and red-armed single woman, about her mistress's own age and weight, though less stout to the eye.

Of Rose we shall not stop to say much here. Her deep-blue eye, which was equally spirited and gentle, if one can use such contradictory terms, seemed alive with interest and curiosity, running over the brig, the wharf, the arm of the sea, the two islands, and all near her, including the Alma-House, with such a devouring rapidity as might be expected in a town-bred girl, who was setting out on her travels for the first time. Let us be understood; we say town-bred, because such was the fact; for Rose Budd had been both born and educated in Manhattan, though we are far from wishing to be understood that she was either very well-born, or highly educated. Her station in life may be inferred from

that of her aunt, and her education from her station. Of the two, the last was, perhaps, a trifle the highest.

We have said that the fine blue eye of Rose passed swiftly over the various objects near her, as she alighted from the cab, and it naturally took in the form of Harry Mulford, as he stood in the gangway, offering his arm to aid her aunt and herself in passing the brig's side. A smile of recognition was exchanged between the young people, as their eyes met, and the color, which formed so bright a charm in Rose's sweet face, deepened, in a way to prove that that color spoke with a tongue and eloquence of its own. Nor was Mulford's cheek mute on the occasion, though he helped the hesitating, half-doubting, half-bold girl along the plank with a steady hand and rigid muscles. As for the aunt, as a captain's widow, she had not felt it necessary to betray any extraordinary emotions in ascending the plank, unless, indeed, it might be those of delight on finding her foot once more on the deck of a vessel!

Something of the same feeling governed Biddy, too, for, as Mulford civilly extended his hand to her also, she exclaimed—

"No fear of me, Mr. Mate—I came from Ireland by wather, and knows all about ships and brigs, I do. If you could have seen the times we had, and the saas we crossed, you'd not think it nadeful to say much to the likes iv me."

Spike had tact enough to understand he would be out of his element in assisting females along that plank, and he was busy in sending what he called "the old lady's dunnage" on board, and in discharging the cabman. As soon as this was done, he sprang into the main-channels, and thence, *viâ* the bulwarks, on deck, ordering the plank to be hauled aboard. A solitary laborer was paid a quarter to throw off the fasts from the ring-bolts and posts, and every thing was instantly in motion to cast the brig loose. Work went on as if the vessel were in haste, and it consequently went on with activity. Spike bestirred himself, giving his orders in a way to denote he had been long accustomed to exercise authority on the deck of a vessel, and knew his calling to its minutæ. The only ostensible difference between his deportment to-day and on any ordinary occasion, perhaps, was in the circumstance that he now seemed anxious to get clear of the wharf, and that in a way which might have attracted notice in any suspicious and attentive observer. It is possible that such a one was not very distant, and that Spike was aware of his presence, for a respectable-looking, well-dressed, middle-aged man *had* come down one of the adjacent streets, to a spot within a hundred yards of the wharf, and stood silently watching the movements of the brig, as he leaned against a fence. The want of houses in that quarter enabled any person to see this stranger from the deck of the Swash, but no one on board her seemed to regard him at all, unless it might be the master.

"Come, bear a hand, my hearty, and toss that bow-fast clear," cried the captain, whose impatience to be off seemed to increase as the time to do so ap-

proached nearer and nearer. "Off with it, at once, and let her go."

The man on the wharf threw the turns of the hawser clear of the post, and the Swash was released forward. A smaller line, for a spring, had been run some distance along the wharves, ahead of the vessel, and brought in aft. Her people clapped on this, and gave way to their craft, which, being comparatively light, was easily moved, and was very manageable. As this was done, the distant spectator who had been leaning on the fence moved toward the wharf with a step a little quicker than common. Almost at the same instant, a short, stout, sailor-like looking little person, waddled down the nearest street, seeming to be in somewhat of a hurry, and presently he joined the other stranger, and appeared to enter into conversation with him; pointing toward the Swash as he did so. All this time, both continued to advance toward the wharf.

In the meanwhile, Spike and his people were not idle. The tide did not run very strong near the wharves and in the sort of a bight in which the vessel had lain, but, such as it was, it soon took the brig on her inner bow, and began to cast her head off shore. The people at the spring pulled away with all their force, and got sufficient motion on their vessel to overcome the tide, and to give the rudder an influence. The latter was put hard a-starboard, and helped to cast the brig's head to the southward.

Down to this moment, the only sail that was loose on board the Swash was the fore-topsail, as mentioned. This still hung in the gear, but a hand had been sent aloft to overhaul the buntlines and clewlines, and men were also at the sheets. In a minute the sail was ready for hoisting. The Swash carried a wapper of a fore-and-aft mainsail, and, what is more, it was fitted with a standing gaff, for appearance in port. At sea, Spike knew better than to trust to this arrangement, but in fine weather, and close in with the land, he found it convenient to have this sail haul out and brail like a ship's spanker. As the gaff was now aloft, it was only necessary to let go the brails to loosen this broad sheet of canvas, and to clap on the out-hauler, to set it. This was probably the reason why the brig was so unceremoniously cast into the stream, without showing more of her cloth. The jib and flying-jibs, however, did at that moment drop beneath their booms, ready for hoisting.

Such was the state of things as the two strangers came first upon the wharf. Spike was on the taffrail, overhauling the main-sheet, and Mulford was near him, casting the fore-topsail braces from the pins, preparatory to clapping on the halyards.

"I say, Mr. Mulford," asked the captain, "did you ever see either of them chaps afore? These jokers on the wharf, I mean."

"Not to my recollection, sir," answered the mate, looking over the taffrail to examine the parties. "The little one is a burster! The funniest looking little fat old fellow I've seen in many a day."

"Ay, ay, them fat little bursters, as you call 'em, are sometimes full of the devil. I don't like either

of the chaps, and am right glad we are well cast, before they got here."

"I do not think either would be likely to do us much harm, Capt. Spike."

"There's no knowing, sir. The biggest fellow looks as if he might lug out a silver oar at any moment."

"I believe the silver oar is no longer used, in this country at least," answered Mulford, smiling. "And if it were, what have we to fear from it? I fancy the brig has paid her reckoning."

"She do n't owe a cent, nor ever shall for twenty-four hours after the bill is made out, while I own her. They call me ready-money Stephen, round among the ship-chandlers and caulkers. But I don't like them chaps, and what I don't relish I never swallow, you know."

"They'll hardly try to get aboard us, sir; you see we are quite clear of the wharf, and the mainsail will take now, if we set it."

Spike ordered the mate to clap on the outhauler, and spread that broad sheet of canvas at once to the little breeze there was. This was almost immediately done, when the sail filled, and began to be felt on the movement of the vessel. Still, that movement was very slow, the wind being so light, and the *vis inertia* of so large a body remaining to be overcome. The brig receded from the wharf, almost in a line at right angles to its face, inch by inch, as it might be, dropping slowly up with the tide at the same time. Mulford now passed forward to set the jibs, and to get the topsail on the craft, leaving Spike on the taffrail, keenly eyeing the strangers, who, by this time, had got down nearly to the end of the wharf, at the berth so lately occupied by the Swash. That the captain was uneasy was evident enough, that feeling being exhibited in his countenance, blended with a malignant ferocity.

"Has that brig any pilot?" asked the larger and better-looking of the two strangers.

"What's that to you, friend?" demanded Spike, in return. "Have you a Hell-Gate branch?"

"I may have one, or I may not. It is not usual for so large a craft to run the Gate without a pilot."

"Oh! my gentleman's below, brushing up his logarithms. We shall have him on deck to take his departure before long, when I'll let him know your kind inquiries after his health."

The man on the wharf seemed to be familiar with this sort of sea-wit, and he made no answer, but continued that close scrutiny of the brig, by turning his eyes in all directions, now looking below, and now aloft, which had in truth occasioned Spike's principal cause for uneasiness.

"Is not that Capt. Stephen Spike, of the brigantine Molly Swash?" called out the little, dumpling-looking person, in a cracked, dwarfish sort of a voice, that was admirably adapted to his appearance. Our captain fairly started; turned full toward the speaker; regarded him intently for a moment, and gulped the words he was about to utter, like one confounded. As he gazed, however, at little dumpy, examining his bow-legs, red broad cheeks, and

coarse snub nose, he seemed to regain his self-command, as if satisfied the dead had not really returned to life.

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman you have named?" he asked, by way of answer. "You speak of him like one who ought to know him."

"A body is apt to know a shipmate. Stephen Spike and I sailed together twenty years since, and I hope to live to sail with him again."

"You sail with Stephen Spike? when and where, may I ask, and in what v'y'ge, pray?"

"The last time was twenty years since. Have you forgotten little Jack Tier, Capt. Spike?"

Spike looked astonished, and well he might, for he had supposed Jack to be dead fully fifteen years. Time and hard service had greatly altered him, but the general resemblance in figure, stature, and waddle, certainly remained. Notwithstanding, the Jack Tier Spike remembered was quite a different person from this Jack Tier. That Jack had worn his intensely black hair clubbed and curled, whereas this Jack had cut his locks into short bristles, which time had turned into an intense gray. That Jack was short and thick, but he was flat and square; whereas this Jack was just as short, a good deal thicker, and as round as a dumpling. In one thing, however, the likeness still remained perfect. Both Jacks chewed tobacco, to a degree that became a distinct feature in their appearance.

Spike had many reasons for wishing Jack Tier were not resuscitated in this extraordinary manner, and some for being glad to see him. The fellow had once been largely in his confidence, and knew more than was quite safe for any one to remember but himself, while he might be of great use to him in his future operations. It is always convenient to have one at your elbow who thoroughly understands you, and Spike would have lowered a boat and sent it to the wharf to bring Jack off, were it not for the gentleman who was so inquisitive about pilots. Under the circumstances, he determined to forego the advantages of Jack's presence, reserving the right to hunt him up on his return.

The reader will readily enough comprehend that the Molly Swash was not absolutely standing still while the dialogue related was going on, and the thoughts we have recorded were passing through her master's mind. On the contrary, she was not only in motion, but that motion was gradually increasing, and by the time all was said that has been related, it had become necessary for those who spoke to raise their voices to an inconvenient pitch in order to be heard. This circumstance alone would soon have put an end to the conversation, had not Spike's pausing to reflect brought about the same result, as mentioned.

In the mean time, Mulford had got the canvas spread. Forward, the Swash showed all the cloth of a full-rigged brig, even to royals and flying jib; while aft, her mast was the raking, tall, naked pole of an American schooner. There was a taunt topmast, too, to which a gaff-topsail was set, and the gear proved that she could also show, at need, a

staysail in this part of her, if necessary. As the Gate was before them, however, the people had set none but the plain, manageable canvas.

The Molly Swash kept close on a wind, luffing athwart the broad reach she was in, until far enough to weather Blackwell's, when she edged off to her course, and went through the southern passage. Although the wind remained light, and a little baffling, the brig was so easily impelled, and was so very handy, that there was no difficulty in keeping her perfectly in command. The tide, too, was fast increasing in strength and velocity, and the movement from this cause alone was getting to be sufficiently rapid.

As for the passengers, of whom we have lost sight in order to get the brig under way, they were now on deck again. At first, they had all gone below, under the care of Josh, a somewhat rough groom of the chambers, to take possession of their apartment, a sufficiently neat, and exceedingly comfortable cabin, supplied with every thing that could be wanted at sea, and, what was more, lined on two of its sides with state-rooms. It is true, all these apartments were small, and the state-rooms were very low, but no fault could be found with their neatness and general arrangements, when it was recollected that one was on board a vessel.

"Here ebbery t'ing heart can wish," said Josh, exultingly, who, being an old-school black, did not disdain to use some of the old-school dialect of his caste. "Yes, ladies, ebbery t'ing. Let Capt. Spike alone for dat! He won'erful at accommodation! Not a bed-bug aft—know better dan come here; jest like de people, in dat respects, and keep deir place foward. You nebber see a pig come on de quarter-deck, nudder."

"You must maintain excellent discipline, Josh," cried Rose, in one of the sweetest voices in the world, which was easily attuned to merriment—"and we are delighted to learn what you tell us. How do you manage to keep up these distinctions, and make such creatures know their places so well?"

"Nuttin easier, if you begins right, miss. As for de pig, I teach dem wid scaldin' water. Whenever I sees a pig come aft, I gets a little water from de copper, and just scald him wid it. You can 't t'ink, miss, how dat mend his manners, and make him squeel fuss, and t'ink arter. In dat fashion I soon gets de ole ones in good trainin', and den I has no more trouble with dem as comes fresh aboard; for de ole hog tell de young one, and 'em won'erful cunnin', and know how to take care of 'emself."

Rose Budd's sweet eyes were full of fun and expectation, and she could no more repress her laugh than youth and spirits can always be discreet.

"Yes, with the pigs," she cried, "that might do very well; but how is it with those—other creatures?"

"Rosy, dear," interrupted the aunt, "I wish you would say no more about such shocking things. It's enough for us that Capt. Spike has ordered them all to stay forward among the men, which is always

done on board well disciplined vessels. I've heard your uncle say, a hundred times, that the quarter-deck was sacred, and that might be enough to keep such animals off it."

It was barely necessary to look at Mrs. Budd in the face to get a very accurate general notion of her character. She was one of those inane, uncultivated beings, who seem to be protected by a benevolent Providence in their pilgrimage on earth, for they do not seem to possess the power to protect themselves. Her very countenance expressed imbecility and mental dependence, credulity and a love of gossip. Notwithstanding these radical weaknesses, the good woman had some of the better instincts of her sex, and was never guilty of any thing that could properly convey reproach. She was no monitress for Rose, however, the niece much oftener influencing the aunt than the aunt influencing the niece. The latter had been fortunate in having had an excellent instructress, who, though incapable of teaching her much in the way of accomplishments, had imparted a great deal that was respectable and useful. Rose had character, and strong character, too, as the course of our narrative will show; but her worthy aunt was a pure picture of as much mental imbecility as at all comported with the privileges of self-government.

The conversation about "those other creatures" was effectually checked by Mrs. Budd's horror of the "animals," and Josh was called on deck so shortly after as to prevent its being renewed. The females staid below a few minutes, to take possession, and then they re-appeared on deck, to gaze at the horrors of the Hell Gate passage. Rose was all eyes, wonder and admiration of every thing she saw. This was actually the first time she had ever been on the water, in any sort of craft, though born and brought up in sight of one of the most thronged havens in the world. But there must be a beginning to every thing, and this was Rose Budd's beginning on the water. It is true the brigantine was a very beautiful, as well as an exceedingly swift vessel, but all this was lost on Rose, who would have admired a horse-jockey bound to the West Indies, in this the incipient state of her nautical knowledge. Perhaps the exquisite neatness that Mulford maintained about every thing that came under his care, and that included every thing on deck, or above board, and about which neatness Spike occasionally muttered an oath, as so much senseless trouble, contributed somewhat to Rose's pleasure; but her admiration would scarcely have been less with any thing that had sails, and seemed to move through the water with a power approaching that of volition.

It was very different with Mrs. Budd. She, good woman, had actually made one voyage with her late husband, and she fancied that she knew all about a vessel. It was her delight to talk on nautical subjects, and never did she really feel her great superiority over her niece, so very unequivocally, as when the subject of the ocean was introduced, about which she did know something, and touching which Rose was profoundly ignorant, or as ignorant

as a girl of lively imagination could remain with the information gleaned from others.

"I am not surprised you are astonished at the sight of the vessel, *Rosy*," observed the self-complacent aunt at one of her niece's exclamations of admiration. "A vessel is a very wonderful thing, and we are told what extr'or'ny beings they are that 'go down to the sea in ships.' But you are to know this is not a ship at all, but only a half-jigger rigged, which is altogether a different thing."

"Was my uncle's vessel, *The Rose In Bloom*, then, very different from the *Swash*?"

Very different, indeed, child! Why, *The Rose In Bloom* was a full-jiggered ship, and had twelve masts—and this is only a half-jiggered brig, and has but two masts. See, you may count them—one—two!"

Harry Mulford was coiling away a top-gallant-brace, directly in front of Mrs. Budd and Rose, and, at hearing this account of the wonderful equipment of *The Rose In Bloom*, he suddenly looked up, with a lurking expression about his eye that the niece very well comprehended, while he exclaimed, without much reflection, under the impulse of surprise—

"Twelve masts! Did I understand you to say, ma'am, that Capt. Budd's ship had twelve masts?"

"Yes, sir, *twelve*! and I can tell you all their names, for I learnt them by heart—it appearing to me proper that a ship-master's wife should know the names of all the masts in her husband's vessel. Do you wish to hear their names, Mr. Mulford?"

Harry Mulford would have enjoyed this conversation to the top of his bent, had it not been for Rose. She well knew her aunt's general weakness of intellect, and especially its weakness on this particular subject, but she would suffer no one to manifest contempt for either, if in her power to prevent it. It is seldom one so young, so mirthful, so ingenuous and innocent in the expression of her countenance, assumed so significant and rebuking a frown as did pretty Rose Budd when she heard the mate's involuntary exclamation about the "twelve masts." Harry, who was not easily checked by his equals, or any of his own sex, submitted to that rebuking frown with the meekness of a child, and stammered out, in answer to the well-meaning, but weak-minded widow's question—

"If you please, Mrs. Budd—just as you please, ma'am—only twelve is a good many masts—" Rose frowned again—"that is—more than I'm used to seeing—that's all."

"I dare say, Mr. Mulford—for you sail in only a half-jigger; but Capt. Budd always sailed in a full jigger—and *his* full-jiggered ship had just twelve masts, and, to prove it to you, I'll give you the names—first, then, there were the fore, main, and mizen masts—"

"Yes—yes—ma'am," stammered Harry, who wished the twelve masts and *The Rose In Bloom* at the bottom of the ocean, since her owner's niece still continued to look coldly displeased—"that's right, I can swear!"

"Very true, sir, and you'll find I am right as to

all the rest. Then, there were the fore, main, and mizen top-masts—they make six, if I can count, Mr. Mulford?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the mate, laughing, in spite of Rose's frowns, as the manner in which the old sea-dog had quizzed his wife became apparent to him. "I see how it is—you are quite right, ma'am—I dare say *The Rose In Bloom* had all these masts, and some to spare."

"Yes, sir—I knew you would be satisfied. The fore, main and mizen top-gallant-masts make nine—and the fore, main and mizen royals make just twelve. Oh, I'm never wrong in any thing about a vessel, especially if she is a full-jiggered ship."

Mulford had some difficulty in restraining his smiles each time the full-jigger was mentioned, but Rose's expression of countenance kept him in excellent order—and she, innocent creature, saw nothing ridiculous in the term, though the twelve masts had given her a little alarm. Delighted that the old lady had got through her enumeration of the spars with so much success, Rose cried, in the exuberance of her spirits—

"Well, aunty, for my part, I find a half-jigger vessel so very, very beautiful, that I do not know how I should behave were I to go on board a *full-jigger*."

Mulford turned abruptly away, the circumstance of Rose's making herself ridiculous giving him sudden pain, though he could have laughed at her aunt by the hour.

"Ah, my dear, that is on account of your youth and inexperience—but you will learn better in time. I was just so, myself, when I was of your age, and thought the fore-rafters were as handsome as the squared-jiggers, but soon after I married Capt. Budd I felt the necessity of knowing more than I did about ships, and I got him to teach me. He did n't like the business, at first, and pretended I would never learn; but, at last, it came all at once like, and then he used to be delighted to hear me 'talk ship,' as he called it. I've known him laugh, with his cronies, as if ready to die, at my expertness in sea-terms, for half an hour together—and then he would swear—that was the worst fault your uncle had, Rosy—he *would* swear, sometimes, in a way that frightened me, I do declare!"

"But he never swore at you, aunty?"

"I can't say that he did exactly do that, but he would swear all round me, even if he did n't actually touch me, when things went wrong—but it would have done your heart good to hear him laugh! He had a most excellent heart, just like your own, Rosy dear; but, for that matter, all the Budds have excellent hearts, and one of the commonest ways your uncle had of showing it was to laugh, particularly when we were together and talking. Oh, he used to delight in hearing me converse, especially about vessels, and never failed to get me at it when he had company. I see his good-natured, excellent-hearted countenance at this moment, with the tears running down his fat, manly cheeks, as he shook his very sides with laughter. I may live a hundred

years, Rosy, before I meet again with your uncle's equal."

This was a subject that invariably silenced Rose. She remembered her uncle, herself, and remembered his affectionate manner of laughing at her aunt, and she always wished the latter to get through her eulogiums on her married happiness, as soon as possible, whenever the subject was introduced.

All this time the Molly Swash kept in motion. Spike never took a pilot when he could avoid it, and his mind was too much occupied with his duty, in that critical navigation, to share at all in the conversation of his passengers, though he did endeavor to make himself agreeable to Rose, by an occasional remark, when a favorable opportunity offered. As soon as he had worked his brig over into the south or weather passage of Blackwell's, however, there remained little for him to do, until she had drifted through it, a distance of a mile or more, and this gave him leisure to do the honors. He pointed out the castellated edifice on Blackwell's as the new penitentiary, and the hamlet of villas, on the other shore, as Ravenswood, though there is neither wood nor ravens to authorize the name. But the "Suns-wick," which satisfied the Delafields and Gibbeses of the olden time, and which distinguished their lofty halls and broad lawns, was not elegant enough for the cockney tastes of these later days, so "wood" must be made to usurp the place of cherries and apples, and "ravens" that of gulls, in order to satisfy its cravings. But all this was lost on Spike. He remembered the shore as it has been twenty years before, and he saw what it was now, but little did he care for the change. On the whole, he rather preferred the Grecian Temples, over which the ravens would have been compelled to fly, had there been any ravens in that neighborhood, to the old fashioned and highly respectable residence that once alone occupied the spot. The point he did understand, however, and on the merits of which he had something to say, was a little farther ahead. That, too, had been re-christened—the Hallet's Cove of the mariner being converted into Astoria—not that bloody-minded place at the mouth of the Oregon, which has come so near bringing us to blows with our "ancestors in England," as the worthy denizens of that quarter choose to consider themselves still, if one can judge by their language. This Astoria was a very different place, and is one of the many suburban villages that are shooting up, like mushrooms, in a night, around the great *Commercial Emporium*. This spot Spike understood perfectly, and it was not likely that he should pass it without communicating a portion of his knowledge to Rose.

"There, Miss Rose," he said, with a didactic sort of air, pointing with his short, thick finger at the little bay which was just opening to their view; "there 's as neat a cove as a craft need bring up in. That *used to be* a capital place to lie in, to wait for a wind to pass the Gate; but it has got to be most too public for my taste. I'm rural, I tell Mulford, and love to get in out-of-the-way berths with my brig, where she can see salt-meadows, and smell the

clover. You never catch me down in any of the crowded slips, around the markets, or any where in that part of the town, for I *do* love country air. That's Hallet's Cove, Miss Rose, and a pretty anchorage it would be for us, if the wind and tide did n't serve to take us through the Gate."

"Are we near the Gate, Capt. Spike?" asked Rose, the fine bloom on her cheek lessening a little, under the apprehension that formidable name is apt to awaken in the breasts of the inexperienced.

"Half a mile, or so. It begins just at the other end of this island on our larboard hand, and will be all over in about another half mile, or so. It's no such bad place, a'ter all, is Hell-Gate, to them that's used to it. I call myself a pilot in Hell-Gate, though I *have* no branch."

"I wish, Capt. Spike, I could teach you to give that place its proper and polite name. We call it Whirl-Gate altogether now," said the relict.

"Well, that's new to me," cried Spike. "I *have* heard some chicken-mouthed folk say *Hurl-Gate*, but this is the first time I ever heard it called Whirl-Gate—they'll get it to Whirlagig-Gate next. I do n't think that my old commander, Capt. Budd, called the passage any thing but honest, up and down Hell-Gate."

"That he did—that he did—and all my arguments and reading could not teach him any better. I proved to him that it was Whirl-Gate, as any one can see that it ought to be. It is full of whirlpools, they say, and that shows what Nature meant the name to be."

"But, aunty," put in Rose, half reluctantly, half anxious to speak, "what has *gate* to do with whirlpools? You will remember it is called a *gate*—the gate to that wicked place I suppose is meant."

"Rose, you amaze me! How can *you*, a young woman of only nineteen, stand up for so vulgar a name as Hell-Gate!"

"Do you think it as vulgar as Hurl-Gate, aunty?" To me it always seems the most vulgar to be straining at gnats."

"Yes," said Spike, sentimentally, "I'm quite of Miss Rose's way of thinking—straining at gnats is very ill-manners, especially at table. I once knew a man who strained in this way, until I thought he would have choked, though it was with a fly to be sure; but gnats are nothing but small flies, you know, Miss Rose. Yes, I'm quite of your way of thinking, Miss Rose; it is very vulgar to be straining at gnats and flies, more particularly at table. But you'll find no flies or gnats aboard here, to be straining at, or brushing away, or to annoy you. Stand by there, my hearties, and see all clear to run through Hell-Gate. Do n't let me catch *you* straining at any thing, though it should be the fin of a whale!"

The people forward looked at each other, as they listened to this novel admonition, though they called out the customary "ay, ay, sir," as they went to the sheets, braces and bowlines. To them the passage of no Hell-Gate conveyed the idea of any particular terror, and with the one they were about to

enter, they were much too familiar to care any thing about it.

The brig was now floating fast, with the tide, up abreast of the east end of Blackwell's, and in two or three more minutes she would be fairly in the Gate. Spike was aft, where he could command a view of every thing forward, and Mulford stood on the quarter-deck, to look after the head-braces. An old and trustworthy seaman, who acted as a sort of boatswain, had the charge on the fore-castle, and was to tend the sheets and tack. His name was Rove.

"See all clear," called out Spike. "D'ye hear there, for'ard! I shall make a half-board in the Gate, if the wind favor us, and the tide prove strong enough to hawse us to wind'ard sufficiently to clear the pot—so mind your—"

The captain breaking off in the middle of this harangue, Mulford turned his head, in order to see what might be the matter. There was Spike, leveling a spy-glass at a boat that was pulling swiftly out of the north channel, and shooting like an arrow directly athwart the brig's bows into the main passage of the Gate. He stepped to the captain's elbow.

"Just take a look at them chaps, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, handing his mate the glass.

"They seem in a hurry," answered Harry, as he adjusted the glass to his eye, "and will go through the Gate in less time than it will take to mention the circumstance."

"What do you make of them, sir?"

"The little man who called himself Jack Tier is in the stern-sheets of the boat, for one," answered Mulford.

"And the other, Harry—what do you make of the other?"

"It seems to be the chap who hailed to know if we had a pilot. He means to board us at Riker's Island, and make us pay pilotage, whether we want his services or not."

"Blast him and his pilotage too! Give me the glass"—taking another long look at the boat, which by this time was glancing, rather than pulling, nearly at right angles across his bows. "I want no such pilot aboard here, Mr. Mulford. Take another look at him—here, you can see him, away on our weather bow, already."

Mulford did take another look at him, and this time his examination was longer and more scrutinizing than before.

"It is not easy to cover him with the glass," observed the young man—"the boat seems fairly to fly."

"We're forereaching too near the Hog's Back. Capt. Spike," roared the boatswain, from forward.

"Ready about—hard a lee," shouted Spike. "Let all fly, for'ard—help her round, boys, all you can, and wait for no orders! Bestir yourselves—bestir yourselves."

It was time the crew should be in earnest. While Spike's attention had been thus diverted by the boat, the brig had got into the strongest of the current, which, by setting her fast to windward, had trebled

the power of the air, and this was shooting her over toward one of the greatest dangers of the passage on a flood tide. As everybody bestirred themselves, however, she was got round and filled on the opposite tack, just in time to clear the rocks. Spike breathed again, but his head was still full of the boat. The danger he had just escaped as Scylla met

him as Charybdis. The boatswain again roared to go about. The order was given as the vessel began to pitch in a heavy swell. At the next instant she rolled until the water came on deck, whirled with her stern down the tide, and her bows rose as if she were about to leap out of water. The Swash had hit the Pot Rock !
[To be continued.]

THE WIDOW'S LOVER.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

"Of chance or change, O! let not man complain."

W~~e~~ met too late—we met too late,
Another had that bright lip pressed,
Had bee-like clung and reveled there,
And that fair form had oft caressed !
And though the light and glow of youth
Still linger on thy cheek and brow,
The first wild dream of love is o'er,
Another won thy virgin vow.

Oh ! tell me not that *that* is past,
A bubble on life's changing stream,
That charmed, then faded in the grasp,
A bright deceit, a girlish dream—
That only *now* the gushing heart,
Its fountain depths unseals—reveals,
That *then* 't was Error's specious art,
While *now* 't is Nature speaks and feels.

'T is past, I know, and he now sleeps
Where yonder weeping-willows wave,
While she, the idol of his heart,
Can coldly look upon his grave—
Can listen to another's suit,
And feign she never loved till now,
Can fold the present to her heart,
And o'er the past oblivion throw.

It may be so, bewitching one—
Would that no shadowy doubt had birth—
For, false or true, thou art to me
The dearest, fairest thing on earth !
And yet in calm reflection's hour,
Within my soul a sad regret
Will whisper with a spirit-voice,
Oh ! would that we had earlier met.

WHAT CAN THE REASON BE?

BY MISS EMMA WOOD.

I NEVER could tell why I loved to roam
In the brightness of summer morn,
Or light that the moon so softly pours
As she fills her silver horn.

But yet it is sure that I wandered forth
In the hours of morn and eve,
And lingered amidst the clustering flowers
My visions of joy to weave.

I never could tell why the wild-bird's song
On the chords of my spirit hung
Like a thought of beauty, a spell of love,
That could never find a tongue.

It seemed if that voice of song were mine
I could warble each gentle theme
Which dwells alone in the poet's heart,
Or the bliss of a poet's dream.

I never could tell why the violet's bloom
Was like to thy gentle eye,
Yet whenever it smiled on my lonely walk,
'T was thine image seemed floating by.

And I cannot tell why the murmuring breeze
Seems to whisper sweet words of thee ;
But I know when it sweeps in its freshness by
Thou art present in thought with me.

I cannot tell why my pulses throb
So wildly when thou art nigh,
Nor yet how the tumult is lulled to rest
By the glance of thy soft blue eye.

I cannot tell why my dreams at night
Are filled with one vision fair,
Nor why I am sad when my slumbers break
And the form dissolves in air.

I believe that a spell hath been o'er me flung
Which I cannot as yet define,
Nor yet can I choose but the wildering charm
Should ever through life be mine.

Maiden, I hie to thy latticed bower,
Can thine eyes the mystery see ?
Come, let me read in their starry light
If it be not love for thee.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

OR THE YOUNG PAINTER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

BY MARY E. LEE.

"Great Source of Life! oh! warm my soul
To ardent prayer in this glad hour,
When with night's shadows all dispelled,
The sun shines forth in radiant power,
And roused from sleep, Thou dost restore
My active energies once more."

So sang the young painter, Angly, as lingering at the window of the little studio, he watched the first rays of the sun, as, shining through the narrow alley-way between the walls of the opposite houses, it lit up his humble chamber, and gave to the various pictures which decorated its confines an almost celestial beauty; while its brightest beams played like a halo around the slender form of a delicate young woman, who just then entered the room with a beautiful infant in her arms, and who was no other than the wife of the artist.

"Good-morning to thee, Lucille," exclaimed Angly, in animated tones, as his clear, thoughtful eyes turned from the window, to rest in tender affection on the face of his young wife.

"Hush!" whispered Lucille, laying her finger on her lip, "hush, Leonard, if you would not arouse little John from his morning nap, and really I have so much to do at this hour that I am trying to lure him to sleep again, though the poor fellow would rather have a game of play, now, when every thing else is awake."

"What a glorious morning," continued Angly, still yielding to the delicious reverie into which he had fallen previous to his wife's entrance, "the air is as sweet and pure as though it had been stealing perfume from the distant flower-gardens, and blooming corn-fields, which lie in the suburbs of this closely built city, and even now it steals through the dark alley between yonder high walls, through which alone I get a glimpse at nature. Would that I could take a journey into the country, and revel for a season in the enjoyment of natural scenery; for Art, alas! becomes weak and feeble when debarred from all healthful nourishment, and needs occasionally a strengthening draught to revive in it its inborn fire and feeling."

"My dear husband!" murmured Lucille, as her eye rested in tender sympathy upon Angly's handsome countenance. "Alas! why is it that while the rich drink freely from the springs of enjoyment, to the poor all earth's pleasures are denied?"

"Believe it not, wife," exclaimed the painter earnestly. "Eternal Goodness is no partial step-mother, who allows one of her children to starve, while the other is overwhelmed with bounty; but she ever distributes, with equal and generous hand, the tokens of her love; since surely, Lucille, a mind and capacity for enjoying the beautiful may be numbered among the choicest of these gifts; and does it not often happen, that while the rich man sits thirsting at the sparkling fountain of Nature's beauty, his needy brother drinks in joy and refreshment in each falling drop. When I count over the many unearthly forms of beauty which my soul can conjure up, and that it only requires the effort of a moment to open a fairy Eldorado of wealth, where I may sit serenely sheltered from all the cares of earth; when, I say, I recall the varied advantages of my inner being, the power of pluming my spirit's wings, and soaring into an ideal world of felicity, then do I feel that every complaint breathed against the circumstances of my outer lot is the sin of ingratitude against a good Providence!" and as Angly spoke his eyes became moist with emotion, until turning from one to another of the pictures which adorned the apartment, he exclaimed, involuntarily, "I am rich! ah! yes, rich indeed!"

As Lucille caught her husband's last words, tears rolled slowly down her youthful face, and a sorrowful smile played around her mouth, as she observed, "Alas! dear husband, would that you could take your wife and child along with you to that happy land of Ideality; but no! to the uninitiated its holy entrance is forever closed; and the anxieties which fail to reach you, only fall with double weight upon me."

Angly's hand let fall the easel from which he was removing a picture which he had just finished, and there was something of reproach in his expressions of astonishment, as turning to his wife he exclaimed, "Surely you are not weeping, Lucille! oh! what injustice you commit against my beautiful art, that art which affords me such inexhaustible enjoyment.

Or is it that you only despond because our small funds are almost exhausted, and because I have received no order for a single picture during some months past? Be not disheartened, wife—for, depend upon it, that aid will come when we least expect it. Here is a dollar for your necessary household purchases, and, although it is the last, and only a few pence lay at the bottom of my purse, yet shall I ring a funeral knell with these over my hopes for the future! No—no! let us still trust on in a good Providence."

"Does Mr. Angly reside here?" asked a soft, feminine voice at the entrance, and ere the person addressed could answer, Angly himself opened the door of the apartment, and what was his surprise on seeing a young lady, of tall and graceful stature, standing before him. The simple straw bonnet, which slightly overshadowed her youthful face, could not, however, conceal a pair of dark blue eyes, full of truth and innocence; and a soft mass of silken hair formed a graceful outline to the rounded cheek, where the purple of modesty contended for empire with the rose of youth, that flower which blooms but once, and then withers forever. A sombre-colored mantle, light and transparent as the wing of a butterfly, fell in loose folds over her white morning-dress; and a freshly plucked bouquet of the roses of Jericho was stuck carelessly in her belt, and seemed to shed a perfume over the whole apartment.

"Pray, forgive me, sir, if I have ventured to intrude at an inconvenient hour," observed the maiden, with that playful smile which is peculiar to childhood; and while, with a low bow, the painter invited her to enter, his accustomed admiration of youth and beauty made him stand, for a moment, gazing silently upon her, till, suddenly recovering from his surprise, he modestly observed—

"Surely I may promise myself a happy day, when one of the most beautiful spirits of the morning comes thus early to visit me."

With a gay, yet timid laugh, and, still employing Angly's fanciful vein of thought, the stranger observed—

"I have often heard it said that artists confirm the truth of the proverb, that Aurora is favorable to the Muses, and under this supposition I chose the early morning hour to reveal to you the little secret business which I am desirous of having you execute."

These last words brought a blush to the cheek of the painter's wife, and, fearful that she had already intruded, was about to leave the apartment, when the lady, observing her movement, turned courteously round, exclaiming—

"Pray, remain with us, Mrs. Angly—for I believe I am not mistaken in supposing you the wife of this gentleman. Although I am desirous of secrecy from my friends, yet, believe me, I do not wish to debar you from my confidence."

"May we not inquire the name of the lady who thus honors us?" now asked the painter.

"Oh, certainly. My name is Teckla, and I am

the daughter of the Countess Moorwald," she replied, in the most unassuming manner, and then quickly added—"I sincerely hope that you will not refuse the little request I am about to make."

"Surely not," replied Angly—"I am at your service, if it can possibly be accomplished."

Teckla bowed her thanks, and for a moment remained silent, while the shadow, as of some dark remembrance, flitted across her bright face—then, in these words, she commenced—

"You must allow me, sir, to give you some domestic details, ere I mention the object of my visit. My father, Count Moorwald, died only a short time subsequent to my birth, and from that period we constantly resided at our country-seat, where my education was carried on under the direction of a private teacher, while my mother gave her entire attention to my elder brother, on whom she lavished the most extravagant fondness, as the only heir and male descendant of our noble house. Rudolph had just attained to the period of manhood, when, with my mother's entire approbation, he fixed his affections on the daughter of a gentleman of equal rank and fortune as ourselves; and such was his success in the prosecution of his suit, that preparations were fully made for their marriage, and a large number of guests already invited, when my brother was seized with a violent fever, which, in the course of two short weeks, and notwithstanding the devoted attention of the best physicians, laid him in the grave. My mother, as may be readily supposed, was truly inconsolable, and when, after a long illness, she was once more restored to the family circle, her mind seemed to labor under deep apathy, and she moved from one chamber to another with that passive indifference which one might imagine in a body untenanted by a soul. For myself, it seemed that I had really lost my mother, since she no longer expressed the least affection for me, but passed her whole time in vain yearnings for the beloved dead."

A sudden gush of tears here interrupted the young Teckla's narrative, but, with an effort, she quickly recovered her self-possession, and continued, as follows:—

"It was necessary, for the preservation of my mother's intellect, that some means should be employed for rousing her from her mental apathy, and, among other plans, our family physician suggested the erection of a tomb to my brother's memory. With all the ardor of maternal love and sorrow, she eagerly acted on the suggestion, and, in a short time, a tasteful monument was erected amid a beautiful enclosure of flowering shrubs, in the most retired part of our grounds, and in its vault my brother's coffin was deposited, with all the ceremonial of a second burial. Alas! the experiment proved equally dangerous in its consequences, for, regardless of the heat of the mid-day sun, or the chilling dews of the summer's eve, my mother was ever found lingering about the spot where lay the remains of one whom she had so dearly loved, till at length her health sunk so rapidly beneath the constant exposure, that we felt assured she would

soon take her place at his side, unless means could be devised for leading her feelings into another channel. Hardly knowing how to act toward her, I sought the counsel of our good old chaplain, and, by his advice, wrote immediately to my uncle, Gen. Moorwald, inviting him to pay us a visit, and try what effect his presence would have on my mother's morbid state of feeling. In a few days, he appeared in person, and so severely did he point out her indifference toward myself, and blame the selfish love which wasted all its energies on the dead, that, at first, I almost regretted having summoned him. But soon his energetic measures seemed to take effect. My mother was led to acknowledge that she still had a child to live for and to love, and my wounded feelings were soothed and comforted by the belief that I was again an object of some consideration. Yielding to my uncle's persuasions, she even agreed to accompany him to his city home, where we remained until her bodily health seemed partially reestablished. But, since our return to our country seat, her former yearnings again threaten to gain the ascendancy, and my mind has been constantly busy in contriving various plans for her amusement.

"A few days ago, my uncle, knowing her passion for pictures, sent us a large collection of fine engravings, and, seated at her side, I sought to draw her attention to one, and then another, of these beautiful representations, and particularly displayed several landscapes among the collection; but, in a tone of despondency, she replied—

"No doubt they are very beautiful, my daughter—yet I would willingly relinquish all for a faithful copy of my son's resting-place, as it stands in the midst of the dark, embowering foliage. What a comfort it would be to gaze continually on the spot where my darling boy reposes. But alas! this comfort is denied me, since my friends would but regard it as the vain fancy of a diseased imagination."

"Hardly had I heard her express this desire, than I resolved on its accomplishment, and learning, on inquiry, that you were the best artist in the city, I called this morning to request, your engagements permitting, that you would consent to take a journey to our villa, which lies only twelve miles hence, where, supplied with every convenience to your art, and at perfect liberty to fix your own price, I trust that you will not refuse to bestow on the canvas a representation of my mother's favorite retreat."

"I thank you, generous lady," replied the painter, while his face beamed with unwonted pleasure. "Your timely request really seems to come as an answer to my morning yearnings, for, exhausted by too close an application to my art, my relaxed mind seems to demand, for a few days, the exhilarating influence of nature, and, if you are desirous of its immediate accomplishment, I am ready to set off this very day."

"How glad I am—how truly fortunate!" exclaimed the grateful Teckla. "Yet, my good Mr. Angly, you may proceed at your leisure, since I wish the picture as a present for my mother's birthday, which does not take place until the 17th August

—nearly seven weeks hence. If, however, you are willing to set off to-morrow, I will give you a letter of introduction to our steward, a worthy and warm-hearted man, who, at my hints, will receive and entertain you as a friend of our family. Now, let me also advance a small sum of money for any necessary expenses."

And, as she spoke, Teckla quietly laid a roll of paper on the table near which she was standing.

"Lady, you are too good," exclaimed the painter, in grateful agitation, and kissing his visitor's extended hand—then, turning to his young wife, who, with her infant in her arms, had been a silent but delighted auditor of the whole transaction, he softly whispered—"What think you of my morning's work, Lucille—and ought we to quarrel with Providence again?"

A pale blush of embarrassment diffused itself over Lucille's face, as she gently replied—

"No, indeed! Thou art a lucky man, whose hopes have been fully realized."

The young countess was just about to depart, when suddenly she seemed struck by a pleasant thought, and, turning to the painter, she cordially observed—

"Mr. Angly, it has just suggested itself to my mind that your wife would perhaps be pleased to accompany you in your journey. Say but the word, and I will also mention her in my letter to our steward."

Then, turning to Lucille, she stooped to caress the sprightly infant, who was now crowing and leaping in his mother's arms, and kindly added—

"This pretty fellow hardly seems to need the country air, he is so fresh and blooming. But do you not think, madam, that your husband would work with more pleasure if you were present to cheer and encourage him in his labors?"

Lucille was too happy for words, but her husband spoke her thanks in the animated tones in which he exclaimed—

"Ah, lady! if I wished to paint an angel, where could I find a fitter model than in you!"

But, with a playful shake of the head, Teckla looked around the room, observing—

"And, now that our business is ended, I must ask permission to look at your treasures. What a number of beautiful pictures you have here—one hardly knows which to admire first. Ah, a painter is really a happy man, since he rules the whole world by the magic of his art."

"Yes," replied Angly, with a sigh, which changed into a smile as he marked the admiration with which the countess viewed the productions of his pencil—"it is with the painter as with the poet, who, according to Schiller, arrived too late to receive his portion in the distribution of the earth, but for whose indemnification Jove offered a place in his Olympian heaven. But, alas! lady—real cares and necessities too often draw him back to this lower sphere, where, like some friendless foreigner, he must discharge the toll of life by his own labor and diligence, since gold and silver are metals far too heavy for the light element of fancy."

While the painter was speaking, Teckla stood before one picture, considerably larger than the rest, and filling up an entire recess in the apartment. It gave the representation of a beautiful and extensive landscape.

"This view attracts me particularly," she at length observed—"probably on account of its resemblance to our own villa. The tower of the castle at Moorwald rises just so among the ancient linden trees; and the river winds its devious course over its stony channel, while the fisherman sits on its shady bank, as in yonder pictured stream. There is only this difference, that our perspective is less bold and extensive, since we have dark woods where you have placed your village. Pray, Mr. Angly, what spot does this represent?"

"It is an establishment arranged after a painter's fancy, gracious lady," observed the artist, smilingly. "Indeed, I may call it my own home."

"Ah!" exclaimed the innocent Teckla, "then in what part of the country do you reside?"

"Let me explain myself," rejoined Angly, "and, in so doing, you will become acquainted with the privations of my outward life, and the wealth which exists in my own imagination. This studio is narrow and confined, but I selected it because I could not afford to pay for a more spacious one, and because it affords a good light for my labors. Yet oftentimes does it seem too small for the enlarged spirit, and then, mounted on the wings of fancy, I take my flight to yonder pictured castle, and roam at large amid its vaulted and echoing chambers, or linger at its arched windows to gaze at the varied landscape, till, saddened by the melancholy echo, which alone returns an answer to my exclamations of delight, or impressed by the fact of the mutability of all earthly grandeur, which impresses my mind as I contemplate the long line of ancestral pictures which crowd its gallery, I gladly turn from the imaginative to the real, and, wearied with the mental excursion, once more look with pleasure around this narrow chamber, large enough, however, to contain what I hold dearest upon earth, and find that here I possess real and abiding bliss." And, as he spoke, Angly glanced toward his wife and child, and, overcome by his enthusiasm, paused for a moment, then modestly added—"Thus, you perceive, that this picture is a sort of household inheritance, which serves to make me happy and contented amid every vicissitude of outward circumstances."

During this simple disclosure, the fair Teckla had listened with that sympathizing interest which the young ever bestow on any narrative, coming to them in the glowing colors of fancy, and there was an expression of anxiety in her youthful face as she asked whether the picture was for sale.

"No," replied the artist, "now, at least, I do not feel inclined to dispose of it, since, thanks to your generous patronage, I not only have an order for another, but a sum paid in advance, to assist me in my present necessities."

Teckla shook her head sorrowfully when she learned his determination, and then quietly added,

"I have a little request to make of you, however, which I trust you will not refuse—it is to ask the loan of that picture during your absence."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Angly, "and not this alone, but any others among my collection which I shall judge worthy of your approval."

"Indeed, I am much obliged to you," replied the countess, "and I will send a trusty messenger this evening, who will convey them safely to our city home, where we will probably remain for some time to come. But I must bid you farewell, else my mother will be up before I return, and will wonder over the cause of my absence;" then shaking hands with the youthful pair, she stooped to caress the child, saying, as she did so, "What a beautiful boy! Surely your father has no need to seek a model for a Cupid while he possesses one so lovely."

Attracted by the sweet expression of the stranger's face, the infant stretched his arms toward her, and ere she could withdraw them from his grasp, he had torn the beautiful roses from her belt, and crushed them to pieces in his tiny hands.

"Ah! little plunderer!" exclaimed Teckla, "see! what mischief you have done. I had just procured this bouquet for my mother, who is particularly fond of this species of rose, and now they are all destroyed."

Mrs. Angly seemed annoyed by the child's impetuosity, and slapped the little palm as if in reproof; but playfully patting his sorrowful face, the father observed, "Only forgive him, gracious countess, and I promise to restore you your flowers in a more unfading form. As for this youngster, if his natal star is propitious, I mean to make of him a Vandyke, and I trust that, in after years, he will seize on the beautiful flowers of Genius as eagerly as he has just done on your bouquet."

"I trust so," replied the countess, good humoredly, "and now a pleasant journey to you, my friends, I shall send to inquire after you, on your earliest return from Moorwald, where, I pray you, to make yourselves as much at home as in this pleasant retreat," and, so saying, the youthful Teckla left the apartment.

When Angly returned from attending his visiter to the door, he found his wife tearfully gazing on ten bright Louisd'ors, the contents of the little roll, and as he counted over the considerable amount, his dark eyes were raised upward, and in fervent tones he exclaimed, "She wishes me to paint a tomb; but, ah! my heart is so full of joy and gratitude that I could sooner sketch a resurrection morn. Yet be it so: it shall serve as a grave in which to bury all my past cares and despondency; yielding them to the earth, where they rightly belong. And oh! Lucille," he added, as he clasped his wife in his ardent embrace, "will you not consent, wife, to bury your dead in the same sepulchre, and to live hereafter in trustful hope and faith!"

It was the morning of the 17th August, and as the Countess Moorwald entered the parlor from her bed-room, one might have noticed the changed expression of her usually pale and emaciated face,

where a beam of joyful hope now played, for the first time, amid the ravages made by sickness and despondency; and, strange to say, this happy change was merely the effect of a dream which had visited her during the previous night. Since the death of her beloved son her restless spirit had vainly yearned to behold him again, though but in the illusions of sleep; yet, although Morpheus nightly visited her pillow with the wildest and most unconnected phantasies, yet the absorbing thought of the live-long day always forsook her in the hours of repose; till, on the previous night, for the first time since her heavy loss, she had been blessed with a glimpse of the beloved dead, as, with his face and form beaming with celestial beauty, he seemed to glide from the open gate of the vault, and silently stand gazing on his mother, till, when in her maternal love she sought to embrace him, he waved her back, and pointing upward, as if to foretell their future meeting in another world, suddenly vanished from her sight amid the surrounding shrubbery.

"Surely the hand of God is in all this, and it were impious in me to yield any longer to hopeless despondency," exclaimed the pious countess, as, on the morning subsequent to her dream, she roused herself from her long apathy, and sought, in fervent prayer, that heavenly aid and support which would enable her to carry out her new resolution of Christian cheerfulness.

The first person whom she encountered on leaving her chamber was her daughter Teckla, who, with a face beaming with hope and affection, sprang toward her, and with an ardent kiss wished her many happy returns of her natal day; then, taking her mother by the hand, she led her to the next apartment, and pointing to a picture, which had been just hung on the wall, softly murmured, "Accept this, dear mother, as a token of my affection on this your birthday; and should it succeed in imparting any consolation to your sorrow, may I not also ask, that, for its sake, you will sometimes bestow a loving glance on your poor Teckla."

On looking in the direction to which her daughter pointed, what was the countess's agitation on beholding a beautiful oil-painting, representing the spot where lay the remains of her only son. In the centre of the picture stood the monument itself, surrounded by lofty poplars, waving willows and dark fir-trees; while around its base, sprang up tufts of forget-me-nots, violets, and perfumed grass. It was early sunrise, and the morn's first rays fell directly on the iron grate of the vault, which was thrown open, while the marble steps, which formed the ascent, were bathed in such a flood of celestial, rosy light, as though they had but lately been trodden by some angelic visitant. On one side of the picture, and amid a thicket of wild roses, stood a beautiful female, who bore a striking resemblance to the youthful Teckla, except that she appeared somewhat younger, the likeness having been copied from a portrait found in the picture-gallery of the castle; while from the other hand advanced the painter's little son, grasping a beautiful bunch of the Roses

of Jericho, which he smilingly seemed to offer to the countess.

For some moments the countess stood gazing intently on the life-like sketch, then bursting into tears she exclaimed, "Oh! my daughter, this is no work of chance; but the spirit of hope and faith has again resumed its reign in my too rebellious heart, and any further despondency would be sinning against a good Providence. Yes, God be praised! I feel that the day will at length arrive when the grave will restore the lost one to my embrace; and oh! with what joy do I look to that blessed event. Dear Teckla! true and faithful daughter! how have I rejected and repulsed your watchful tenderness, even as though you were not also my child. But now the pleasure of my remaining life shall consist in participating in all your joys and sorrows; and if you have a wish ungratified, name it at once, my child;" and, as she concluded, the countess clasped her weeping but happy daughter in her maternal embrace, and prayed God to reward her for all her past exertions in her behalf.

It was the afternoon of the Countess Moorwald's birth-day, when a venerable servant of the household might be seen ushering the painter, Mr. Angly, into the spacious parlor, where sat his mistress with the smiling Teckla.

"I have sent for you, sir," observed the countess, with a kind pressure of the artist's hand, when Teckla had introduced him to her stately mother, "and have been desirous of this personal introduction, to express the deep gratitude with which I accept of that faithful specimen of your noble art;" and, as she spoke, the matron pointed to the newly finished picture. "Gold may often reward the labors of the successful artist, when he faithfully exerts his powers of mind in the prosecution of some desired representation; but he who, like you, sir, seems to have thrown his whole heart into the work, and who has so evidently sympathized in a stranger's sorrow, can never be sufficiently remunerated by means of wealth alone, but has a right to demand a reciprocation of kindly feeling. Will you, then, Mr. Angly, accept of my sincere and constant friendship; and since you have offered my daughter *Art for Nature*, (she pointed to the *Roses of Jericho*, which the little John offered in the picture, and the pretty incident connected with which had been that morning related to her by Teckla,) may I not ask of you to accept a return of *Nature for Art*: in a word, will you and your family consent to make your home at Moorwald during the ensuing autumn? A suite of convenient apartments lie at your disposal, we will live as one family, dependent on each other's society, and should you feel inclined still further to increase my gratification and that of my daughter, I would ask you, during that period, to give her daily lessons in painting and design. Teckla, sir, needs a friend more youthful and light-hearted than her bereaved mother, and, if I may judge from what I have heard, she will find such a one in your amiable wife, while your sweet boy will prove a real joy to her, in her hours of pastime

and relaxation. Say, Mr. Angly, will you gratify me in this little request, and, should your location prove agreeable to your feelings, as I trust it may, perhaps when winter visits us again, you will not refuse to become a constant inmate in my city home, where you may meet with such society as must prove advantageous to your beautiful art."

"God in heaven! can all this be true?" exclaimed the astonished painter, as his mind gradually acknowledged the fact of her generous kindness; then, as he turned toward his first patroness, the youthful Teckla, and witnessed the tears of delight which streamed from her sparkling eyes, his enthusiasm

made him forget every thing save his art, and with his gaze fastened upon her, as though she really appeared to him as a celestial visitant, he fervently added, "Ah! henceforth, I can only paint angels!"

"Nay! dear Mr. Angly, the clouds of earth will, no doubt, come between you and your ideal image," replied the modest maiden, as she pressed his hand affectionately in hers.

"No! no! kind lady," exclaimed the painter in pious ecstasy, as with upraised eyes, and hands clasped together, he stood as one inspired before her, "The Lord sends me help from the sanctuary, and strengthens me out of Zion."

T O C

Ten years have fled on weary wings,
Sweet sister, since we parted last:
Ten years of fruitless sorrowings,
And sighs o'er early dreams long past.

Ten years! methinks it scarce can be,
Since parting last, I kissed thy cheek,
And turning, saw thee follow me
With look too fond for tongue to speak.

Thine eyes were full, thy cheek was white:
A sad, sweet smile illumed thy face—
A smile that wo, nor time's long flight
Nor aught but death can e'er efface.

Oh! often on life's desert track
I've paused to live that hour again,
And call its mingled memories back,
Of unforgotten bliss and pain.

Once more, indeed, once more we met,
No smile exchanged, no greeting said:
Mine eyes with burning tears were wet,
My bosom heaved—for thou wert dead.

All night alone, through dreary wood
And lonely glen I rode forlorn
Till weak and faint my courser stood
Before the cottage gate at morn.

That gate thy fav'rite rose still graced,
Thy honeysuckle bloomed the same;
I saw the loops thy hand had placed
To train it o'er the trellis frame.

Once more I kissed thy cheek, and pressed
My hand upon thy pale, high brow;
And oh! that look of holy rest—
Its heavenly sweetness awes me now!

There the long lashes drooping lay—
The mouth its old expression wore

Of tender thought, that seemed to say,
"Brother, why cam'st thou not before?"

Oh! then my breaking heart had given
The brightest dream that hope ere wove—
All—all except its hopes of Heaven,
For one fond word of living love.

And was it thus that we must part?
No tidings came till all was o'er—
Till death had touched that fond, true heart,
And stilled its pulse forevermore.

I gazed full long, yet could not see
One trace that told me of the dead:
So gently death had conquered thee,
That naught but life itself had fled.

But ah! too deep the slumber there—
For, save a dark and shining tress,
Stirred lightly by the summer air,
All else was cold and motionless.

The fount of bitter tears was broke,
And hct upon thy pale cheek fell
Those gushing drops, that feebly spoke
The wo I felt, but could not tell.

Oh! once thine eyes had answered mine,
Nor heedless thus, and tearless slept;
My childish sorrows all were thine,
And thou would'st soothe whene'er I wept.

Ten years—ten years have passed away!
Life's billows dark around me roll;
But fresh as on that mournful day
Thine image lingers in my soul.

And dear the thought to sorrow left,
That she whose lamp so brightly burned,
The pure, the loved, the early rest,
All stainless to her sphere returned. S. A. E.

AN EVENING IN SUMMER.

SILVER and sable, and a golden tinge
Mingled with violet—fantastic forms
Rise in the heavens, now bright, with snowy fringe—
Now dark, fit palace for the king of storms.
Look through the foliage of this mountain ash,
Rich with its crimson clusters—how the rays
Of parting sunlight with proud radiance flash,
19*

Till earth and sky in one pure glory blaze!
Yon oriole hastes, with gorgeous plumage rare,
To pendant nest upon the willow-bough;
Soft stillness steals o'er all the vale below,
And dew-steeped buds shed fragrance on the air;
The stars look out—lo! one by one they come,
To watch Night's caressant heaven's jeweled dome.

JANE C. CAMPBELL.

A DAY'S HUNTING ABOUT THE MONGAUP.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

(Concluded from page 194.)

I fairly groan in spirit—but there is no help for it. The old man wants no farther encouragement to open the sluice-gate of his eloquence. So he takes his pipe from his mouth—(one great point gained there)—knocks out what little tobacco remains, restores it very deliberately to his pocket, and begins.

“Well—I’d bin to a tanner I knowed, down by the Beaver-Kill, by the name of Tim Jessup, with a deer skin, and ’t was nigh sundown afore I got started for hum again. ’T was in the middle of December, and it looked as though ’t was a goen to snow every minute; but ’t was only sum four or five mile from where I lived, and I was afeard my old woman might feel kinder anxious ef I staid all night with Tim—so I started. I hadn’t got more than a mile or two afore it begun to snow and grow dark. I parsevered, however, and I soon come to a hill covered over with thick woods. Now here was a place where the road went two ways. One went a skirken the side of the hill through Pete Dobson’s clearen, and right by his cabin—and the other over the hill. The fust was the best road of the two, and a good deal the lightest, but ’tother was a mile the nighest hum, and I concluded I’d try it. So I buttoned my coat tighter, and started up the hill. The wind by this time was a blowen tremendously, and the snow made a terrible spitten in my face. And, Lord a massies! boys—as the wind came over, what noises that are hill made. The pine trees roared out, enuff to take your breath away, and sich-ee bellowens and howlens I never did hear. It had got to be as dark, too, as it well could be, and, what with that and the snow a pelten me in the face and eyes, I could hardly git along. Howsever, I begun to whistle and sing as loud as I could, and pushed ahead. But I had n’t got more than a quarter of the way up, when, in the darkest part of the road, I saw, right ahead on me, two spots of fire. I was jest a thinken what on airth they was, when I heerd an awful growl, and then one of the dreadfulest screeches it appeared to me I ever did hear. I jumped back, I should say, boys, nigh on six feet, for I knowed then what the matter was. I’d seed too many painters afore not to know, and, as I telled ye, I guv a jump back six feet, for I was spry then as a cat. As I jumped the crittur jumped, for I could hear the crash he made in the trees. I had n’t nothen to defend myself with, as I had broken

my rifle that very day, and, of course, had left it to hum. I guv myself up for lost, for, as I looked to the side where he jumped, there was them are two great eyes a shinen on me agin so spiteful that it made me fairly quake. Howsever, I made another leap forred, but as I did so I heerd another crash, and seed them are eyes agin a glaren right over me, farser than ever; and sich growlens—why I raily thought my teeth’d strike fire, they chattered so. I could n’t help it, boys, for I acktelly thought every moment that I’d feel the crittur’s sharp claws a tearen open my bowels, and his great mouth a drinken up my blood. Well, as I was a sayen, I seed him a looken on me, and I started a kinder sideways, stumbled over a great log, rolled over and over down a steep place, and the fust I knowed I found myself in the other road, not a rod from Pete Dobson’s cabin. As I scrambled up, I heerd another awful screech from the black hill above me, and I made for the cabin in double quick time, I kin tell ye. I opened the door, and found Pete and his wife a setten by a roaren bright fire, the room a looken as chirck and cheerful as could be. I telled Pete my story, and he wanted me to stay all night; but the road was tolerably well open, and it was n’t more than two mile further, and as I knowed my old woman would n’t sleep a wink if I did n’t come. I concluded to start again. So I borrowed Pete’s rifle, and made tracks torts hum. The snow stopped arter a little while, for it was only a squall, and I could see quite plain. I heerd the crittur screech once more on the hill, but it was a good ways off, and faint-like—so I tuk a stronger hold on my rifle, and pushed on—and in about a half an hour I opened the door of my own cabin and walked in. There was Hannah, all in a flutter, a thinken that I was dead and buried. So I up and telled her all about it.

“What on airth kept you so long, husband?” sez she, a tremblen all over.

“Why,” sez I—“Hannah,” sez I—

Yelp—yelp—yelp! Oh, the sweet, exhilarating sounds ringing through the woods! Yelp—yelp—yelp! How gloriously Ponto wakes up the echoes! Yelp—yelp—yelp! Hurrah—hurrah!

Meech and myself start upon our feet.

“I’ll fire first this time, squire,” says the former, with a sly smile; and, so saying, he fixes his keen eye upon the runway, with his long rifle ready for the aim. A few moments of breathless suspense

succeeded—a slight, rapid pattering was then heard—and a magnificent buck bounded out from the woods upon the road, with a high rolling motion, his nose in the air, and his large antlers flat upon his shoulders. Meech gave a low bleat, and the splendid creature stopped, as if petrified, with his white brush erected, and his head turned in the attitude of listening. The quick crack of the rifle succeeded—the buck sprang convulsively upward—then plunged headlong on the ground, and rolled over and over. Meech sprang forward, drawing his wood-knife, and I followed. With a rapid thrust the sharp blade entered the animal's throat, and a gush of blood succeeded. I looked at the struggling deer with pity. Those large, dark, melting eyes of his, how they rolled from one to the other of us with such sad reproachful glances. It seemed almost as if they spoke. Oh, the dying looks of that deer! They haunted my pillow for nights afterward.

"Ef you 'll leave that ar buck here, my Jim 'll take him for ye as far as the Mongaup tavern. He's a goen to mill in about an hour arter a grist."

Thus broke in the harsh voice of Uncle Zeko, and it effectually put to flight my remorseful thoughts. Thanking him, Meech reloaded his rifle, and we both started on our way to rejoin Tyrrell, followed by Ponto, who had made quite a meal of the deer's blood—but still, by his quick breath, showed that his run through the woods had been a long one.

Sweetly the sunshine rested upon us, as we trod with light steps the short grass of the lonely road, and brightly all Nature laughed in the splendor and beauty of the Autumn afternoon. The forests rose upon each side of us, now stretching evenly along the road, and now shrinking back, leaving here and there small spaces of short thick grass. One wagon passed us. It was a long structure, filled with hay, thundering and clattering down a short pitch, as if its frame was dislocated in every part. The horses were large and bony—the harness was part leather and part chain—and on a rough board, with a striped blanket over it, sat Deacon Merritt, his massive features immovable, thinking doubtless of the sermon he had heard last Sabbath from Mr. Pound-pulpit at White Lake.

Onward we went at a swinging pace, shouting out, our voices in chorus, an old hunting song, making the woods fairly echo. We had proceeded thus about a mile from the spot where we encountered the wagon, when a loud whoo-oo resounded from the trees near the roadside.

"There 's Tyrrell!" exclaimed Meech, turning in toward the sound.

I followed, and a few steps brought us to a cleared spot in the woods, where was Tyrrell busily engaged in dressing a deer.

"Well, boys—what luck?" said he, as we approached.

"The same as yours, a deer—and a fine fat buck it is, too," answered Meech.

"Good!" rejoined Tyrrell—"we hav'nt come out for nothing—have we, squire?"

"You two have not," said I. "So far as I am concerned, however, I am not so clear about it."

"Plenty of time yet, squire, for you before sundown. We 'll have another drive directly. But what say you now to a broiled steak? It is past three o'clock."

Certain sensations somewhere in the interior of our persons had long ago admonished Meech and myself (as we had given each other to understand) that the dinner hour had, in civilized communities, however it might be in the woods, not only arrived, but passed. We therefore joyfully assented to the proposition of Tyrrell, and all three began to make preparations. The spot had evidently been used not many winters since as a shingleweaver's camp. Three or four large hemlocks had been felled and cut into logs, but probably proving unfit for the uses designed, had been abandoned; and, scattered around, were a few shingles, blackened by their long exposure to the weather. Even the fire-place—a large flat stone, laid against one of the logs, two more serving as jams, and one underneath—was still standing, darkened with the fire; but the cabin had entirely disappeared. Whilst Tyrrell, with his wood-knife, cut thin, juicy, ruddy slices from the haunch of the deer, Meech and myself busied ourselves with collecting branches and twigs of hickory and maple, and piling them on the fire-place, with dry leaves, and several of the tinder-like shingles, with which to kindle. A few sparks from our flints then lit upon the pile, and soon a glorious crackling blaze gave its cheerful smiles to the spot. A bed of large winking and blinking coals in a short time succeeded upon the flat surface of the rude hearth, and on them Tyrrell spread the delicate flakes of his venison.

What a hissing and spluttering noise there is there upon the darkened coals, and oh the delicious odor diffusing itself upon the air, and particularly across our nostrils. By the time we prepare our dinner-table—three-pronged twigs for forks, and the same number of shingles for our trenchers placed upon the broad bosom of one of the huge logs—our steaks are ready. Tyrrell produces a dozen biscuits from his pockets—we each fill our leathern flasks from a cool delicious spring lying, pure and gray, in a bushy nook, and we fall to—previously, however, throwing a large bit or two of the raw flesh to our faithful Ponto, who crouches near us. We don't say much, but do a great deal. Venison steak, tender and rich—biscuits, white and brittle—water, soft and sweet—compose not a bad dinner, especially to hungry men. Why a board of aldermen, wrapped in the elysium of turtle soup, might envy us. The clear, fresh air—the gorgeous woods—the moss and leaves upon which we kneel—what can match these accompaniments to our sylvan repast? Not the atmosphere of four walls—the glittering plate—or downy carpets of city luxury.

About a half hour of active work glides away by the side of that hemlock log, and then our dinner is finished.

"Capital!" ejaculates Tyrrell.

"Ditto!" respond we—and, looking at each other, we form an interesting group of placid happiness.

But the clatter of a wagon now sounds upon our ears. Meech advances to the road. It is young Canfield, with the buck. Tyrrell also, enveloping the fragments of his deer in the skin, places the venison in the wagon beside that of Meech. With a loud "git up," and a smack of his whip, (a large leathern thong, tapering to a lash,) young Canfield sets his "team" in motion, and Tyrrell, turning to us, exclaims—

"We must have one more drive, boys. Meech, you may take Ponto this time. We'll try the run-way by the Mongaup again. So let us be moving."

Shouldering our rifles, we again start forward upon the road. In about an hour, enlivened by cheerful conversation, we reach the point where Meech is to separate from us. He whistles to Ponto, and, followed by the hound, plunges into the woods at the left of the road, whilst Tyrrell and I strike into them upon the right. We soon find one of the hundred narrow paths intersecting the forests, which are twisting and branching about, leading here to a clearing and there to a spring, trodden by the cattle that are continually roaming the sylvan recesses. These paths, by the way, are very pleasant and pretty. Roofed by the interlocking branches, and skirted with the various underbrush of the woods, they lead the feet along smoothly and easily, over patches of moss and through dry leaves—now avoiding, in a sharp crook, some prostrate tree—now circling around some laurel swamp, and now running along the base of some irregular ridge—the whole course composing that wavy line which constitutes Hogarth's line of beauty.

Tyrrell and I tread swiftly and without fatigue along one of these paths, through the monastic gloom of the forest, and, after an hour's walking, find ourselves once more at the Mongaup. The little river looks bright and cheerful, and its song is sweet and melodious to us as we check our steps upon the bank.

"Here, squire," says Tyrrell, pointing to a nook, "is your station. I'll move down stream to the bend, a quarter of a mile farther. You'll find me, by following this path, on the other side of the creek. Keep your ears wide open until you hear the hound, then look with all the eyes in your head at the point where that hemlock seems to link in with the beech, and at the proper time blaze away. If you miss the deer—which, however, I do not think you will—you'll be very apt to hear a cracking from my rifle. Good-bye."

Thus saying, with a good-humored smile and nod, he turned into a path parallel with the stream, and vanished.

The spot selected for my station was beautiful. A huge pine had fallen along the margin of the creek, with its immense mass of roots compacted with earth, erect, large enough to have served for the shield of Goliath, whilst a patch of green verdure sloped from its rough body to a stripe of silver sand, where the ripples of the stream glanced along

in their course downward. There was a cluster of bullrushes below, their rich brown heads topping the slender rods, giving a beautiful warmth of coloring to that part of the stream. Nearly opposite, a little tributary came in, with a high ridge sloping down rapidly to a point in the shape of a promontory upon one side of it, presenting to the eye a steep profile.

Near me was a cedar, showing its dark green verdure amongst the bright hued foliage of the oaks, maples and beeches, its branches studded with clusters of misty blue berries; and, close to the creek, were two or three witch-hazels, goldened over with their knotted blossoms. The air was sweet with the peculiar and rich fragrance of both the cedar and the witch-hazels, mingled with the thousand other odors of the autumnal forest.

I seated myself upon the patch of verdure, leaned my back against the fallen pine, and prepared for a long watch. The sylvan beauty of the place—its solitude—its quiet—its subdued voices of stream, wind, bird and insect, hushed my spirit and called forth thought. I became immersed in day-dreams. Castle after castle rose in the air at my will, glittering with all the prismatic hues of fancy—but no sooner were they created than down they toppled, to be succeeded by new ones. How long I was thus engaged I know not, but when I awoke at the destruction of one of the most gorgeous visions that had yet dazzled my eyes, the long rays of sunset were streaming in that rich, deep-dyed color peculiar to the season, through the western trees. There was a stripe of lustre down the sloping outline of the promontory-like ridge before mentioned, causing it to have, as it were, a golden ruffle—whilst touches of light were scattered over the inequalities of the jutting bank opposite. The little tributary crept along and mingled its waters with the Mongaup, enveloped in shadow. Upon the larger stream, however, a few long gleams were here and there resting, causing its polished surface to sparkle keenly, as if covered with diamonds. The cedar near me was sleeked over with the pure light, so as to make beautifully smooth its bristling branches; and a great hemlock, lifting itself up above the forest, like a standard, was also glossed by the radiance, as if cut in gold. There was a deeper tint over the witch-hazels than usual; and, slanting through a maple which nearly blazed in its scarlet coloring, across the log against which I leaned, and along the verdure at my feet to the edge of the water, was a broad streak of mellow glory. Nor was this radiant scene silent. Some half a dozen robins were chirping amongst the crimson berries of a dogwood—two brown thrashers in the depths of the woods were answering each other with their clear sweet whistlings—and the drum of a partridge was now and then heard, commencing with momentarily quickening beats, and shaking at last upon my ear in a heavy and deep toned rumble. Winged life was also around me, bright and happy. Besides the many birds that were continually darting and glancing around, catching the sun in quick flashes upon

their pinions—a bee humming-bird was suspended stationary, upon its whizzing and mist-like wings, before a large blue gentian, with its needle-like bill thrust into the deep-fringed chalice of the blossom—and several dragon-flies were shooting over the surface of the creek, gleaming in and out of the long narrow rays resting upon the water.

The forest sounds however, mentioned above, did not disturb the serene quiet brooding over the spot. On the contrary, so deep was the stillness that it appeared as if Echo herself was standing in a dark recess opposite, listening, however, on tiptoe, and with her hand to her ear, ready to bound out. And, hark! she does bound out, with a cry so pealing and joyous as fairly to make my blood leap in my veins. Again, and a fresh yelp sounds through the forest, clear and loud as the blast of a silver trumpet. I start to my feet with my rifle ready for aiming, and fix my gaze upon the point indicated by Tyrrell. Bless me! how my heart beats. And my gun, it shakes like an aspen. I declare I feel vastly uncomfortable. I wonder how near the deer is. Yelp—yelp—louder echoes the cry of Ponto. What does make me tremble so? I should really like to know. The deer must be along soon. I—hah, what's that! a cloud or a spectre that shot across me just then. It went by, whatever it was, as quick as an arrow. Right from between the hemlock and beech, too—the very spot spoken of by Tyrrell. It could n't have been the deer. And yet it looked, on the whole, marvellously like it. It darted across the stream in the direction where Tyrrell is stationed. It must have been, yes, it must have been the deer. And like an owl I suffered it to pass, without even firing. Oh, pshaw! that I should ever think of coming out hunting. Crack! there goes Tyrrell's rifle, sending death, I doubt not, to the deer. I'm glad of it, not only for the sake of the venison, but for revenge upon the creature for bounding out at such a rate as not to afford me even a chance for a shot. That's what I'll tell Tyrrell—that really the deer passed, if at all, in such a way as not to afford me the slightest opportunity for shooting. And the truth, too—that is, so far as a wretched miserable hunter like me is concerned. It would not be the truth in the case of Meech or Tyrrell. Oh, here comes Ponto; pretty well tired out too. Poor Ponto, poor fellow, this is the last of your day's work, dog, and you shall have a good supper to-night, and sleep soundly. But, in the meantime, we must find Tyrrell.

Striking into the path that my comrade did when he left me, I follow the stream down, with Ponto close at my heels. I ascend a knoll bristling with pine trees, the ground being covered with a deep layer of dead fringes, furnishing to my feet a soft elastic auburn-colored carpet. The tall straight stems of the trees stand like the multitudinous pillars of some vast temple, the eye piercing between them, there being no underbrush, until either lost in the confused mazes or stopped by the dense foliage of pines growing in some ravine or hollow of the spot.

Descending, I come to a large flattened tree which has been felled across the stream. Treading over this rude bridge, whilst Ponto takes to the creek, I reach the opposite side, and again enter the path which skirts along the edge of the water. The walk of a few moments brings me to the spot whence the rifle shot had apparently proceeded, and, sure enough, in a little glade, interspersed with bushes, is Tyrrell, with a dead deer at his feet. At the sound of my footsteps upon the dry leaves he looks up with a bright smile and exclaims—

"We are all three supplied now, squire. This one shall be yours, the one Meech shot his, whilst the one that gave us our dinner is my portion."

Inwardly congratulating myself that he says nothing of my mishap in the way of deer shooting, whilst admiring his delicacy, (for I am fully aware he must know that the deer passed me,) I advance to his side and throw myself upon the grass, after congratulating him upon his good fortune.

"Here's Ponto, too, poor fellow, he looks tired enough," exclaims Tyrrell, "here," cutting off a portion of the animal and giving it to the eager dog, "stay your appetite with this until we are at the tavern. Good Ponto, good dog," continues he, affectionately patting the hound, who by this time is so busily employed in swallowing the flesh that I really think every moment that he will choke.

"Well, squire," at length exclaims Tyrrell, looking up from the hound, "it will be some time, I presume, before Meech rejoins us, so we may as well make ourselves as comfortable here as possible;" and with these words he throws himself beside me upon the green verdure of the little glade.

The sun had now sunk, and a slight shadow, the first of the twilight, began to steal over the air. The birds commenced the usual twitterings with which they settle themselves upon their respective perches, ere ruffling up their feathers they resign themselves, head beneath wing, to slumber. A brief half hour's conversation between us succeeded. The duskiness of approaching night was now upon the whole scene. Darkness had crept underneath the bushes, in the hollows of the old tree-trunks and recesses of the streamlet's banks, whilst deep gloom brooded within the depths of the forest. In the shifting glimmer of the dusky air, objects took strange and fantastic shapes. A leaning sapling seemed an Indian bending forward with uplifted tomahawk—a large log appeared like some monster lurking for his prey—whilst a bush, with a dead branch protruding forth, took the similitude of a hunter seated on the ground with his rifle against his shoulder. The rosy clouds, which had hitherto glowed overhead, now vanished, and right above us, out from the darkening heavens, trembled a faint white star, succeeded by another and another. Hark! from the woods sounds the grating yet pleasant strain of the catydid; catydid, caty-did n't—catydid, caty-did, caty-did n't—that song which always tells of autumn.

Hoo-ot! there's the big gray owl sending forth his

shout, glad, probably, that night has come, so that he may see like other folks; and with his hoarse melancholy cry, the night-hawk hovers over us. Hark! this rapid rush, it is the darting of his downward flight to the earth.

But what great globe is that, red as blood, poised upon the summit of yon bare ledge of rock which is seen in dusky outlines above the trees? It is the autumn moon wheeling up in the purple heavens, to shed her broad splendor upon the night landscape. She looks glaring and crimson enough now, but, like true glory, she brightens as she ascends, until, in rich silver, she impends from the kindled azure of the sky.

Hark! there is Meech's whoop ringing through the wood-arches. Tyrrell answers it like an echo, and the dark form of our comrade emerges upon the glade. After a few words of welcome upon our part, and inquiry as to "our luck" upon his, we lash the feet of the deer together, suspend it upon a pole, which had previously been cut by Tyrrell, and with one end upon his shoulder and the other upon Meech's, the deer hanging between, we leave the glade, and take the path which leads us directly to the tavern at the Mongaup bridge.

Three miles through the woods, before we can reach our resting place, fatigued as we are, appear rather formidable. But our sinews never have been relaxed in the enervating atmosphere of cities, but, on the contrary, have been strung and hardened by the mountain air of Sullivan, and so we push on. I am to take the place of one of them in carrying the deer after the first mile; by that means dividing equally the labor. We tread along the path rather slowly and cautiously, for the moon has not yet risen sufficiently high to light our way much, and the vaults of the forest are very dark. Still there is sufficient light falling through the moon-tipped summits of the trees to guide us a little, and we guess the rest. The pale glare of the phosphor is seen in the black nooks, as we pass along, and the catyids above us are almost deafening. There is the long-drawn melancholy howl of the wolf—and the owls are shouting almost as loud as "the sovereigns" at a political meeting. Dark traveling this, but I really believe that Tyrrell and Meech actually make their way as the hounds do, by their noses. All that I have to do is to keep in their footsteps.

By the time, however, it becomes my duty "to spell" Meech, the moon has reached a sufficient altitude to pour down a rich, deep, yet mellow beauty upon the forest. What a sweet contrast to the comparatively pitchy gloom of the last half hour. Here the light lies upon the bushes and leafy earth in broad white splashes—here it falls in checkered beauty, while there it is sifted upon the ground, and looks as the fine sprinklings of a May shower would if turned into silver. The smooth satin-like stem of yon white birch gleams like a pillar of the purest

pearl; whilst that long streak of moonlight nestles in amongst the rough branches of this great yellow pine, as if it streamed there purposely to soothe it into slumber, and make it forget the storms that have so often vexed its bosom. The odors of the pine, too, are delicious, with now and then a breath of sassafras, extracted by the damp night air. We tread along briskly, for the night woods are always chilly, even in July. Meech now takes the place of Tyrrell, whilst the latter moves on ahead. By the glimmer of light before us, we must be coming toward a clearing. Yes! it is a large corn-field, blocked out of the forest, and divided by the usual brush fence from the path, which now seems to be widening into a wood-road. The Mongaup makes here a sudden bend toward the field, and flows quite near the road. As we pass we see the withered rows of the corn sleeping beneath the broad mantle of the moon, and hear the sad, creeping, peculiar rustling of the long sear leaves in the night breeze. But stop! Tyrrell has come to a dead halt, and gesticulates to us to be silent. What is that stealing over the brush fence from the field, and gliding rapidly to the edge of the water. It is a racoon, by Jupiter! carrying an ear of corn which has been either dropped or neglected by the harvesters. Ha! ha! ha! see him! see him! how he dips the ear in the water, and then, holding it in his delicate paws, in an upright position, mark with what an air of infinite satisfaction he nibbles it. Is n't that equal to any thing in the way of cleanly eating even by mankind, let alone the brute creation. But he has taken the alarm at our suppressed laughter, and darts away like an arrow.

Our path leads us again into the woods, and, refreshed by this little incident, we lift our feet rapidly for another half hour. The woods then breaking away suddenly, we find ourselves in a meadow, whilst immediately beyond us is the turnpike. The moonlight rests like a smile upon the extended reach of landscape, and there is a solitary tree in the meadow—a birch—which seems as if carved out of the moonlight—so thoroughly is it drenched by the keen bright radiance. We let down a pair of bars and step upon the grassy margin of the "Newburgh and Cohecton Turnpike." At our left is the "grist mill," looking now deserted and lonely, its great black wheel motionless, and the water pouring over the dam in a steady crash. Upon the other hand is the white tavern, with its double piazza extending along its front. With great pleasure we hurry our footsteps toward it, and entering the "bar-room" find the two deer brought by young Canfield lying in one corner, and a large maple fire crackling upon the hearth, shedding a cheerful, ruddy, social light through the room, and inviting us, as it were, to rest after the labors and fatigues, but also the very exciting pleasures, of A DAY'S HUNTING ABOUT THE MONGAUP.

A LITERARY ASPIRANT.

BY S. A. T. A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

MANY years ago, we will not say how many, a young man of education, taste, and fine literary acquirements, for whom was predicted a distinguished place in society, sat conversing with a friend about his own age, who had not enjoyed his educational advantages, nor been endowed by nature with as quick mental perceptions. Their eyes were upon the future.

"I see a brilliant career before me," said the first, whose name was Edwin Freeman. "I have the power to rise high, and I mean to take a high place. I will never rest so long as I can look up and see a man above me."

Fenno Harding listened to what his friend said, and felt warmed by his enthusiasm, but not inspired to act from the same spirit. His mind, though of a humbler order, was better balanced, and his aspirations, though not so high, were limited by wiser considerations.

"I have no doubt but you will attain a high position," he replied. "You have both the natural ability, and the science to give efficiency to that ability. Much, however, will depend upon the direction of your efforts."

"I am aware of that. At present I am studying law, but not with the view of becoming eminent at the bar. I must have some pursuit in life by which to support myself. Beyond that, I have no affection for and no hopes in law."

"On what, then, do you found your high expectations?"

"My intention is to become a literary man."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. In law a man may acquire distinction, but it is only in the eyes of a few. But an author, who is successful, commands the applause and admiration of all classes of society, and lives in the hearts of millions through all time. What can extinguish the memory of Homer, or Milton, or Shakspeare? Nothing. So long as there are hearts to feel, and imaginations to be delighted, the *Iliad*, *Paradise Lost*, and the Bard of Avon's immortal plays, will be household gods."

"It takes an age to produce one like these," remarked Harding. "The world has not seen many such."

"And why may not a distinguished literary achievement, which shall live as long as the *Iliad*, characterize the present age, and make it an era in history?"

"There is, certainly, no good reason why this may not be so."

"No, there is not!" replied Freeman, with em-

phasis. "And, in order to honor the age, let every man who feels the divine fire within him keep it bright upon its altar."

The effect of this conversation upon Harding was, to some extent, depressing. He felt no such divinity as seemed to be inspiring his friend moving within him. He was not conscious of possessing the ability to rise very high in the world; nor, ordinarily, did he think or care about a high place. But whenever he met his friend, the spirit of the latter was infused into his own.

On this occasion, as on all previous ones, a few hours sufficed to bring him back to his own more healthy train of thinking and feeling.

The brief conversation introduced, will give the reader some idea of the character of Freeman's mind, and he who is at all familiar with human nature, will be able to pronounce upon the probabilities in favor of his becoming, in after life, truly eminent. Let us trace up his history.

As literary distinction was his aim, he began to write, first in verse and afterward in prose. These early efforts possessed considerable merit. There were originality of thought, fine imagery, and beauty and force of expression in much that came from his pen; but in all there was scarcely a single sentiment to be found that tended to make mankind better and wiser. Thus, in the very outset, the vital spirit was wanting in what he wrote. It might live, or seem to live, for awhile, but could have no permanent abiding place in men's minds. His friends admired and praised, some with sincerity, and others because they deemed that such incense was necessary to encourage and sustain the efforts of young genius.

Thus, from the beginning, he was led into an overestimate of his own powers, and the disposition encouraged to look at what he had already done with a feeling of self-satisfaction, rather than to look ahead at the difficulties that must be encountered, and the vigorous efforts that must be made, ere true eminence could be attained.

And eminence—literary eminence—what was it in his eyes? An achievement in letters, by which all the world would become wiser? No! An achievement that would cause all the world to lift their hands in admiration of his transcendent genius. His aspirations had in them nothing abstracted from self.

As he began, so he continued. His sonnets to ladies' eyebrows, and apostrophes to spring, summer, autumn and winter, displaced from his own mind the sublimer productions of true poets. These

were, to him, the most beautiful things he had ever seen; and he, therefore, often repeated them to his friends, who thoughtlessly admitted their transcendent beauty.

From verse the transition to prose was a natural one. His mind could not always be bound down to the trammels of rhythm and rhyme. He wanted, at times, freer scope, and he obtained it by using a freer style. Admiration of Christobel had led him to write something as wild and wonderful and unmeaning as that, without the sparkling genius contained in the poem of Coleridge; and now admiration of Scott led him to begin a work of fiction in prose. This was almost too much for his unfledged wings. It was laid aside at the fifth chapter, and a shorter flight into the region of fiction attempted. All these efforts were, unconscious to himself, imitations. Sometimes the German legend, wild and mystical, was his model; the imitation was fair as to the exterior, but the soul was wanting. Nothing lay below the surface; no high moral was aimed at; no beautiful truths lay hidden like costly gems beneath. The *letter* contained all. But indiscriminating and partial friends admired, and our genius imagined himself the equal, if not the superior, of Fouqué, Hauff and Schiller.

Sometimes he turned satirist, and lashed with more vigor than skill the follies of the day. In this work he took particular delight. The whole world was a fool in his eyes, and if possessed of a single head, it would have been his greatest pleasure to place upon it a foolscap!

At the age of twenty, Freeman became a writer for the periodicals under his own name. All the articles furnished bore the stamp of a fine genius, and showed him to possess taste and ability. The meed of praise was awarded him by men of talents, who had already done much in the fields of literature. Why this award was made, can only be accounted for on the supposition, that either what he had published was not read with thoughtful care, or he was commended for the promise that was in him. The effect was bad—it almost turned his head. He was vain enough before; now his vanity became almost insufferable.

One effect was to inspire him to new efforts in the particular style that had been most commended. This style was little else than *style*. He had written two or three articles which he was pleased to denominate "Psychological Romances," that seemed to have some meaning, but which, when searched out, had scarcely a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. These gave him some immediate notoriety, which to him was a cheering earnest of his rapid elevation to distinguished literary honors.

In a different spirit, altogether, did his friend Harding enter upon his life-duties. Almost unconsciously to himself the course of events, acting upon the spirit within him, developed a taste for literary pursuits. But he had no ambition for literary renown. He did not think of it—he did not desire or expect to be known as a man of letters. On certain subjects, agitating the public mind, he held

sound views, and felt it to be his duty to express them for the public good. And he did so, without thinking of himself or caring to be known. The pamphlet which he put forth was a clear, strong and masterly production, and argued the position he assumed to undoubted conclusions. It did much good. Men of clear heads and sound views of life laid it aside for future consultation, as a text-book on the subject it discussed.

About the same time that this appeared, Freeman published an article in one of the periodicals of the day, ridiculing what he was pleased to call the "utilitarian spirit of the age," in which the "practical man" was sneered at as belonging to an inferior race of mortals, who knew nothing of the high, pure, ennobling, godlike communion of spirit with spirit, that the few who stood above the groveling crowd enjoyed. In this article there was much fine writing—much that showed the writer's skill and power—but the soul of use was not there. It lacked the vital spirit he was ridiculing—utility. A few admired it for a short time, and then forgot both it and its author.

Having gained some power and confidence, at the age of twenty-three Freeman commenced, in good earnest, the production of a more sustained work—a novel. Now a mere novel, written for the purpose of displaying a writer's ability, is the poorest and lowest order of literature—mere whip-sylabub. Fiction, as a means of conveying truth, is a powerful instrument in the hands of one who can wield it aright. The end for which it is used ennobles and gives it power. But our young man of genius did not know this. Because Scott had immortalized himself by means of fiction, he looked upon it as his sure road to immortality.

While Freeman was spending nearly two-thirds of his time in writing and thinking on literary subjects, he was neglecting the profession he had entered upon as a means of livelihood. He had but few clients, and their interests were not properly regarded. Having merely his own efforts to depend upon, as might be supposed, he was not able, under this system, to keep himself out of debt, nor his mind as free from care as he could wish. Instead, however, of mending his habits when he saw whither he was tending, and devoting himself more sedulously to his profession, he amused himself by writing "An Essay on Duns," a "Dissertation on the Vulgarities of Tradesmen," a "Chapter on the Unhumanizing Tendencies of Wealth," &c., &c. Driven at length so closely that it became necessary to provide rather more cash than fell to his lot in life, he sought for and obtained the editorship of a new magazine, at a small salary. This gave him an opportunity to do something in the way of reviewing the works of other writers, and he entered upon this task with the vigor of a reformer. He set up a standard, and adjudged all as wanting who did not come up to his standard. The pages of that magazine, while it was under his charge, show some curious specimens of reviewing. Not in a single instance did he approve a work because of its utility

and advocacy of sound views in life. His approvals were based upon the style of the work, rather than upon its character, aim and tendencies. The unsagacious editors of newspapers throughout the land lauded his discriminating reviews, and called him the champion of a pure literature. He really believed that he was such a champion.

His novel at length made its appearance, and he listened, breathlessly, for the sound of approval to rise like a shout from one end of the land to the other. Nearly a week passed from the day the publisher announced it, before Freeman saw the first notice of his work. It was in a paper of very fair standing, and was in these words:—

"Constantine, is the title of a new novel by young Freeman, editor of the ——— Magazine. We have glanced over its pages, and find it quite a creditable performance for the first attempt at a sustained fiction."

For some moments after our author read this notice, his breathing was so constricted that he felt like one about to be suffocated. His first impulse was to go and challenge the editor to mortal combat. But sober second thoughts of a wiser nature prevailed.

On the day after he met with another notice, quite as brief and complimentary:—

"Edwin Freeman has written a novel. We look for fun. Our critic will now fall into the hands of critics, a piratical tribe at best; and, as a few pages of his work testify to us, he is by no means invulnerable. Put on a thick coat, Mr. Freeman, and prepare for strife. We speak knowingly."

The editor did speak, as he said, knowingly. Some of the authors who had been severely handled in the ——— Magazine, had friends who were ready to pounce upon the new work, and subject it to the severest critical tests. And they did so. One or two influential newspapers and periodicals led off with a cruel dissection of "Constantine," and then all the little dogs, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, followed in full cry. The work fell almost dead from the press, and such was the fate it deserved, for it was in no way calculated to elevate the taste, or to make the head wiser and the heart better. How could it be? Does a bitter fountain send forth sweet waters? The end for which a thing is done will give quality to that thing. This is an invariable law. Freeman wrote his book in order to gain applause, and, that being his aim, it was apparent on almost every page, in its straining for effect, and intruding fine sentiments pertinaciously upon the reader's attention. To those who took the pains to look closely, this was clearly to be seen; and, as he had chosen to put himself forward as a rigid critic, there were enough found who were very willing to pay him back, with interest, in his own coin.

The mortification of Freeman was deep. But the lesson did not do him good. It fretted and soured him, instead of correcting his faults.

A few months after the publication of "Constantine," an original work appeared that at once attracted considerable attention. No author was

announced. It was, like the book of Freeman, a work of fiction, but of a very different order. The author, clearly, had an end in view entirely out of himself; and that end was, by means of a life-like grouping of imaginary characters and incidents, to give a double power to the truths he wished to teach for the good of his fellow men. Such being his end, his mind could not but be calm, clear and vigorous. That such was the case, was evident from the first chapter of his book to the last.

This work, as has been remarked, attracted a great deal of attention, and the unknown author was praised in almost every circle. The truth, nature, and practical utility of his book, caused it to win its way into the good will of almost every one. Among the few who did not praise was Freeman. In his notice of it he made a few verbal criticisms on the "overrated book," and pronounced it a very "unartistical" performance.

About this time he fell in company with Harding. They met but rarely. During the conversation that arose between them, Freeman alluded to the new book that had appeared.

"I must confess," he said, "that I do not comprehend the standard by which the public judge of literary merit. Certainly this book, which has become such a favorite, possesses no merit. Its style is rough from beginning to the end; and I counted at least three grammatical errors on a single page. Now, these are enough to damn any book in my estimation."

"Such things are certainly blemishes," replied Harding. "Still, if a book is good in its tendency, and these blemishes are not so marked as to make it unintelligible to the reader, it should not be utterly condemned."

"No man has a right to thrust himself before the public as an author," answered Freeman, with warmth, "who does not comprehend the first rules of English grammar, and cannot construct a single sentence that does not violate good taste."

"You do not mean to say that the author of the book, to which allusion has been made, is so sadly deficient as this?"

"I do."

"I will admit that he does not write with the polish and correctness that distinguish your pen, but to say that he has no merit whatever, seems to me very much like an insult to the public who have approved his work."

"The people, as a mass, are no judges in a question of literature. What do they know about the true artistical construction of a book?—nothing! Only the few whose tastes are cultivated are competent to decide on questions of literary merit. When the great mass approve warmly, it is sufficient evidence, to my mind, that the book is worthless; and when they condemn, that it is above their comprehension."

"A very consoling doctrine for a man whose book is condemned," replied Harding, with a smile. "What do you say of 'The Doctor'? The mass certainly do not very warmly approve that."

"A glorious book!" said Freeman.

"But what does it mean?"

"Mean! It means every thing! The author, like a proud bird on vigorous wing, soars boldly through the vast circles of science, taste and literature."

"Discouraging now of alchymy, and now most learnedly on hob-nails. To my mind the book was written for the purpose of ridiculing just such pretensions as you now make about only a choice few being able to appreciate true literary merit. Depend upon it, the higher the merit the broader will be its appreciation. Truth needs to come to all, and he who is able to teach it alike to the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, performs the greatest literary achievement. Look at Watts for an illustration of this. His simple, earnest, beautifully written Divine Songs, as they are not inaptly called, contain lessons of wisdom for the youngest as well as the oldest. For the wise as well as the ignorant. The language contains no equal, in this respect, to 'The Little Busy Bee.' But to go from 'The Doctor' to the other side of your position. What do you say to the poems of Burns and the historic fictions of Scott? The great mass approve these; are they therefore worthless? They must be, if your doctrine is true."

"You seem very earnest on the subject," replied Freeman. "If I did not know you so well, I should say that you were the author of this new and wonderful book, that seems to have turned everybody's head; a book that I mean to dissect thoroughly."

"If it teaches false principles it is your duty as an editor to do this."

"I don't care for its principles. I would rather read a bad book, so called, if written with scholarship and good taste, than one of your good books, (pah!) if deficient in both. The latter will do ten times the evil that can possibly arise from the former."

"I am sorry to hear you speak thus," replied Harding. "In my view, a book is of no value except for its principles. If these be good, they will redeem a hundred blemishes of style; but if bad, no matter what the style may be, it cannot redeem the worthless performance. A wolf in sheep's clothing is none the less a wolf, nor any more worthy our esteem and confidence."

"A strange comparison, Harding."

"By no means. A book of bad principles, dressed in an alluring style, is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Bad principles destroy innocence of mind, as wolves destroy the harmless lambs."

Freeman's reply to this satisfied his friend that he had no regard whatever for principles. He loved himself so intensely that he disregarded all mankind. He was ambitious of literary distinction, and in his

efforts to gain this he lost sight of every thing else, and, of course, of the true means for the attainment of the end he had in view. Literary eminence, when that is the goal toward which an author directs his steps, is never gained. It only comes to him who labors diligently in some field of letters, thinking not of fame, but of how he shall best accomplish the work in hand. The more useful the work proves when completed, the more sound and lasting will be the reputation gained.

It is by no means surprising that Freeman, who possessed superior mental endowments, and had the natural ability to rise almost as high as the mark to which his soaring ambition aspired, should so soon be eclipsed by his early friend and companion. A few years more, and the distance between them was greatly increased. Freeman gradually lost his power, while Harding gained new strength with every new effort. The latter used the talents with which he was gifted to some good purpose; but the former abused them, and he suffered the inevitable consequences. He is not now at all distinguished as an author. His name is hardly known.

This is not altogether a fancy sketch. We can point to more than one or two or three instances in the literary history of our country, where fine genius has destroyed itself just in the way here described. The cause why so little has yet been done in literature worthy of the bright talent with which this young and vigorous people is endowed, is because so many who enter its alluring paths do so in the hope of becoming distinguished. Too many of our young writers are insufferably vain and conceited, and this, growing with their intellectual growth, and strengthening with their intellectual strength, destroys, in time, all the originality and vigor of thought with which they were once endowed; and just when we begin to look for something mature from their pens, they show symptoms of decline.

In every other pursuit in life, where genius finds an atmosphere in which to unfold its wings, *use* is the guiding law; and it must be so in literature, or the aspirants will never wear a wreath of unfading laurels. The mere discovery of steam power would have been nothing, if not capable of being applied to some use; and the same is true of every discovery and improvement in every branch of science and mechanics, and it is and must be true in literature. And the only reason why we do not hold, as a people, a higher position in letters, is because so many of our writers have abused instead of rightly using the gifts with which they have been freely endowed. They have sought selfishly to make a name, instead of striving to elevate, refine and instruct the people. Until this error is corrected our literature will be feeble and imitative.

ON THE REV. — PUBLISHING HIS SERMONS.

Your preaching was a nuisance, Bill,
Your publishing a greater still—

Why vex the eye with what before
Was to the ear the veriest bore?

THE WREN.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

A LITTLE garden-plot, like an oasis
That sometimes gems a desert, lies behind
My city-home. A spot of green it is,
Walled in with brick, where, wooingly, the wind
Stoops, trifling amorously with my Indian roses,
Kissing their crimson lips. A woodbine wreathes,
Blushing with love, a latticed bower, and dozes,
And sleeping, many a sylvan secret breathes.

Tulips I have in season; peonys;
Narcissi, odorous-breathed and classical flowers,
Fair as their sire, who, gracing Grecian leas,
Sighed, loving his own loveliness, hours on hours.

These are the blooms of spring, but summer brings
Her loftier beauties, and the dahlia nods
His brows of fire; the lustrous lily rings
Her lucid bells; the Iris (known to gods)

Bird-like, expands her wings, and, as she fades,
Is followed, as is Artemis by the sun,
By brighter blossoms, till autumnal shades
Fall, like a curtain, when my play is done.

But more than even my flowers I prize a bird
That one day caught my eye—a russet wren,
With song as sweet as ever Oberon heard,
Learned, so I thought, in some secluded glen

Deep in the sunny South. I sat and listened,
My poet-soul o'erflowing with his lay,
Which gushed, and gushed, and fell—a fount that glistened
Unseen, but heard, a long, long summer day—

A day in June. Ah! well do I remember,
Though winter croons around me now, the minute!
That very morning, like a glowing ember,
My first rose bloomed, and at the dawn my linnet

Sang for the first time. 'T was a happy day,
A very, very happy one, this hour
Happily recalled. As one in love I lay,
My passionate heart expanding into flower.

I built a box for him—a tiny house,
And hid it in the woodbine, with a door
So very small that nothing, save a mouse,
Or he, might stir the quiet of its floor.

Next day returned the wren, who far and near
Peered half suspiciously, his little eyes
Glistening, like jewels, with a timorous fear:
He entered it, as it were Paradise;

But soon emerging, mounted it, and sang
So long I thought his swelling throat would burst
With so much melody: yet so sweetly rang
His wild-wood notes, I sat as one athirst,

Drinking deep draughts of song, desiring more.
At last he flew. It seemed the sun went out
So desolate grew the silence. O'er and o'er
I watched for him, distracted with a doubt

That he would never return. Sweetest, you smile
At this, my fervent folly; but a boy

Will be a boy, and I had naught to wile,
Save his glad song, my bosom back to joy.

You have had those to love you all your life;
Your days have been all sunshine; mine have not;
My earliest hours were spent in desperate strife
And life had then no single pleasant spot:

Now, it is different; on my tearful gloom
Your eyes have fallen. Nay, never blush!—Next day
My bird came back. Like Lazarus from the tomb,
I sprang in joy. Sudden, arose his lay!

That was the happiest hour I ever felt!—
There was a sweet entreaty in his strain
Which thrilled my soul that, throbbing, seemed to melt
In gentle sympathy with the singer's pain.

I wondered at it, asking of my heart
Whence his sad notes, when on the fence, behold!
Another wren, who turned as to depart.
The first perceiving it, at once grew bold,

And, flying toward her, with his tiny bill
Caressed and plumed her, while she seemed to pant,
And yet was coy, as he, delighted, still
Wooded on, she looking round with eye askant.

But soon she rose with him, and toward the box
Flew murmuringly, and entered. Joyous then
He sang, as though the glens and woods and rocks
He first saw were around him—happy wren!

A minute, may be two, elapsed before
They left their house, when, straightway, both departed.
It seemed my soul forsook the Stygian shore
Where late it wandered, wan and heavy-hearted,

Contemplating their bliss. They came again
With twigs, and grass, and now and then a feather;
While all the while my wren awoke a strain
That spoke content. Unheeding of the weather

They labored on. One day a bird was gone.
I missed it soon, but murmured not; I knew
The happy husband only *seemed* alone,
For round the nest the merry manikin flew,

Half mad with joy, and ever and anon
He entered, bearing in his shining bill
Some delicate insect which his skill had won.
So time went on—O! very slow, though still

He sang, and sang, and sang. Finally the pair
Sat on the fence together, while he strove
To drown with nectarous song the murmurous air,
Assuring her in poetry of his love.

Another lapse, and from the box's door
Peered little heads, and still minuter eyes,
Looking around for those who, watchful, bore
Food to them, asking it with feeble cries.

One morning, on the woodbine, when I rose,
Was perched a flock of wrens, that all the day
Searched through the lucent leaves. At even-close
They rose and flew—and came no more that way.

OFF CALIFORNIA.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

Kings may be blest—but Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious.

The wind blew as 'twad blown its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast. TAM O'SHANTER.

"QUIEN SABE?"

The speaker was a rare specimen of the true old Californian. He might be about sixty years of age, but he was still hale and ruddy, a fiery spot gleaming out on each cheek amid the snows of his hair, like Mont Blanc at sunset among his fellows. His nose was a Roman one of the boldest outline; and his sharp little chin projected up to meet it with the curve of a reaping-hook; they seemed like two jolly shipmates trying to shake hands over a wide hatchway. A few straggling white bristles dotted his chin. His hair hung down wild and ragged over his ears. His figure was short and broad. He wore yellow breeches, tied at the waist with a red sash; a wide, bagging shirt without suspenders; and over his shoulders a mantle of blue and white striped cotton goods, not ungracefully disposed. A black hat, with an enormous brim, tumbled out of all shape, was perched on one side of his head. He was the very picture of good humor. His left arm was stuck a-kimbo against his hip, while the other held a glass of grog, at which his little black eyes twinkled with an inimitable leer, while a broad grin displayed his yet handsome set of teeth. As he laughed, he swung limberly about, undulating all over.

"Quien sabe?" he said.

Go where you will in California, this is the almost universal answer you receive. You ask what is the news. *Quien sabe?* You wonder if it is going to rain. *Quien sabe?* You inquire after a man's health. Ten to one he replies—*Quien sabe?*

The rosy, fat little Californian was the captain of a small brig that lay about three miles in the offing. Our skipper, whose ship was not a cable's length from the brig, had asked him if the dark, lowering clouds in the distance did not portend a south-easter. These gales are very violent on that coast, and as there are but two harbors, San Francisco and Monterey, protected from them, vessels are compelled to anchor several miles from the shore, so that, if a south-easter comes up, they may slip their cables and be off to sea.

"Quien sabe? Who knows?" said the old Californian, cocking his eye seaward, with a little contempt. "We may have a puff in the night perhaps—but what of that? There is plenty of time.

Another round a-piece. We'll put in good liquor now, to keep out bad water bye-and-bye—ha! ha! ha!" And the old fellow laughed till he shook like jelly, and got up quite a sea in the grog he held in his hand. When all had filled their glasses, however, he suddenly checked his mirth, and, bowing to our skipper with inimitable gravity, said, with Castilian dignity—

"Your very humble servant, *senor*."

The glasses were emptied, and our skipper, alarmed by the threatening aspect increasing in the south-east, said—

"The clouds look blacker and blacker, and I think we had better be off, Don Diego. Recollect we have three miles to pull before we can reach our ships."

"Pooh! pooh! we shall have time enough!" said the old codger, handing his glass to the bar-keeper.

"The gale won't begin yet. I know these south-easters well—you may say from keel to truck, *senor*. They come on like an angry woman, looking worse than they are. Ha! ha! That will do—rare liquor this, eh! *senor*—my best compliments."

We were fain to drink around again—but little Jim Backstay, our second mate, whispered to me—

"He sticks to the bottle like a barnacle. But the old sinner takes in as a sponge does—or a tank in your new-fangled whale-ships. You can't hurt him. Lord! there goes another glass—the fiftieth, I swear!"

"Well, now, another parting cup before we go," said the old fellow, turning around his jolly countenance, ruddy all over with good humor—"and a safe return to port after the hurricane."

The south-eastern sky was now as black as night, and, as we walked down to the surf, the waves began to comb in the distance.

"Look out!" was our skipper's parting injunction to the old Californian, who, with a double crew, and but a frail boat, was about to plunge into the surf, "or you'll be swamped. We'll keep an eye on you, and lend you aid in case of necessity."

"Thank you, *senor*—but you might as well try to drown a whale as me—ha! ha!" said he, with a hearty laugh. "I swam before I was five years old, and am half a fish, *senor*. Look out for your-

self, and mind the rollers. Adieu!" And, taking off his hat, he stood there, relieved against the dark green billows, and bowed as ceremoniously as a hidalgo.

The surf was breaking on the beach, three deep; higher and higher every instant; and gusts of wind ahead were puffing up from the south-east. The ship in the offing was pitching at her anchor, now plunging headforemost into the sea, and then running her nose up sharp as that of a greyhound. She looked, however, like a mere shadow against the gathering darkness of the back-ground. Already the offing was white with foam.

"Now run for it," said the skipper, who had watched for a momentary lull in the breakers. "Keep her head on! In—in, one and all. Give way!"

With his words we ran out the boat, and, as soon as she was fairly in the surf, sprang into her; the two oarsmen aft gave way lustily, and we rose on the breakers. Our other oars were speedily shipped, and though, for an instant, the boat stood almost perpendicular, she shot at last ahead, breasting the waves, and shaking the water from her sides like a duck.

We were now fairly afloat, and pulling with all our strength—so I turned to look after the old Californian. Strange to say, his rickety boat had passed the surf in safety, and was now shooting ahead as lightly and easily as an Indian canoe. Yet we were half full of water.

The storm, meanwhile, was coming up with alarming rapidity. We could see the black, ominous clouds racing up from the southward, rolling over and over each other as they came, and reflecting their darkness on the sea, until its surface seemed almost of an inky hue. The wind came in puffs of frightful velocity and suddenness—then died out—and then whistled past again, loaded with particles of fine, stinging spray.

"Give way, lads—give way with a will! The old ship is snapping and jerking like the devil, at her anchor. Give way!"

We glanced over our shoulders, and saw indeed that, unless we were speedily on board, our good craft would drag her anchors, for she pitched furiously. The ash blades bent as we forced our way through the water, and the motion of the skipper's body, as he steered, kept time to our strokes. We never rowed three miles quicker in our lives.

No time was to be lost. It is usual to slip the cable in a Californian south-easter; but, before doing this, we sprang to the yards, almost anticipating the skipper's orders. The wind was already blowing so violently that it nearly pinned us to the shrouds; but we lay out on the yards, nevertheless, with such alertness that the top-sails were loosed in less time than has been taken to describe it. With equal rapidity we laid down to man the sheets. The skipper stood by, rubbing his hands with delight at this alacrity, and turning his eye continually to the hurricane driving over head.

"Sheet home!" he shouted—"that's it, with a

will, boys." And then, in rapid succession, came the orders—"Brace back the head-yards—hoist away that stay-sail—merrily, there!"

The preparations were now all effected. The buoys were streamed, and we had manned the slip-rope.

"All ready?" said the skipper.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Let go!"

"All gone, sir!"

As the mate spoke, the cable rattled through the hawse-hole, almost striking fire as it went—and our gallant ship swung off from the wind as gracefully as a lady curtsies from a ball-room. The next instant we let go the slip-rope, and bracing up sharp upon a wind, went off, like a bird startled from its nest, right into the teeth of the storm.

"Where's old Diego, I wonder?" I said, looking around after the Californian and his brig, for we had been so actively occupied since we came on board that I had quite forgotten him.

"The old water-dog is safe enough. I'll warrant," answered Jim Backstay, "and off before us, by the Lord!"

I looked in the direction he pointed, and there, sure enough, was the old fellow's brig, sharp on a wind, going through the water like a racer. How the deuce he got the start of us I cannot tell. It seemed like magic to look on that tiny craft, with her little rag of canvas set, cutting through the head-sea, as an arrow cleaves the air. As she careened, the dark water ran glistening from her sides, while the white foam rolled away, like hoarfrost, under her cut-water, crackling and sparkling as it went. I watched her delicate tracery of masts and yards for some time, as it stood out, like a spider-web, faintly marked against the sky. I was called away for a few minutes, and when I looked again it was gone. But a white cloud, like the wing of a sea-fowl, told where the gallant little brig still held her way.

The night, by this time, had set in quite dark, the wind blowing with appalling violence: now tearing and shrieking through the rigging as if a troop of ghosts had been let loose, now thundering by as when a tempest roars through a leafless forest in the dead of winter. The ship, pressed down by the force of the gale, leaned over until her lee yard-arms nearly touched the water. The heavy head-sea was thumping against her bows like a battering-ram, sending the spray in showers almost to the fore-top, and drenching the fore-castle completely. As she threshed through the swell, her head-gear came up dripping with brine, that glistened white and ghastly on the darkness. Now and then a streak of foam would whirl down the side of a billow she had just parted, and go boiling and whizzing away until lost in the gloom astern. As I looked over her side, the water seemed one moment up to her scuppers, but the next it sank away, far down below, to an almost frightful distance. High above, her tall masts swung to and fro against the low, black sky. The weather shrouds were drawn so tight they threatened to

crack, yet the lee rigging bellied out like a pennon; the royals bent like reeds; the stays swayed and jerked; and a groaning sound was heard as the spars worked upon each other.

It soon began to rain. The water fell in torrents, drenching us to the skin, and I was glad when our watch was sent below. Here I flung myself down and was speedily asleep. At times the rush of the water outside and the hurrying of feet overhead mingled, in strange metamorphosis, with my dreams; but finally all perception of the outer world ceased, and I sank into a slumber almost like death.

How long I remained thus I cannot say; but I was suddenly awakened by the voice of the officer of the watch, hallooing down the hatchway—

"Tumble up—tumble up, all hands. Tumble up!"

I started to my feet, rubbing my eyes: the next instant I had seized my jacket and hurried on deck, occupied in putting the garment on.

My first glance around the horizon revealed the hurricane still raging, and with a violence that was now perfectly appalling. The wind howled and shrieked and thundered through the rigging in a thousand intonations, varied every second. The sea was flattened like a table; and where, here and there, a billow occasionally heaved itself above the white and foaming surface, it was instantaneously torn off level with the rest of the sea, and disappeared in a deluge of spray. The skipper, indeed, from the terrific fury of the tempest, had determined to scud, fearing that by lying-to longer he might swamp the ship. Accordingly we had been called for the delicate and perilous manœuvre of wearing ship in the height of a hurricane.

This operation has been so often described, and by pens more graphic than mine, that I shall omit it here. Suffice it to say, it was safely executed, and we soon found ourselves driving before the tempest. We no longer pitched and groaned in the head-sea, but ran off before the wind as easily as one courses a field. Not a rag was set except the fore-course, close-reefed; but even this was sufficient to carry us with an almost incredible velocity; we darted along, swinging our yard-arms nearly to the water, faster than a wild pigeon loosed from a net.

Wild clouds were driving over head, low and black, and seeming to scrape the mast-head. The rain still fell in torrents, but was whirled nearly horizontally along, striking the face with innumerable stinging blows, as if from fine needles. The night was still dark as pitch, so that a few yards from the vessel nothing could be seen. The binnacle lamp burned faintly and dim, as in a sort of fog. The crew, now that every rope was once more in its place, skulked in the waist, or crept under the mast to shelter themselves.

Suddenly the look-out on the fore-castle cried, with startling energy, and in a tone of alarm—

"Sail ho! Right under our fore-foot."

An answering hail at the same instant came out of the darkness, as if a spirit had spoken.

At the same moment, like a thing of magic, the outlines of a brig were seen, lying-to and drifting

down, shadowy and dim, across our fore-foot. All at once, where only the thick and palpable gloom had been a second before, this vessel had started up, as by enchantment.

The spectacle made us shudder. She was so close that a bold man, by running out on our bowsprit, might have jumped aboard. For a moment we thought our sight might be deceptive—it seemed impossible that two craft could approach so near undetected. But there was the little cloud of white sails—the tall, ghost-like masts—the hull, the dark rigging. Her bows were just rising as the look-out hailed, and I saw her stays come up out of the water, dripping like old Neptune's beard. Instantaneously, too, a dismal shriek rose from her decks.

"Starboard your helm—hard—ha-a-rder," shouted the officer of our deck.

"*Santa Iago!*" was the reply from the brig, howled with startling suddenness and despair: and then followed the order to put down the helm, I suppose, for we could not hear the words.

The two ships were now almost directly upon each other. A collision seemed inevitable; and with it certain death to those on board the brig. But our noble craft answered her helm as a hunter does the spur, and with a quick, sharp cry, she turned aside, bowing as if in parting salutation to the brig. I breathed more freely.

But the brig was less manageable. There was a quick rattling of blocks, a dozen discordant cries, the head-sail was let go, all, in short, was confusion. She hesitated an instant which way to turn, and then, like a blind bull in the circus, rushed full upon us.

"My God! she will strike," I cried.

"Stand away forward. Mind your helm. Heaven have mercy!" were the cries that broke in quick succession, or rather all at once on my ear.

There was a fearful crash, and the ship, quivering in every timber, seemed to draw back: a wild, thrilling shriek, as of a score of voices strained to the utmost pitch of human agony, rent the air: and then the vessel drove ahead, amid a whirlpool of foam, the splitting of timbers, and the gurgling sounds of the death agony.

I drew a long gasp. Every man around me simultaneously did the same. Then we rushed to the side, to see if we could distinguish any living creature.

"Throw over a hen-coop!" shouted the skipper.

"Lower away the boat!" exclaimed the mate, subordination for the moment forgotten, and each man ordering and acting for himself.

"It's no use. A boat can't live in this gale," cried others: and now we recognized the skipper's voice again.

"Haul up the fore-sail!" he thundered, and the quick, earnest tones of his voice at once brought back order from confusion. "Down with your helm there. Now she comes around. Merrily, merrily, my lads: it's poor old Diego's brig. Set the main-staysail—and meet her with your helm!"

These orders were rapidly executed, the ship

came up in the wind, the fore-staysail was set, and there she stood, heading the seas gallantly again, while the wreck which we had just passed came drifting down past us.

Every eye was bent on what remained of the brig as it floated by, a shapeless and obscure mass. We could distinguish a spar, a bit of canvas, a broken plank, but that was all. Not a living creature was visible. A moment more, and even these fragments disappeared, and were lost in the thick gloom astern.

The whole of this had passed with a rapidity that was appalling. It seemed like some hideous phantasmagoria, or frightful nightmare dream. We looked at each other as men who doubt the evidence of their senses. Could it be that a vessel full of fellow beings had been run down? Less than five minutes before, all but the tempest had been quiet around, and now all was quiet again. Yet, in that little space, a score of souls had been sent to their last account.

"Hark! did you hear a voice?" said the skipper.

Every ear was bent in listening attention.

"I think I did!" said one.

"Where away?"

"Down to leeward, sir."

"Just where I heard it. Hail!"

"Hillo!" cried the lookout.

"Hillo-o!" seemed to come faintly up the wind.

"Thank God! it is a human voice," cried the skipper, in tones of joy. "Try again."

"Hil-lo-o!"

There was no reply.

"Hillo! Hil-lo-o-o!"

"Ahoy!" repeated another.

"Hillo! Hil-hil-lo-o-o!" sung the first lookout, holding his hands to his mouth, and prolonging the sound for a full minute.

Still there was no answer. Once or twice some of us fancied we heard faint cries in reply; but others did not hear them, and we concluded they were fancy. Yet still the cries were repeated; but again in vain.

"Bring a rocket," said the skipper. "In a few minutes the poor wretch—if indeed a human soul is left of the wreck—will be out of sight. Let us light up the sea if but for an instant."

The rocket went whizzing on high; far, far into the black depths overhead it shot; then breaking into a thousand sparkles, fell slowly, simmering to the water.

For an instant the ocean was lit up almost as bright as day. A dozen eyes availed themselves of the illumination to scan the seaboard, but in vain. Nothing met the eye but the wild waste of waters, whitening far and near with foam.

The skipper turned in silence and strode away with a look of despair. The look-out, however, still continued hailing. But it was to no purpose. Not a sound met the ear but the howling of that terrific wind.

How can I describe our feelings? One and all, from skipper down, seemed oppressed with a load

of misery. It is true we were not chargeable with the death of the victims: the accident had happened through no carelessness of ours; but it is at all times terrible to have the lives of others on your hands, even though guiltless of their blood. I stood, filled with these sensations, looking, with folded arms, across the deep for more than an hour.

Meantime the skipper had given orders that the ship should be kept lying-to till morning, regardless of the gale, hoping that then some traces of the unfortunate brig's crew might be discovered.

The night waned. One by one the men had left the deck, as the uselessness of hope became more and more apparent. My watch only remained. The wind died out. A candle would have burnt on deck without flickering, but for the rain, which came down in cataracts. It was a perfect Californian deluge.

Eight bells struck, and our watch was relieved. At length I went below. But I could not sleep. It was now near day-break, and I rose and went on deck. The clouds were thinning off, and a faint ruddy streak in the east told that the sun was rising clear.

Sunrise upon the waters! It is ever a beautiful sight, but it seemed infinitely more so after the harassing events of the night. At first a faint rosy hue stole along the seaboard, dispelling the melancholy and foreboding feeling that the grayer streaks of light, breaking over the lonely waters, produce: then a rich purple succeeded: a gold tint, glowing and gorgeous, followed; and, finally, the red disc of the luminary slid up above the horizon, shooting his rays on high to the zenith, and darting forward long lines of penciled light that danced and flickered on the billows.

A few clouds still occasionally flitted across the sky, and partially obscured the sun: but as the morning advanced they dissipated one by one. The breeze came out fresh from the north. We squared our yards and began to retrace our course.

Every thing was exhilarating. The decks had been washed down, and all traces of the tempest removed; the ropes were neatly coiled away, and the reefs shaken out. The waves still ran high, higher indeed than during the hurricane, but they were no longer angry and threatening, and their foam sparkled merrily in the sunshine. The crew hummed songs in the waist, and the skipper's countenance had lost its mark of care. A sailor's life is so full of perilous incident that he soon forgets.

All at once Jim Backstay touched my arm.

"Hark!" he said, "what was that?"

My eye had been, for the last minute, resting on an object in the sea, which had puzzled me to make out. As he spoke, he pointed toward it himself. As we gazed it certainly showed signs of life.

"Did not something wave?"

"I thought so."

"Can it be a man?"

The object, whatever it was, had now vanished in the trough of the sea. We watched anxiously for its reappearance. Directly it rose on the swell,

and as it topped the wave, and its clear outline broke against the sky, we both exclaimed—

"It is a man."

"Ay! and one of the brig's crew, no doubt," said the skipper, who had been an unseen spectator of this incident. "What if it should be old Diego? He was a good soul—I hope it is."

He was indeed—this Castilian Falstaff—"a fellow of infinite mirth and jest;" no one could avoid liking him; and we all indulged the hope that it was the old Californian himself. The ship's head was turned toward him meanwhile, a manœuvre the person, be he who he might, seemed to comprehend, if we could judge by the extravagant way in which he testified his joy, by waving the old rag that had first attracted our attention.

The ship drove down, rolling the waters in cata-racts before her, so that we were soon within hailing distance of the stranger. There was no longer any doubt: it was old Diego himself: for there were his little black eyes, the little red spot on his cheek, and his tangled, coarse white hair, now dripping with salt water. We were soon close to him, and, with a dexterous turn, the ship was hove-to; and the hen-coop, on which old Diego sat astride like a jolly water-god, lay rocking under our bow. Before

we could make arrangements to get him on board, the old fellow had clambered up the martingale, and was safely landed on the fore-castle.

He was the same inimitable old chap still. Misfortune did not seem to have depressed his spirits: or if he felt the loss of the brig, it was overpowered by joy at his escape. I rather think he had quite got over the disaster however, for he was a true Californian, and set care at defiance. At any rate he wore the same good-humored smile, and his white teeth shone as pearly as ever, as he turned from one to the other, his little red face, that glistened with brine, all a-glow with jollity and mirth. We crowded about him. The skipper was the first to speak.

"I don't know when I have been so glad," he exclaimed, grasping his visiter's hand, "God bless you! But where are your crew? All lost?"

"*Quien sabe?* who knows?" said the old fellow, giving a Californian's eternal answer, but it came with humorous gravity in the present instance. "But, captain, have you got a glass of gin-bitters? I have n't had my morning dram." And planting both legs apart, he shook himself like a water-spaniel.

As Jim Backstay said, there was no drowning such a man.

TO J. G. P. ON HER WEDDING DAY.

BY MARION H. RAND.

AND wilt thou be a bride, dearest, and must that holy vow
Shade o'er a face whose joyous light we love to look on
now?

Must the signet seal of womanhood upon thy brow be set,
Where the roses of thy childhood's hours have scarcely
faded yet?

Must the warm treasures of the love that we so long have
known

Be garnered up, a sacred trust, for one, for one alone?
How canst thou bear to leave us so, and think of us no more,
With that pure and true affection, as in the days of yore?
Nay, dearest, do not deem me harsh, my heart will have
its way;

I would not wound thee by a word, but I am sad to-day;
I fear—and that one thought to me must needs bring grief
and pain—

Thy love to me, as it was once, will never be again.

'Tis little I can offer thee, yet I would humbly bring

To thee, our young, pure flow'ret, the blossoms of the
spring—

And with them, need I tell thee, that all the heart can feel
Of warmest hopes and sympathy, too fervent to reveal,
From one whom years have only bound in closer ties to
thee,

Are thine to-day, my own sweet friend, and thine shall
ever be!

TO KATE.

BUT for thee, lovely lady,
I long had remained
In a passionless torpor
Despairingly chained,
With naught to impart
The least light to my heart,
Where gloominess only had reigned.

But as the calm twilight
In summer is broke
By the robin's sweet music,
Thy beauty awoke
My soul from its dream
By a magical beam,
And in Hope's soothing melody spoke.

ove thee, sweet lady:
I saw thy bright smile,
And I deemed that a seraph
Had left for awhile
The realms of delight,
To enravish my sight,
And the dullness of earth to beguile.

The theme of my musings
Thy beauty shall be;
And my dream shall be nightly,
Dear lady, of thee:
O'er my heart thou shalt reign,
And I never again
From thy power would wish to be free. M. J. H.

THE WIFE'S CONFESSION.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

Weke mir! Was hab 'ich
Gethan! Gebrochen hab 'ich mein Gelübbe! *Jungfrau von Orleans.*

"We shall never get through our visits at this rate," said Mrs. Weston to her daughter, as they emerged from one handsome house and mounted the steps of another in the neighborhood. "Three people in succession at home this fine morning—it is too bad. But we are sure of not getting in here—that is one comfort," the lady added, as she resolutely pulled the bell; "Mrs. Etherington is still in too deep grief to see any of her friends, though it is more than three years since her husband died—such nonsense!"

As she spoke the door opened, and, contrary to Mrs. Weston's expectations, the visitors were admitted. They entered a large drawing-room, communicating with a library of equal size, and the sombre hue of both was in such striking contrast with the gorgeousness of those she had just quitted, that Mrs. Weston on finding them vacant exclaimed at their excessive gloominess.

"Gloomy, mamma!" said her daughter, whose more cultivated eye had at once detected the treasures of art by which she was surrounded, "with such pictures, such statues, such books! it is inspiring, elevating, refreshing, to breathe in such an atmosphere of beauty"—and the young girl stood as if entranced before an exquisite piece of statuary.

"Do n't contradict me, Gertrude," said her mother sharply, "and do not burst out in that way about atmospheres of beauty, and such high-flown nonsense—now that you are going into the world, you must learn to talk and think more like other people."

Poor Gertrude heard so constantly of the necessity of being like other people, that the reproof did not make much impression; she said nothing, therefore, but turned from one beautiful object to another, suffering her mother to grumble on until the cause of their hostess. Mrs. Etherington had advanced some distance through the adjoining library unperceived by her visitors, and had therefore time to remark and admire the rapt and enthusiastic expression of Gertrude's face, as she contemplated the picture on which she gazed. The impression was so pleasing that it imparted to Mrs. Etherington's manner a peculiar sweetness in her reception of the blushing girl, who was formally introduced by her mother.

From the moment of Mrs. Etherington's entrance the whole of Gertrude's hitherto divided attention was absorbed by her. Though past the bloom of

youth, she realized all her ideal of perfect womanhood. It was not the mere physical beauty, though that was very striking; it was no advantage borrowed from dress, for Mrs. Etherington was in deep mourning; a widow's cap concealed her luxuriant hair, and a band of transparent muslin bound round her face gave a nun-like air to her costume, which was somewhat increased by the brilliant cross which confined her dress round the dazzlingly white and beautiful throat. But it was the expression of that fair and pensive face, combining as it did so much of intellect, of refinement, of sweet and holy resignation, with now and then a flash of bright enthusiasm lighting up every feature, and again subsiding into the same calm benignity, that made Gertrude feel she was in the presence of a woman of no common order.

It has been said that in every human face there is either a prophecy or a history, and the truth was well exemplified in the countenances of the three ladies who now sat exchanging the ordinary civilities of a morning visit. Gertrude's contained the prophecy full of hope and happiness, while the history in her mother's face was easily to be read. It is one, alas! too common. You could plainly see that petty cares and ambitions were absorbing a mind naturally weak, and petty trials souring more and more a temper naturally irritable, while an inordinate self-esteem converted the defects into virtues, and magnified a decent attention to the common duties of her position into a life of constant and laborious self-denial.

But what would not Gertrude have given to know the history traced in faint yet expressive lines on the beautiful face of Mrs. Etherington? It told of self-conquest—but over what? Neither pride, nor passion, nor any less noble enemy to human happiness seemed to have left any impress on that high and open brow. Was it over grief, the canker-worm that preys most deeply upon all that is most gifted?—and Gertrude remembered that she was a widow and childless, and believed that now the story was told. She was roused from her quiet contemplation by Mrs. Etherington turning to her and saying—

"You seem fond of pictures, my dear Miss Weston. I observed that you had fixed upon the gem of my collection. Your taste has no doubt been cultivated."

Before Gertrude could answer, her mother began

a vulgar enumeration of her daughter's accomplishments, of the expense lavished upon her education, and the astonishing talents she possessed, while Gertrude stood abashed at the recital, and Mrs. Etherington, after making some kind reply, pointed out to her the paintings she thought most valuable. The gentleness, the taste, the intelligence displayed by Gertrude, so far interested Mrs. Etherington that she begged her to spend an evening with her shortly, when they might examine together some fine prints, of which she had a large collection.

"I have lived too much alone of late," she said, "and, if your mother will permit it, would be glad to have you often with me." And gratified by the unlooked-for attention to her child, Mrs. Weston left the house in much better humor than she had entered it. Gertrude, too, was delighted, and soon learned from her mother all she knew of the private history of the individual who had so strongly interested her.

According to Mrs. Weston's account, Mrs. Etherington was one of the most fortunate of human beings. Her parents had died while she was quite young, and immediately afterward she had married a man of immense fortune, who perfectly idolized her. She had no family, and this Mrs. Weston, who chose to think herself tormented to death with a large one, seemed to consider a signal blessing. Some years after their marriage they went abroad, and on their return to their native country, Mr. Etherington had been seized with a protracted illness, of which he finally died, leaving his wife uncontrolled mistress of his splendid fortune.

"It was thought," continued Mrs. Weston, "that she would, as soon as possible, come out and make a figure in the world; but she immediately laid down her carriage, dismissed many of her servants, and for three years has lived like a perfect recluse. I am glad she asked you to come often, for she is a splendid musician, and it will improve you to hear her."

Thankful to obtain her mother's full permission, Gertrude lost no opportunity of visiting Mrs. Etherington as often as that lady desired, and the mutual fancy so suddenly developed soon grew into a deep and lasting friendship. To Gertrude its benefits were incalculable. Young, ardent, imaginative and gifted, the whole course of her domestic training tended to crush, and, if possible, destroy, the high qualities with which nature had endowed her. It is true that at school she had been allowed to learn every thing, because such, happily, was the fashion of the day; but every effect produced by such culture—except the mere letter of the acquired knowledge, which did very well to boast of—all independence of opinion, all elevation of sentiment, all refinement of feeling, was put down by the strong fiat of maternal authority as—"stuff—nonsense—unlike everybody else." And poor Gertrude was just beginning to think that perhaps it was so—that all the deep thirstings of her spiritual nature—all her high aspirations after something nobler and better than the husks on which the worldling is con-

tented to feed, were vain and hopeless longings for what is unattainable, when Mrs. Etherington's regards were so strongly attracted toward her.

Gertrude was never happier than when, the world shut out, and with it all its ambitions, envyings and detractions, she passed the quiet hours of a winter's day with her friend; or when evening had closed in, she listened to her almost inspiring music, and wondered again and again that one so highly gifted should live thus isolated, enlightening by her wisdom and charming by her accomplishments but one unimportant and insignificant individual. Often in the midst of a crowded ball-room, when wearied by the tiresome nothings with which those about her strove to gain her attention, Gertrude would sigh for the calm retreat of that beautiful and classic room, where the very atmosphere was refinement, and where she seemed to dwell as it were in another and purer region. And Mrs. Weston saw with regret that her daughter wearied more and more of the pleasures which fashion carries in her train, and became less and less fitted for what her ambition had determined she should be—a decided and distinguished belle.

At length, however, fortune, whom Mrs. Weston, though she had never known his frowns, was always abusing, seemed for once to smile upon her. Gertrude, after being four years in company without a serious admirer, made a decided conquest of a rich, money-loving, money-getting man, who, though old enough to be her father, and destitute of every thing that could render him attractive in the eyes of youth and beauty, had been long thought a most desirable *parti*—and Mrs. Weston was thoroughly enchanted. That Gertrude should object to the rich prize now at her feet was perfectly unthought of; and when she did object, and declare most decidedly that his attentions were disagreeable to her, and the very thought of his addresses revolting, Mrs. Weston's astonishment and indignation knew no bounds. Poor Gertrude was lectured and schooled, both by her mother and father, until she was really unhappy, and almost persuaded she was the undutiful child they declared her to be in resisting their wish.

"Why cannot you act like other people?" said Mrs. Weston, at the conclusion of one of her maternal harangues; "other girls are not so particular; even your friend Mrs. Etherington, with all her high-toned sentiments, did the same thing herself, and married for a good comfortable establishment, as every sensible woman should do if she has a chance."

"Mrs. Etherington marry for an establishment!" exclaimed Gertrude, "the thing is impossible—she adores her husband's memory—"

"And well she may," interrupted her mother, "for he was a most excellent man; but on my honor I assure you, Gertrude, that she married a man three times her age, at her mother's request; and without loving him any more than you love Mr. Seldon—yet you see how happy she was."

Had Gertrude been told that an angel had descended wilfully from his high sphere to grovel on

this earth, she could not have been more incredulous, and yet, as her mother persisted in her assertion, there gathered doubts round Gertrude's heart that gradually became very painful to her. There was that sad mysterious grief that was traced so plainly in the beautiful face of her friend—that history of trial and self-conquest that Gertrude had so often longed to read. Was it the struggle in which she had yielded all to filial duty—even her very truth? If so, she might think Gertrude should make the same sacrifice, and with a sad heart she that evening paid her usual visit to her friend.

She found all here in confusion. Mrs. Etherington had been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and Gertrude was at once admitted by her confidential woman to her bedside. To Gertrude's surprise, instead of being led into the handsome chamber she had always believed to be that occupied by Mrs. Etherington, the woman conducted her to a small room in the back buildings, where, on a plain, neat bed, and surrounded by such furniture as is seen in very humble dwellings, lay the mistress of that splendid mansion—her mind wandering in delirium, her cheeks glowing with fever, and evidently extremely ill.

"But why is she here, Wilson?" asked Gertrude, when she had a little recovered from the shock of her friend's danger—"why is she not in her own chamber?"

"This is Mrs. Etherington's room, miss—the other is the one she occupied during her husband's life-time. Since his death she always has slept here, and it is the poorest place in the house, too."

Gertrude thought the whim an extraordinary one, but she had no time to dwell upon it. Mrs. Etherington's danger was evidently great, and from that time until the hour death claimed his victim, Gertrude scarcely left her side. Day after day she listened to the pathetic appeals of the sufferer to the loved, the lost—to her mother, her husband—as though they watched in sorrow by her couch. There was, too, another name, to which Gertrude was a stranger, often on her lips; but it was in vain to her whether what she uttered were the mere phantoms of a disordered brain, or the disjointed broken images of some past and painful reality. Thus a week dragged wearily along, when suddenly Mrs. Etherington awoke as from a distressing dream, spoke calmly of her approaching end, and after desiring that her pastor might be summoned, she turned to the weeping Gertrude and said—

"My last earthly thought shall be of you, my beloved child. You have been to me as a daughter, and with your welfare I was occupied when my summons came. You will find a letter in my escritoire—read it beside me to-morrow—my heart will then be fully open to you—till now there has been a veil between us."

Alas! the veil that separates the world from that of sense had fallen between the two friends before that morrow dawned, and Gertrude trod softly through the chamber of the dead, and knelt reverently beside the beautiful remains, as

she obeyed Mrs. Etherington's last request. The letter had neither envelope nor direction, and had evidently been hastily concluded. It ran thus:

"To-day your mother has been with me, Gertrude, urging me to influence you to take a step from which your nature revolts. She has appealed to my experience in support of her views, and I have promised her that, if she wished it, the history of my wedded life should be fully unfolded to you. She joyfully assented, and I hasten to fulfill her request. At first, I intended you should hear it from my own lips, but the effort is too painful for me—I must write what I cannot utter.

"Mr. Etherington was my father's best friend, and I knew and loved the one as soon as I did the other. This was a friendship proved by adversity, and when my beloved parent, after refusing to profit by the liberality which would have thrown a princely fortune in the gap between him and ruin, died, poor and heart-broken, Mr. Etherington provided a home for his widow, and an education for his only child. We had few near relatives—none who were either willing or able to aid us—and my refined and delicate mother, accustomed as she was to all the luxuries of wealth, must have perished a victim to her adverse fortunes, had not his kind hand been held out to save her.

"For myself, I am the very creature of his bounty. Whatever I have, either of talent or acquirement, I owe to the education that elicited the one and bestowed the other. Of course, he was our constant visitor; and for many years, I have since learned, it was expected by his friends that my mother would become his wife. I have good reason to believe the idea never suggested itself to either.

"I am naturally enthusiastic, and the disinterested kindness of our friend made a deep impression upon me. I was too young to shrink from the weight of the obligation, and whatever my mother might have felt on the subject was sedulously concealed. To me, Mr. Etherington was as a kind, indulgent parent, and to win his approbation was the great object of my life. Accustomed as I was from my infancy to his paternal caresses, a change that after a time occurred in the deportment of our benefactor caused me great pain. It was when I was about sixteen, and singularly precocious both in person and mind, though still a child in heart and feeling, that I first observed the change I have alluded to, and consequently redoubled my efforts to regain the favor I began to fear I perhaps no longer merited. But in vain. Days would frequently elapse between his visits, and when he did come he was cold and constrained toward me, and devoted his attention exclusively to my mother.

"I bore my trial in silence for many months. At length, one evening, after having vainly endeavored to attract his notice, I placed myself beside him on the sofa, and, taking his hand, begged with tearful eyes and trembling voice to know in what way I had offended him.

"'Offended me, Agnes?' he replied—'what has put such a silly notion into your little head?'

"'Because,' said I, 'you are so different from what you used to be, that I am afraid you no longer love me.'

"'I do love, Agnes,' he said, with an averted eye.

"'Ah, you have taken a load off my mind,' I replied, pressing his hand to my heart, and then, playfully endeavoring to turn his averted face toward me, I added—'Now give me one of your old kind looks, and tell me that you really love me as you used to.'

"'Agnes!' he exclaimed, sternly, and almost dashing me from him—'you know not what you are doing. Love you? Oh, God!' and he rushed from the room.

"We stood as if petrified. Whether a suspicion of the truth flashed across my mother's brain I know not, but she endeavored to calm my fears by saying that perhaps some business matters had irritated him, bade me not distress myself, and then sank into an apparently painful silence. I was now more perplexed than ever—but it was not long before the mystery was solved. My mother, next day, told me Mr. Etherington wished me to become his wife.

"'His wife, mamma?' I exclaimed, in astonishment—'the wife of that old, old man?'

"'Yes, my Agnes,' said my mother, gently, 'the wife of that noble, that disinterested, that most generous of human beings. Though old in years, Mr. Etherington is young in feelings. He has struggled painfully against his passion for you, fearing you might not return it. But oh, my child, a heart like his is a rare treasure, and happy is the woman on whom such a treasure is bestowed.'

"'What a pity it is,' I answered, 'that he did not bestow it on you, mamma. Ah, that would have been really delightful.'

"'Agnes,' said my mother, and her eyes filled with tears, 'this from you, my child?'

"And my heart smote me for my levity, while I implored her forgiveness, and begged her to tell Mr. Etherington that though I loved him dearly, far better than any one on earth but herself, yet that I was too young and giddy to be the wife of so wise and excellent a man as he was. My mother seemed satisfied, and at the time I heard no more on the subject. Mr. Etherington came as usual; was again the same kind friend as formerly, and with the happy carelessness of youth I endeavored to wipe the disagreeable subject from my memory.

"But my hours of thoughtless gaiety were already numbered. In less than a year my beloved mother was taken from me, and even at this distance of time my heart shrinks within me as I recall the horror that fell upon my spirit when I saw the fiat had gone forth that was to deprive me of this sole object of my idolatrous affection. It was when bending in mute anguish over her dying pillow that she placed my hand in that of Mr. Etherington—bestowed me upon him as the sole precious legacy she had to bequeath to him whose friendship had brightened her last hours—conjured me to repay by

my affection the deep debt of gratitude we owed our benefactor, and called on Heaven to bless our union with her dying breath.

"How I lived through that agony I know not—but I did live through it, and when I was able to recall my scattered faculties, after the first stunning effects of my bereavement had passed away, I vowed a vow before my Maker, that, cost what it might to myself, my mother's dying wish should be fulfilled. My heart was then seared within me; I thought it could never wake to hope or happiness again, and it mattered little how I dragged out the weary days of my remaining pilgrimage. It was more than a month before I was able to leave my chamber, or to meet the man whom I now regarded as my future husband.

"When first we met, he took my faded, grief-worn form in his arms, and wept over me as a mother would over a suffering child; and I inwardly blessed him for his sympathy, and thanked Heaven for such a comforter in my hour of sorrow. For many days he spoke not of the future, but I felt that the reprieve could not be a long one, and nerved my soul to fulfill the sacrifice whenever it was demanded of me. At length the hour came. I had been more cheerful than usual, and when a pause occurred in our conversation, Mr. Etherington said,

"'My Agnes, you well know how long, how devotedly I have loved you—but my love is not a selfish one.' And he rose from my side and stood before me, apparently making a painful effort to subdue his feelings. 'At this moment, though you are dearer to me than heart can conceive, or words can utter—when in your deep sorrow you are still more precious to my soul than in the brightest days of your beauty—at this moment, Agnes, if your heart does not respond to your mother's dying wish, I will relinquish you. Your destiny is in your own hands, Agnes. I should be sinning against God and man did I ask you to utter with your lips vows that are falsehood. Say the word, Agnes, and I leave you. The income that was your mother's I have already made yours, and with it you may bless,' and here his voice faltered, 'some one happier than I.'

"I rose from my mother's accustomed chair, in which, while he spoke, I had buried my tearful face, and placing my hand in his I said with a steady voice—'Mr. Etherington, I have vowed before God and his angels that I will obey my mother's dying wish.'

"'And with your whole heart, Agnes?' he asked.

"'With my whole heart I will devote my life to your happiness—so help me Heaven.'

"Mr. Etherington placed me beside him on the sofa, and poured out his thanks to me, but the enthusiasm of the moment had passed away, and I listened in deep sadness. He told me the story of his life—how in early youth he had loved one who in person and mind had borne a strong resemblance to myself, how poverty had delayed their union, and she had sickened and died before it was accomplished—and as my tears fell fast at the recital of her early death, oh! how I envied the fate I seemed to deplore, and

longed to lay my weary head on the cold earth beside her.

"You may ask if I had any preference for another? None, or I would have died sooner than wedded as I did. I revered Mr. Etherington with my whole soul; I confided in him as in a superior being; but it was with the affection of a child—not that of a wife. He was fifty—I seventeen—can you wonder that I felt myself a sacrifice?

"It was more than a year after my mother's death when our marriage took place. I had then in some degree recovered my spirits, and when my fate was actually sealed, and I found myself at the head of one of the most elegant establishments in our large and wealthy city, idolized by my husband, and caressed by a large circle of fashionable acquaintances, I for awhile was really happy. But it was not long before I began to tire of the fatiguing round of gayety which at first so fascinated me. I met but few in the circle in which I moved whose society really interested me; few of my own age and sex whose tastes sympathized with my own, and still fewer of the other who were comparable to my husband in true dignity and elevation of character. I therefore gradually withdrew from the vortex of dissipation in which I had plunged, and devoted myself sedulously to my domestic duties and intellectual pleasures.

"But steeped as I was to the lips in luxury, and cherished and guarded by a love that never wavered in its devotion, there was still a want, a restless, craving want, that left a vacuum about my heart, and I longed and prayed for children—young and tender beings who might soften the stony heart, and bid the deep waters of affection flow forth to refresh and vivify my spirit. This blessing was denied me, and I turned to nature, to poetry, to music, and endeavored to find in them the sympathy for which I thirsted. I was ardent, imaginative and enthusiastic—my husband was generous, upright and refined, but he was matter of fact. Fine poetry, exquisite painting, soul-searching melody, all were lost upon him. Even the beauties of nature had to be pointed out to his view, and then his enjoyment of them was a quiet silent one—not the warm outpourings of a soul overflowing with the rapture they inspire. You, Gertrude, can understand my want, when (I tell you that the noblest attributes of my being needed sympathy.) Oh! how often have I blessed God for music—for that heavenly gift of melody, in which the soul can, as it were, pour out its longings for its higher home—the fount in which it can bathe its earth-defiled wings, and for awhile create the heaven it is sighing for. How often have I wept in very ecstasy over my instrument, while my husband would sit beside me quietly enjoying his evening nap, and leaving me alone in my fancied Elysium.

"We were thus occupied one evening, (we had then been married about five years,) when my husband's slumbers and my music were both interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, who was received by Mr. Etherington with every demonstration of re-

gard, and introduced to me as the son of his nearest relative, and one of his earliest friends, who resided in a distant state. The young man was not strikingly handsome, but the expression of his face was remarkably fine, and the impression he produced upon us both was so favorable, that I at once joined my husband in the request that he would make our house his home while he remained in this part of the country. The next day he was domesticated with us, and he had not been long under our roof before we found that we were entertaining an 'angel unawares.' Never, certainly never in my experience of life, have I met with so rare an assemblage of really noble qualities as were combined in the character of Ernest Falconer. He was now about four-and-twenty, had lived some years abroad, and after his return home had studied divinity. When nearly ready for ordination, a failure in his eyesight had compelled him to renounce his studies; and a change of air being recommended by his physicians, he had come hither, where he was to attend meanwhile to some business for his father.

"For one who had seen so much of the world, Ernest was remarkably retiring in his disposition—resisted the solicitations of Mr. Etherington and myself that he would mingle in society, and never appeared so happy as when enjoying with us, in our small domestic circle, such gratifications as were most easily furnished him. I soon discovered that I had encountered a master mind; one to whom every department of knowledge seemed familiar, and whose high enthusiasm for all that was great and lovely was united to a judgment singularly matured, a charm of manner irresistibly attractive, and a purity of character mete for the holy calling to which his life was to be devoted. My husband soon learned to love him as a son; and to me the constant association with a being so superior was a new and delightful source of pleasure. My favorite pursuits were invested with a higher interest since he had shared them with me, and thrown around them the peculiar charm which a truly elevated Christian spirit can impart to every object on which it sheds its influence—and while I felt my intellect expand, my taste mature, my views of life and duty become more clear and elevated, how little did I dream of danger, or anticipate the misery the dark future had in store for me!

"Ernest had been for several months our guest, and we had removed from our town residence to our beautiful and romantic country home, when Mr. Etherington was taken alarmingly ill, and for many days all hope of his recovery was abandoned. Except my mother's death I had never known so great a sorrow. I summoned the most skillful physicians to his aid, night and day I was at his pillow, and would not allow any other hand than my own to minister to his slightest want. He recovered, and I was again happy, blessed Heaven for his restoration, and believed devoutly my husband's repeated assurances to his young friend that no man was ever blessed with a more faithful and devoted wife than I was. During his protracted convalescence

this young man seemed to have wound himself still more closely round my husband's heart, and he would often lament to me that a few short months would separate us from our beloved and valued friend—but the separation was nearer than either had anticipated.

"It was an oppressive evening in July, and Mr. Etherington and myself were sauntering through the beautiful grounds that surrounded our house, in momentary expectation of being joined by our guest, who had been detained all day in town by business. A thickly wooded drive separated us from the road, and, being engaged in conversation, we did not hear any approaching footsteps, until, at a sudden turn in one of the walks, we saw a party of men slowly bearing through the darkened pathway an inanimate and bleeding form. I darted toward them and saw Ernest—the blood trickling from a fearful wound on his temple—pale and lifeless before me. He had been thrown from his horse on a pile of stones at a short distance from our gate. I gazed at him a moment with every faculty benumbed by horror—then a spasm of anguish unutterable shot through my heart, and, uttering a loud cry, I sank fainting into my husband's arms.

"When I recovered I was in my own room, with my maid in attendance. But I at once broke from her detaining grasp, and hurried to Ernest's chamber. He had, as yet, shown no signs of life, and so perfectly deathlike was his appearance, that I was sure all was over. The physician, however, said there was still some slight hope, and to that I clung as though I would perish without it. For five days, during which he hovered between life and death, I was his quiet, calm and efficient nurse. But, on the sixth, when the crisis had passed, and he looked round with grateful affection upon the untiring friends who surrounded his bed, the strength that supported me gave way, and I was really ill.

"Perfect quiet was prescribed to me—and now, Gertrude—now, in the stillness of that darkened room, alone with my conscience and my God, the fearful truth was revealed to me, that I, a wedded wife, bound by every tie of duty, of gratitude, of religion, to a husband that adored me—I, who had fondly believed myself so good, so pure, so true a being—loved another than he to whom I had given my vows!

"At first I spurned the thought as a phantom created by the fever that was then burning in my veins. But no—I could not so deceive myself. I compared the quiet sorrow with which I contemplated my husband's seemingly approaching death, with the anguish that consumed me while Ernest was in danger. I reviewed the happy, happy months that I had spent in his society. Alas! they were the only ones in which I seemed to have really lived! All the rest was existence—this was life—life illuminated by the golden sunshine of love—and the conviction was deeply branded on my soul that I was false and perjured!

"Oh! in what an agony of self-abasement did I writhe upon my bed of torture, devising plan after

plan by which I could avoid the being whose presence was so dear yet so dangerous to me. He was to remain with us until late in October, and in my wild and feverish fantasies my first thought was of flight—flight to some distant solitude, where, by prayer and penitence, I might hope to expiate my involuntary sin. But this I well knew was impossible. Then I would pray for death, and for awhile believed it fast approaching—but even the grave, that last refuge of the desperate, seemed closed against me. I soon felt that I must live, and the joy expressed by my husband at my release from danger was torture to me. In spite of the mental agony I endured, I gradually regained my strength. Ernest, too, had by this time recovered, and a meeting with him I had firmly resolved I would never again look upon would soon be unavoidable, and I was in a state almost bordering upon insanity as to what course to pursue.

"One evening the chair in which I rested had been drawn to the open window, and Mr. Etherington was sitting beside me, holding my wasted hand in his, endeavoring to interest my attention by dwelling upon the beauty of the sunset, and the loveliness of the many rural sounds that rose upon the perfumed air. Finding me still sad and listless, he spoke of Ernest, of how wan and pale he looked, and I again suggested, as I had often done before, that a journey would probably benefit him.

"'We were talking of it at dinner,' he replied, 'and, as soon as you are a little stronger, we will all set off on our travels together.'

"'Never!' said I, with sudden energy. 'Oh, if you love me, do not suggest it—let Ernest go at once!'

"'You seem strangely anxious to get rid of Ernest,' he replied, smiling—'but I do not intend to let him stir a step without us. Do you know, Agnes, that I have a delightful plan for keeping him altogether here?' And this he detailed to me at length, while I sat listening, nearly desperate.

"As he proceeded, one path of safety suddenly opened before me. It seemed to come like light from Heaven, and I at once determined to follow it. As soon as he had ceased speaking, I rose from my chair, and, falling on my knees before my astonished husband, with clasped hands and quivering voice, I told him all—all my weakness, all my sin—and appealed to him, as my guide, my protector—him whom I revered next my Maker—for help and pardon. He listened to me at first with seeming incredulity, but, as in impassioned words I poured forth the secret of my soul—told him of my horror, my self-reproach, my desperate resolves to conquer my fatal passion, and never to look again upon its object, an expression of wo unutterable came over his noble features, and, covering them with his hands, he exclaimed—

"'My God! forsake us not!'

"I had bowed my face upon his knees when my confession was ended. A long pause ensued. At last he laid his hand upon my head, and said, in a voice of deep anguish—

"My poor, poor Agnes! May the Almighty take pity on us both! You have awakened me from the sweetest dream that ever deluded man! Fool! idiot that I was—I dreamed that you loved me! My poor Agnes!"

"And he lifted me gently to his bosom, and laid my face to his, as he added—

"The sin is mine, Agnes, in fettering your youth and beauty to my declining years. I should have known it was gratitude and not love that bound you to me. And yet you were so gentle, so affectionate, and made my home such an earthly paradise, that I fondly believed I had gained your heart. Oh, God of mercy!" he exclaimed—"help me to bear my punishment as I ought!" and then placing me on my chair, he hastily quitted the room.

"Gertrude, it were vain that I should attempt to describe the feelings that then agitated me. But, amid them all, the predominant one was that of safety. Like the dove of old, I had found a refuge from the stormy waters in the bosom of him who had ever been my comforter in the hour of sorrow, and oh! how my very soul was bowed before the greatness of his. But then the wound I had inflicted on that generous heart! And Ernest—what would be the result to him? But I knew too well the rock of strength on which I now leant to doubt that all would be ordered for the best, and, by the time my husband returned to me, I felt calmer than I had done since my dreadful discovery.

"Agnes," he said, as he approached me, and a glance at his face showed me the mental agony he had endured since we parted—"you must grant me one favor. Let this terrible subject never be renewed between us. Your confidence is not a misplaced one. I forgive you from my soul the wrong you may think you have done me, though never, while life lasts, can I forgive myself for the deep wrong I have inflicted upon you by my selfish affection. Can you trust me to act as is best for us all?"

"I only answered by pressing the hand I held.

"Then be it so—and may God guide me aright!"

"Before I was able to quit my chamber Ernest had departed. What passed between him and my husband I know not, and such was my confidence in both that I never wished to know. But oh! Gertrude—the blank his departure created in my existence! I felt that 'from my life the beautiful had vanished to return not.' A deep sense of humiliation, of weariness, of desolation, benumbed every faculty. All my former pursuits were so intimately connected with him that I dared not pursue any one of them; and had it not been for my duty to my husband, I should have sunk into an apathy which would certainly have destroyed me. But to him I owed too deep a debt not to struggle earnestly against my inward sorrow. I saw that his mild and melancholy eye read the conflict of my soul, and I did struggle, and was in part victorious.

"We soon after quitted the spot where we both had suffered so much, and in the course of a year sailed for Europe. But amid the sacred relics of the past, and at the shrine of the beautiful, whether in

nature or art, the spirit of him I was striving to forget still seemed to follow me. His genius had left its impress on the very marble of the classic forms I had heard him describe so often—the rich tones of the almost seraphic music that gratified my ear would breathe of him—even the mighty minster seemed to echo with the voice of one who I well knew had bowed in deep devotion before its altars—everywhere—everywhere, I was haunted by the memory of my unhappy love!

"We returned laden with the beautiful objects you see around me, which the unwearied affection of my husband had collected to gratify me; but soon after, as you know, the hand of disease was laid upon him, and two years of suffering brought him to his grave. Often when watching by his side, or performing for him the numberless offices which his weakness required, he would turn his sad eye upon me, and with a tone of infinite pity exclaim—"My poor, poor Agnes!" and my heart would almost break at the well-remembered words. He died, leaving me mistress of his splendid fortune. At my death it is to go to Ernest, as his nearest surviving relative. With the exception of a kind letter, soon after my husband's death, which called for no reply, I have heard nothing from him since. He is still unmarried, and devoted to the sacred duties of his calling.

"Had I consulted my own feelings, I would at once have renounced the wealth my husband bestowed upon me, and with a humble income have retired to some secluded spot, where, in self-denial, charity and devotion, I could have spent the remnant of my life, but my husband's will was sacred to me. I therefore remain in the spot he selected for me, and endeavor by a strict renunciation of the luxurious habits to which I have been accustomed, to strengthen my soul while pursuing the strait and narrow path, and with the wealth which has failed to give happiness to myself to cause many a careworn face to brighten in my presence. But even now, Gertrude, though I hope and pray my sinful wandering of affection has been forgiven me, its memory still bedews my cheek with tears of shame and self-abasement, and nothing but the sorrow that filled my soul at the thought of your being forced into the false position I so long occupied, could have led me to open my life thus before you—whether for warning or example you can judge."

Gertrude's tears fell fast over the pale face of the dead when she concluded, and as she gazed fixedly on the beloved lineaments still beautiful in death, she wondered at the change that had fallen upon them. The brow was now smooth and tranquil as her own, a faint smile lingered about the exquisitely formed mouth, all traces of sorrow and suffering were gone. And while Gertrude imprinted her soft kisses upon the marble cheek, she felt that even the memory of the earthly passion whose sad record she had been perusing had now passed away, while the heavenly love which had succeeded it, and cast its radiance round the daily life of her friend, still shone about her in all the brightness of its native glory.

Gertrude's doubts, if she had any, as to the course she was to pursue, were now at rest. Her refusal of Mr. Seldon was so decided as to leave him no hopes of ultimate success; and her parents, though much disappointed, were obliged to relinquish their cherished hopes. Over Gertrude's spirit a change had come—the vague dreams of excellence, of superiority, of manly grace and intellectual pre-eminence that hitherto had floated dim and shapeless through her imagination, now took form and coloring, and to him whose high endowments had made so deep an impression on the heart of her friend, she now unconsciously dedicated her own.

A few months brought Ernest Falconer to take possession of his rich inheritance; and Gertrude, even at their first interview, blushed and trembled, as though his dark spiritual eye could pierce through the thin disguise of conventional indifference, and discover the interest with which he had already inspired her. The face and form of her new acquaintance was not one that is hastily forgotten, and Gertrude could not help wondering that her friend had spoken so slightly of his external attractions. A closer examination convinced her, however, that the time that had passed since they had met might have added to, rather than diminished his personal

beauty, and that the tall, well developed form, and strongly marked though highly intellectual features, were probably handsomer in the man of thirty-five than in the youth of four-and-twenty.

Mrs. Weston received the wealthy heir with a distinguished attention nothing could have induced her to pay to the less richly endowed clergyman, and in proportion as Ernest was disgusted with the worldliness of the mother, did his wonder at the modesty, the purity, the gentleness, the cultivated taste of the beautiful and high-souled daughter increase. He soon discovered the powerful influence his gifted relative had exerted over her mind, and this was from the first a bond of union between them, which gradually ripened into a strong attachment. The deep respect and admiration Ernest so openly expressed for the character of her departed friend convinced Gertrude that he was entirely unconscious of the feelings with which she had regarded him, and though she has now been many years his wife, she still sacredly guards Mrs. Etherington's secret. But the very happiness she now enjoys, arising as it does from mutual love and mutual sympathy, has awakened in her mind a still deeper feeling for the sufferings of the noble being whose whole heart had been unveiled for her benefit.

STANZAS.

BY HERBERT HELFENSTEIN.

My good Josephine! my destiny is more powerful than my will. NAPOLEON.

I weep! yet 'tis not that I feel, perchance, another brow
Will to thy cheek as fondly steal, as mine is stealing now!
No, no!—if thou thyself couldst bear, though fairer far it
be—

Where mine hath been, to place it there, the thought is
naught to me!

I weep! yet these are idle tears—I would they should not
flow—

I have no hope—no jealous fears—I pray thee freely go!
If in thy soul the thought hath grown that we can ever
part—

Go, go!—thou art no more mine own—I yield thee back
thy heart.

Mine own—though all its wealth was thine, its more than
human trust,
Like summer-wreaths that children twine, may perish in
the dust;

For it would spurn to hold thee here in an uneasy chain—
Though not the less will gush the tear—for love all, all in
vain.

Ah! when bereaved we sadly roam whence those we love
are parted,

'Tis not the new form, though it come, that makes us
broken-hearted—

It is the sense, all heavy borne, of something gone astray;
It is the heart, all inly torn, bleeding its pulse away.

GIVE BACK, O GRAVE, THE BEAUTIFUL!

BY CATHERINE WEBB BAKER.

Give back, O grave, the beautiful
Won to thy cold embrace!

The infant with its curls of gold—
The maiden in her grace;

The bud and flower, which by my side
Grew pale as lilies are, and died.

Give back, oh grave, our sister bright!

We yearn to hear the song
Which from her ruby lips gushed forth

Upon the dewy lawn,
When morning with her brow of light
Chased far away the shades of night.

Why from the household must you take
Our fairest and our best,

To grace thy chambers, pallid Death,

And moulder on thy breast?

Oh give them back, the good, the fair,
Nor let the worm hold revel there!

MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I HAVE just finished the "Mysteries of Paris"—a work of unquestionable power—a museum of novel and ingenious incident—a paradox of childish folly and consummate skill. It has this point in common with all the "convulsive" fictions—that the incidents are *consequential* from the premises, while the premises themselves are laughably incredible. Admitting, for instance, the possibility of such a man as Rodolphe, and of such a state of society as would tolerate his perpetual interference, we have no difficulty in agreeing to admit the possibility of his accomplishing all that is accomplished. Another point which distinguishes the Sue school, is the total want of the *ars celare artem*. In effect the writer is always saying to the reader, "Now—in one moment—you shall see what you shall see. I am about to produce on you a remarkable impression. Prepare to have your imagination, or your pity, greatly excited." The wires are not only not concealed, but displayed as things to be admired, equally with the puppets they set in motion. The result is, that in perusing, for example, a pathetic chapter in "The Mysteries of Paris" we say to ourselves, without shedding a tear—"Now, here is something which will be sure to move every reader to tears." The philosophical motives attributed to Sue are absurd in the extreme. His first, and in fact his sole object, is to make an exciting, and therefore saleable book. The cant (implied or direct) about the amelioration of society, etc., is but a very usual trick among authors, whereby they hope to add such a tone of dignity or utilitarianism to their pages as shall gild the pill of their licentiousness. The *ruse* is even more generally employed by way of engrafting a meaning upon the otherwise unintelligible. In the latter case, however, this *ruse* is an after-thought, manifested in the shape of a moral, either appended (as in *Æsop*) or dovetailed into the body of the work, piece by piece, with great care, but never without leaving evidence of its after-insertion.

The translation (by C. H. Town) is very imperfect, and, by a too literal rendering of idioms, contrives to destroy the whole *tone* of the original. Or, perhaps, I should say a too literal rendering of *local peculiarities of phrase*. There is one point (never yet, I believe, noticed) which, obviously, should be considered in translation. We should so render the original that *the version should impress the people for whom it is intended, just as the original impresses the people for whom it (the original) is intended*. Now, if we rigorously translate mere local idiosyn-

crasies of phrase (to say nothing of idioms) we inevitably distort the author's designed impression. We are sure to produce a whimsical, at least, if not always a ludicrous, effect—for novelties, in a case of this kind, are incongruities—oddities. A distinction, of course, should be observed between those peculiarities of phrase which appertain to the nation and those which belong to the author himself—for these latter will have a similar effect upon *all* nations, and should be literally translated. It is merely the general inattention to the principle here proposed, which has given rise to so much international depreciation, if not positive contempt, as regards literature. The English reviews, for example, have abundant allusions to what they call the "frivolousness" of French letters—an idea chiefly derived from the impression made by the French manner merely—this manner, again, having in it nothing *essentially* frivolous, but affecting all foreigners as such (the English especially) through that oddity of which I have already assigned the origin. The French return the compliment, complaining of the British *gaucherie* in style. The phraseology of every nation has a taint of *drollery* about it in the ears of every other nation speaking a different tongue. Now, to convey the true spirit of an author, this taint should be corrected in translation. We should pride ourselves less upon literality and more upon dexterity at paraphrase. Is it not clear that, by such dexterity, *a translation may be made to convey to a foreigner a juster conception of an original than could the original itself?*

The distinction I have made between mere idioms (which, *of course*, should never be literally rendered) and "local idiosyncrasies of phrase," may be exemplified by a passage at page 291 of Mr. Town's translation :

"Never mind! Go in there! You will take the cloak of Calebasse. You will wrap yourself in it," etc., etc.

These are the words of a lover to his mistress, and are meant kindly, although imperatively. They embody a local peculiarity—a *French* peculiarity of phrase, and (to French ears) convey nothing dictatorial. To our own, nevertheless, they sound like the command of a military officer to his subordinate, and thus produce an effect quite different from that intended. The translation, in such case, should be a bold paraphrase. For example:—"I must insist upon your wrapping yourself in the cloak of Calebasse."

Mr. Town's version of "The Mysteries of Paris," however, is not objectionable on the score of exces-

sive literality alone, but abounds in misapprehensions of the author's meaning. One of the strangest errors occurs at page 368, where we read :

"From a wicked, brutal savage and riotous rascal, he has made me a kind of honest man by saying only two words to me; but these words, '*voyez vous*,' were like magic."

Here "*voyez vous*" are made to be the two magical words spoken; but the translation should run—"these words, do you see? were like magic." The actual words described as producing the magical effect are "heart" and "honor."

Of similar character is a curious mistake at page 245.

"He is a *gueux fini* and an attack will not save him," added Nicholas. "A—yes," said the widow.

Many readers of Mr. Town's translation have no doubt been puzzled to perceive the force or relevancy of the widow's "A—yes" in this case. I have not the original before me, but take it for granted that it runs thus, or nearly so:—"*Il est un gueux fini et un assaut ne l'intimidera pas.*" "*Un—oui!*" *dit la veuve.*

It must be observed that, in vivacious French colloquy, the *oui* seldom implies assent to the letter, but generally to the spirit, of a proposition. Thus a Frenchman usually says "yes" where an Englishman would say "no." The latter's reply, for example, to the sentence "An attack will not intimidate him," would be "No"—that is to say, "I grant you that it would not." The Frenchman, however, answers "Yes"—meaning, "I agree with what you say—it would not." Both replies, of course, reaching the same point, although by opposite routes. With this understanding, it will be seen that the true version of the widow's "*Un—oui!*" should be, "One attack, I grant you, might not," and that this is the version becomes apparent when we read the words immediately following—"but every day—every day it is hell!"

An instance of another class of even more reprehensible blunders, is to be found on page 297, where Bras-Rouge is made to say to a police officer—"No matter; it is not of that I complain; every trade has its *disagreements*." Here, no doubt, the French is *désagréments*—inconveniences—disadvantages—unpleasantnesses. *Désagréments* conveys disagreements not even so nearly as, in Latin, *religio* implies religion.

I was not a little surprised, in turning over these pages, to come upon the admirable, thrice admirable story called "*Gringalet et Coupe en Deux*," which is related by *Piquet-Vinaigre* to his companions in *La Force*. Rarely have I read any thing of which the exquisite *skill* so delighted me. For my soul I could not suggest a fault in it—except, perhaps, that the intention of telling a *very* pathetic story is a little too transparent.

But I say that I was *surprised* in coming upon this story—and I *was* so, because one of its points has been suggested to M. Sue by a tale of my own. *Coupe en Deux* has an ape remarkable for its size, strength, ferocity, and propensity to imitation.

Wishing to commit a murder so cunningly that discovery would be impossible, the master of this animal teaches it to imitate the functions of a barber, and incites it to cut the throat of a child, under the idea that, when the murder is discovered, it will be considered the uninstigated deed of the ape.

On first seeing this, I felt apprehensive that some of my friends would accuse me of plagiarising from it my "*Murders in the Rue Morgue*." But I soon called to mind that this latter was first published in "*Graham's Magazine*" for April, 1841. Some years ago, "*The Paris Charivari*" copied my story with complimentary comments; objecting, however, to the *Rue Morgue* on the ground that no such street (to the *Charivari's* knowledge) existed in Paris. I do not wish, of course, to look upon M. Sue's adaptation of my property in any other light than that of a compliment. The similarity *may* have been entirely accidental.

A hundred criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding, I must regard "*The Lady of Lyons*" as one of the most successful dramatic efforts of modern times. It is popular, and justly so. It could not fail to be popular so long as the people have a heart. It abounds in sentiments which stir the soul as the sound of a trumpet. It proceeds rapidly and consequentially; the interest not for one moment being permitted to flag. Its incidents are admirably conceived and skillfully wrought into execution. Its *dramatis personæ*, throughout, have the high merit of being natural, although, except in the case of Pauline, there is no marked individuality. She is a creation which would have done no dishonor to Shakspeare. She excites profound emotion. It has been sillily objected to her, that she is weak, mercenary, and at points ignoble. She is; and what then? We are not dealing with *Clarissa Harlowe*. Bulwer has painted a woman. The chief defect of the play lies in the heroine's consenting to wed Beauseant while aware of the existence and even the continued love of Claude. As the plot runs, there is a question in Pauline's soul between a comparatively trivial (because merely worldly) injury to her father, and utter ruin and despair inflicted upon her husband. Here there should not have been an instant's hesitation. The audience have no sympathy with any. Nothing on earth should have induced the wife to give up the living Melnotte. Only the assurance of his death could have justified her in sacrificing herself to Beauseant. As it is, we hate her for the sacrifice. The effect is repulsive—but I must be understood as calling this effect objectionable solely on the ground of its being at war with the whole genius of the play.

One of the most singular styles in the world—certainly one of the most loose—is that of the elder D'Israeli. For example, he thus begins his Chapter on Bibliomania: "The preceding article [that on Libraries] is honorable to literature." Here no self-praise is intended. The writer means to say merely that the facts narrated in the preceding article are

honorable, etc. Three-fourths of his sentences are constructed in a similar manner. The blunders evidently arise, however, from the author's preoccupation with his subject. His thought, or rather matter, outruns his pen, and drives him upon condensation at the expense of luminousness. The manner of D'Israeli has many of the traits of Gibbon—although little of the latter's precision.

If need were, I should have little difficulty, perhaps, in defending a certain apparent dogmatism to which I am prone, on the topic of versification.

"What is Poetry?" notwithstanding Leigh Hunt's rigmorolic attempt at answering it, is a query that, with great care and deliberate agreement beforehand on the exact value of certain leading words, *may*, possibly, be settled to the partial satisfaction of a few analytical intellects, but which, in the existing condition of metaphysics, never *can* be settled to the satisfaction of the majority; for the question is purely metaphysical, and the whole science of metaphysics is at present a chaos, through the impossibility of fixing the meanings of the words which its very nature compels it to employ. But as regards versification, this difficulty is only partial; for although one-third of the topic may be considered metaphysical, and thus may be mooted at the fancy of this individual or of that, still the remaining two-thirds belong, undeniably, to the mathematics. The questions ordinarily discussed with so much gravity in regard to rhythm, metre, etc., are susceptible of positive adjustment by demonstration. Their laws are merely a portion of the Median laws of form and quantity—of relation. In respect, then, to any of these ordinary questions—these sillily moot points which so often arise in common criticism—the prosodist would speak as weakly in saying "this or that proposition is *probably* so and so, or *possibly* so and so," as would the mathematician in admitting that, in his humble opinion, or if he were not greatly mistaken, any two sides of a triangle were, together, greater than the third side. I must add, however, as some palliation of the discussions referred to, and of the objections so often urged with a sneer to "particular theories of versification binding no one but their inventor"—that there is really extant no such work as a *Prosody Raisonnée*. The *Prosodies* of the schools are merely collections of vague *laws*, with their more vague exceptions, based upon no principles whatever, but extorted in the most speculative manner from the usages of the ancients, who had *no* laws beyond those of their ears and fingers. "And these were sufficient," it will be said, "since 'The Iliad' is melodious and harmonious beyond any thing of modern times." Admit this:—but neither do we write in Greek, nor has the invention of modern times been as yet exhausted. An analysis based on the natural laws of which the bard of Scios was ignorant, would suggest multitudinous improvements to the best passages of even "The Iliad"—nor does it in any manner follow from the supposititious fact that Homer found in his ears and fingers a satisfactory system of rules (the point which I

have just denied)—nor does it follow, I say, from this, that the rules which *we* deduce from the Homeric *effects* are to supersede those immutable principles of time, quantity, etc.—the mathematics, in short, of music—which must have stood to these Homeric effects in the relation of *causes*—the *mediate* causes of which these "ears and fingers" are simply the *intermedia*.

A book* which puzzles me beyond measure, since, while agreeing with its general conclusions, (except where it discusses *prévision*,) I invariably find fault with the reasoning through which the conclusions are attained. I think the treatise grossly illogical throughout. For example:—the origin of the work is thus stated in an introductory chapter:

"About twelve months since, I was asked by some friends to write a paper against Mesmerism—and I was furnished with materials by a highly esteemed quondam pupil, which proved incontestably that under some circumstances the operator might be duped—that hundreds of enlightened persons might equally be deceived—and certainly went far to show that the pretended science was wholly a delusion—a system of fraud and jugglery by which the imaginations of the credulous were held in thrall-dom through the arts of the designing. Perhaps in an evil hour I assented to the proposition thus made—but on reflection I found that the facts before me only led to the *direct proof* that certain phenomena might be counterfeited; and the existence of counterfeit coin is rather a proof that there is somewhere the genuine standard gold to be imitated."

The fallacy here lies in a mere variation of what is called "begging the question." Counterfeit coin is said to prove the existence of genuine:—this, of course, is no more than the truism that there can be no counterfeit where there is no genuine—just as there can be no badness where there is no goodness—the terms being purely relative. But *because* there can be no counterfeit where there is no original, does it in any manner follow that any undemonstrated original exists? In seeing a spurious coin we know it to be such by comparison with coins *admitted* to be genuine; but were *no* coin admitted to be genuine, how should we establish the counterfeit, and what right should we have to talk of counterfeits at all? Now, in the case of Mesmerism, our author is merely *begging the admission*. In saying that the existence of counterfeit proves the existence of real Mesmerism, he demands that the real *be admitted*. Either he demands this or there is no shadow of force in his proposition—for it is clear that we can *pretend to be* that which is not. A man, for instance, may feign himself a sphynx or a griffin, but it would never do to regard as thus demonstrated the actual existence of either griffins or sphynxes. A word alone—the word "counterfeit"—has been sufficient to lead Mr. Newnham astray. People cannot be properly said to "counterfeit" *prévision*, etc., but to *feign* these phenomena.

Dr. Newnham's argument, of course, is by no

* Human Magnetism: Its Claim to Dispassionate Inquiry. Being an Attempt to show the Utility of its Application for the Relief of Human Suffering. By W. Newnham, M. R. S. L., Author of the *Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind*. Wiley & Putnam.

means original with *him*, although he seems to pride himself on it as if it were. Dr. More says: "That there should be so universal a fame and fear of that which never was, nor is, nor can be ever in the world, is to me the greatest miracle of all. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the people by false. The alchemist would never go about to sophisticate metals, to pass them off for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged as true gold and silver in the world."

This is precisely the same idea as that of Dr. Newnham, and belongs to that extensive class of argumentation which is *all point*—deriving its whole

effect from epigrammatism. That the belief in ghosts, or in a Deity, or in a future state, or in anything else credible or incredible—that any such belief is universal, demonstrates nothing more than that which needs no demonstration—the human unanimity—the identity of construction in the human brain—an identity of which the inevitable result must be, upon the whole, similar deductions from similar *data*.

Most especially do I disagree with the author of this book in his (implied) disparagement of the work of Chauncey Hare Townshend—a work to be valued properly only in a day to come.

CROWNING OF PETRARCH.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

"This far-famed celebration took place in April, on Easter-Day."

ARRAYED in a monarch's royal robes, with gold and purple gleaming,
And the broider'd banners of the proud Colonna o'er him streaming—
With the gorgeous pomp and pageantry of the Anjouite's court attended,
He came, that princely Son of Song; and the haughtiest nobles rendered
Adoring homage to the Laureate Bard,
Whose sky was luminous—with fame and glory starr'd.

And following his triumphal car, Rome's youthful sons came singing
His passion-kindled melodies, with the silver clarion ringing
A prouder music—harp, and lute, and lyre all sweet sounds blending—
And the orient sun-god on his way in dazzling lustre bending.
And radiant flowers their gem-like splendor shed
O'er the proud march that to the Eternal City led!

In all its ancient grandeur was that sceptered city drest,
And pealing notes and plaudits rang for him its sovereign guest:
The voice of the Seven Hills went up from kingly hall and bower,
And throngs with laurel boughs poured forth to grace that triumph-hour;
While censers wafted rich perfumes around,
And the glowing air with mirth and melody was crowned!

On—onward to the Capitol, Italia's children crowded—
Over three hundred triumphs there the sun had sat unclouded;
For crowned kings, and conquerors haught', had trod that path to glory,
And poets won bright wreaths, and names to live in song and story!
But ne'er before, king, bard, or victor came
Winning such honors for his name, and poet-fame.

The glittering gates are passed, and he hath gained the imperial summit,
And deep rich strains of harmony are proudly floating from it:
Incense—sunshine—and the swelling shout of a nation's heart beneath him
Go up to his glorious place of pride, while the kingly Orbs wreath him!
Well may the bard's enraptured heart beat high,
Filled with the exulting thought of his gift's bright victory.

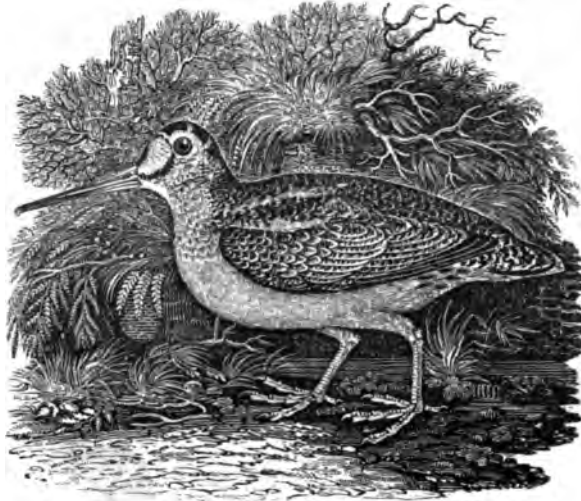
Crowned One of Rome! from that lofty height thou wear'st a conqueror's seeming—
Thy dark, deep eye with the radiance of inspiration beaming—
Thou'st won the living wreath for which thy young ambition panted;
Thy aspiring dream is realized; hast thou *one* wish ungranted?
Kings bow to the might of thy genius-gifted mind,
Hast thou one unattained hope, in the deep heart enshrined?

Oh! wreathed lord of the lyre of song! even then thy heart was haunted
With one wild and passionate wish to lay that crown, a gift enchanted,
Low at *her* feet, whose smile was more than glory, fame, or power—
For whose dear sake was won, and worn, the glittering laurel-flower!
Oh! little worth thy bright renown to thee,
Unshared by her, the star of thy idolatry!

Thanks to thy lyre! she liveth yet, Oh poet! in thy numbers—
The peerless star of Avignon, who shone o'er all thy slumbers.
Entire and sole idolatry at Laura's shrine was given,
Yet was her life-lot severed far from thine as earth and heaven!
And *thou*, the crowned of Rome—gifted and great—
Stood in thy glory still alone and desolate!

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

[We commence, in the present number, the first of a series of articles upon the Game-Birds of America, illustrated with appropriate engravings. These articles, which are from the pen of an accomplished writer, cannot fail to be of great interest to the sportsman and naturalist. We are now making arrangements for a more ample literary field in *Graham*, by the enlargement contemplated in the New Volume, and hope to present to our readers a Magazine of great ability and attractiveness for the New Year.



THE WOODCOCK (*Scolopax Minor*, Bonap. *Rusticola Minor*, Nutt.)

Though a great favorite with the American sportsman, is a bird whose habits are very partially and slightly understood. It arrives in Pennsylvania early in March, sometimes sooner, and many sportsmen are of opinion that some remain through the winter. When the rarified atmosphere and reduced temperature of the high grounds force them to remove, they seek out some quiet grassy spot in the neighborhood of small springlets or brooks, at once suitable for feeding and lying, and remain there until the weather has become extremely cold; while they are known not unfrequently to breed before the snow is off the hills in the spring. During the day, they keep to the woods and thickets, and, at the approach of evening, resort to the springs and open places to feed. They extend their migrations as far north as the St. Lawrence, and breed in all parts of the United States. Many ornithologists have asserted that they cross the Atlantic to Europe, but that this is a fallacy may be shown by a comparison of the American with the European woodcock. Besides a difference of plumage, it is known that the former species migrates from the torrid to the temperate zone, while the latter goes from the temperate regions to the arctic. The European woodcock appears in Britain in October and November, and remains to March, when it goes off to the extreme northern parts of the continent. Besides these distinctions of climate and native markings, there is a difference in favor of the European

in respect to size. Young woodcocks, from a week to ten days old, are covered with down of a brownish white color, and are marked from the bill along the crown to the hind head with a broad stripe of deep brown; another line of the same passes through the eyes to the hind head, curving under the eye; others of the same tint run on the sides under the wings, and along the back to the rudiments of the tail; the throat and breast are slightly reddish, and the marbled quills are just bursting from their light blue sheaths.

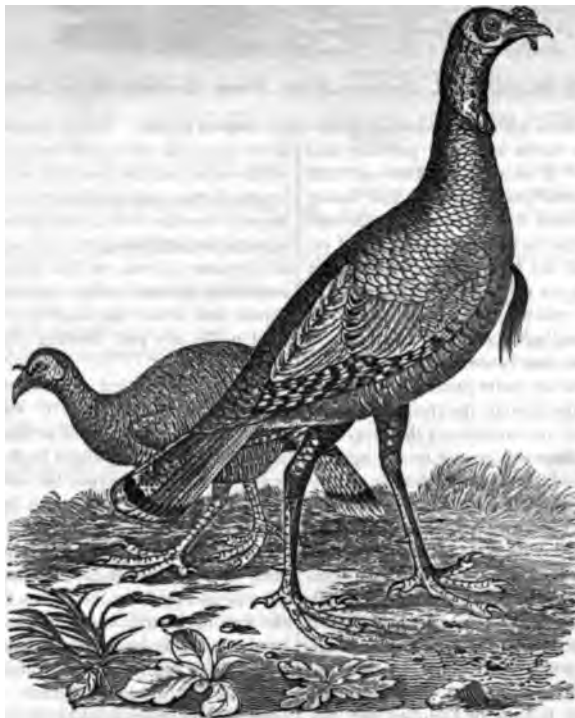
The full grown bird is from ten to eleven inches long, and sixteen inches in extent; the bill is a brownish flesh color, black toward the tip, the upper mandible ending in a slight knob, that projects one-tenth of an inch beyond the lower, each grooved, and somewhat more than two inches and a-half in length; the forehead, the line over the eye, and the lower parts, reddish tawny; sides of the neck of an ashy hue, a streak of dark brown running between the eye and the bill; the crown from the forepart of the eye backward, black, crossed by three narrow bands of brownish white; cheeks marked with a bar of black, variegated with light brown; edges of the back and of the scapulars, pale bluish white; back and scapulars deep black, each feather tipped or marbled with light brown and bright ferruginous with numerous fine zigzag lines of black crossing the lighter parts; quills plain dusky brown; tail black, each feather marked along the outer edge

with small spots of pale brown, and ending in narrow tips of a pale drab color above, and silvery white below; lining of the wing bright rust; legs and feet a pale reddish flesh color; weight, from five to eleven ounces. The female has the bill nearly three inches in length.

This bird has the eye very full and black, and seated high and far back in the triangular head, a great distance from the bill. This construction is in admirable conformity with the habits of the bird, giving an extended range of vision at the same time that it protects the organ from injury while the bird is searching in the mire for food. The flight of the young woodcock is slow; when flushed at any time in the woods, he rises to the height of the bushes or underwood, and, dropping at a short distance behind them, runs for several yards upon the ground as soon as he touches it. Many have supposed this to be the case at all times, an error which arises from the unmerciful, unsportsmanlike practice of shooting them too early in the season. Hundreds begin the work of death in July, when the half-fledged younglings, scarcely able to fly, fall an inglorious prey. But two months later the case is different. The game is then worth the effort necessary to secure it; the plump and well-feathered exhibit at that season speed and activity scarcely inferior to the snipe or

swallow, twisting and dodging and towering through the tree-tops, with their shrill whistle fully half a mile from the sportsman who misses them, or the dog who freaks in upon their covert.

In August, about the time the moult begins, the woodcock forsake their haunts in the lowlands, and migrate to the mountain ranges in the middle States, where they remain until the approach of winter drives them back again. Game will always be found in their favorite feeding-places after a hard frost, and may be sought there successfully during the remainder of the season. One feeding spot never contains more birds than it can support for many weeks, say twelve to twenty; and though the first comers, if undisturbed, will have the sole possession of it during the whole time, their place, if they are killed, will be supplied within two or three days by a fresh colony of about equal numbers. This fact, though singular, is attested by a gentleman of great distinction as a scientific sportsman. (H. W. HERBERT—*The Warwick Woodlands*) and others. Yet none have ever successfully accounted for it. Woodcock shooting, when eagerly followed, is extremely laborious and fatiguing; and from the nature of the ground, usually deep mire interspersed with old logs, hid from sight by bushes, reeds and weeds, the best dogs are soon tired out.



THE WILD TURKEY (*Meleagris Gallopavo*.)

The wild turkey was originally found scattered throughout the whole continent of North America, though it now lives in the populous districts only in

its degenerated descendant of the barn-yard. In the vast prairies and forests of the west, and in many fastnesses in the southern and western States, it



Endured a longer space !
But soon the child will learn deceit,
The happy smile depart,
And as the cunk'ring seasons fleet,
Crime darken round the heart.

Spent in the summer shade ?
Why is it that dull care will come,
And tears below the eyes ?
Learn thou, that trials lead us home,
And fit us for the skies.



still finds support and protection, and forms no small portion of the "fare" of many of our half-civilized countrymen. These and the sportsman, however, are not its only enemies; the fox and the weasel destroy it in its infancy; the wild-cat lies ever in ambush to seize it for his prey. The swamps and lowlands shelter them from the rifle, and afford abundance of food in the rich productions of the soil, but another cause here also tends to lessen their numbers. Nothing is more common than a rise of the rivers about the time of hatching, and the young, unable to fly, fall victims to the waters which flow over the lowlands. Their number is annually lessening, and as the diminution of their numbers is caused only by their death, their total extermination is rapidly advancing.

The wild turkey is four feet in length, the alar extent nearly six feet. The legs and feet purplish red; the eye dark hazel; upper part of the back and wings yellowish brown, of a metallic lustre changing to deep purple, the retuse tips of the feathers broadly edged with velvet black; quills dusky, banded with grayish white; lower part of the back and tail coverts deep chestnut, banded with green and black; tail feathers of the same color, with waving bars and sprinkles of black, and a broad subterminal blackish band. The domestic bird, as is well known, is so remarkable for singular antipathies, cowardice and folly, as to have obtained the same reputation in France which the goose bears in England. But in this degenerate state it is unfairly represented. To be properly appreciated, the turkey should be seen in the forest, in his commanding beauty, with his clean firm step, his head erect, and his clear hazel eye fixed in the direction of approaching danger. The French fabulists would hesitate to picture him as the representation of stupidity, had they but to match their cunning with his in his native woods, in order, after the fashion of the American hunter, to procure his body for a much needed meal.

The turkey hunter of the southern states having provided himself with a sure rifle, and a pipe on which long practice has enabled him to imitate equally well the note of alarm, the notes of love,

the cry of exultation over newly discovered stores of food, and the murmurings of the fledgling, takes his station behind a fallen tree, some half a mile from where the bird he seeks is feeding, and a contest commences between the sagacity of the man and the perfect instinct of the bird. In the space of two or three hours it is terminated in favor of the hunter, who during all that time has lain motionless as the log before him, and has lured his victim to destruction by at the most four or five imitations of his own notes. So suspicious is the game that the fall of a dead leaf, the cracking of a twig beneath the foot of a squirrel will spoil the morning's work, and put the turkey to immediate flight at a speed which the fleetest hounds cannot equal. The bird is often lost to the hunter by an unsuccessful shot, as it retains the most wonderful powers of locomotion, running with a ball through its body long enough to be lost to the hunter.

The turkey changes its habits with its necessities, and this cunning and wildness is not displayed, except in those districts where it is scarce and much pursued. When numerous and little hunted indifferent hunters succeed in killing them. When approached by moonlight they may be readily shot from their roosting-tree, one after another, as they appear to apprehend no danger except from the owls. They are frequently caught in pens made of logs, and entered by a slanting, covered passage. Food placed within this pen, and laid in a train to its entrance, entices them in one by one, and they are secured as soon as they enter, because they direct their view upward only for a means of escape, instead of stooping to go out by the passage which admitted them.

The wild turkey is neither gregarious nor migratory, except from the necessity of wandering after food. They assemble instinctively in considerable numbers, however, in districts where their food abounds, making their migrations entirely on foot, except where rivers are to be crossed. The transit is a matter of considerable labor, and it has been remarked that after crossing a stream they fall an easy prey to the hunter.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

EMBLEMS of Innocence and Truth,
Well may ye thus embrace!
And would that love like that of youth
Endured a longer space!
But soon the child will learn deceit,
The happy smile depart,
And as the cank'ring seasons fleet,
Crime darken round the heart.

Why is it that like summer flowers
Sweet memories will fade,
Of childhood's joyous, laughing hours,
Spent in the summer shade?
Why is it that dull care will come,
And tears bedew the eyes?
Learn thou, that trials lead us home,
And fit us for the skies.

SIR HENRY'S WARD.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 199.)

CHAPTER V.

"T is an old tale and often told,
But could my fate and wish agree,
It has not been said in story old,
Of maiden, true, betrayed for gold,
That loved or was revenged like me. MARMION.

WHEN Laura Longtree returned to the hotel, she found her brother asleep, but his face was troubled, and in his slumber he seemed laboring with some harrowing dream. She knelt down by the bed and watched the sleeper with a keen and eager gaze. Her appearance and demeanor had altogether changed. The fire that had sparkled in her eyes seemed to have burned inward since she had knelt there before, and a dusky glow, dark and deep, broke steadily through those black orbs. Her lips were pale, but firm as iron, and her lofty forehead seemed locked in one immovable expression of stern hate.

Now and then the sleeper, upon whom her eyes were bent, would start and clutch his hand upon the bed clothes, as one who, in fancy, wrestles with a mortal enemy, muttering harshly between his teeth the while, and tossing to and fro upon the bed. His words were indistinct, but Laura must have heard them, for stern smiles, one after another, shot over her face as she listened, and once, as the word revenge broke through his clenched teeth, a gleam of strange light came to her eyes, and she, too, muttered the word with a slow and deep enunciation, as if her soul feasted on each syllable before it was uttered.

At length Paul became so deeply agitated that he started up and awoke, laughing with accents of fierce triumph as his eyes unclosed. He saw Laura still kneeling by his bed, and drawing a deep breath fell back upon the pillow.

"It was only a dream, nothing but a dream!" he said, passing one hand over his forehead, and turning his face to the wall.

"And of what did you dream, Paul?" inquired Laura, in a low voice.

"I—what did I dream? Why that you had freed me from that galling oath; that I had the traitor here—here, with my knee half crushed into his false heart—with my fingers on his throat—of what else could I dream, while your breath was on my forehead?"

"My brother," said Laura, in a tone of voice that made Paul turn his eyes suddenly upon her, "I do free you now and forever from the oath with which

—in pity of my weakness, in mercy for my error—you bound yourself not to seek vengeance on this man, Benedict Arnold—from this hour you are free to deal with the traitor as his treachery merits."

Paul sprang from the bed with a single bound, and an exclamation that was almost a shout of joy. He flung his arms around the stately form of his sister, pressed her to his heart, and lavished caresses upon her as if she had granted him some great boon.

"And this is said in serious earnest, Laura—you will not relent—you will never attempt to curb my revenge again? I am free—free—and may wring—crush—trample his heart to the dust, without breaking yours. Oh, sister, sister, how I have longed for this hour! I have hungered and thirsted for vengeance on this man, till my soul has no other want. Laura, Laura, say that you are convinced of his unworthiness—say that you love him no longer. To render my vengeance perfect you must share it fully, earnestly."

"I do share it, Paul," cried the wronged woman, almost fiercely. "Brother, you hate this man, but your feelings are feeble compared to the loathing that fills my heart—for such hate love must have gone before—do I look like relenting?"

She turned her face full upon him and smiled. Paul smiled also, and, wringing her hand in his, answered—

"Now I am free—now I am strong—my body and spirit were sinking under the cruel restraint that you had fixed upon them; we have suffered in common, my sister, our revenge shall be in common also. A long, long feast it shall be!"

"Let there be no violence," said Laura, with stern composure. "In your dream you muttered of personal conflict—of rending him with your hands!"

"That," said Paul eagerly, "that was when I had no hope that you would yield this caittif up to me, and my heart was violent under its restraint. Now, now, I will be cautious. I will be miserly of my revenge! Fear not that it shall fall short of the full measure by a single grain. The cup that he has filled for us shall pass to his own lips—he shall not quaff it at once, oh no! but drop by drop. My plan is perfect. Listen, Laura, listen, then see if I will take the short-lived vengeance of a wild animal, and, by tearing my foe, satiate myself in a single moment for a lifetime of shame and misery like ours. Even now the traitor sits tangled in the web that I had woven for him, hoping almost against hope,

that his baseness would accomplish that for which I have pleaded so long in vain, that you would see the wretch in his true light, and take off your interdict that I might render him back wrong for wrong—shame for shame!"

"And will your plan accomplish this? Have you power to reach the traitor, surrounded as he is by friends?"

"Here lies my power!" said Paul, taking a bundle of papers from his bosom. "These are all witnesses of a debt in moneys that is due to me from this man. He has no means of meeting this debt save by his bride's fortune—"

A cloud of disappointment came over Laura's face, and she spoke almost with scorn.

"Is the forced payment of a debt all the revenge you seek for wrongs such as ours?" she said, "a debt from which *she* may at any time redeem him!"

"Be patient, I say, be patient and hear me out—this debt is to be the stepping stone to a revenge so deep, so perfect, that the whole civilized world may yet hear of it. I will press for immediate payment. He is on the brink of marriage, and will do any thing to save his credit with the lady's family. The public funds are in his hands—he will use them for the liquidation of my claim."

Laura's eyes kindled as if a spark of fire had entered them.

"I see! I see!" she said, "but even from this she may redeem him the moment they are married!"

"She shall not have time. I will myself bear the tidings of this embezzlement to Washington long before he will venture to breathe it to her."

"But will he use these funds?" said Laura. "Can he be so base?"

"He has done worse things, and he will do this," replied Paul, eagerly, for there was something of doubt in her face that made him suspect that she was relenting in her opinion of their mutual enemy, and that her woman's heart might yet recoil from plunging the man she had so loved into a life of crime and infamy; but he was mistaken—she was in doubt of their success, not of his unworthiness. She said this, and her brother went on.

"Washington has even now some doubts of Arnold. Let me bring proof of his villainy, and it will be exposed. This is not all—I know the man, for has he not been a hateful study to me for years? The moment he is branded with this embezzlement, and the high character he now sustains with the army is touched, it will lead to deeper crime. Laura, the destiny he had prepared for us we will give to him! Men shall point at him in the street, till the red stain of guilt burns so deep on his forehead, that the very children may read his character there. We will have a long, deep and perfect revenge. His own base nature will coin it for us—is already coining it."

Laura sat down, and casting her eyes on the floor, mused for several minutes; then she arose, and taking her brother's hand, smiled upon him one of those stern, icy smiles that lay harsher than a frown on her beautiful mouth.

"My brother, I leave this man in your hands. You are right—his evil nature will avenge me. Let it work out his own infamy."

Paul kissed her hand gratefully, as if it had conferred some precious blessing upon him. He was about to speak, when the door of their sitting room opened, and a stranger entered the room. The lad was very youthful, and dressed with singular richness. He had evidently mistaken the chamber for his own, for he hurried across the room without appearing to notice any object that it contained, and flung himself on a chair. He snatched off his cap, crushed the gold tassel and purple velvet in his hands, and burying his face in it, burst into tears, rocking his slender person to and fro with a willowy bend, and shaking his head now and then passionately, while his convulsive sobs filled the room.

Paul and Laura Longtree stood gazing at each other, lost in astonishment. Laura had seen the youthful intruder once as he passed up the passage toward his chamber, which adjoined their sitting room, but to Paul his sudden appearance, his dress and passionate grief, were equally matters of surprise. Before either of them could speak, the boy dashed the cap from his face and looked wildly up, revealing features that, flushed and agitated as they were, bore traces of exceeding beauty, and almost childlike delicacy. He turned his large blue eyes upon the brother and sister, gazed at them through his tears an instant, and then looked around the room with a bewildered expression of countenance, as if striving to account for the presence of strangers there. At last he seemed to comprehend that it was not his own room, and dashing the tears from his eyes with one hand, he bowed with a degree of awkwardness strangely at variance with the natural grace of his general movements, and making a confused apology for his intrusion, hurried toward the door.

There was something in the boy's eye that thrilled Laura Longtree with a sensation of tender sympathy. The tones of his voice, which were remarkably sweet and earnest, served to deepen this generous feeling, and, with a kindly impulse, she started forward to open the door, for the lad's hand trembled, and he could not lift the latch.

Again the boy uttered a broken apology; Laura reassured him with one of those heart-thrilling smiles that sometimes lighted her face like sunshine upon a pool of deep water, and addressed a few courteous and kind words to him. The boy paused upon the threshold—for she had opened the door—looked earnestly into her face, and parted his lips as if to speak; but that moment a young man in the rich scarlet uniform of a British officer came up the stairs, and approached the lad with a hurried and anxious look.

"James, James, are you ill?—why did you leave me so abruptly?" he inquired of the youth, with a degree of anxiety that seemed almost paternal. "I thought that you had but stepped into the garden, and was terrified when the servants told me you had gone, complaining of illness. What is the matter?"

your cheek is flushed—your eyes are heavy—is it fever?—has he been very ill, madam?"

The last words were addressed to Laura, but before she could reply the officer was again occupied with the youth. "Come," he said, flinging one arm around the lad's slender waist, "come to your own room and lie down, I will stay by you till the doctor comes."

An expression of mingled grief and scorn shot over the boy's face, and he withdrew from the arm at was now closely circling him.

"I am well, Major Andre, quite well! this solicitude on my account is entirely uncalled for! I regret that it should have withdrawn you one moment earlier from—from the society of your friends."

There was dignity and pride in the boy's voice and air as he uttered these words. The hot blood rushed over his cheek, and his red lips—at first tremulous—grew firm as he spoke.

Major Andre seemed hurt and surprised by his strange demeanor—he stepped back a pace, and gazed at him, at Laura, and at Paul, as if about to demand some explanation of them. While he stood thus irresolute, James turned abruptly, and, entering his own room, closed the door. Andre started after him, paused, and turned anxiously toward Laura Longtree.

"What does all this mean? Is he ill, or only petulant? Pray inform me," he said. "I did not know that he had made any friends in this house."

"Indeed," said Paul Longtree, stepping forward, "we can give you no explanation. The young gentleman mistook our room for his own, entered it evidently much agitated from some cause, and, finding out his mistake, was going away just as you came up."

"It is strange!" muttered Andre, casting an irresolute glance at the door through which James had disappeared. "When we left the house an hour since, he was in excellent health and spirits. We did but call on a lady, who was desirous of seeing him. Well—well! he will explain it all himself, I dare say. Mean time, I thank you for thus kindly suffering an intrusion on your time."

And, bowing with hurried grace, the young officer passed on. He found the youth sitting near a window, his elbow resting on the sill, and his forehead bent upon his hand, over which waves of bright golden hair fell in beautiful disorder. He started up as Andre entered, let down the chintz curtains, and turned his face away, that the intruder might not observe the tears that trembled on his flushed cheek, like rain-drops on a half-blown rose, which the storm has ruffled. Andre drew close to the boy, and again attempted to pass an arm around him, but James put him passionately away.

"Let me alone—leave me to myself, Major Andre," he said. "I can be deceived no longer."

"Deceived! What means this? Deceived!" repeated Andre, with surprise and evident pain.

"I said deceived!" repeated the boy. "I—yes, I have a right to complain of the wrong that I—that my sister is suffering at your hands. Where was

the love you have pledged to her, this morning? But why should I ask? It is folly—it is degradation. I beseech you leave me alone, Major Andre."

The boy sat down, shrouded his face with one hand, and seemed waiting for Andre to leave the room. But the young officer would not be so repulsed. The lad looked so much like his sister in that attitude that he could not have gone forth, leaving that young heart in trouble, however unjust the cause.

"You wrong me, James, when you speak of deception. I never deceived living man. I love your sister—shall always love her deeply, and with honorable faith, as becomes a true man and a soldier."

The boy looked up, half extended his hand, and then shrunk back again.

"My sister is not one to share your love with another—she would die first!"

The lad spoke with bitterness, and a faint shudder ran perceptibly through his frame.

"She never has shared it with another!" replied Andre, seriously.

"Do not say it—do not think it!" rejoined the boy, almost with passion. "Women do not give their hearts so easily unsought—they are proud—the gentlest of them—too proud for that! You have known this lady—this beautiful Isabel, long. She loves you!"

Andre started and his cheek turned white. For the first time in his life the idea of Isabel's love had entered his mind, and the thought came backed by a thousand others, that forced conviction on him. James saw his agitated look, and a smile, half of scorn, and yet somewhat mournful, curled his lip. After a moment Andre's face brightened.

"I trust—I know this cannot be true!" he said. "Isabel—the lady in question—is about to marry another. She is betrothed to the American general, Benedict Arnold. You saw him this morning. He came in just before you left the room so abruptly."

"Yes, I saw it all—I saw how pale her cheek was when he entered—I saw how she shuddered when he kissed her hand. I saw the look of timid appeal that she cast on you. I saw it all, and know, as well as I know that my own heart beats—that she hates that man—that she loves you! Such love—for this lady is delicate and proud—such love was never obtained unsought."

Andre turned away and began to pace the room. His heart was sadly troubled, and he was striving to convince himself that the boy was mistaken—that Isabel looked upon him as a friend—only as a friend. But the veil had been rent from his eyes, and he could not cheat himself longer. How, then, could he justify himself before the brother of his own betrothed? Could he acknowledge that the love of this delicate and sensitive girl had been lavished on him without encouragement—without such exhibition of regard as had deceived her maiden heart? Was he to offer up the delicacy of this pure and proud girl to appease the suspicions of the lad who had been so much more keen-sighted

than himself? He could not do it. His honor as a man, his conscience as a Christian, forbade it—for now he remembered a thousand little attentions—a thousand words and tones—all of mere friendship—which might have been easily misunderstood. The thought of her look when they met—her agitation, and illness after he had confessed his love to her for the fair girl in England only a day before, and his noble heart smote him. It was several minutes before he looked upon the boy, who sat all this time gazing earnestly in his face.

"Do not let us speak of this subject again, James," he said. "If I have been in fault, it shall be explained to your sister when we meet. She will be more generous—I can better explain it to her."

He took the lad's hand, who sat gazing on him, passive and pale—pressed it, and went out, closing the door after him.

The moment he was gone the boy started up, covered his face with both hands, and, falling upon his knees, exclaimed, in accents of bitter sorrow—

"He cannot deny it—he loves her, while his honor binds him—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in sobs of passionate grief, and at length he threw himself on the bed, and wept till an unhealthy and feverish slumber crept over his senses.

CHAPTER VI.

Again Paul Longtree stood before Benedict Arnold—in the same closet and by the same table where the last interview between these two men had taken place. A pile of gold lay upon the table, which Longtree was sweeping into a canvas bag with one hand. Arnold was pale as death, and drops of perspiration stood like rain on his temples and upper lip. Two or three times, as Longtree swept off the gold, Arnold started forward as if to check his hand, and each time fell back in his chair, clutching the arm hard with one hand, till his fingernails were purple with the blood forced under them by the pressure. Paul Longtree observed these movements with a side glance of the eye, and seemed to take a sort of epicurean pleasure in every manifestation of uneasiness exhibited by his host. When the canvas bag was filled, he took up a piece of red tape from the table, put one end between his teeth and wound the other several times around the rude purse, not once removing his covert glance from the general's face, even while he was tying the knot. The moment his treasure was secured, he took up the bag and carried it out to a man who stood in the hall.

"Take this into the carriage and wait for me there," he said, pointing toward a hackney-coach at the door.

Without further words he returned to Arnold.

"You were too prompt—you are hurrying this thing on too impetuously," said the general, returning to his seat, from which he had started to call Longtree back, as he disappeared with the gold.

"I am almost of a mind to recall the whole transaction."

"It is too late now—the gold is gone!" replied Paul, drawing a bundle of papers from his inner vest. "Take these and our bargain is complete."

Arnold took the papers and dashed them down on the table with a fierce imprecation.

And now a smile that made Arnold shudder curled the lip of Paul Longtree.

"I trust," he said, and the smile still hung upon his lip like a serpent—"I trust you will find that the government will prove a generous creditor, as I have been!"

And, taking up his hat, Paul Longtree was about to withdraw, after a profound salutation.

"Stop!" said Arnold. "I believe that you are my friend, Mr. Longtree. I have always had reason to think so, notwithstanding this startling demand. I am in your power, Longtree—a syllable of what has passed breathed outside this room would be ruin and disgrace to me. Remember at what risk I have cancelled your demands against me. I may depend on your secrecy?"

"Have you ever had reason to doubt me?" said Paul, with another profound bow, and the smile still hung upon his lips.

Before Arnold could reply, his late creditor had glided from the room.

"Here—here are the golden links with which I will drag the ingrate down to perdition!" cried Longtree, entering the room where Laura was sitting, and dashing the bag of gold upon the small table before her.

"It is government funds!"

Laura stretched forth her hand, touched the little sack of gold, and upon her pale lips came the same smile that had marked her brother's.

Again Paul grasped the gold, and, lifting it from the table, strode across the room.

"And now?" said Laura.

"Now for Washington!" replied Paul. "This gold never leaves my possession till it is laid before the commander-in-chief, with all the proofs of its embezzlement—which I have taken good care to secure."

Laura arose and laid her hand on his arm—her large eyes fell as his were turned inquiringly upon her, and, in attempting to speak, she faltered, while the red blood came up to her cheek, hot with shame—

"Can it be done in time to prevent this marriage?" she said, shrinking and trembling beneath the glance she dared not encounter.

"Laura!" said Paul, in a voice that drove the blood from her cheek again.

She drew herself up, struggled for breath, and looked Paul Longtree full in the face.

"It was my last weakness," she said—"go!"

Paul wrung her hand—shook it—advanced a step toward the door—returned and kissed her on either cheek before he went out.

Laura paused where he had left her, standing in the middle of the room. Her eyes were bent on the

floor, and her hands drew slowly together, interlinking the cold fingers. The footfall of a horse, galloping over the pavement, made her start. Her fingers undid their clasp, and, drawing a deep breath, she walked to her seat.

She had been sitting, perhaps, half an hour, motionless and still, when a noise from the next room aroused her. She listened. Sobs and moans, with broken exclamations of distress, fell upon her ear. She thought of the strange boy who had interested her so much the day before. The sounds came again, and she arose.

"The child is in grief—suffering! I may alleviate his pain—but oh, Heavenly Father! who can ever take the load from my heart?" she said, moving toward the door.

She listened again, but the sounds of grief were hushed; and, after walking up and down the passage a few moments, Laura Longtree returned to her room.

A few days later Paul returned to Philadelphia, so changed in his appearance that no person would have believed him the same quiet and submissive being that we first presented to our reader. His step was firm, his eyes bright, and his figure more erect. He was like a slave that had flung off his fetters—a gladiator who was to win life by a single contest, and had gained the first round.

On the very day that Gen. Arnold married Isabel, a committee of investigation, appointed by General Washington, summoned him to answer for moneys embezzled from the public funds.

CHAPTER VII.

On the inner curve of Kipp's Bay, one of those beautiful little inlets that indent the banks of the East River, about three miles from the City Hall, in New York, stands an old stone dwelling, with high, peaked roofs and narrow windows, filled with small sized and greenish glass. The building stands up from the bay on a little eminence, and has at the present time a most forlorn and ruinous look. A potato-field lies at one end, and a few stunted hills of corn garnish what was once a garden. Still the beautiful shores of Long Island are to be seen distinctly from its windows, and the soft, calm waters, rippling forever up the little cove, with many a broken hill and valley indenting the shores farther down the river, make the site of this old dwelling one of the loveliest spots imaginable.

At the time of our story, this building, with a large wooden tenement on the point where the cove dips into the green embankment, were the only habitations to be found for miles up that arm of the river which washes the western shore of Blackwell's Island—the whole bank broken, rocky and tangled over and over with foliage and rank grasses, lay green and beautiful in its primitive luxuriance. The rocks were, half of them, rudely buried in the rich mosses that had crept over them for centuries. Grape-vines, wild ivy, and many a creeping plant fell in green masses down the rude cliffs that now

frown bleak and bare over the blue waters. Blackwell's Island was one wild garden, luxuriant as an East India jungle—a beautiful and solitary paradise, haunted only by wild singing-birds, and such timid animals as love to burrow in the earth.

That portion of the New York shore intersected by what is now the third avenue and the Harlem railroad, was a broad grove, terminating near sixty-first street in a swampy marsh. This marsh was a perfect wilderness of wild roses, tangled together with clematis vines, black alders, and swamp whortle-berries, while the wet and rich soil sent up a rank carpet of water blossoms, and was perfectly gorgeous with blue and golden flowers, among which the scarlet lobelia shed a sanguinary tinge that left the whole surface like a battle-field trampled in blood.

When the wind was from that direction, the fragrance of this wild prairie came sweeping down the shore till the old rocks were bathed in it. A thousand rich scents, gathered from moss leaves and grasses, came eddying through the grove, wild birds haunted the thick branches, and every thing around that lone house was full of beautiful life.

One night in September, 1780, this stone house on Kipp's Bay was the scene of an incident full of interest to our story. A blaze of light came through the lower windows, streaming over the green turf that rolled down to the bay, and shooting in arrowy flashes some distance upon the waters. It was a beautiful starlight evening, the waves rippled with a soft chime up the bay, and a thousand refreshing perfumes floated down from the wooded shore. Two boats lay moored in the cove; one, a barge, richly cushioned and gilded, was drawn up close to the bank, so near the house that a flash of light from the windows now and then fell across its stern. Lower down, a small craft, scarcely larger than a canoe, was completely hidden by a clump of weeping willows, down which a woodbine, just turning scarlet, fell like a curtain to the waters. In this boat sat two persons buried in the black shadows, and lost in thoughts dark as the night that concealed them.

"It is time!" said Paul Longtree, putting back the long tendrils of the vine, and looking forth into the beautiful starlight. "Stay here, Laura; I will bring you word of what is passing up yonder."

"Let me go with you, Paul," said the female, who wore a large straw hat, and was so shrouded in a cloak, that, but for her voice, she must have been taken for a man, especially as her arms were folded on the light oar which she had evidently been using.

"No," said Paul, "you would but embarrass me. Remain perfectly still, and listen to what is said, should any of them come down to the boat. They have been drinking wine, and may talk loud here, all is so solitary."

"I will listen," replied Laura, folding her arms again upon the oar, and sinking passively to her former thoughtful position.

Paul placed his foot upon the prow of his little boat, sprang with a noiseless leap on the bank, and

crept cautiously through the undergrowth in a circuitous route, which brought him to the rear of the stone house. The ground was rolling from where he stood, and a pile of rocks lying near the house gave him a full view of the back windows. A flood of golden light came flashing through them, and Paul could see the gleam of epaulettes, of rich scarlet, or of silver plate breaking up with the light. He crept nearer, cautiously, and holding his breath, a low murmur of voices reached him, monotonous and subdued, as if persons within were consulting together. But he could not gather a word.

At length he lay, motionless and anxious, just beneath a window in that wing of the building from which the lights came. He raised himself cautiously from the ground, and looked in.

The room upon which he gazed was small, and a silver girandole of six branches, standing upon a table in the centre, served to illuminate it in every corner. The table was richly spread with snow-white damask, and covered with exquisite silver plate, enriched by two or three pieces of gold. Glasses of cut crystal, traced with gold—decanters chained at the neck by links of the same precious metal, and ruby with old wine, stood thick upon the board, and around it sat a group of officers, their scarlet uniforms, glittering with lace, making that little room perfectly gorgeous with flashing gold and bright colors. These officers were talking earnestly. The glasses, but half drained of their contents, were crowded back into the centre of the table, and the rich plate was also pushed together in a heap, while at one end, thus hastily cleared, lay a pile of papers. Some of these papers were folded and soiled, as if with travel or much handling; others lay open, and an officer, whose uniform and air of command bespoke him of the most exalted station, sat on a rude chair at the head of the table, with one letter, that, from its freshness, seemed just received, open in his hand. He was talking in a low voice, but very earnestly, to a young officer who had left his seat at the other end of the table, and was leaning over his general's chair, listening with absorbed attention to the directions which Sir Henry Clinton seemed to be impressing upon him with great but suppressed energy.

Still, though the keen dark eyes and excited countenance of the British general were eloquent of his subject as features could be, and though excitement of no usual kind now and then rendered his voice audible, Paul could not distinguish a word, even with his face pressed close to the thick glass. But he was prepared for this difficulty, and taking what appeared in the starlight to be a pencil, from his pocket, he applied it to one of the lowest panes.

This man had supplied himself with a sharp diamond. He swept it slowly around the glass, with a cautious and steady pressure, pausing, with his hand on the glass, whenever Sir Henry's voice fell, and working again when it rose, till a fragment of glass came out in his hand, which, with the diamond, was slung back upon the turf, while the listener caught his breath, and bent his ear eagerly to the opening.

22*

Every syllable of Sir Henry's voice now came distinctly through the broken glass.

"To-morrow at day-break, then," he said, folding the letter and rising. "Major Andre, in the presence of these, our friends, I say that to no other man in the army could I confide this delicate mission with so much confidence of success."

Sir Henry grasped the young officer's hand as he spoke, and shook it warmly; then, as his eyes met the animated and confiding glance with which Andre received his greeting, a shade came over his face.

"If," he said, with feeling, "if there seemed to be peril in this, I would sooner thrust my own son in its way, than urge you as I have done to-night. But I can see none. Our own vessel will convey you to the place of meeting—and, villain and traitor as this man is, he can have no power to bring our messenger into danger."

"I am not afraid to dare honorable peril," said Andre with a smile.

"I know it! we all know it! my brave young friend," replied Clinton, grasping his hand again, "but let me repeat the caution already given—do not leave the vessel—do not set your foot on shore—and, above all, for your life trust not yourself one moment beyond the American lines. This man may prove a double traitor—do not trust him!"

Andre wrung the hand that grasped his, and murmured in a low voice that only reached Sir Henry's ear—

"The stake for which I play is so precious that I would risk life, every thing but honor, to obtain it at your hands, my general."

"Be successful," replied Clinton, in the same undertone. "In order to succeed be prudent—and return a brigadier-general, with the right to claim my sweet ward the moment these wars are ended."

"To earn that dear right," said Andre, while his whole face kindled—"to earn that right I would peril my very soul!"

Again Sir Henry wrung his friend's hand; then turning to the group of officers who were conversing around the table, he filled a goblet to the brim, and called out in a clear and joyous voice—"Come, friends, fill up, and let us drink to Major Andre's success."

The next instant half a dozen glasses flashed with their ruby contents up through the light, a sound of moist lips suddenly closing after deep draughts of the fruity beverage, and then a deep, delicious breath simultaneously drawn, and a subdued murmur while the empty glasses glistened in a circle around each officer's head, and a shower of drops fell like a crimson rain upon the snow-white table-cloth.

"James! James! where is my young ward?" said Sir Henry, looking around as he sat down his goblet. "He, of all others, should drink to your success, major! Where can he have gone?"

"I saw him go through the front door yonder, some fifteen minutes ago," said one of the officers; possibly he went down to the barge."

"That boy has seemed sadly out of spirits of late," said Clinton, addressing Andre in a low voice. "Go-

seek him, my young friend; these heavy dews are unwholesome, and he looks more and more delicate every day."

Andre started toward the door, the brilliant animation of his features was gone, he seemed nervously anxious, and without looking for his hat went out. He hurried down the bank to where the barge lay moored, and found that it was empty. The officers had rowed it up from the city themselves, for their supper at the stone house was very secret, and none but the parties concerned were trusted in the matter.

"The imprudent boy! these strange freaks must kill him at last, if he persists in them," mused the young man, looking around in search of the missing lad. "Poor Delia! how it would distress her were any ill to befall her brother. Where can he have wandered?"

It was a beautiful starlight evening, and a glorious moon was just casting its beams aslant the water, breaking up the trees and rocks in clear masses of light and shadow. The whole semicircle of the bay was bathed in a flood of silver. He could have seen a bird had it ventured a wing on the transparent air, within the graceful sweep of those moonlit banks. Where could the boy have wandered? He was not in the barge—he was nowhere to be seen on the bank. Andre thought of his unsocial mood, of the sadness that seemed to creep over him day by day, and his heart sunk. The young officer was of a quick and imaginative nature, and the wild fancy shot across his brain that the boy—the twin-brother of his beloved—had flung himself into the bay, while oppressed by one of those unaccountable fits of despondency that had for months back rendered his conduct a source of wonder and uneasiness.

In a voice that was rendered sharp with this wild thought, Andre called aloud once and again. There was no answer, but in the shadow flung by a clump of willows at his right hand, he fancied that some indistinct object was moving. He strode forward, still calling the lad by name, and at last a faint voice answered him. He plunged into the shadow, and found the object of his search leaning against a fragment of rock, a little back from the water, and just outside the curtain of foliage shed by the willow branches, that swept the dewy grass and rippled in the water all around the spot.

"James, my dear child, why do you wander off in this manner?" said Andre, addressing the boy with tender earnestness. "These dews are worse than rain—and you so delicate—it will be the death of you."

"Oh that I were dead!" cried the boy, clasping his hands passionately. Andre knew by his voice that the boy had been weeping, though his face could not be seen.

"Why do you talk in this wild way, James? What has happened to drive you into such gloomy thoughts? Never was a boy changed as you have become since we reached this country."

"It is true! It is true!" exclaimed the lad, wringing his hands afresh, "I am changed!"

"What causes it? Tell me, my friend, my brother. Who can you confide in if not in me?"

"Who indeed!" exclaimed the lad, bursting into a passion of tears.

"Tell me then," said Andre, placing himself on the rock beside the youth, and speaking with great tenderness, while he gently forced one hand from the face which was averted from him and clasped it in his. "Tell me what it is that distresses you so? Are you home-sick? Is it that you pine for the society of your sweet twin-sister?"

The lad shook his head and sobbed.

"Tell me what it is, James," persisted the generous young man. "Am I not your friend—your brother?"

"No, not my brother—that you will never be," cried the lad, passionately snatching away his hand.

"There you are wrong—every way wrong—James. Sir Henry knows of my love for your sister. He has consented to our marriage. I have one important service to render the king, and then no obstacle exists to our union the moment this war closes. Say, now, are you not my brother?"

The boy had clasped his hands again and dropped them to the rock, while his face turned slowly toward the young officer. He scarcely seemed to breathe, and when his respiration came back it was in soft, tremulous sighs, like the breath of wind that makes a wild flower tremble on its stalk.

"And do you love my sister yet?"

Oh! how full of tenderness was that little question—how the voice thrilled with pathetic emotion!

"Love her!" cried Andre, in a voice that bespoke both astonishment and wounded feeling. "Love her! Yes, as I love my own soul! as I love honor!"

"Ah, Andre, how I have wronged you!" said the lad, snatching the young officer's hand, and kissing it. "How foolish I have been! And this Arnold's wife—you never loved her!"

"Never! my suspicious friend, never!" Can it be that this doubt rests with you yet, and the lady married to another?"

The boy shook his head and was about to speak again, when a noise of voices came from the house, the door was flung open, and by the light which streamed through, a group of officers were seen making their way toward the barge.

"Let us join them," said Andre, rising, "or they will come in search of us. When I come back from this enterprise we will talk this matter over more thoroughly; till then, I beseech you, James, have confidence in me."

"And when do you go?" inquired the lad eagerly.

"At day-break."

"By land?"

"No, in a sloop of war."

"I will go with you," said the lad, with prompt resolution. "Let me go with you."

"That would be a useless risk, my wild friend," said Andre, reluctant to excite him by opposition. "I doubt if Sir Henry would consent to it."

"I will go!" said the boy. "I will go!"

And they went toward the barge together.

Ten minutes after the royalist barge had cleared the bay, the little craft that had been concealed beneath the willow shot through its pendant branches into the blue waters, its two oars gleaming up and down in the moonbeams like blades of silver.

"One week more!" cried Paul Longtree in a smothered voice. "One week more, and our re-

venge is complete. I heard all—they go up the river to-morrow—I will be there."

"And then *his* ruin is consummated," said Laura, with a touch of sadness in her voice.

"And *hers*!" said Paul sternly. "Have you forgotten that his wife falls too!"

"I had forgotten that," replied the woman, and now her voice was cold and stern—"I had forgotten that!"

[*To be continued.*]

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BY MRS. MARY ANN GALLAGHER.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul! THOMSON.

A CONTEMPLATION of the wonderful works of Nature, as displayed in the visible creation around us, is an employment both useful and interesting. It affords sources of enjoyment, which are ever at hand, and which, to a mind capable of placing a true estimate upon things, can never become tiresome or insipid, because they increase in interest as pursued, continually affording different objects for investigation, and at every step supplying new subjects for wonder and admiration. Contemplations of this nature have a tendency to enlarge the mind, extend the ideas, and elevate the conception, as they will necessarily raise the thought to that Almighty power, which not only planned and originated the vast fabric of the universe, and created every natural object on which the eye can rest, but upholds and sustains all things, from the mighty orbs that revolve through illimitable space, down through every grade and kind of existence, to the most lowly plant or humblest insect that is found on the surface of the globe.

The study of Nature under any of her forms is delightful. She places before us such a variety of objects to interest and please, that, however the mind may be constituted, she cannot fail to yield instruction and entertainment to every one who may take the pains to inquire into her arrangements, or examine her beauties.

The astronomer, the chemist, the geologist, the botanist, and the naturalist, are alike delighted with their different discoveries and investigations, and to those who seek for the beautiful, where can it be found in such perfection as in nature! If we glance in imagination over the surface of the earth, and the sky above us, what a variety of charms attract the attention! What can be more beautiful than color? The rich green of the spreading forest, or the more delicate tints of the lovely flower—the splendor of a summer evening's sky, or the exquisite blending of

shades in the bow of promise, as it arches in the cloud, confirming the immutability of that word which declared "That while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease." What more glorious than the sun, dispersing the mists of the night, and shedding the cheerful light of day over the earth! The smiling landscape, with its light and shade, the limpid stream, the fleecy clouds floating in the azure vault of heaven, are objects of beauty, which must thrill every bosom with pleasurable emotions. What more grand and majestic than night, with her glittering canopy and impressive stillness! The mind is inspired with awe and reverence, as we gaze above, and behold the innumerable stars that gem the brow of night; and when we contemplate their inconceivable distances, and astonishing magnitudes, we are lost in the idea of their immensity!

On every side we behold perfection of design and accomplishment. Beauty and utility, harmony and consistency, prevail throughout! And were it possible in any wise to change the order or general appearance of nature, we cannot suppose that such change would be an improvement, or offer an additional pleasure to the senses. The ear is delighted with the melody of sweet sounds—the eye is charmed with beauty—the smell greeted with fragrance—and a feast is continually provided for the imagination.

The year rolls round, and ushers in the different seasons at their appointed time, and whether it be Spring with her life-inspiring energy, arousing dormant nature from her repose; or Summer "with her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers;" or Autumn, clothing the landscape with his robe of varied hues, and in his many-toned winds sighing a requiem over the fallen glories of the departed summer; or Winter with his snows, his northern blasts, and his sweeping tempests—each brings with it its peculiar beauty.

ties, and moves on silently, but steadily performing the part assigned it, and forming one feature in the great harmonious whole.

The wisdom of the great Creator is manifest in all His works; nor is His Almighty power less displayed in the more minute, than in the greater productions of His hand. Myriads of creatures exist, which, though so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, are yet perfect in their organization, as it respects the place they occupy in the great field of nature; and although the researches of science may not yet have discovered the uses for which all these exceedingly minute creatures were intended, yet, judging from what has been ascertained, we may readily conclude that all are designed for some use—that nothing has been created in vain. Nor are any of His creatures beneath His notice! The animalcule which finds ample space in a single drop of water, and the ephemera that passes through the different stages of its hasty life in one short day, although so humble in comparison with man, (the noblest of His works,) yet, alike with him, share the provisions of their Maker's bounty and His providential care.

A taste for the beauties of nature affords a rational source of enjoyment, and is capable of inspiring the most refined and delightful emotions. In no department are those beauties more strikingly displayed than in the vegetable kingdom. The earth would afford but few attractions, if destitute of her vegetable productions; her verdant carpet—her shady groves—and her almost endless variety of flowers of every hue and form, present a scene of loveliness which must ever charm the eye and delight the heart.

The student of botany roams abroad over the fields; he seeks the deepest recesses of the forest, or climbs the mountain's brow, to obtain the objects of his search, and thus tastes a pleasure unknown to the multitude. His mind is interested and entertained, and the mental stimulus, connected with the healthful exercise, imparts a lightness and elasticity to his spirits which those engaged in sedentary pursuits can never enjoy.

A love for the charms of nature should be culti-

vated at all times, but especially in the joyous season of youth. The spirits are then light and buoyant, and fitted to chime in harmony with the gay, the beautiful, and the grand things in nature. The mind, unencumbered with the cares or business of life, naturally desires enjoyment, and should be directed to look for it in those pursuits which, while they promote the physical health and vigor, will contribute to the stock of useful knowledge, and at the same time supply the mind with the purest and most delightful species of enjoyment. Besides, if a love for these charms be acquired in youth, it will continue through life; it is one of the few tastes that remain unchanged with the lapse of years; it will recall the associations, and with them something of the freshness of youth, even in age, when most other pleasures, which have engrossed the attention in the earlier years, will have lost their interest.

From the constitution of our nature, which requires regular exercise to maintain health, it is evident that man was designed for an active life. To obtain the kind of exercise which will prove beneficial, it is necessary that muscular action should be excited and directed by mental impulse. Such studies, then, as botany, geology, and natural history, are the appropriate ones to aid in accomplishing this desirable object; and if the mind in youth can be taught to seek pleasure in any of these studies, the pursuance of which will promote health, impart useful scientific information united with real enjoyment, and which may serve for amusement and relaxation from the confining duties or cares of after life, it is certainly an object worth attaining. Persons of studious habits, or those engaged in sedentary occupations, too frequently overlook the necessity of exercise; but if an individual has had his attention directed to any of the studies we have been considering, he will have an inducement to walk abroad; and while he collects his bouquet from the wood or margin of the stream, looks at the formation of a rock, examines an insect, or listens to the melody of the birds, his mind is interested, and occupied with the most agreeable reflections, and he returns, invigorated and cheered, with a considerable addition to his previous stock of knowledge.

STANZAS TO LEILA.

BY L. W. WINSTON.

THERE is a harp that music gives
When rudest sweeps the blast—
Each sounding of its silver tones
Seems sweeter than the last.
And wild and mournful though they be,
So magical the strain,
The soul doth hang on every note,
And wish it back again.

So I when listening to thy song,
So soft and sweet it seems,
The heart forgets its early griefs,
And soars aloft in dreams:

For never fell from earthly lips
Such sweet enchanting strains
As trembled on my listening ear,
And rapt the soul in chains.

Oh! wouldst thou strike the harp once more,
A moment though it be—
The heart would give its all of love,
And ask no thought of thee—
Enough for me it is to know,
And listen to thy song,
I am not one that thou couldst love—
Or think or dream of long.

WHAT KATY DID.

The moon shines bright in the cloudless sky,
And over the ancient tower,
And many a beam through the branches falls
On the turf of the greenwood bower.
Who brushes the dew from the trembling leaves,
And glides through the silent vale?
But quiet and light as a fairy treads,
'T is Kate of the Oakendale.

The maiden looks up at the ivied tower,
For one whom she loves is there;
And she tosses back from her ivory brow,
The curls of her chestnut hair.
She watches for one with a daring heart,
Who never for mercy sued,
Whom her tyrant uncle has fettered there,
For the sake of an ancient feud.

They had loved each other from early youth,
With the love of its fond romance—
Since they followed the butterfly's luring track,
Or joined in the joyous dance.
And now, though a cloud was above them thrown,
Yet love, like a fadeless gem,
Still gleamed as bright in their constant hearts,
No change had come over them.

"Art thou pining there in the lonely tower,
Thou noble Everard Home!
Though my heart's best blood should thy ransom pay,
I will to thy rescue come.
I will bid each nerve in this arm be strong
As my heart in its love for thee—
Thou shalt linger no longer, my Everard,
I will set the captive free."

She knew each turn of the dangerous tower,
Each passage dark and dim,
And she dared the way to the secret door,
And opened it wide for him.
The captive starts from his midnight dream,
What fastens his eye above?
There is no sentinel standing there,
'T is his own sweet lady-love.

He muses no more on his prison walls,
Nor thinks on his gloomy fate—
He dreams he is happy and free again,
For he kneels to his lovely Kate.
He bathed her hand with his burning tears,
And proudly they dimmed his eye,
And he deemed an angel spake to him,
When she whispered, Everard, fly!

She led him on through the gloomy vaults,
Till they came to the moonlit glen;
And cool and fresh on his brow he felt
The breeze of the world again.
Then paused they under the green oak boughs—
For there must their parting be—
And memory brings a thousand thoughts,
When its dancing leaves they see.

"Oh! oft as the shadows shall fall," she said,
"I will come to this old oak tree,
And the evening breeze, as it stirs the leaves,
Shall whisper a tone of thee."

And I will trace in the jeweled skies
The light of thy fervent glance—
Oh, Everard, say, wilt thou think of me
When thou watchest the stars of France?"

The maiden leans on the old oak bough,
The knight is on his knee—
"Those constant stars be my witness, Kate,
I will come again to thee.
And, trust me, we part but awhile, my love,
And brighter the days shall come,
When thou shalt be thy Everard's bride,
And Lady of Castle Home."

They parted, but little they thought, I ween,
That one should their parting see;
But we fairies were out in the moonlight sheen,
And we danced right merrily.
We heard the sound of a mortal voice,
And the spell of our lives was o'er—
It changed us to insects small and green,
That had glittered with gold before.

But we vowed to revenge our fairy wrong
By the light of the morning sun,
That the tyrant who ruled the Oakendale
Should know what the maid had done.
And when her old uncle stormed and raved,
And asked who the captive hid,
We raised our voice to its shrillest tone,
And told him that Katy did!

The baron started, as if a voice
Had spoke from the grave to him—
"Now forth," he cried, "from thy maiden bower,
Thou shalt prove yon stronghold grim."
The vassals pray, and the maidens weep,
But it bends not the baron's will,
So she goeth, the Lady of Oakendale,
To droop in a dungeon chill.

And there she lies in its lonesome damp,
Till her spirit seems passed away;
Her heart is chill as its walls of stone,
Her hand as its floor of clay.
But faithful the vow that her lover vowed,
The knight and his band they come!
And softly and slowly she opens her eyes
In the arms of Everard Home!

O saw ye ever the Castle Home,
With its arches of ancient trees,
And the foam of the cataract dashing down,
As it rushes away to the seas?
O saw ye the lake where the white swans float,
And the park where the wild deer bound?
Or the dim glen hid 'neath the mountain's brow,
Where the musical pine trees sound?

O often there is Sir Everard seen,
With her whom he loves the best,
When the golden rays of the sun are lost
In the clouds of the crimson west.
They listen there to the pine tree's note,
Or gaze on the torrent's foam;
For Kate is now her Everard's bride,
And Lady of Castle Home.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Papers on Literature and Art. By S. Margaret Fuller.
New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 Parts.

Miss Fuller is a lady of large acquirements, fine powers, and earnest, honest purpose. No one can read her papers without doing justice to her talents and intentions. But with all her merits she has one fault which essentially mars the pleasure of reading her writings, especially her critiques. We allude to a certain dogmatism of tone in enunciating her judgments, a dogmatism often supported by nothing more than "the lady's reason," as it is ungallantly called. This is most evident in her essay on American literature. Her decisions in this essay are pronounced in a style half petulant, half oracular, often inexpressibly amusing rather than particularly edifying. She announces trite truths as though they were new thoughts, and debatable paradoxes as though they were admitted facts. The criticism, too, is the criticism of a *clique*—a kind which is calculated to do more injury to our "infant" literature than the universal puff or universal libel system. A few authors are selected, who happen to be greater favorites in "our set" than with the public, and they are studiously cried up as the true prophets of the land, and their unpopularity ascribed to their original merit. All the rest are imitators or echoers, and however stamped with public approbation are placed on a low round of the ladder of precedence. These decisions are supported with a host of caustic expressions, hateful to gods and men; and are calculated to rouse in the public an antagonistic feeling, which, in the end, will depress the unjustly exalted below their real merit. Such is ever the effect of an attempt on the part of a clique to manufacture public opinion. As our literary cliques are numerous, and as almost every person who writes belongs to some one of them, and as they all despise each other heartily, criticism becomes a mere game of laudation and depreciation. The Solons of one city are voted dunces by the Solons of another; and the idol of Boston is the target of Charleston. All raise the cry of American literature; each desires that the works of himself and friends should constitute it. The public meanwhile buys and reads what is readable, regardless whether it be puffed or condemned by either clique. We sincerely wish that a few of Miss Fuller's favorites were as popular as some of those she dislikes. But we do not wish to see them march into popularity over the bodies of their equals or superiors.

In this essay R. W. Emerson is called "the sage of Concord." Now it happens that Mr. Emerson not only possesses one of the subtlest of human intellects, but a sense of the ridiculous exquisitely acute. What must be his sensation on reading his new title? Mr. Prescott must feel a fearful chagrin, notwithstanding his American and foreign reputation, at being told that though his materials are rich and fresh he has none of the higher powers of the historian. Mr. Lowell's volumes, we believe, have passed through more than one edition, and he enjoys no small portion of public favor, but how awful must be his depression when he learns from Miss Fuller, that "to the grief of some of his friends, and the disgust of more, he is absolutely wanting in the true spirit and tone of poetry;" that his verse is "stereotyped;" (by the type and stereotype foundry?) that his "thought sounds no depth." We

do not see why a man should grieve or disgust his friends, because he wants the true tone or spirit of poetry, as friendship has been known to exist toward persons lacking even the power of versification. The attack on Lowell is sufficiently authoritative, insulting, and unsustained by fact or principle; but the criticism on Longfellow is even spiteful. It is the ugliest looking thing in Miss Fuller's volume. It is as inconclusive as it is petulant. The real fault in Longfellow is, that his poetry has passed through many editions, that his genius has been fully acknowledged by his countrymen; that his poems are in the memories of thousands who never read or heard of young William Ellery Channing. We agree with Miss Fuller that the latter has many fine and deep touches of genius; but is it Longfellow's fault that he is not read?

The essay on American literature, therefore, we, in imitation of Miss Fuller's own oracular method, pronounce a piece of adulterated humbug: adulterated, because, with a great deal which will never be believed beyond her own literary circle, it contains a little which has never been doubted by anybody, and is in fact the merest commonplace of the newspapers. All who are praised therein we warn not to be unduly elated; all who are condemned need not commit suicide or profane language. All Mutual Admiration and Mutual Assurance Societies are strictly forbidden to retort upon Miss Fuller and her "worthies" the wrongs they have received in her essay; remembering, in the words of a pious poet, that their "little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes;" or if they desire to have their wrath quenched by a more powerful reason than good old Doctor Watts could give, let them know that

"To avenge misdeeds
On the misdoer, is misery to feed
With her own broken heart."

But the value of the present book does not rest on the Essay on American Literature. It contains some dozen other papers, which we cheerfully admit to be valuable contributions to the literature of the day, and to be well worthy of being printed in their present elegant form. We have not space to mention any with particular regard. They well entitle Miss Fuller to a high rank among contemporary authors, as a good writer, an independent thinker, and diligent student. We trust her present publication will be sufficiently successful to induce her to collect another series of her miscellaneous writings, and thus redeem the promise she makes in her preface. In case, however, her future volumes are devoted, like the present, almost exclusively to foreign writers, and present their claims to attention with as much warmth, we hope that she will dispense with another essay on contemporaries, berating them for not being more American in feeling. Her own mind has been so completely bathed in foreign literatures, that she appears much better as an appreciating critic of them, than as a depreciating satirist of the literary efforts of American authors.

The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist. By Charles Sumner. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co.

This is an address delivered last August before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University. It is chiefly



LE FOLLET

PARIS, Boulevard St. Martin, 67.

Rides de M^{me} Mercier, & M^{me} Les Petits Champs 18. — Dentelles de Girard, & Charpentier & Co.
 Longueurs de M^{me} Molinier, & de la Rue 26. — Chapeaux de M^{me} Dandrey, & Richelieu 57.
 Dentures & fleurs de M^{me} Vilman, & Ménière, L. — Mouchoirs de L. Chagron & Dubois, & de la
 Couture & fleurs de Guérin, & de la Rue 11. — Corbeilles de Lemaître & L. M^{me} 11.



1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the members of the committee who have been appointed to the various sub-committees. The names are listed in alphabetical order of the last name.

devoted to an eloquent delineation of four deceased members of the society, Pickering, Story, Allston and Channing, in illustration of the four leading ideas of the oration, Learning, Justice, Beauty and Love. It is very rare indeed that the yearly meetings of our different literary societies call forth a production so full of learning and thought, and so instinct in every part with vital life, as this by Mr. Sumner. A beautiful moral enthusiasm pervades the whole oration. The style is rapid and animated, dotted all over with splendid imagery, and at times rushing along with the impetuosity of a torrent. There are fifty passages in it of sufficient beauty to entice us into quotation. The doctrine preached to scholars is of the loftiest character, and is of that kind which we trust will at last consummate the marriage of intellect with virtue. Mr. Sumner says to the whole band of educated men—"Be sincere, pure in heart, earnest, enthusiastic. A virtuous enthusiasm is always self-forgetful and noble. It is the only inspiration now vouchsafed to man. Like Pickering, blend humility with learning. Like Story, ascend above the present in place and time. Like Allston, regard fame only as the eternal shadow of excellence. Like Channing, bend in adoration before the right. True wisdom looks to the ages before us, as well as behind us. Like the Janus of the Capitol, one front thoughtfully regards the Past, rich with experience, with memories, with the priceless traditions of truth and virtue; the other is earnestly directed to the All Hail Hereafter, richer still with its transcendent hopes and unfulfilled prophecies." Again, he closes the address with adjuring his auditors to light that day a fresh beacon-fire on the venerable walls of Harvard, sacred to Truth, to Christ and the Church. "Let the flame spread from steeple to steeple, from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them to the holy contests of Knowledge, Justice, Beauty and Love." We regard this oration not merely as a tribute of eloquence to the memories of four great and noble men, but as one of those influences now operating on the public mind, to inspire it with a deeper veneration for truth and right, and a higher sense of the beauty of intellect and learning, as consecrated by the beauty of holiness.

Sermons Preached upon Several Occasions. By Robert South, D.D. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 4 vols. 8vo.

This edition of South's sermons is printed in large clear type, on excellent paper, and is altogether the best American reprint with which an English theological classic has been honored. The splendid talents and acquirements of South well deserve the compliment of such an edition; and we hope that in their present form his great discourses will find here appreciating readers. He was an Episcopal clergyman during the reign of Charles II.; and in vigor of conception and expression, in warmth and fertility of fancy, in prodigality of wit and variety of knowledge, he takes a high rank among standard English prose writers. The brilliant authors of his day employed the "dazzling fence" of their wit to bring virtue and piety into contempt; South with wit more brilliant, and satire sharper than theirs, riddled them through and through with scorn, and consigned the scoffing debauchees themselves to the laughter of the world. He beat them at their own weapons; and proved that wit is never so powerful as when it unveils the baseness of irreligion, and exhibits the littleness of vice. Not even in Congreve or Sheridan do we find more brilliancy than in South, though the brilliancy of the latter is so blended with moral indignation, that we are apt to overlook the shining edge of the epigram

in the important truth which it conveys. Almost every page of South blazes with these mingled fires of wit, fancy and passion. The sentences seem to rush from his brain like rockets. From the first to the last, there is never seen any evidence of fatigue, but his style preserves a continuous nerve, vigor and point. His understanding is strong, deep, and of considerable comprehension, and every subject with which it grapples it exhausts. The sermons entitled *Man Made in the Image of God*, *The Scribe Instructed*, *Resignation*, *Envy*, *The Pleasantness of Wisdom*, *Shamelessness in Sin*, and *Covetousness*, especially the two first, are truly noble specimens of thought and composition. No person who desires a knowledge of the immense wealth of expression which the English language contains should fail to read South thoroughly. He is a writer so vigorous that his vigor is infused into the reader, and we rise from his sermons stronger than when we sat down. His bigotries in matters of church and state only add raciness and individuality to his style, now that they are no longer operative as systems of opinion. We hope that the present edition of his writings will be extensively circulated.

Heroes and the Heroic in History. By Thomas Carlyle. New York. Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This curious book, blazing with so many magnificent pictures, alive with so much earnest thought, and occasionally dashed with such a sly infusion of savage mirth, now appears in this country for the first time in the author's revised edition. The portraits of Mahomet, Luther, Knox, Dante, Shakspeare, Johnson, Burns, Napoleon, Cromwell, are full of meaning and vitality. He who can read this book without being impressed with the genius of Carlyle, especially with the picturesque splendor of his rough and shaggy sentences, and the strength of his large though perverse intellect, must belong to that class of nice scholars and elegant essayists, whose ideal of composition is found in the "ceremonial cleanliness of academical Pharisees." We acknowledge that the style of the book is occasionally a trial even to the lovers of Carlyle, and that few men can pronounce some of the sentences aloud without running the risk of being throttled. To follow the course of his thought through the sudden turns, and down the abrupt declivities of his diction, exposes one at times to the danger of having his eyes put out of joint; but the result rewards the labor and the risk. Carlyle is said to have copied his style from Jean Paul; but we should think he had copied it rather from Swiss scenery. Of all English styles, it reminds us most of the terrible alexandrines of old George Chapman's Homer, whose words we are sometimes compelled to dodge, as though they were missiles hurled at us by the gigantic combatants they so graphically describe. Carlyle, indeed, sometimes speaks as Ajax spoke, who, when enraged, according to Chapman, "throated his threats." In the present work, Carlyle gives a kind of epic grandeur to his heroes, and delineates them more as a poet than as an analyst or historian. They are, however, painted so distinctly that the reader cannot fail to see them, "in their habits as they lived."

Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems. By William B. Tappan. Boston. B. B. Mussey. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a beautifully printed volume of some three hundred pages, containing about half as many poems. The illuminated title-page is very finely done. We have not had an opportunity to read the volume through, but have been pleased with the spirit which breathes through many

of the pieces. Mr. Tappan has not escaped from that fatal facility which occasionally tempts writers of religious poetry into what would be called versified commonplace by unsanctified critics. In fact, this species of composition should be judged rather by its tone and spirit as a medium of religious feeling, than by its pretensions to discursive fancy and shaping imagination. In the mind of a religious man, continued brooding over the great truths of religion has infused into thoughts, commonplace to other minds, a peculiar life and vividness; and the metrical form in which he embodies them, furnishes food to the pleasantest meditation to many congenial spirits, when to the mere man of letters it would be barren of interest. There are a large number of poems, which are read by thousands in the stillness of the Sabbath evening, or by the bedside of the sick—poems which breathe hope to souls wrestling with temptation, or send consolation to hearts fainting under the burden of sorrow—of which the mere reader of poetry knows but little, and of which he is not the best judge. Of this class are a large number of the poems of Mr. Tappan, and their wide circulation is the best evidence that they have found their way into hearts to whom they have been consolation and hope. Here and there we have seen pieces which the author would have shown taste in excluding from his collection.

Two Lives: Or To Seem and To Be. By Maria J. McIntosh. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

It is rarely that we see any thing now, in the shape of a novel, printed with so much elegance as this capital story. The moral conveyed is well indicated by the title, and it is one which cannot be too constantly impressed on all minds. The great curse of life is its hypocrisy and pretence—its sacrifice of realities for appearances. The accomplished lady who is the author of this well-written tale, could hardly have devoted her talents to a better purpose, than to the inculcation of the duty of living in harmony with sincerity and truth.

The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso. Translated into English Spenserian Verse, with a Life of the Author. By J. H. Wiffen. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Wiffen has here transfused the immortal work of Tasso into a most delicious English poem. The sweetness and grace of the translator's versification, and his command over the resources of his own language, make the volume a most delightful feast to all who can appreciate beautiful poetry. The American edition is issued in a form of great elegance, is finely printed, and is illustrated with six steel engravings.

Lives of Celebrated Statesmen. By John Quincy Adams. New York: W. H. Graham.

In this volume are included lives of Madison, Monroe and Lafayette: decidedly the most interesting and philosophical histories of these celebrated persons that have been written. The book is marked by the peculiarities of the eminent and venerable author.

Altowan: Or, Incidents of Life and Adventure in the Rocky Mountains. By An Amateur Traveler. Edited by J. Watson Webb. New York. Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This book is the production of an English nobleman, who traveled over the wild West in 1832, and again in 1842. His portraits of Indian life and character are thus

drawn from actual observation. The work is dedicated by Col. Webb, a friend of the author, to Charles F. Hoffman, and the circumstances under which it was written detailed at some length. We think it exceedingly interesting and instructive.

Philology and Ethnography of the Exploring Expedition. By Horatio Hale. 1 vol. Imperial Quarto, pp. 678. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.

Although not able fully to appreciate or do justice to the contents of this splendid volume, it gives us great pleasure to note its appearance. Such works give us new hope for the literature of the country, and we cannot repress a feeling of national pride in contemplating the great advantages likely to accrue to science from the well-directed labors of the gentlemen employed in the first scientific expedition commissioned abroad by our government. As we have observed, we can scarcely venture to criticise or estimate the investigations so ably detailed in this work; but, in casting the eye rapidly over its pages, we see much to interest us, and which must prove absolutely necessary to all who are engaged in extensive philological or ethnological speculations and researches.

To say any thing in praise of the mechanical execution of this volume would be superfluous. Every one is acquainted with the magnificent appearance of the former volumes of the Exploring Expedition, and this, though the nature of the subject does not admit of plates and illustrations, yet in the elegance of its typography and the fineness of its paper, it will not yield to the richest productions of the London or Paris press.

The quarto edition, ranging with the Congress copies of the "Narrative," we learn is the only one offered to the public. It forms the seventh volume of the publications of the Expedition, the rest of which are in a state of great forwardness. Professor Dana's work on Corals, with an Atlas, and colored plates, will be the next one ready.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR FASHION PLATE.

"TOILET OF THE CITY," OR PROMENADE DRESS.—Robe of Italian taffety, rose-colored, and ornamented with two deep volants or flounces of lace, one at the height of the knee, the other gathered at the waist. Corsage flat and low, open in front, and fastened *en Laure*. Sleeves long, to open at the wrist and lace, and without puffs or ruffles. Neckkerchief of plaited muslin—cashmere scarf. Chapeau duchesse, of rose crape, covered with lace, and trimmed with a bouquet of roses.

Robe of straw-colored silk—plain skirt—flat, low corsage—sleeves long and plain. Canezou of muslin, rounded on the back, crossed on the breast, and terminating in two long rounded ends, ornamented with lace. Hat of crape, puffed (*bouillonnée*), trimmed with green ribbons and a green bird.

THE PRIZE COMMITTEE.—The committee of literary gentlemen, to whom has been confided the arduous duty of awarding the premiums for the best articles, on the subjects designated in our advertisement, have so large a mass of manuscripts before them, that some weeks must necessarily elapse before we can announce their decision.

We feel sure of being able to present to the readers of "Graham" one of the best magazines, in literary character, for the next year, that has ever been published. The character of the competition for the prizes assures us of having some of the most brilliant articles that have ever graced the magazine. "Graham" for 1847 cannot fail to be more popular than ever.



Engraved by J. G. Thompson from a sketch by J. G. Thompson. Published by J. G. Thompson, New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I have been thinking of you very much, my dear friend," said Sir Henry, as he sat down to breakfast.

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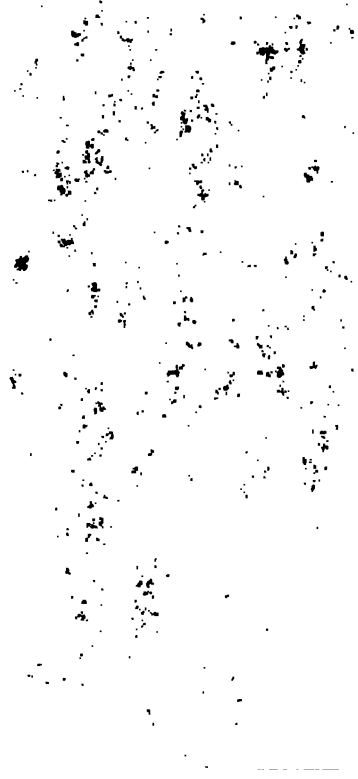
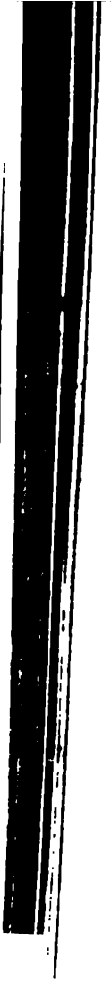
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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1846.

No. 6.

SIR HENRY'S WARD.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Copyright secured, according to Act of Congress, by Edward Stephens, in the year 1846.]

(Concluded from page 259.)

CHAPTER VIII.

"Alas! what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doubts yet doubts—suspects yet fondly loves!"

THE sun had not yet risen, and a cloud of mist floated like the foldings of a veil over the broad mouth of the Hudson. Hoboken, with its thickly wooded shores—Weehawken, with its precipices, peaks and ravines, all lay mantled in the gauze-like mist. It settled low upon the waters, where they wound through the hills, till the river seemed one vast cloud, and its outline was lost in masses of forest trees that crowded close to the margin, and only served to render the moving vapor a little more dense and black as it was lifted, on a sheet of foliage, to the sky. A light breeze came sweeping down the river, now and then tearing the curtain of mist from its bosom, and revealing glimpses of the blue waves rushing beneath it to the ocean. As the haze was thus, occasionally, swept aside, the outline of a sloop-of-war, with its sails set, and its prow turned up the stream, could be discerned nearly opposite that portion of New York Island now occupied by the Barclay Street Ferry.

Upon a point of land somewhat above the thickly settled portions of the city, but considerably below the vessel, stood a group of persons evidently directing their attention toward the vessel, or rather toward the spot where it was known to be lying.

Two of these persons were distinguished by the richness of their military garments, and that lofty yet careless air which command usually gives to those with whom it has become a habit. The gorgeous scarlet of their regimentals, glittering with

gold, contrasting with the deep green of the background, evidently rendered these persons objects of attention from the vessel, though its outline was but just traceable to them through the mist. A fresh current of wind revealed a boat with several oars, making toward the shore, now just visible through the fog, and again completely lost to sight, though the regular dipping of the oars was soon distinctly heard in the still morning.

"And now," said Sir Henry Clinton, grasping his companion's hand, and speaking with cheerful cordiality, "remember all that I have said—be wary and doubly cautious, my young friend—there can be no doubt who our correspondent is. He is playing for a heavy stake—use him, but trust him not farther than is absolutely needful. If you succeed, this harassing war is over—if not, we but stand where we were before."

"I will succeed!" replied Andre, returning the grasp of his commander's hand, and speaking with all the fiery energy of youth and hope. "In the service of my king I would do or dare any thing honorable—but have I not another object, dear as ever warmed the heart of man, to attain by this enterprise? Ah, Sir Henry, if you knew how my heart burns at the thought of winning by this day's work the sweet companionship of your ward for life, you would not say—'*if you succeed*'!"

"Ah, how bright both love and glory seem to the young," said Sir Henry, with a smile. "Go on—go on, my brave young friend—both are before you—the praise and honor from King George—the hand of as fair and sweet a lady as ever gave her heart away."

"I will have earned them both, doubt it not, before the week is over," replied Andre. "And yet I would prefer a fair field and dangerous post to this diplomacy with a traitor."

"Hush—hush!" said Sir Henry, looking around, as if fearful that these bold words might be overheard, for, a little distance off, was a serving man, with a valise at his feet, standing near the young lad, James, who had taken his seat on a fragment of rock, and was gazing wistfully toward the vessel. "Let those who suffer call our honorable friend harsh names—we, who profit by his treason, must give it a softer title. To us he is only a repentant rebel."

"He is a villain, or I am mistaken in the person! a man who never possessed but one virtue—that of courage. For his lovely wife's sake, I hope against hope, that it may not be Arnold. If it is, we shall purchase our advantage at a heavy cost. Must I promise him a commission? Is there no way to save the king's army so foul a blot?"

"I wish that he may be bought for gold—only for gold!" said Sir Henry. "But if he persists in the demand for a commission, it must be granted. The possession of that post wins us the country. We cannot stand on trifles when the fate of a whole war rests on your negotiation."

"Yet I shall bargain like a huxter to purchase the knave with gold, as knaves prefer pay. It will wring my heart to promise the commission. It shall only be in the last extremity that I yield up so much of my country's honor."

"In the last extremity be it then," said Sir Henry, not ill pleased at the words of his favorite. "But if nothing else will satisfy the—the—this repentant rebel—he must have the commission. Hush! the boat is close in. See—the fog has lifted—the Vulture has her wings spread—you will have a glorious sail!"

"The morning does hold forth a bright promise," said Andre, casting his eyes, flashing with health and hope, over the beautiful scene that surrounded them. "The sun is flushing every thing *couleur du rose*. This must augur a prosperous mission. Was ever any thing so beautiful?"

It was, indeed, a scene lovely enough to justify even deeper enthusiasm than awoke in the creative and practical mind of the young officer—for the sun had just risen in its rich autumnal splendor, touching the distant spires of the city, the broad river and its picturesque shores, with a flood of beautiful light. The mist had slowly rolled back from the water, and lay piled on the brow of Weehawken in masses of floating clouds, rosy and golden with the first sunbeams. Every ripple in the bay seemed tossing up rose-leaves, and, where the waters make a magnificent sweep toward the Narrows, was one broad eddy of gold melting into crimson, with the Jersey shore, heavy and dense with foliage, curving around it like a frame. The vessel, which had so late been completely veiled from sight, now sat upon the stream like a sea-gull, her sails bathed in the rich sunshine, and the waves rippling across her

prow like a belt of frosted silver. Two or three figures were moving about the deck, and every thing denoted preparation for immediate departure.

If Andre was delighted, almost beyond words, with the unmolested beauty of this scene, there was one who looked upon it with far different sensations. The very joyousness of nature, the glorious panorama flooded as it was with light, seemed to fill the boy James with bitter feelings. All these things were but a mockery to the morbid spirit of this lad—a cloud lay upon his fair brow, and he turned away from this delicious scene, sad and sick at heart, to gaze with anxious looks upon the two officers as they conversed together.

Both Sir Henry Clinton and Major Andre had become accustomed to the moody habits of the youth, and, imputing his altered manner to a separation from the twin-sister to whom he was a second self, they seldom interfered with his wishes, and looked upon his petulance even with indulgence. Much to the surprise of both these officers, they had scarcely issued into the street, on their way to the vessel, when the youth joined them. He was dressed in his usual fanciful habit—a tunic of royal blue cloth, full in the skirts and fitting close to his form from the waist up to the delicate chest, from which it rolled back in a collar of dark velvet, edged with narrow gold lace. A vest of the finest buff cloth, profusely ornamented with gold buttons, and enriched with an embroidery of white silk, was thus liberally exposed. Beneath the vest an under garment of delicate linen, exquisitely plaited and frilled with lace, rose to the slender throat, and was visible again on the wrists, whence it fell in ruffles over gloves of pure white leather, burying the small hands they encased to the knuckles. The boy carried a light ebony stick, tipped with gold, and headed with an amethyst—and upon his head was a hat of snow-white beaver, the broad leaf looped up on one side; a feather of the same immaculate hue, half encircling the crown, and streaming over the right shoulder, fell upon the blue tunic like a wreath of sea-foam tossed on its natural element.

When the party first issued into the street, it was yet in the gray of the morning, and the lad had muffled himself in a cloak, also of blue cloth, richly braided with gold. But in the exertion to keep up with the rapid strides of his companions, the garment seemed to incommode him, and he gave it to the servant who followed the officers, carrying the portmanteau in one hand and Major Andre's surtout on the other arm. Neither Clinton nor Andre had much time to observe the humor of the boy, for the business on which they were occupied was too important for minor considerations. So, when he paused with the servant, who was ordered to stay at a distance while the officers conversed together on the point, no one heeded him, though his eyes were haggard from want of rest, and his cheek was alternately red as a tea-rose, or deathly white. Thus neglected, the boy cast himself upon the turf with a gloomy brow, and, flinging his arm over a rough angle of the rock, sat watching his com-

panions, unheeded and forgotten. But when the boat touched the shore, and Major Andre seemed preparing to step into it, the youth sprang to his feet, snatched his cloak from the servant, and passing Sir Henry and Andre without speaking, he sprang into the barge.

"How is this?—what does this mean, James?" said Sir Henry, stepping close to the bank, and calling to the youth. "The barge is not coming back! Major Andre will have no means of sending you on shore without delaying the vessel—get out—get out! We shall return direct to the city."

Notwithstanding the command, the boy made no preparation to leave the boat—but turned his eyes toward the vessel, and folding himself in the cloak, sat down.

"Nay, this is foolish, James," said Andre, stepping into the barge, and receiving his surtout from the servant. "Come, shake hands and wish me a prosperous voyage—then go home quietly with your guardian. See! the vessel is getting under way."

The boy began to tremble, and his cheek turned pale.

"Do n't ask me—do n't persuade me!" he said, in a hurried and entreating voice—"I must go with you—I *will*!"

"But the tide and wind is with us now," persisted Andre, almost out of patience. "It will delay us half an hour to send you on shore, and even that little time may be all-important to my mission."

"I do not wish to be sent on shore—I am going with you up the river," said the lad, in a low voice. "I made up my mind to it last night."

"Up the river?—why, James, this is madness!"

"I shall go, if it is madness!" replied the lad, folding his cloak closer around him, and bending his eyes resolutely on the water—"so it is useless saying any thing more about the matter."

"Sir Henry, do you hear this?" cried Andre, turning to his superior officer, and half smiling at the lad's obstinacy. "What am I to do? Your ward persists in going not only to the Vulture, but up the river with me. Pray tell him how impossible it is."

Sir Henry, who had been giving some directions to the servant, turned suddenly and stepped into the barge.

"Come, come, James—this is encroaching too far on my indulgence," he said. "Major Andre goes on a secret mission. It will take time. There may be peril in it!"

"I know it all! There will be peril because he, with his warm, true heart, goes to encounter craft, falsehood and—"

The sentence was finished in an undertone, and the crimson rushed to his cheek, for the words that he had well nigh uttered aloud would have exposed too broadly the secret reason which had prompted his determination to accompany Major Andre. They were—"and the wiles of a woman who has tempted him from his faith—who will tempt him on to ruin."

These words were half smothered upon the boy's lip—but Sir Henry was terribly annoyed by that

portion that had reached him, for the servant lingered within hearing, and the boatmen were listening to every word that dropped with eager curiosity. He spoke, then, with some harshness, and ordered the trembling youth to leave the boat at once.

"I cannot—I will not! You shall kill me first!" cried the boy, bursting into a passion of tears, and clinging to the rudder-cords. "I have taken an oath to go!"

Sir Henry was more thoroughly angry than he had ever been in his life with the spoiled and potted youth.

"John, come hither," he said, calling to the servant, while an angry cloud darkened on his brow—"If this young gentleman will not leave the boat, lift him out—he must detain us no longer."

The man stepped forward to obey, but Andre lifted his hand to check him, and spoke to Sir Henry. His keen ear had gathered that portion of the lad's speech that had escaped Sir Henry, and he felt its full import. An impulse of wounded pride prompted him to prove, by granting the boy's desire to accompany him, how unfounded his suspicions were. He could not be long angry with the brother of his betrothed wife—so young, so spoiled, and so like her. When the poor lad started up, affrighted by Sir Henry's order, and clung to him with a look of wild and passionate entreaty, he addressed Sir Henry again.

"He is faithful—what harm can there be if we indulge him? I know that it is a wild freak—but as I am not likely to leave the vessel, there can be no danger to him. As for our secret," Andre added, sinking his voice, "he is in possession of half that already. You cannot fear to trust him there."

Sir Henry listened, glanced at the boy, who stood clinging to Andre, with his large blue eyes lifted, with beseeching earnestness, to his face, heard Andre out, then glanced at the youth again.

"Well," he said, laughing, "of course the youngster must have his own way, though the king's throne were shaken by it. Upon my honor, I would rather command a whole army than attempt to control him."

The boy sprang forward, and seizing Sir Henry's hand, kissed it. The baronet laughed again, and, pushing the lad gently back to his seat, sprang on shore, evidently relieved by being urged to yield, when opposition would have been against his own nature.

The boat put off the moment Sir Henry left it, and moved swiftly toward the Vulture. The baronet watched it, annoyed, half ashamed, and yet, spite of himself, amused by the triumph his ward had attained over him.

"The young scapegrace! He and his sister are alike in every thing. I never could deny their wildest wishes," he muttered, following the boat with his eyes. "It is well she was left behind—though I shall never cease to wonder at my own firmness in forcing obedience from her. Had she been here, ten chances to one her ladyship might have insisted on escorting Andre up the river also,

and, by my honor, I am not certain that Sir Henry Clinton would not have consented. Well—well! the poor children have no one else to spoil them," he added, in a tone of apology, which could have been intended to satisfy no one but himself, for the servant was out of hearing.

With these words, the baronet seemed to cast the conduct of his ward from his mind, for deeper and more absorbing interests took possession of him, and turning, thoughtfully, he walked toward the city, now and then looking back to mark what progress the boat had made.

Sir Henry paused again near the rock from whence James had watched the conference between himself and Andre. The barge had neared the Vulture, and he saw the young officer spring on deck, followed by his ward and the boat-crew. Scarcely a minute elapsed before the vessel was under way; her sails caught the wind, and she darted through the waters like a hound just freed from the leash.

Andre waved his handkerchief. Sir Henry half drew his from the pocket of his military coat—but something seemed to withhold his hand. He thrust the cambric back, muttering—

"No, no—when he returns with a felon of West Point, and its fortifications in his pocket, it will be time enough."

He waved his hand only in reply to Andre's cheerful signal, and stood upon the same spot till the Vulture disappeared in the mist that still enveloped the river above Weehawken. Then he drew a deep breath, and, sitting down upon the fragment of rock, mused during ten or fifteen minutes. His brow became more and more clouded as he plunged deeper in thought, and at last he started, like one who had been dreaming, and looked anxiously along the track which the Vulture had taken.

"What if he were to be lured ashore," he muttered. "I should have given stricter orders regarding this. I alone am answerable for his safety—who urged him to undertake the expedition—who promised the hand of my fair ward. What if, in zeal for the king, I had periled the life of this brave young man? What—but no, no! It is too late for these doubts now. Besides, there really is nothing to fear. The very presence of that wild lad will keep Andre from venturing on shore. At any rate, all these thoughts are useless now."

The baronet arose as he uttered these words, and walked slowly toward the city. But even in the turmoil of military life he could not shake off a certain indefinite apprehension that had fastened upon his heart as he saw the Vulture engulfed in the misty cloud that lay like a pall, here and there shot with gold, beneath the rocks of Weehawken.

Along her beautiful water track the Vulture sped; steady in her flight and ominous in her errand as the bird whose name she bore. In and out through the broken hills, and along the fortress-like palisades, she glided, bending to the wind and tossing the water from her prow like a hawk searching for prey in the waves. Sometimes she glided on where the shadows

lay mirrored along the shore like a second world. The mountain foliage, the rocks and broken timber were reflected so thickly along her track, that her prow seemed tossing aside ridges of buried foliage every time it dipped to the stream. Again, she would plunge into the sunshine, and fly forward through a track of rippling silver that seemed melting in a torrent of pearls as it dashed against her dark sides. But few vessels navigated the Hudson then, and the Vulture sailed for hours through the majestic solitude of the hills without meeting a single craft. This profound solitude made itself felt upon Major Andre, who paced up and down the deck, filled with admiration of the scenery, and yet saddened by it till his heart grew heavy within him. After a time his quick and vigorous step began to flag, the animation left his face, and he would stand still for minutes together, pondering over some train of deep thought, all unmindful of the beauties that everywhere surrounded him. As the day deepened, this thoughtful mood grew stronger upon him. Once or twice he went down to the cabin, and made an effort to enter into conversation with the boy James. But the monosyllables which his efforts could alone win from the youth seemed wrung from his lips with so much effort, that he gave up the attempt and went on deck again, grieved and half offended at the lad's reserved humor.

Nightfall found the Vulture at anchor off Verplanck's Point, with reefed sails and a double watch upon her deck. And now Major Andre threw off his thoughtful mood, his step became firm, and his eyes bright with courageous hope. He leaned over the bulwarks, and reconnoitered the neighboring shore through a telescope. The gathering darkness rendered every thing indistinct, and he gave up the attempt, but still kept a strict watch upon the water.

"There is a boat coming yonder at our left," said a voice at his elbow, as he placed the glass once more to his eye. "You are not going on shore, Major Andre?"

"There is a boat, sure enough!" cried Andre, dropping his glass and turning to the boy, who appeared on deck for the first time that day, and laying a hand on his shoulder, from which the lad shrunk as if its weight had pained him. Andre's voice was animated, his eyes flashed, but without answering the low and anxious question put by the youth, who stood pale and agitated by his side, he turned toward the boat again.

"She must have passed the guard-boat unchallenged. She is pulling toward the ship, James—I must go down. Captain, you know how to receive our visitor."

With these words, Andre walked down into the cabin, and began to pace up and down the floor, for expectation kept him restless. There was a slight bustle on deck, hurried footsteps, and a voice upon the cabin stairs, saying,

"I shall find Mr. John Anderson snug in his stateroom. All right, my boys!"

Andre paused, and looked toward the stairs in surprise. Did this rough voice, this shambling footfall,

belong to his secret correspondent? The very sound filled him with apprehension. He moved toward the staircase just in time to confront a small, thin-faced man, in the dress and with the manner of one of those farmer-captains that in times of peace navigated the Hudson in sloops and sail-boats, trading away their own and their neighbors' produce in the city. This sort of traffic had given the man an air of cool independence, and he would have addressed the king himself with no more servility than he bestowed upon the handsome young officer who stood before him, which, to own the truth, was little indeed.

After surveying Andre from head to foot with his shrewd black eyes, evidently somewhat in doubt if so young a person could be the object of his search, he took off his hat, and removing a letter from the lining, held it out.

"If you are Mr. John Anderson, this letter will tell my business," he said, placing the hat upon the back of his head again.

Andre took the note and turned to a light. As his eyes fell upon the seal, he started, the color rushed over his face, and, bending close to the lamp, he examined the little antique head which stamped it with deep attention. That instant James came down the companion-way, and, passing the boatman, he approached Andre, and bent forward as if to address him in a whisper. But his eyes also fell upon the seal, and, starting upright, he stood motionless, with his large eyes, full of reproach and astonishment, fixed upon Andre's face. He, too, had seen that antique head before.

Andre broke the seal, and the boy observed that his hands shook with a sort of eager curiosity, while he was unfolding the paper. As he read, the color flushed over his face again, and, biting his lip, he turned to the man.

"Does the writer of this insist upon it? Is it absolutely necessary that I go on shore?" he said.

"If the letter says so, yes," was the prompt reply. "My orders are to lose no time. The moment you are ready, I am!"

While Andre was reading the note, James had walked unsteadily to a chair, where he sat gazing upon the paper, and starting now and then as if about to spring up and snatch it away. When Andre spoke of going on shore, he rose to his feet, made a vain effort to speak, and sunk to the chair again.

Andre moved across the room, and proceeded to invest himself in a large surtout, that completely covered his regimentals.

"Lead on; I am ready," said Andre, buttoning the surtout as he moved toward the companion-way. These words seemed to unlock the boy's faculties. He sprang up with a look of wild distress, and stood in Andre's way.

"You will not go! That note—obey it not; it will plunge us all in ruin."

Andre had only possessed a vague consciousness of the boy's presence till then, and for a moment he was flung into confusion by this passionate appeal. There was something in those eyes—a quiver of the

lip, that reminded him of Julia in her parting grief, and for the moment it quite unmanned him.

"Nay, this is cruel, James. Even your young, and, I have sometimes thought, over-timid spirit, should better understand a soldier's duty. I must go!"

"For my sake, for your honor's sake, do not leave the vessel!" cried the boy, in an agony of supplication.

"For my honor's sake, and for the sake of one dearer even than you are, James, I must go!" replied the young officer, firmly. "All my future hopes of honor or love depend on this night's action!"

The lad's face had been almost crimson with violent feeling—but now it became pale as marble. His outstretched hands fell, and he drew back that Andre might pass up the stairs.

"If I have been impetuous, for your sweet sister's sake forgive it!" cried Andre, snatching the boy's hand and wringing it as he sprang up the steps.

He was gone, and the boy looked around the cabin, pale and bewildered. The sound of oars, of smothered voices alongside the vessel, aroused him. He sprang up the steps and out upon deck. A boat, moving cautiously toward the western shore, was already some yards distant from the vessel.

"Oh, my God—my God! He has gone! We are parted for ever and ever!" murmured the wretched boy, and, leaning upon the bulwarks, he watched the boat till it was lost in darkness, while big tears rolled heavily down his cheek, and the night wind blew his hair wildly around his forehead.

CHAPTER IX.

Some half hour's ride from a little ravine above Verplanck's Point, stood a small farm-house, low on the ground, and rendered solitary—though near a village—by a quantity of fruit trees, and a huge old elm, that sheltered the low roof with its magnificent branches. A wooden paling ran in front of this house, enclosing a few hills of potatoes, an onion bed, where the great bulbs lay half out of ground, and a corner-patch of beets, the deep red leaves mingled, here and there, with the delicate green of a carrot top that had taken accidental root among the more favored plants that usurped the place of flowers, to which this little spot of earth was usually devoted in such dwellings.

A narrow, and not altogether straight, footpath ran through this vegetable-patch to the front door, and burdocks, horse-radish, wild parsnips, and vining buckwheat were ripening a glorious crop of seed around the paling.

About two hours before night-fall, on the day when the Vulture anchored off Verplanck's Point, an officer in congressional uniform, and mounted on a large brown horse, issued from beneath the trees that sheltered a road leading from West Point, and rode slowly toward this farm-house.

"Ah, Smithson—is that you?" he said, half dismounting, but resuming his seat in the saddle as his

eyes fell on a thin-visaged man, who, with his coat off, and his red flannel shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbow, was hard at work in the yard.

Smithson rose up, shook the soil deliberately from a huge beet which he had just torn from the earth, and, casting it on a pile that lay in the foot-path, began to roll down his sleeve, as he jumped over the onion bed, and made his way to the gate.

"Well, gineral—you see I am busy getting in the garden sarse. A feller must attend to such things now and then."

"Certainly, Smithson, certainly," said the officer, with a sort of fawning condescension in his manner. "You seem to have a fine crop, considering the ground."

"Well, yes, gineral," replied the man, casting a complacent look on the pile of beets—"pretty smart, considering they are only come off ten square yards of 'arth. But wont you get off, and come in, gineral?"

"No, I thank you, Smithson," replied the officer, smoothing the mane of his horse with the buff glove on his right hand—"I only called to put you in mind of the little service I mentioned the other day. The merchant I spoke of may be here to-night—so be down at the cove by dark, and have the boat ready."

Smithson rolled down his other sleeve and buttoned the wristband. "Sartinly!" he said, taking up his thick coat and proceeding to invest himself in the garment. "Let me just house this pile of sarse, and I'll go right along."

"Very well," said Arnold, tightening his bridle, "only be in the cove before dark. Perhaps I may come down. On second thought, I *will* come. It may save my friend a ride to West Point, and we can talk over his affairs in your house here while you stay with the boat."

"Just as you think best, gineral," said Smithson, wiping the soil from his hands with a burdock leaf; "the old woman is away from home, so I can't promise you much accommodation besides the house; but you are welcome to that."

"Very well," said Arnold, riding away, "be punctual at the cove!"

Smithson went into the house after a basket to put his beets in; when he came out again another horseman was at the gate. "Halloo! Mr. Longtree," he cried out; "after the gineral, I'll bet a copper, but you've just missed him."

"Which way did he go? but no matter, he will be back soon. Nothing can be done in this affair without me, you know, Smithson."

"So you are at the bottom of this merchant business, I might have known it afore," said Smithson, shoveling his beets into the basket; "you are always hanging round where money's to be made, Mr. Longtree; but that's no concern of mine."

"So our friend will certainly come up to-night?" inquired Paul, carelessly.

"The gineral says so; that's all I know about it. At any rate I shall have the boat ready."

"Certainly, every one knows how punctual you *always* are, Smithson, but if our friend goes up

to West Point you must be early on hand. The tide will be against us, and one's neck is not safe on these roads after dark."

"I know that well enough," said Smithson, shouldering the basket and preparing to walk off, with one hand propped on his hip, "but you'd better talk to Gineral Arnold about that. It don't make the least difference to me whether he comes up here or goes to Beverley House; I don't expect to get much sleep any how."

"Exactly; I will settle it with the general," said Longtree, "so, Smithson, if I should not be in time you had better say nothing about my being here. Unless my presence is absolutely necessary, I may not come. Perhaps the general will not wish to have my name mentioned in the business at all; so, as he is not here, I may as well ride back, and leave the whole affair with him."

"Just as you please," replied Smithson, walking toward the house, "it's nothing to me," and he went in, closing the door after him.

Longtree rode slowly away on the West Point road, musing as he went. After keeping the high road for perhaps half a mile, he turned into a cart-path, leading through a tract of thickly wooded timber-land down to the river. He did not leave the shelter of the trees when he reached the Hudson, but checked his horse in a vista of the woods which commanded a view of the river. A vessel lying at anchor down the stream was the first object that met his eyes.

"Now," he said, his dark eye gleaming with triumphant thoughts, "now, there is but another hour to wait!"

Longtree dismounted and led his horse into a little ravine which opened to the river, and then took his own position on higher ground, but sheltered from view by the trunk of a huge chestnut. By this time coming night had settled somewhat heavily on the water, and he had not long to watch, when Smithson, with three other men, came round the point upon which he stood, in a boat, and shot rapidly out toward the Vulture. Directly after this a horseman rode slowly down the rude track by which Longtree had come, and, taking a sweep to the right, tied his horse to a sapling, and went on foot down to a little cove that separated the ridge of land where his horse had been left from that occupied by Longtree. The light was very imperfect, but Paul knew the man, and, though he clenched his teeth to suppress it, a triumphant laugh broke through them, low, indeed, but loud enough to startle himself.

Paul Longtree might have stood under the chestnut an hour, or perhaps two, for daylight was completely gone, when a boat came from the ship, gliding through the darkness with noiseless oars, and shot into the cove. Paul bent breathlessly forward and tried to count how many persons the boat contained. He could just discern the black outline of each figure as it sprang on shore, but that was enough. He was certain that five men leaped upon the bank, where one was standing already. The boat had taken but four to the vessel.

He waited some ten minutes, while two of these persons separated themselves from the group, and seemed to converse earnestly together. Then they moved up the opposite bank, and, soon after, Longtree heard the tramp of horses tearing a passage through the undergrowth. Taking advantage of this noise, he left the chestnut, and seeking the ravine where his horse was tied, led him up the gorge, steep as it was, into the cart path, thus avoiding a circuit which the other horsemen were compelled to make, and coming out ahead of them nearly a quarter of a mile. Here he sprang upon the horse, and struck into a sharp gallop, keeping along the turf, and thus smothering the sound of his quick progress.

As he came near the village, a sentinel challenged him; he gave the word without checking the speed of his horse, and rode on to the farm-house. He tied his horse to a fruit tree, where a thicket of raspberry bushes concealed him from any one approaching the house, and went round to the front door. It was only fastened by a simple iron latch. Paul lifted it and entered, holding his breath, and treading softly across the rough kitchen.

Upon a rude table, in a corner of the room, stood an iron candlestick, in which a consumptive looking candle, with a huge tow wick, was sending forth a fitful and snappish sort of light, over two or three splint bottomed chairs and a lumbering old cheese press that stood in one corner. Under the table was the basket of vegetables which Smithson had dug that afternoon, and upon the hearth, where a mass of coals were buried in at least a bushel of ashes, a fine old cat, aroused from a comfortable snooze, stood eyeing the intruder, with the sharp nails starting from her velvet paws, her back arched, and its glossy fur in a state of indignant confusion.

Paul Longtree cast a hurried glance over the room, and, passing through a side door, stood within a little pantry or milk room, in which were several barrels, a churn, and some newly made cheeses. He had scarcely closed the door after him, when the tramp of horses approaching the house made him draw back from the partition, which was of rough boards, full of crevices, which let in gleams of light from the next room.

There was the sound of a gate cautiously shut, a sharp clink of the door latch, and two men entered the kitchen. Longtree knew them both. The youngest he had seen but once at a hotel in Philadelphia; the other—oh, how the blood burned in his heart as he looked on that other!

Arnold fastened the door, and taking off his cloak, hung it over one of the small windows, thus confining the light of that miserable candle within the room. There was another window, but that had a curtain of coarse homespun check stretched across it. The two men sat down by the table. Arnold drew a bundle of papers from the pocket of his military coat, and separated them in parcels. His face was white as death, and even in the uncertain light Longtree could see that huge drops of perspiration stood thick upon the traitor's forehead.

Andre was pale also, and an expression of grave

displeasure marked his fine features. In his eye there was a look of keen anxiety, changed now and then to a gleam of cold and withering scorn. He spoke first, for Arnold lingered over the papers.

"Gen. Arnold," he said, in a low cold voice, "I am here within the American lines against my own will, in violation of your promise. Let us finish this business at once. Having been deceived in the first stages of our negotiation, you must excuse me if I am in some haste to feel the king's plank under my feet again!"

Arnold's face was bathed with perspiration, but these words sent the hot blood rushing over it like flame. He half rose from his chair, and the papers rattled in his hand. The cold and displeased tones of Andre's voice had cut their way to his villain heart. He felt what it was to be regarded as a traitor by honorable men.

"Major Andre," he said, "before you address me in that tone again, remember that our contract is not yet consummated. And know also that neither the sum of money, vast as it is, which I demand of General Clinton in exchange for the trust I yield, nor a commission in the royal army, though both were increased tenfold in value, would have induced me to render up one pebble of this stronghold to the king. When I surrender West Point into the hands of your general, I have a reward sweeter a thousand times than all the money or rank that your king has to bestow—a reward for which my soul has burned and panted so long, that it shall be satisfied, though eternal perdition follow the act. Sir! I have fought for this country as no man, not even the commander-in-chief, ever fought. Again and again has my heart poured forth its best blood on the battlefield as if it had been water. I have forced a passage through the woods of Maine, where the very wild beasts would have turned back in despair. I have toiled, struggled, suffered—and what has been my reward? Men of inferior talent and inferior claims have been placed over me in command; a committee of investigation has been appointed to ransack my accounts and hold me up to public censure. I have been insulted, wronged, and now, not for the money—not for rank in your army alone, but for revenge on those who have heaped insult and injury upon me—among whom the highest and the most inveterate is George Washington—I render up the post that I hold to the king. It may be treason, it may be infamy, but it is my own deliberate act!"

The arch traitor sat down, panting for breath. Though he had scarcely spoken above a whisper, the very strife between his passion and its forced utterance took away his strength. He swept the moisture from his forehead with one hand, and then spread out a paper abroad on the table. It was a chart of the fortifications at West Point. Andre drew it toward him, and after this Paul Longtree only heard broken sentences spoken between them, as paper after paper was examined and commented upon.

All night long the two men sat together, the young man pale, earnest and self-possessed, though he

knew himself to be in imminent peril every instant that he remained beneath that roof. The traitor starting at every sound, and turning his eyes away whenever the young officer looked upon him even in asking a question. Toward morning, some one shook at the outer door. The two officers started to their feet, pale as death, and looked at each other with questioning glances. The voice of Smithson muttering discontentedly at finding his dwelling fastened, reached Longtree in his concealment.

"Conceal these papers," said Arnold, gathering up the papers, and hastily winding a piece of tape around them. He then walked to the door, and went out. There was a sound of low voices, mingled with a rustling noise from the papers which Andre was hastily concealing about his person.

After a few moments Arnold returned, greatly agitated, and very pale.

"The Vulture has been obliged to move down the stream. The battery has fired upon her," he said, in breathless perturbation. "If your safest way should prove to get back by land, here are passports. Smithson will see you safe beyond the lines."

Arnold snatched up a pen and wrote while he was speaking, but his hand shook so violently that he could hardly sign his name.

"But my regimentals," said Andre, hesitating, as Arnold held out the passports.

"Smithson has clothes in the next room—go and change yours. I will make it all right with him," said Arnold. "Go, I beseech you—do not lose a minute—it is near daylight."

Andre went into the little bed-room, and Arnold followed him. When they returned the traitor was assisting his victim as he pulled on his surtout over a warm, claret-colored coat and a nankeen vest, for which he had exchanged his splendid uniform.

A few more agitated and brief sentences passed and they left the house. The meagre candle swaled in the wind and went out as the door closed after them, leaving Paul Longtree in profound darkness. For a moment or two he sat motionless, listening to the low tramp of Arnold's horse as it bore the traitor away. Then he stood up in the darkness, cramped in every limb, and absolutely terrified by the magnitude of the treasonable plot to which he had listened. His brain ached, and his slender limbs quivered with the burthen of his terrible secret. Full ten minutes he stood in the darkness, with one hand pressed to his forehead, pondering over that which he had heard. His personal revenge seemed as nothing then. The fate of a mighty land was at stake! The patriot rose above the man, wronged and vengeful as the man had been.

What course was he to pursue? Washington was in Hartford, or at best on his route from thence to West Point. Arnold, the arch traitor, had full control in the absence of his commander-in-chief. Andre might take to the Vulture, or go down by land. All was uncertain. A false step in premises of such fearful importance might change the destiny of a nation!

Paul Longtree went forth from his hiding-place, and mounted his horse, resolved never to quit the saddle till the dark council which he had witnessed in that lone house was laid before General Washington!

CHAPTER X.

All night long the unhappy youth whom we left on board the Vulture, paced the deck, sometimes wringing his hands in noiseless suffering, at others crouching down on a coil of ropes and shrouding his face in the cloak which a kind sailor had flung over his shoulders, and seemingly lost in sleep. But oh! how unlike sleep were those periods of still agony!

Once he was aroused by the booming of a gun, hurled against the vessel from Verplanck's Point. He started up, cast a sharp glance over the water, and, seeing no boat, sat down again, not even lifting his face when the vessel reeled on the water from the recoil of their answering cannonade.

Daylight came. The vessel had dropped down the stream a league or more—and there she lay till nightfall, motionless upon the river—and that unhappy boy pacing the deck all the time, with his heavy eyes turned upon the water.

Another night—and now the boy slept among the folds of his cloak, with a coil of ropes pillowing that fair head. Hope had left him—and with hope all the exciting strength which it had lent. So nature claimed her own, and the sleep of that poor boy was leaden and heavy almost as death itself.

The morning came again, bright and golden with a rich autumnal haze. Still the boy slept on, for the cloak was gathered over his head, and the daylight could not reach his eyes. The captain was standing close by, with a glass in his hand. He spoke in low tones to one who stood near.

"It is a boat, pulling toward us."

The voice was very low, but it had reached the boy, and he started wildly to his feet.

"A boat! Oh, captain, do not deceive me!" he cried, clasping his hands.

"Look for yourself, young gentleman," said the captain, presenting the telescope, with a kind smile.

The boy reached forth both hands and took the glass—but he could not settle it to his eye with those shaking hands. He gave it back, with a faint smile, and, clinging to the bulwarks, looked up the river. Anxiety seemed to have rendered his eye-sight doubly keen, for he saw the boat and a radiant smile broke over his pale face.

"It is a boat! Thank God! it is a boat!" he said, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks like rain.

The boat came very rapidly—nearer—nearer—and the boy kept brushing away his tears that he might not lose it for a moment. Nearer—nearer! He could distinguish a man in the stern—a single man, unlike the rest, and who held no oar. Nearer and nearer yet! The boy held his breath—the tears hung as if frozen on his cheek—his hands relaxed

their hold on the bulwark, and he sunk without a sound to the deck!

It was Benedict Arnold whose face he had gazed upon.

CHAPTER XI.

On the eastern banks of the Hudson, two miles south-westerly from West Point, a time-worn dwelling may still be seen. It stands in the centre of a lawn, sheltered by a family of noble old oaks that still weave their branches over the stately ruins. It is a long, rumbling old place, with a gallery half in ruins, clinging around it and held together, as it were, by the vines that have choked up every broken space, and tangled themselves around the slender columns. Shrubs and grass have long tufted the moss-grown roof, and fringed the broken eaves. Around this old dwelling every thing is wild with luxuriant nature, triumphing over the decay of man's work. The thick grass, soft and mossy with age—the unpruned shrubbery, thrifty with the growth of three-quarters of a century—the deep avenue of box trees—all have an air of past dignity and present desolation, beautiful but saddening. A forest lies to the south, terminating in a range of mountains. Dunderberg, with its lesser hills, cuts off a prospect of the river, and Antony's Nose, now sadly mutilated, and clothed to the top with thick foliage, rises a thousand feet above the lawn. Old Fort Putnam lies hidden in a heavy growth of trees, at the north and west, and the Crow's Nest may be seen from the gallery at this point. A winding carriage-road sweeps through the neighboring wood to a cove of the Hudson, where a mountain brook comes leaping with a flash and a whirl, through an outlet half choked up with mossy stones and long grass, and shadowed by a clump of hazel-bushes. This is still called Beverley House, and at the time of our story had been the head-quarters of Gen. Arnold.

In a chamber of this mansion, whose windows commanded a view of the mountains, sat Isabel, the wife of Gen. Arnold, a sad, broken-hearted young creature, so changed and oppressed with grief and shame that those who had known her in the days of her proud maidenhood might have doubted her very identity. Her cheeks were thin and pale; her form had taken a willowy bend, and those eyes, once so brilliant and full of life, were heavy and languid with suffering. She sat in a large easy chair, with her eyes bent on an infant that lay upon a crimson cushion at her feet. He had fallen asleep in her lap, and in her feebleness she had laid him there, for his slight weight oppressed her, and she had not strength enough to carry him to the bed. Ah! how mournful were the eyes of that young mother as they dwelt upon the child. Her child and his, Benedict Arnold, the traitor, the accursed of his countrymen.

He had fled—the husband and the father—fled like a coward to avoid the death of a felon. And she, with her little one, was left behind—left for what terrible trials, to what bitter regrets! It was not

enough that the man to whom she was married had cast disgrace upon herself and her child—that he had branded them both with a name from which infamy itself recoils. It was not enough that he had outraged her principles, and crushed her pride to the very earth; a deeper and more terrible suffering was in store for her. She knew that the only man whom she had ever loved would be sacrificed to the man whom she had married. From that window she had seen Major Andre brought to the mansion a prisoner. She had seen him depart, and knew that on this side the grave her eyes must never meet that form again. It was then that Isabel felt, with its true force, how deep had been her love for him. Then her union with Arnold, prompted by pride, consummated in a spirit haughty in its rebellion against her own nature, took the hideous aspect which belongs to contracts that so foully outrage the holiness of marriage.

Poor Isabel! Wretched wife! Why should a woman's pen dwell so harshly on thy fault in wedding without love, when its retribution was so terrible and so immediate?

The infirmity of pride that had urged Isabel to her ruin, had been long bowed by her degrading bondage of person and mind to an unloved and unworthy object. Now it gave way entirely under a sense of the infamy which was for ever and ever to cling around the name she had given to her child. In marrying Arnold she felt that she had been the murderer of Andre. A less sensitive mind might have cast this idea aside as a phantasy—but her wounded heart had taken the idea, and was paralyzed by it, till she could scarcely be said to feel.

The wretched young creature was sitting, as we have said, in her easy chair, with a loose white wrapper flowing around her person, and her eyes bent on the child. Thus she had sat almost constantly during the last seven days, for so long it was since the flight of her husband.

It was a pleasant morning, and the autumnal wind, rich with fruity odors, stole softly around her, for she was near a window which opened upon the gallery, and the sash was up. She heeded not the bland air, and would as little have noticed a December blast had it howled around her, for Isabel had ceased to think of herself. Sometimes she would turn her head and gaze languidly out of the window; then her eyes would close, as if the light pained them, and open heavily upon the child again. She had turned her eyes aside in this manner when they fell on a young lad coming up the carriage walk with a wild and hurried step, which would have drawn her attention at another time, for he came up from the cove, and it was seldom that visitors sought the house from that direction. But neither this fact nor the singular costume of the boy, joined to a degree of beauty more remarkable still, had power to arrest Isabel's attention. She saw the boy without heeding him, and it was not till he stood in her chamber, with his delicate forehead uncovered, and his face pale with a sorrow deep as her own, that she was fully aware of his presence.

The youth stood before her grasping his white hat, with its soiled and broken feather, in one hand, while his eyes dwelt upon her face earnestly—solemnly—as if his heart were perusing hers in every lineament of her sorrow-stricken features. At last the hat dropped from his hold, and he knelt down between her and Arnold's child, thus shutting out the babe from its mother's view.

"I am here to plead with you for a human life," he said, and oh how full of thrilling pathos was that voice. "I am kneeling to you more humbly than I ever knelt to the great God, who knows how honorable and good the man is for whom I ask mercy. I will be your slave—I will kneel down thus and worship you forever—but give me his life."

A look of wild bewilderment came over Isabel's face; she leant forward and put the disheveled hair back from the boy's forehead with her hand. She had not wept for seven days, but at the sound of that voice the tears that lay frozen in her heart gushed forth and blinded her sight.

"Surely I have seen you before, poor child," she said. "Now I remember where! Oh, my God! how I have suffered since then!" Isabel covered her face, and shuddered amid her tears.

The boy gazed upon her grief, and a wild gloom that had something of joy and hope in it came to his face. He clasped his hands and sunk still lower at her feet.

"Oh, lady, hear me, hear me! do you know that they have sentenced him to death!"

"Sentenced him to death! who? not Arnold—not—" she would have spoken Andre's name, but her lips turned white and she could not utter it.

"They have condemned *him*, Andre, *my* Andre—for look on me, lady, notwithstanding these garments, it is a woman pleading to a woman's heart. You loved him once—think how I must have loved him to put on these things—to cross the seas—to mingle with rude men. Think, think, how I have suffered! Do you understand me, lady, I am his betrothed wife—a poor girl who had no joy in life out of his presence. I could not live without seeing him, and so my twin brother gave me his garments, and I came here. Oh tell me! tell me, for it rests with you, did I come to see him die?"

Isabel removed her hand and gazed earnestly on the young creature at her feet. A vague and painful consciousness that this was the beautiful child whom Andre had loved in preference to herself was fastening itself upon her; unconsciously she shrunk back.

"Oh, do not put me away," said the poor young creature, in a tone of plaintive supplication. "I knew that you loved him, and I will not reproach you if that love has tempted him on to death. Only let him live, and I will never come between you again. I will go home, creep to my poor brother's arms, and die there!"

Isabel bent her eyes on that face, beautiful in its hopeless grief, and smiled—so mournfully.

"My poor child, listen to me," she said, for now her faculties were all aroused—"your suspicion wrongs me, and wrongs one whose honor should

never have been doubted by the woman blessed with his love. In my life I was never more to Major Andre than a trusted friend—since my marriage I have never written to him—never seen him save—save—"

Isabel thought of the time when she had seen him taken a prisoner by that very window, and her cheek, that had been flushed with a faint red, grew white as death.

"I have wronged him!" said the young girl, in a voice of mournful self-reproach. "But many things misled me. That seal upon the letter which lured him on shore—I knew it to be yours—it was a tiny antique head."

"Gen. Arnold had access to my writing-desk," said Isabel. "I have never used that seal since our marriage."

"Alas—alas! that I had known this—he had never gone on shore that night. I would have clung to him—pleaded with him! But I could not do it, thinking it was your summons that he obeyed."

"And it was this note, with my seal attached, which Major Andre obeyed when he crossed the American lines!" said Isabel. "Oh, Arnold—Arnold! this is terrible. Was it not enough that your act crushed us to the earth with infamy—must it make us murderers also? Must *he*—so good, so brave—oh, my God! must he perish, and through my husband's treason?"

"I did not think ever to grieve that my Andre was not loved by you, lady," said Delia, with mournful despondency. "But now I would die, here at your feet, that it had been so—for then his life might yet be safe."

"I do not understand you," said Isabel. "How could the love of Arnold's wife save his victim?"

"Because it would not hesitate between the innocent and the guilty. Had you ever loved Andre, as I thought you did, you would not let him die, that his destroyer might baton on the wages of his blood. You would render up the traitor to justice. You would not save a guilty husband and let an innocent man perish."

"What mean you by this?" said Isabel Arnold, and a wild light came to her eye.

"Listen, lady. I come to you with a message from General Arnold himself. He left papers in this dwelling which, if in his possession, might yet win the reward for which he sold his country, and sacrificed the noble Andre. They are secreted in this room among your wardrobe. If you will consent to bring these papers away he will come up the river secretly to-morrow night, so far as he dare venture, in the sloop of war, and will take you on board. He has arranged with some person who aided him before to have a boat ready in the cove."

"He dare not ask the thing of me!" cried Isabel, and her pale cheek flushed with sudden red.

"If you would but consent," replied the young girl, "if you would but consent—*he* might be saved!"

"How?" Isabel's voice grew sharp, and her eyes flashed with feverish brilliancy.

"You know, lady, that he is condemned to death."

General Clinton has made every effort to save him. He has offered any, nay, all our prisoners in exchange for this one life—but Washington is inexorable. There is but one condition on which he will yield up Andre, and that is the possession of General Arnold. One must suffer! Which shall it be?"

Isabel covered her face with both hands, and shrunk back.

"Ah, if you had loved Andre as I thought, there would yet be hope. You would yield up this man, who seeks to make you an accomplice to his dark treason!"

"What do you wish of me? Speak out—I suffer, child—do you not see how I suffer?"

"Consent to meet the appointment to-morrow night. Washington knows that it has been proposed—I told him with my own lips not an hour since. The men who convey you on board the Vulture will answer for the rest."

"I dare not—he is my husband!" cried Isabel—"I tell you I will not do this thing!"

"Now I am certain that you never loved Andre," said the suppliant, with a look of bitter disappointment—"for these words have condemned him to certain death."

"And is there no other way?"

"None, lady—all others have been tried!"

Isabel wrung her hands in bitter anguish.

"Oh, this is terrible—it is terrible!" she cried.

"One must die!" said the young girl.

"And I must choose between them—do you think, girl—I am Arnold's wife?"

"He is guilty—must the innocent die for him?"

"Oh, Father of Mercies! remove this temptation from me!" cried Isabel, lifting her pale hands—she paused, dropped her hands, and bent her face toward the kneeling girl.

"You are good—you are a woman! Though you wring my heart thus, know this! I dare not trust my own soul—it pleads all on one side. Listen to me, and I charge you counsel me aright. I said the truth—Andre did not love me, and he never dreamed how fatally for its own peace this heart idolized him! I never loved another! Now tempt me if you can, to purchase his life with that of my husband!"

Delia stood up, and, clasping her hands, bent her eyes to the floor.

"The Great Father of Heaven counsel you—I dare not!"

She drew a pace on one side—her garments swept over the child, and it awoke with a faint cry. Isabel took up the infant and folded it to her bosom—the insane brightness left her eyes, and she turned to the young girl, speaking in a hoarse whisper.

"You see—you see! In mercy tempt a weak heart no further!"

The next moment Isabel Arnold was alone—stretched upon the floor, pale and insensible. The child nestled itself in her bosom, affrighted by the fall—but when the attendant came in it laughed riotously, and hid its face upon the heart that was that day broken—but doomed to live on.

CHAPTER XII.

A pass from Washington gave her entrance to the prison, and now she was in that dark and gloomy place, with her lover's breath upon her cheek for the last time on earth. She had told him all—how her brother had arranged it that she should take his place in the American expedition, and thus, unknown to her lover, accompany him. She had confessed her jealousy and its bitter repentance; but there was one thing of which her tongue was silent. The secret which she had wrung from Isabel Arnold never escaped her lips. And now she lay folded to his bosom, her mournful eyes raised to his, and her heart, strange as it may seem, thrilled with a kind of awful joy. She had no hope then, and knew that he must die on the morrow! And so they remained, feeling each minute pass from them as the starving man counts the crumbs that are to sustain his life, yet saying little, and striving to smile on each other now and then, with an effort that would have brought tears even into Arnold's eyes, could he have seen his victims.

At last the gray dawn came creeping over them. As Andre saw it, he locked his arms more closely about her, and laying his cold cheek to hers, strove thus to cloud her eyes an instant longer from the mournful progress of time.

"Is that the morning?" she asked, a moment after, turning her eyes with a faint shudder toward the window. He answered only by pressing his cold lips upon her forehead, and held her closer to his bosom. Then she crept nearer to his heart, and closed her eyes, as if that could keep back the hateful sight.

I cannot go on! I have neither the heart nor the power to describe the mournful scene farther. But some time before Andre was led forth to execution, the broken-hearted girl left his dungeon, still in the rich and disordered garments that had so long disguised her sex, but trembling in her walk, and looking wildly in every face she met, as if pleading for compassion on her misery.

I cannot follow that brave young man to his ignominious execution. I will not point him to my readers, standing upon that death cart, haltered to the gallows-tree, with a whole army gazing upon his death struggles, and a whole multitude weeping for him. In doing this I might be urged to question the necessity, not of his death, terrible as it seemed, but of the ignominy that gave bitterness to that death.

Paul Longtree attained his revenge at last, and a long feast it was; but evil passions can only be gratified by evil means, and the remembrance of Major Andre on the gallows—of that heart-broken girl staggering forth from his dungeon in disguise—for he saw it all—would sometimes clutch upon his heart like the claw of a hungry bird, when, in after years, he saw the very rabble of Montreal sneering in chorus, and tearing up the pavement to cast stones at the *Traitor Arnold* as he passed along the streets.

But even this bitter gratification Paul was condemned to enjoy alone, for in a convent of Montreal his sister had buried her warm heart. ~~That heart~~

had proved traitor to her, and when her revenge was complete, it went to the grave mourning over the ruin it had brought upon her betrayer. Arnold never knew how deep an agency Paul Longtree had in those events which led to his last great act of treason, nor did he ever learn that the money broker and his victim were brother and sister—for in the country village where they first met, Laura went by another name, and even that was soon forgotten by the man who afterwards drowned all remembrance of his treachery to her in the mighty treason that threatened to convulse a whole nation.

But there is a scene which must be presented to the reader. It lies in old England, where this story began. There was a pretty summer-house—we have mentioned it before—standing upon a little lake in the grounds adjacent to Sir Henry Clinton's dwelling. In this retired spot, less than a year after Major Andre's execution, sat the twin brother and sister. Both were pale, and their large blue eyes, so remarkable for a beautiful resemblance to each other, were burning with that unearthly lustre that marks the quick steps of consumption. Wasted and thin were those forms, once so matchless in their symmetry, and though the boy's cheeks were deathly white, those of his sister were burning with crimson. They sat upon a cushion together, the thin fingers of their right hands interlinked, and he with his arm around the feeble girl's waist. They had walked from the hall, and both were panting for breath.

"How changed every thing looks!" said Delia, in a low, mournful voice. "It was here—"

"Sister, sister, do not speak of these things; remember, you promised to be cheerful if I would bring you down here," said the boy, and the quick words kindled his cheeks with the hectic they had lost for a moment.

Delia turned toward her brother, and tried to smile. "I am cheerful, and yet when I look on you, so pale, so thin—ah, how we have suffered!"

"Hush, sister; I am getting better, much better, since you came back; only it pains me to see you looking so ill. It was only that you were away, and did not write so often. I thought—it was very foolish, Delia," and his blue eyes filled with tears, "but I thought that you had quite forgotten me—I, your poor twin brother. I was jealous, too, dearest—but it seemed as if Andre had carried off my own heart when you left me to go with him!"

"You will not be jealous when we all meet yonder," said Delia, looking upward with a heavenly smile. "Ah, James, we shall sleep together in one grave, but he—" She broke off, covered her face, and the tears gushed through her fingers. James wept also, and strove to soothe her, gently as a child pets and persuades its sulky playfellow.

"Do not cry, sweet, dear sister; we shall both be well again. You have been so shocked, and I—it was only pining to see you that made me so ill. There, there, sweet one; this place only makes you sad, and it is so chilly. Let us go home again while the sun shines along the path. I will gather you some flowers, the violets should be out to welcome us. It is so long since we have been here together; come, let us start in time."

Delia held one hand to her side an instant and then arose. James attempted to support her, but his limbs shook with weakness and he was obliged to stop and sit down on the turf every few paces—in search of violets for her, he kept saying—poor boy!

The twins reached the Hall at last, and with linked arms and trembling limbs they helped each other up the steps. Delia had a single spring violet in her hand. It was all James had found strength to gather for her. Before the root from which it sprang had exhausted its blossoms, the twins came down those marble steps again, close together, but funereal palls of glowing velvet swept over them, and a band of weeping mourners followed them down to the church-yard.

WILDWOOD NOTES.

BY A LADY OF MICHIGAN.

I.—WILDS OF THE WEST.

Wilds of the West! your haunts I love,
In native beauty proud;
For lawn, and rill, and wooded grove,
Bespeaketh nature's God.

I love to see the rustic home,
Sheltered by towering trees;
And hear the song of gladness come
Upon the gentle breeze.

I love to see the village spring
Where late the forest frowned;
And busy independence fling
An air of comfort round.

My childhood's home! thy every scene
Is graven on my heart;

In wintry robes or summer's green,
How beautiful thou art!

Though they of fairer homes relate,
By river, mountain, sea—
Yet, Michigan! our own loved State,
There's none to us like thee.

Woodlands and mirrored waters blue,
Rich prairies, fertile plains—
With flowers of variegated hue,
Extend o'er thy domains.

Where once was heard the savage yell,
Ascends the Christian's prayer,
And sweetly sounds the Sabbath bell
Along the morning air;
On Nature's charms how sweetly smiles
That hallowed morn, in western wilds!

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 215.)

PART II.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

WE left the brigantine of Capt. Spike in a very critical situation, and the master himself in great confusion of mind. A thorough seaman, this accident would never have happened, but for the sudden appearance of the boat and its passengers; one of whom appeared to be a source of great uneasiness to him. As might be expected, the circumstance of striking a place as dangerous as the Pot Rock in Hell-Gate, produced a great sensation on board the vessel. This sensation betrayed itself in various ways, and according to the characters, habits, and native firmness of the parties. As for the ship-master's relict, she seized hold of the main-mast, and screamed so loud and perseveringly, as to cause the sensation to extend itself into the adjacent and thriving village of Astoria, where it was distinctly heard by divers of those who dwelt near the water. Biddy Noon had her share in this clamor, lying down on the deck in order to prevent rolling over, and possibly to scream more at her leisure, while Rose had sufficient self-command to be silent, though her cheeks lost their color.

Nor was there any thing extraordinary in females betraying this alarm, when one remembers the somewhat astounding signs of danger by which these persons were surrounded. There is always something imposing in the swift movement of a considerable body of water. When this movement is aided by whirlpools and the other similar accessories of an interrupted current, it frequently becomes startling, more especially to those who happen to be on the element itself. This is peculiarly the case with the Pot Rock, where, not only does the water roll and roar as if agitated by a mighty wind, but where it even breaks, the foam

seeming to glance up stream, in the rapid succession of wave to wave. Had the Swash remained in her terrific berth more than a second or two, she would have proved what is termed a "total loss;" but she did not. Happily, the Pot Rock lies so low that it is not apt to fetch up any thing of a light draught of water, and the brigantine's fore-foot had just settled on its summit, long enough to cause the vessel to whirl round and make her obeisance to the place, when a succeeding swell lifted her clear, and away she went down stream, rolling as if scudding in a gale, and, for a moment, under no command whatever. There lay another danger ahead, or it would be better to say astern, for the brig was drifting stern foremost, and that was in an eddy under a bluff, which bluff lies at an angle in the reach, where it is no uncommon thing for craft to be cast ashore, after they have passed all the more imposing and more visible dangers above. It was in escaping this danger, and in recovering the command of his vessel, that Spike now manifested the sort of stuff of which he was really made, in emergencies of this sort. The yards were all sharp up when the accident occurred, and springing to the lee braces, just as a man winks when his eye is menaced, he seized the weather fore-brace with his own hands, and began to round in the yard, shouting out to the man at the wheel to "port his helm" at the same time. Some of the people flew to his assistance, and the yards were not only squared, but braced a little up on the other tack, in much less time than we have taken to relate the evolution. Mulford attended to the main-sheet, and succeeded in getting the boom out in the right direction. Although the wind was in truth very light, the velocity of the drift filled the canvas, and taking the arrow-like current on her lee bow, the Swash, like a frantic steed that is alarmed with the wreck made by his own madness, came under command, and sheered out into the stream again, where she could drift clear of the apprehended danger astern.

"Sound the pumps," called out Spike to Mulford,

the instant he saw he had regained his seat in the saddle. Harry sprang amidships to obey, and the eye of every mariner in that vessel was on the young man, as, in the midst of a death-like silence, he performed this all-important duty. It was like the physician's feeling the pulse of his patient before he pronounces on the degree of his danger.

"Well, sir?" cried out Spike, impatiently, as the rod re-appeared.

"All right, sir," answered Harry, cheerfully—"the well is nearly empty."

"Hold on a moment longer, and give the water time to find its way amidships, if there be any."

The mate remained perched up on the pump, in order to comply, while Spike and his people, who now breathed more freely again, improved the leisure to brace up and haul aft, to the new course.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Budd, considerably, during this pause in the incidents, "you need n't scream any longer. The danger seems to be past, and you may get up off the deck now. See, I have let go of the mast. The pumps have been sounded, and are found tight."

Biddy, like an obedient and respectful servant, did as directed, quite satisfied if the pumps were tight. It was some little time, to be sure, before she was perfectly certain whether she were alive or not—but, once certain of this circumstance, her alarm very sensibly abated, and she became reasonable. As for Mulford, he dropped the sounding rod again, and had the same cheering report to make.

"The brig is as tight as a bottle, sir."

"So much the better," answered Spike. "I never had such a whirl in her before in my life, and I thought she was going to stop and pass the night there. That's the very spot on which 'The Hussar' frigate was wrecked."

"So I have heard, sir. But she drew so much water that she hit slap against the rock, and started a butt. We merely touched on its top with our fore-foot, and slid off."

This was the simple explanation of the Swash's escape, and every body being now well assured that no harm had been done, things fell into their old and regular train again. As for Spike, his gallantry, notwithstanding, was upset for some hours, and glad enough was he when he saw all three of his passengers quit the deck to go below. Mrs. Budd's spirits had been so much agitated that she told Rose she would go down into the cabin and rest a few minutes on its sofa. We say sofa, for that article of furniture, now-a-days, is far more common in vessels than it was thirty years ago in the dwellings of the country.

"There, Mulford," growled Spike, pointing ahead of the brig, to an object on the water that was about half a mile ahead of them, "there's that bloody boat—d' ye see? I should like of all things to give it the slip. There's a chap in that boat I do n't like."

"I don't see how that can be very well done, sir, unless we anchor, repass the Gate at the turn of the tide, and go to sea by the way of Sandy Hook."

"That will never do. I've no wish to be parading the brig before the town. You see, Mulford, nothing can be more innocent and proper than the Molly Swash, as you know from having sailed in her these twelvemonths. You'll give her that character, I'll be sworn?"

"I know no harm of her, Capt. Spike, and hope I never shall."

"No, sir—you know no harm of her, nor does any one else. A nursing infant is not more innocent than the Molly Swash, or could have a clearer character, if nothing but truth was said of her. But the world is so much given to lying, that one of the old saints, of whom we read in the good book, such as Calvin and John Rogers, would be villified if he lived in these times. Then, it must be owned, Mr. Mulford, whatever may be the real innocence of the brig, she has a most desperate wicked look."

"Why, yes, sir—it must be owned she is what we sailors call a wicked-looking craft. But some of Uncle Sam's cruisers have that appearance, also."

"I know it—I know it, sir, and think nothing of looks myself. Men are often deceived in me, by my looks, which have none of your long-shore softness about 'em, perhaps; but my mother used to say I was one of the most tender-hearted boys she had ever heard spoken of—like one of the babes in the woods, as it might be. But mankind go so much by appearances that I do not like to trust the brig too much afore their eyes. Now, should we be seen in the lower bay, waiting for a wind, or for the ebb tide to make, to carry us over the bar, ten to one but some philotropic or other would be off with a complaint to the District Attorney that we looked like a slaver, and have us all fetched up to be tried for our lives as pirates. No, no—I like to keep the brig in out-of-the-way places, where she can give no offence to your 'tropics, whether they be philos, or of any other sort."

"Well, sir, we are to the eastward of the Gate, and all's safe. That boat cannot bring us up."

"You forget, Mr. Mulford, the revenue-craft that steamed up, on the ebb. That vessel must be off Sands' Point by this time, and she may hear something to our disparagement from the feller in the boat, and take it into her smoky head to walk us back to town. I wish we were well to the eastward of that steamer! But there's no use in lamentations. If there is really any danger it's some distance ahead yet, thank Heaven!"

"You have no fears of the man who calls himself Jack Tier, Capt. Spike?"

"None in the world. That feller, as I remember him, was a little bustlin' chap that I kept in the cabin, as a sort of steward's mate. There was neither good nor harm in him, to the best of my recollection. But Josh can tell us all about him—just give Josh a call."

The best thing in the known history of Spike was the fact that his steward had sailed with him for more than twenty years. Where he had picked up Josh no one could say, but Josh and himself, and

neither chose to be very communicative on the subject. But Josh had certainly been with him as long as he had sailed the *Swash*, and that was from a time actually anterior to the birth of Mulford. The mate soon had the negro in the council.

"I say, Josh," asked Spike, "do you happen to remember such a hand aboard here as one Jack Tier?"

"Lor' bless you, yes sir—'members he as well as I do the pea soup that was burnt, and which you t'rowed all over him, to scald him for punishment."

"I've had to do that so often, to one careless fellow or other, that the circumstance does n't recall the man. I remember him—but not as clear as I could wish. How long did he sail with us?"

"Sebberal v'y'ge, sir, and got left ashore down on the main, one night, when 'e boat war obliged to shove off in a hurry. Yes, 'members little Jack, right well I does."

"Did you see the man that spoke us from the wharf, and hailed for this very Jack Tier?"

"I see'd a man, sir, dat was won'erful Jack Tier built like, sir, but I did n't hear the conversation, habbin' the ladies to 'tend to. But Jack was uncommon short in his floor timbers, sir, and had no length of keel at all. His beam was won'erful for his length, altogedder—what you call jolly-boat, or bum-boat build, and was only good afore 'e wind, Capt. Spike."

"Was he good for any thing aboard ship, Josh? Worth heaving-to for, should he try to get aboard of us again?"

"Why, sir, can't say much for him in dat fashion. Jack *was* handy in the cabin, and capital feller to carry soup from the galley, aft. You see, sir, he was so low-rigged that the brig's lurchin' and pitchin' could n't get him off his pins, and he stood up like a church in the heaviest wea'der. Yes, sir, Jack was right good for *dat*."

Spike mused a moment—then he rolled the tobacco over in his mouth, and added, in the way a man speaks when his mind is made up—

"Ay, ay!—I see into the fellow. He'll make a handy lady's maid, and we want such a chap just now. It's better to have an old friend aboard, than to be pickin' up strangers, 'long shore. So, should this Jack Tier come off to us, from any of the islands or points ahead, Mr. Mulford, you'll round to and take him aboard. As for the steamer, if she will only pass out into the Sound where there's room, it shall go hard with us but I get to the eastward of her, without speaking. On the other hand, should she anchor this side of the Fort, I'll not attempt to pass her. There is deep water inside of most of the islands, I know, and we'll try and dodge her in that way, if no better offer. I've no more reason than another craft to fear a government vessel, but the sight of one of them makes me uncomfortable; that's all."

Mulford shrugged his shoulders and remained silent, perceiving that his commander was not disposed to pursue the subject any further. In the mean time, the brig had passed beyond the influence of the bluff, and was beginning to feel a stronger breeze, that was coming down the wide opening of

Flushing Bay. As the tide still continued strong in her favor, and her motion through the water was getting to be four or five knots, there was every prospect of her soon reaching Whitestone, the point where the tides meet, and where it would become necessary to anchor; unless, indeed, the wind, which was now getting to the southward and eastward, should come round more to the south. All this Spike and his mate discussed together, while the people were clearing the decks, and making the preparations that are customary on board a vessel before she gets into rough water.

By this time, it was ascertained that the brig had received no damage by her salute of the Pot Rock, and every trace of uneasiness on that account was removed. But Spike kept harping on the boat, and "the pilot-looking chap who was in her." As they passed Riker's Island, all hands expected a boat would put off with a pilot, or to demand pilotage; but none came, and the *Swash* now seemed released from all her present dangers, unless some might still be connected with the revenue steamer. To retard her advance, however, the wind came out a smart working breeze from the southward and eastward, compelling her to make "long legs and short ones" on her way towards Whitestone.

"This is beating the wind, Rosy dear," said Mrs. Budd, complacently, she and her niece having returned to the deck a few minutes after this change had taken place. "Your respected uncle did a great deal of this in his time, and was very successful in it. I have heard him say, that in one of his voyages between Liverpool and New York, he beat the wind by a whole fortnight, every body talking of it in the insurance offices, as if it was a miracle."

"Ay, ay, Madam Budd," put in Spike, "I'll answer for that. They're desperate talkers in and about them there insurance offices in Wall street. Great gossips be they, and they think they know every thing. Now just because this brig is a little old or so, and was built for a privateer in the last war, they'd refuse to rate her as even B, No. 2, and my blessing on 'em."

"Yes, B, No. 2, that's just what your dear uncle used to call me, Rosy—his charming B, No. 2, or Betsy, No. 2; particularly when he was in a loving mood. Captain Spike, did you ever beat the wind in a long voyage?"

"I can't say I ever did, Mrs. Budd," answered Spike, looking grimly around, to ascertain if any one dared to smile at his passenger's mistake; "especially for so long a pull as from New York to Liverpool."

"Then your uncle used to boast of the *Rose* in Bloom's wearing and attacking. She would attack any thing that came in her way, no matter who, and, as for wearing, I think he once told me she *would* wear just what she had a mind to, like any human being."

Rose was a little mystified, but she looked vexed at the same time, as if she distrusted all was not right.

"I remember all my sea education," continued the unsuspecting widow, "as if it had been learnt yester-

day. Beating the wind and attacking ship, my poor Mr. Budd used to say, were nice manœuvres, and required most of his tactics, especially in heavy weather. Did you know, Rosy dear, that sailors weigh the weather, and know when it is heavy and when it is light?"

"I did not, aunt; nor do I understand now how it can very well be done."

"Oh! child, before you have been at sea a week, you will learn so many things that are new, and get so many ideas of which you never had any notion before, that you'll not be the same person. My captain had an instrument he called a thermometer, and with that he used to weigh the weather, and then he would write down in the log-book 'to-day, heavy weather, or to-morrow, light weather,' just as it happened, and that helped him mightily along in his voyages."

"Mrs. Budd has merely mistaken the name of the instrument—the 'barometer' is what she wished to say," put in Mulford, opportunely.

Rose looked grateful, as well as relieved. Though profoundly ignorant on these subjects herself, she had always suspected her aunt's knowledge. It was, consequently, grateful to her to ascertain that, in this instance, the old lady's mistake had been so trifling.

"Well, it may have been the barometer, for I know he had them both," resumed the aunt. "Barometer, or thermometer, it don't make any great difference; or quadrant, or sextant. They are all instruments, and sometimes he used one, and sometimes another. Sailors take on board the sun, too, and have an instrument for that, as well as one to weigh the weather with. Sometimes they take on board the stars, and the moon, and 'fill their ships with the heavenly bodies,' as I've heard my dear husband say, again and again! But the most curious thing at sea, as all sailors tell me, is crossing the line, and I do hope we shall cross the line, Rosy, that you and I may see it."

"What is the line, aunty, and how do vessels cross it?"

"The line, my dear, is a place in the ocean where the earth is divided into two parts, one part being called the North Pole, and the other part the South Pole. Neptune lives near this line, and he allows no vessel to go out of one pole into the other, without paying it a visit. Never! never!—he would as soon think of living on dry land, as think of letting even a canoe pass, without visiting it."

"Do you suppose there is such a being, really, as Neptune, aunty?"

"To be sure I do; he is king of the sea. Why should n't there be? The sea must have a king, as well as the land."

"The sea may be a republic, aunty, like this country; then, no king is necessary. I have always supposed Neptune to be an imaginary being."

"Oh! that's impossible—the sea is no republic; there are but two republics, America and Texas. I've heard that the sea is a highway, it is true—the 'highway of nations,' I believe it is called, and that must mean something particular. But my poor Mr.

Budd always told me that Neptune was king of the seas, and he was always so accurate, you might depend on every thing he said. Why, he called his last Newfoundland dog Neptune, and do you think, Rosy, that your dear uncle would call his dog after an imaginary being?—and he a man to beat the wind, and attack ship, and take the sun, moon and stars aboard! No, no, child; fanciful folk may see imaginary beings, but solid folk see solid beings."

Even Spike was dumbfounded at this, and there is no knowing what he might have said, had not an old sea-dog, who had just come out of the fore-topmast cross-trees, come aft, and, hitching up his trowsers with one hand while he touched his hat with the other, said, with immovable gravity,

"The revenue-steamer has brought up just under the fort, Capt. Spike."

"How do you know that, Bill?" demanded the captain, with a rapidity that showed how completely Mrs. Budd and all her absurdities were momentarily forgotten.

"I was up on the fore-topgallant yard, sir, a bit ago, just to look to the strap of the jewel-block, which wants some service on it, and I see'd her over the land, blowin' off steam and takin' in her kites. Afore I got out of the cross-trees, she was head to wind under bare-poles, and if she hadn't anchored, she was about to do so. I'm sartin 't was she, sir, and that she was about to bring up."

Spike gave a long, low whistle, after his fashion, and he walked away from the females, with the air of a man who wanted room to think in. Half a minute later, he called out—

"Stand by to shorten sail, boys. Man fore-clew-garnets, flying jib down-haul, topgallant sheets, and gaff-topsail gear. In with 'em all, my lads—in with every thing, with a will."

An order to deal with the canvas in any way, on board ship, immediately commands the whole attention of all whose duty it is to attend to such matters, and there was an end of all discourse while the Swash was shortening sail. Every body understood, too, that it was to gain time, and prevent the brig from reaching Throg's Neck sooner than was desirable.

"Keep the brig off," called out Spike, "and let her ware—we're too busy to tack just now."

The man at the wheel knew very well what was wanted, and he put his helm up, instead of putting it down, as he might have done without this injunction. As this change brought the brig before the wind, and Spike was in no hurry to luff up on the other tack, the Swash soon ran over a mile of the distance she had already made, putting her back that much on her way to the Neck. It is out of our power to say what the people of the different craft in sight thought of all this, but an opportunity soon offered of putting them on a wrong scent. A large coasting schooner, carrying every thing that would draw on a wind, came sweeping under the stern of the Swash, and hailed.

"Has any thing happened, on board that brig?" demanded her master.

"Man overboard," answered Spike—"you hav'nt seen his hat, have you?"

"No—no," came back, just as the schooner, in her onward course, swept beyond the reach of the voice. Her people collected together, and one or two ran up the rigging a short distance, stretching their necks, on the look-out for the "poor fellow," but they were soon called down to "bout ship." In less than five minutes, another vessel, a rakish coasting sloop, came within hail.

"Didn't that brig strike the Pot Rock, in passing the gate?" demanded her captain.

"Ay, ay!—and a devil of a rap she got, too."

This satisfied *him*; there being nothing remarkable in a vessel's acting strangely that had hit the Pot Rock, in passing Hell Gate.

"I think we may get in our mainsail on the strength of this, Mr. Mulford," said Spike. "There can be nothing uncommon in a craft's shortening sail, that has a man overboard, and which has hit the Pot Rock. I wonder I never thought of all this before."

"Here is a skiff trying to get alongside of us, Capt. Spike," called out the boatswain.

"Skiff be d—d! I want no skiff here."

"The man that called himself Jack Tier is in her, sir."

"The d—d he is!" cried Spike, springing over to the opposite side of the deck to take a look for himself. To his infinite satisfaction he perceived that Tier was alone in the skiff, with the exception of a negro, who pulled its sculls, and that this was a very different boat from that which had glanced through Hell Gate, like an arrow darting from its bow.

"Luff, and shake your topsail," called out Spike. "Get a rope there to throw to this skiff."

The orders were obeyed, and Jack Tier, with his clothes-bag, was soon on the deck of the Swash. As for the skiff and the negro, they were cast adrift the instant the latter had received his quarter. The meeting between Spike and his quondam steward's mate was a little remarkable. Each stood looking intently at the other, as if to note the changes which time had made. We cannot say that Spike's hard, red, selfish countenance betrayed any great feeling, though such was not the case with Jack Tier's. The last, a lymphatic, puffy sort of a person at the best, seemed really a little touched, and he either actually brushed a tear from his eye, or he affected so to do.

"So, you are my old ship-mate, Jack Tier, are ye?" exclaimed Spike, in a half-patronizing, half-hesitating way—"and you want to try the old craft ag'in. Give us a leaf of your log, and let me know where you have been this many a day, and what you have been about? Keep the brig off, Mr. Mulford. We are in no particular hurry to reach Throg's, you'll remember, sir."

Tier gave an account of his proceedings, which could have no interest with the reader. His narrative was any thing but very clear, and it was delivered in a cracked, octave sort of a voice, such as

little dapper people not unfrequently enjoy—tones between those of a man and a boy. The substance of the whole story was this. Tier had been left ashore, as sometimes happens to sailors, and, by necessary connection, was left to shift for himself. After making some vain endeavors to rejoin his brig, he had shipped in one vessel after another, until he accidentally found himself in the port of New York, at the same time as the Swash. He know'd he never should be truly happy ag'in until he could once more get aboard the old hussy, and had hurried up to the wharf, where he understood the brig was lying. As he came in sight, he saw she was about to cast off, and, dropping his clothes-bag, he had made the best of his way to the wharf, where the conversation passed that has been related.

"The gentleman on the wharf was about to take boat, to go through the Gate," concluded Tier, "and so I begs a passage of him. He was good-natured enough to wait until I could find my bag, and as soon a'terwards as the men could get their grog we shoved off. The Molly was just getting in behind Blackwell's as we left the wharf, and, having four good oars, and the shortest road, we come out into the Gate just ahead on you. My eye! what a place that is to go through in a boat, and on a strong flood! The gentleman, who watched the brig as a cat watches a mouse, says you struck on the Pot, as he called it, but I says 'no,' for the Molly Swash was never know'd to hit rock or shoal in my time aboard her."

"And where did you quit that gentleman, and what has become of him?" asked Spike.

"He put me ashore on that point above us, where I see'd a nigger with his skiff, who I thought would be willin' to 'arn his quarter by giving me a cast along side. So here I am, and a long pull I've had to get here."

As this was said, Jack removed his hat and wiped his brow with a handkerchief, which, if it had never seen better days, had doubtless been cleaner. After this, he looked about him, with an air not entirely free from exultation.

This conversation had taken place in the gangway, a somewhat public place, and Spike beckoned to his recruit to walk aft, where he might be questioned without being overheard.

"What became of the gentleman in the boat, as you call him?" demanded Spike.

"He pulled ahead, seeming to be in a hurry."

"Do you know who he was?"

"Not a bit of it. I never saw the man before, and he did n't tell me his business, sir."

"Had he any thing like a silver oar about him?"

"I saw nothing of the sort, Capt. Spike, and knows nothing consarnin' him."

"What sort of a boat was he in, and where did he get it?"

"Well, as to the boat, sir, I *can* say a word, seein' it was so much to my mind, and pulled so wonderful smart. It was a light ship's yawl, with four oars, and came round the Hook just a'ter you had got the brig's head round to the eastward. You must have

seen it, I should think, though it kept close in with the wharves, as if it wished to be snug."

"Then the gentleman, as you call him, expected *that* very boat to come and take him off?"

"I suppose so, sir, because it *did* come and take him off. That's all I knows about it."

"Had you no jaw with the gentleman? You was n't mum the whole time you was in the boat with him?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. Silence and I does n't agree together long, so we talked most of the time."

"And what did the stranger say of the brig?"

"Lord, sir, he catechised me like as if I had been a child at Sunday-school. He asked me how long I had sailed in her; what ports we'd visited, and what trade we'd been in. You can't think the sight of questions he put, and how cur'ous he was for the answers."

"And what did you tell him in your answers? You said nothin' about our call down on the Spanish Main, the time you were left ashore, I hope, Jack?"

"Not I, sir. I played him off surprisin'ly. He got nothin' to count upon out of me. Though I *do* owe the Molly Swash a grudge, I'm not goin' to betray her."

"You owe the Molly Swash a grudge! Have I taken an enemy on board her, then?"

Jack started, and seemed sorry he had said so much; while Spike eyed him keenly. But the answer set all right. It was not given, however, without a moment for recollection.

"Oh, you knows what I mean, sir. I owe the old hussy a grudge for having desarted me like; but it's only a love quarrel atween us. The old Molly will never come to harm by my means."

"I hope not, Jack. The man that wrongs the craft he sails in can never be a true-hearted sailor. Stick by your ship in all weathers is my rule, and a good rule it is to go by. But what did you tell the stranger?"

"Oh! I told him I'd been six v'y'ges in the brig. The first was to Madagascar—"

"The d—l you did! Was he soft enough to believe that?"

"That's more than I knows, sir. I can only tell you what I *said*; I don't pretend to know how much he *believed*."

"Heave ahead—what next?"

"Then I told him we went to Kamschatka for gold dust and ivory."

"Whe-e-e-w! What did the man say to that?"

"Why, he smiled a bit, and a'ter that he seemed more cur'ous than ever to hear all about it. I told him my third v'y'ge was to Canton, with a cargo of broom-corn, where we took in salmon and dun-fish for home. A'ter that we went to Norway with ice, and brought back silks and money. Our next run was to the Havana, with salt and 'nips—"

"'Nips! what the devil be they?"

"Turnips, you knows, sir. We always calls 'em 'nips in cargo. At the Havana I told him we took in leather and jerked beef, and came home. Oh! he

got nothin' from me, Capt. Spike, that 'll ever do the brig a morsel of harm!"

"I am glad of that, Jack. You must know enough of the seas to understand that a close mouth is sometimes better for a vessel than a clean bill of health. Was there nothing said about the revenue-steamer?"

"Now you name her, sir, I believe there was—ay, ay, sir, the gentleman *did* say, if the steamer fetched up to the westward of the fort, that he should overhaul her without difficulty, on this flood."

"That'll do, Jack; that'll do, my honest fellow. Go below, and tell Josh to take you into the cabin again, as steward's mate. You're rather too Dutch built, in your old age, to do much aloft."

One can hardly say whether Jack received this remark as complimentary, or not. He looked a little glum, for a man may be as round as a barrel, and wish to be thought genteel and slender; but he went below, in quest of Josh, without making any reply.

The succeeding movements of Spike appeared to be much influenced by what he had just heard. He kept the brig under short canvas for near two hours, sheering about in the same place, taking care to tell every thing which spoke him that he had lost a man overboard. In this way, not only the tide, but the day itself, was nearly spent. About the time the former began to lose its strength, however, the fore-course and the main-sail were got on the brigantine, with the intention of working her up toward Whitestone, where the tides meet, and near which the revenue steamer was known to be anchored. We say near, though it was, in fact, a mile or two more to the eastward, and close to the extremity of the Point.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations of a wish to work to windward, Spike was really in no hurry. He had made up his mind to pass the steamer in the dark, if possible, and the night promised to favor him; but, in order to do this, it might be necessary not to come in sight of her at all; or, at least, not until the obscurity should in some measure conceal his rig and character. In consequence of this plan, the Swash made no great progress, even after she had got sail on her, on her old course. The wind lessened, too, after the sun went down, though it still hung to the eastward, or nearly ahead. As the tide gradually lost its force, moreover, the set to windward became less and less, until it finally disappeared altogether.

There is necessarily a short reach in this passage, where it is always slack water, so far as current is concerned. This is precisely where the tides meet, or, as has been intimated, at Whitestone, which is somewhat more than a mile to the westward of Throgmorton's Neck, near the point of which stands Fort Schuyler, one of the works recently erected for the defence of New York. Off the pitch of the point, nearly mid-channel, had the steamer anchored, a fact of which Spike had made certain, by going aloft himself, and reconnoitering her over the land, before it had got to be too dark to do so. He entertained no manner of doubt that this vessel was in

waiting for him, and he well knew there was good reason for it; but he would not return and attempt the passage to sea by way of Sandy Hook. His manner of regarding the whole matter was cool and judicious. The distance to the Hook was too great to be made in such short nights ere the return of day, and he had no manner of doubt he was watched for in that direction, as well as in this. Then he was particularly unwilling to show his craft at all in front of the town, even in the night. Moreover, he had ways of his own for effecting his purposes, and this was the very spot and time to put them in execution.

While these things were floating in his mind, Mrs. Budd and her handsome niece were making preparations for passing the night, aided by Biddy Noon. The old lady was factotum, or factota, as it might be most classical to call her, though we are entirely without authorities on the subject, and was just as self-complacent and ambitious of seamanship below decks, as she had been above board. The effect, however, gave Spike great satisfaction, since it kept her out of sight, and left him more at liberty to carry out his own plans. About nine, however, the good woman came on deck, intending to take a look at the weather, like a skillful marineress as she was, before she turned in. Not a little was she astonished at what she then and there beheld, as she whispered to Rose and Biddy, both of whom stuck close to her side, feeling the want of good pilotage, no doubt, in strange waters.

The Molly Swash was still under her canvas, though very little sufficed for her present purposes. She was directly off Whitestone, and was making easy stretches across the passage, or river, as it is called, having nothing set but her huge fore-and-aft mainsail and the jib. Under this sail she worked like a top, and Spike sometimes fancied she traveled too fast for his purposes, the night air having thickened the canvas as usual, until it "held the wind as a bottle holds water." There was nothing in this, however, to attract the particular attention of the ship-master's widow, a sail, more or less, being connected with observation much too critical for her schooling, nice as the last had been. She was surprised to find the men stripping the brig forward, and converting her into a schooner. Nor was this done in a loose and slovenly manner, under favor of the obscurity. On the contrary, it was so well executed that it might have deceived even a seaman under a noon-day sun, provided the vessel were a mile or two distant. The manner in which the metamorphosis was made was as follows. The studding-sail booms had been taken off the topsail yard, in order to shorten it to the eye, and the yard itself was swayed up about half mast, to give it the appearance of a schooner's fore-yard. The brig's real lower yard was lowered on the bulwarks, while her royal yard was sent down altogether, and the topgallant-mast was lowered until the heel rested on the topsail yard, all of which, in the night, gave the gear forward very much the appearance of that of a fore-topsail schooner, instead of that of a half-

rigged brig, as the craft really was. As the vessel carried a try-sail on her foremast, it answered very well, in the dark, to represent a schooner's foresail. Several other little dispositions of this nature were made, about which it might weary the uninitiated to read, but which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of a sailor.

These alterations were far advanced when the females re-appeared on deck. They at once attracted their attention, and the captain's widow felt the imperative necessity, as connected with her professional character, of proving the same. She soon found Spike, who was bustling around the deck, now looking around to see that his brig was kept in the channel, now and then issuing an order to complete her disguise.

"Captain Spike, what *can* be the meaning of all these changes? The tamper of your vessel is so much altered that I declare I should not have known her!"

"Is it, by George! Then, she is just in the state I want her to be in."

"But why have you done it—and what does it all mean?"

"Oh, Molly's going to bed for the night, and she's only undressing herself—that's all."

"Yes, Rosy dear, Captain Spike is right. I remember that my poor Mr. Budd used to talk about the Rose In Bloom having her clothes on, and her clothes off, just as if she was a born woman! But don't you mean to navigate at all in the night, Captain Spike? Or will the brig navigate without sails?"

"That's it—she's just as good in the dark, under one sort of canvas, as under another. So, Mr. Mulford, we'll take a reef in that mainsail; it will bring it nearer to the size of our new foresail, and seem more ship-shape and Brister fashion—then I think she'll do, as the night is getting to be rather darkish."

"Captain Spike," said the boatswain, who had been to set to look-out for that particular change—"the brig begins to feel the new tide, and sets to windward."

"Let her go, then—now is as good a time as another. We've got to run the gantlet, and the sooner it is done the better."

As the moment seemed propitious, not only Mulford, but all the people, heard this order with satisfaction. The night was star-light, though not very clear as that. Objects on the water, however, were more visible than those on the land, while those on the last could be seen well enough, even from the brig, though in confused and somewhat shapeless piles. When the Swash was brought close by the wind, she had just got into the last reach of the "river," or that which runs parallel with The Neck for near a mile, doubling where the Sound expands itself, gradually, to a breadth of many leagues. Still the navigation at the entrance of this end of the Sound was intricate and somewhat dangerous, rendering it indispensable for a vessel of any size to make a crooked course. The wind stood at south-east, and was very scant to lay

through the reach with, while the tide was so slack as barely to possess a visible current at that place. The steamer lay directly off the Point, mid-channel, as mentioned, showing lights, to mark her position to any thing which might be passing in or out. The great thing was to get by her without exciting her suspicion. As all on board, the females excepted, knew what their captain was at, the attempt was made amid an anxious and profound silence; or, if any one spoke at all, it was only to give an order in a low tone, or its answer in a simple monosyllable.

Although her aunt assured her that every thing which had been done already, and which was now doing, was quite in rule, the quick-eyed and quick-witted Rose noted these unusual proceedings, and had an opinion of her own on the subject. Spike had gone forward, and posted himself on the weather-side of the fore-castle, where he could get the clearest look ahead, and there he remained most of the time, leaving Mulford on the quarter-deck, to work the vessel. Perceiving this, she managed to get near the mate, without attracting her aunt's attention, and at the same time out of ear-shot.

"Why is every body so still and seemingly so anxious, Harry Mulford?" she asked, speaking in a low tone herself, as if desirous of conforming to a common necessity. "Is there any new danger here? I thought the Gate had been passed altogether, some hours ago?"

"So it has. D'ye see that large dark mass on the water, off the Point, which seems almost as huge as the fort, with lights above it? That is a revenue steamer which came out of York a few hours before us. We wish to get past her without being troubled by any of her questions."

"And what do any in this brig care about her questions? They can be answered, surely."

"Ay, ay, Rose—they *may* be answered, as you say, but the answers sometimes are unsatisfactory. Capt. Spike, for some reason or other, is uneasy, and would rather not have any thing to say to her. He has the greatest aversion to speaking the smallest craft when on a coast."

"And that's the reason he has undressed his Molly, as he calls her, that he might not be known."

Mulford turned his head quickly toward his companion, as if surprised by her quickness of apprehension, but he had too just a sense of his duty to make any reply. Instead of pursuing the discourse, he adroitly contrived to change it, by pointing out to Rose the manner in which they were getting on, which seemed to be very successfully.

Although the Swash was under much reduced canvas, she glided along with great ease and with considerable rapidity of motion. The heavy night air kept her canvas distended, and the weatherly set of the tide, trifling as it yet was, pressed her up against the breeze, so as to turn all to account. It was apparent enough, by the manner in which objects on the land were passed, that the crisis was fast approaching. Rose rejoined her aunt, in order to await the result, in nearly breathless expectation. At that moment, she would have given the world to be safe

on shore. This wish was not the consequence of any constitutional timidity, for Rose was much the reverse from timid, but it was the fruit of a newly awakened and painful, though still vague, suspicion. Happy, thrice happy was it for one of her naturally confiding and guileless nature, that distrust ~~was~~ thus opportunely awakened, for she was without a guardian competent to advise and guide her youth, as circumstances required.

The brig was not long in reaching the passage that opened to the Sound. It is probable she did this so much the sooner because Spike kept her a little off the wind, with a view of not passing too near the steamer. At this point, the direction of the passage changes at nearly a right angle, the revenue-steamer lying on a line with the Neck, and leaving a sort of bay, in the angle, for the Swash to enter. The land was somewhat low in all directions but one, and that was by drawing a straight line from the Point, through the steamer, to the Long Island shore. On the latter, and in that quarter, rose a bluff of considerable elevation, with deep water quite near it; and, under the shadows of that bluff, Spike intended to perform his nicest evolutions. He saw that the revenue vessel had let her fires go down, and that she was entirely without steam. Under canvas, he had no doubt of beating her hand over hand, could he once fairly get to windward, and then she was at anchor, and would lose some time in getting under way, should she even commence a pursuit. It was all important, therefore, to gain as much to windward as possible, before the people of the government vessel took the alarm.

There can be no doubt that the alterations made on board the Swash served her a very good turn on this occasion. Although the night could not be called positively dark, there was sufficient obscurity to render her hull confused and indistinct at any distance, and this so much the more when seen from the steamer outside, or between her and the land. All this Spike very well understood, and largely calculated on. In effect he was not deceived; the look-outs on board the revenue vessel could trace little of the vessel that was approaching beyond the spars and sails which rose above the shores, and these seemed to be the spars and sails of a common fore-topsail schooner. As this was not the sort of craft for which they were on the watch, no suspicion was awakened, nor did any reports go from the quarter-deck to the cabin. The steamer had her quarter watches, and officers of the deck, like a vessel of war, the discipline of which was fairly enough imitated, but even a man-of-war may be overreached on an occasion.

Spike was only great in a crisis, and then merely as a seaman. He understood his calling to its minutiae, and he understood the Molly Swash better than he understood any other craft that floated. For more than twenty years had he sailed her, and the careful parent does not better understand the humors of the child, than he understood exactly what might be expected from his brig. His satisfaction sensibly increased, therefore, as she stole along the land, to-

ward the angle mentioned, without a sound audible but the gentle gurgling of the water, stirred by the stem, and which sounded like the ripple of the gentlest wave, as it washes the shingle of some placid beach.

As the brig drew nearer to the bluff, the latter brought the wind more ahead, as respected the desired course. This was unfavorable, but it did not disconcert her watchful commander.

"Let her come round, Mr. Mulford," said this pilot-captain, in a low voice—"we are as near in as we ought to go."

The helm was put down, the head sheets started, and away into the wind shot the Molly Swash, fore-reaching famously in stays, and, of course, gaining so much on her true course. In a minute she was round, and filled on the other tack. Spike was now so near the land, that he could perceive the tide was beginning to aid him, and that his weatherly set was getting to be considerable. Delighted at this, he walked aft, and told Mulford to go about again as soon as the vessel had sufficient way to make sure of her in stays. The mate inquired if he did not think the revenue people might suspect something, unless they stood further out toward mid-channel, but Spike reminded him that they would be apt to think the schooner was working up under the southern shore because the ebb first made there. This reason satisfied Mulford, and, as soon as they were half way between the bluff and the steamer, the Swash was again tacked, with her head to the former. This manoeuvre was executed when the brig was about two hundred yards from the steamer, a distance that was sufficient to preserve, under all the circumstances, the disguise she had assumed.

"They do not suspect us, Harry!" whispered Spike to his mate. "We shall get to windward of 'em, as certain as the breeze stands. That boatin' gentleman might as well have staid at home, as for any good his hurry done him or his employers!"

"Whom do you suppose him to be, Capt. Spike?"

"Who?—a feller that lives by his own wicked deeds. No matter who he is. An informer, perhaps. At any rate, he is not the man to outwit the Molly Swash, and her old, stupid, foolish master and owner, Stephen Spike. Luff, Mr. Mulford, luff. Now 's the time to make the most of your leg—luff her up and shake her. She is setting to windward fast, the ebb is sucking along that bluff like a boy at a molasses hogshead. All she can drift on this tack is clear gain; there is no hurry, so long as they are asleep aboard the steamer. That 's it—make a half-board at once, but take care and not come round. As soon as we are fairly clear of the bluff, and open the bay that makes up behind it, we shall get the wind more to the southward, and have a fine long leg for the next stretch."

Of course Mulford obeyed, throwing the brig up into the wind, and allowing her to set to windward, but filling again on the same tack, as ordered. This, of course, delayed her progress toward the land, and protracted the agony, but it carried the vessel in the direction she most wished to go, while it kept

her not only end on to the steamer, but in a line with the bluff, and consequently in the position most favorable to conceal her true character. Presently, the bay mentioned, which was several miles deep, opened darkly toward the south, and the wind came directly out of it, or more to the southward. At this moment the Swash was near a quarter of a mile from the steamer, and all that distance dead to windward of her, as the breeze came out of the bay. Spike tacked his vessel himself now, and got her head up so high that she brought the steamer on her lee quarter, and looked away toward the island which lies northwardly from the Point, and quite near to which all vessels of any draught of water are compelled to pass, even with the fairest winds.

"Shake the reef out of the mainsail, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, when the Swash was fairly in motion again on this advantageous tack. "We shall pass well to windward of the steamer, and may as well begin to open our cloth again."

"Is it not a little too soon, sir?" Mulford ventured to remonstrate; "the reef is a large one, and will make a great difference in the size of the sail."

"They 'll not see it at this distance. No, no, sir, shake out the reef, and sway away on the topgallant-mast rope; I 'm for bringing the Molly Swash into her old shape again, and make her look handsome once more."

"Do you dress the brig, as well as undress her, o' nights, Capt. Spike?" inquired the ship-master's relict, a little puzzled with this fickleness of purpose. "I do not believe my poor Mr. Budd ever did that."

"Fashions change, madam, with the times—ay, ay, sir—shake out the reef, and sway away on that mast-rope, boys, as soon as you have manned it. We 'll convert our schooner into a brig again."

As these orders were obeyed, of course, a general bustle now took place. Mulford soon had the reef out, and the sail distended to the utmost, while the topgallant-mast was soon up and fiddled. The next thing was to sway upon the fore-yard, and get that into its place. The people were busied at this duty, when a hoarse hail came across the water on the heavy night air.

"Brig ahoy!" was the call.

"Sway upon that fore-yard," said Spike, unmoved by this summons—"start it, start it at once."

"The steamer hails us, sir," said the mate.

"Not she. She is hailing a brig; we are a schooner yet."

A moment of active exertion succeeded, during which the fore-yard went into its place. Then came a second hail.

"Schooner, ahoy!" was the summons this time.

"The steamer hails us again, Capt. Spike."

"The devil a bit. We 're a brig now, and she hails a schooner. Come, boys, bestir yourselves, and get the canvas on Molly for'ard. Loose the fore-course before you quit the yard there, then up aloft and loosen every thing you can find."

All was done as ordered, and done rapidly, as is ever the case on board a well ordered vessel when there is occasion for exertion. That occasion now

appeared to exist in earnest, for while the men were sheeting home the topsail a flash of light illuminated the scene, when the roar of a gun came booming across the water, succeeded by the very distinct whistling of its shot. We regret that the relict of the late Capt. Budd did not behave exactly as became a ship-master's widow, under fire. Instead of remaining silent and passive, even while frightened, as was the case with Rose, she screamed quite as loud as she had previously done that very day in Hell-Gate. It appeared to Spike, indeed, that practice was making her perfect; and, as for Biddy, the spirit of emulation became so powerful in her bosom, that, if any thing, she actually outshrieked her mistress. Hearing this, the widow made a second effort, and fairly recovered the ground some might have fancied she had lost.

"Oh! Captain Spike," exclaimed the agitated widow, "do not—do not, if you love me, do not let them fire again!"

"How am I to help it!" asked the captain, a good deal to the point, though he overlooked the essential fact, that, by heaving-to, and waiting for the steamer's boat to board him, he might have prevented a second shot, as completely as if he had the ordering of the whole affair. No second shot was fired, however. As it afterward appeared, the screams of Mrs. Budd and Biddy were heard on board the steamer, the captain of which, naturally enough, supposing that the slaughter must be terrible where such cries had arisen, was satisfied with the mischief he had already done, and directed his people to secure their gun and go to the capstan-bars, in order to help lift the anchor. In a word, the revenue vessel was getting under way, man-of-war fashion, which means somewhat expeditiously.

Spike understood the sounds that reached him, among which was the call of the boatswain, and he bestirred himself accordingly. Experienced as he was in chases and all sorts of nautical artifices, he very well knew that his situation was sufficiently critical. It would have been so, with a steamer at his heels, in the open ocean; but, situated as he was, he was compelled to steer but one course, and to accept the wind on that course as it might offer. If he varied at all in his direction it was only in a trifling way, though he did make some of these variations. Every moment was now precious, however, and he endeavored to improve the time to the utmost. He knew that he could greatly outsail the revenue vessel, under canvas, and some time would be necessary to enable her to get up her steam; half an hour at the very least. On that half hour, then, depended the fate of the Molly Swash.

"Send the booms on the yards, and set stun'sails at once, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, the instant the more regular canvas was spread forward. "This wind will be free enough for all but the lower stun'sail, and we must drive the brig on."

"Are we not looking up too high, Capt. Spike? The Stepping-Stones are ahead of us, sir."

"I know that very well, Mulford. But it's nearly high water, and the brig's in light trim, and we may

rub and go. By making a short cut here, we shall gain a full mile on the steamer; that mile may save us."

"Do you really think it possible to get away from that craft, which can always make a fair wind of it, in these narrow waters, Capt. Spike?"

"One do n't know, sir. Nothin' is done without tryin', and by tryin' more is often done than was hoped for. I have a scheme in my head, and Providence may favor me in bringing it about."

Providence! The religionist quarrels with the philosopher if the latter happen to remove this interposition of a higher power, even so triflingly as by the intervention of secondary agencies, while the biggest rascal dignifies even his success by such phrases as Providential aid! But it is not surprising men should misunderstand terms, when they make such sad confusion in the acts which these terms are merely meant to represent. Spike had his Providence as well as a priest, and we dare say he often counted on its succor, with quite as rational grounds of dependence as many of the pharisees who are constantly exclaiming, "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are these."

Sail was made on board the Swash with great rapidity, and the brig made a bold push at the Stepping-Stones. Spike was a capital pilot. He insisted if he could once gain sight of the spar that was moored on those rocks for a buoy, he should run with great confidence. The two lights were of great assistance, of course, but the revenue vessel could see these lights as well as the brig, and she, doubtless, had an excellent pilot on board. By the time the studding-sails were set on board the Swash, the steamer was aweigh, and her long line of peculiar sails became visible. Unfortunately for men who were in a hurry, she lay so much within the bluff as to get the wind scant, and her commander thought it necessary to make a stretch over to the southern shore, before he attempted to lay his course. When he was ready to tack, an operation of some time with a vessel of her great length, the Swash was barely visible in the obscurity, gliding off upon a slack bowline, at a rate which nothing but the damp night air, the ballast-trim of the vessel, united to her excellent sailing qualities, could have produced with so light a breeze.

The first half hour took the Swash completely out of sight of the steamer. In that time, in truth, by actual superiority in sailing, by her greater state of preparation, and by the distance saved by a bold navigation, she had gained fully a league on her pursuer. But, while the steamer had lost sight of the Swash, the latter kept the former in view, and that by means of a signal that was very portentous. She saw the light of the steamer's chimneys, and could form some opinion of her distance and position.

It was about eleven o'clock when the Swash passed the light at Sands' Point, close in with the land. The wind stood much as it had been. If there was a change at all, it was half a point more to the southward, and it was a little fresher. Such as it was, Spike saw he was getting, in that smooth

water, quite eight knots out of his craft, and he made his calculations thereon. As yet, and possibly for half an hour longer, he was gaining, and might hope to continue to gain on the steamer. Then her turn would come. Though no great traveler, it was not to be expected that, favored by smooth water and the breeze, her speed would be less than ten knots, while there was no hope of increasing his own without an increase of the wind. He might be five miles in advance, or six at the most; these six miles would be overcome in three hours of steaming, to a dead certainty, and they might possibly be overcome much sooner. It was obviously necessary to resort to some other experiment than that of dead sailing, if an escape was to be effected.

The Sound was now several miles in width, and Spike, at first, proposed to his mate, to keep off dead before the wind, and by crossing over to the north shore, let the steamer pass ahead, and continue a bootless chase to the eastward. Several vessels, however, were visible in the middle of the passage, at distances varying from one to three miles, and Mulford pointed out the hopelessness of attempting to cross the sheet of open water, and expect to go unseen by the watchful eyes of the revenue people.

"What you say is true enough, Mr. Mulford," answered Spike, after a moment of profound reflection, "and every foot that they come nearer, the less will be our chance. But here is Hempstead Harbor a few leagues ahead; if we can reach *that* before the blackguards close we may do well enough. It is a deep bay, and has high land to darken the view. I don't think the brig could be seen at midnight by any thing outside, if she was once fairly up that water a mile or two."

"That is our chance, sir!" exclaimed Mulford cheerfully. "Ay, ay, I know the spot, and every thing is favorable—try that, Capt. Spike; I'll answer for it that we go clear."

Spike did try it. For a considerable time longer he stood on, keeping as close to the land as he thought it safe to run, and carrying every thing that would draw. But the steamer was on his heels, evidently gaining fast. Her chimneys gave out

flames, and there was every sign that her people were in earnest. To those on board the Swash these flames seemed to draw nearer each instant, as indeed was the fact, and just as the breeze came fresher out of the opening in the hills, or the low mountains, which surround the place of refuge in which they designed to enter, Mulford announced that by aid of the night-glass he could distinguish both sails and hull of their pursuer. Spike took a look, and throwing down the instrument, in a way to endanger it, he ordered the studding-sails taken in. The men went aloft like cats, and worked as if they could stand in air. In a minute or two the Swash was under what Mrs. Budd might have called her "attacking" canvas, and was close by the wind, looking on a good leg well up the harbor. The brig seemed to be conscious of the emergency, and glided ahead at capital speed. In five minutes she had shut in the flaming chimneys of the steamer. In five minutes more Spike tacked, to keep under the western side of the harbor, and out of sight as long as possible, and because he thought the breeze drew down fresher where he was than more out in the bay.

All now depended on the single fact whether the brig had been seen from the steamer or not, before she hauled into the bay. If seen, she had probably been watched; if not seen, there were strong grounds for hoping that she might still escape. About a quarter of an hour after Spike hauled up, the burning chimneys came again into view. The brig was then half a league within the bay, with a fine dark background of hills to throw her into shadow. Spike ordered every thing taken in but the trysail, under which the brig was left to set slowly over toward the western side of the harbor. He now rubbed his hands with delight, and pointed out to Mulford the circumstance that the steamer kept on her course directly athwart the harbor's mouth! Had she seen the Swash no doubt she would have turned into the bay also. Nevertheless, an anxious ten minutes succeeded, during which the revenue vessel steamed fairly past, and shut in her flaming chimneys again by the eastern headlands of the estuary. [To be continued.]

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

BY J. S. BELL, M. D.

Music sure is Moonlight's sister,
Or the twain must wedded be;
For, as when Endymion kissed her,
Dian smiles on harmony.

Music, every ear entrancing,
May the noon-day hour control;
But, o'er moon-lit waters dancing,
Melody enslaves the soul.

Music, ancient authors tell us,
Is to Phœbus close allied;
But the god might well be jealous,
Hearing her by Lana's side.

Music, too, doth Cupid cherish,
For she is the nurse of Love;
And no infant passions perish,
Blessed by Dian from above.

Music breaks the maiden's slumbers;
Moonlight lends its kindred charms;
Vanquished by the magic numbers,
Sinks she in her lover's arms.

Music, then, is Moonlight's sister,
Or the twain so well agree,
Thoughts of Cynthia, when we've missed her,
Mar the sweetest harmony.

LA CANTATRICE.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"Poor Moth! thy form my own resembles,
Me, too, a restless asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
To seek the good I ne'er shall find."

THE above lines, from Carlyle's Tragedy of the "Night Moth," have haunted me from childhood, and truly they were a foreshadowing of my own future. Long and weary have been the rambles my restless, asking mind hath gone on, and, from my early years—from the days which are spent by most girls in happy thoughtlessness—

"All the mystery of Being,
Hath upon my spirit pressed;
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,
Found no place of rest."

Every worldly advantage that a woman could possess, to make life bright and joyous, was bestowed upon me. I was an only and idolized child, of wealthy parents—superior in mind, and beautiful in person. No vanity is gratified by saying this of myself. I have long since ceased to value—indeed, I do not think I ever valued myself for these gifts of mind and body. I always looked on them as mere natural parts of my being—necessary as the air I breathed. My earliest associations were with natures highly refined and intellectual. From infancy the greatest care was taken with my education. Never one moment was my bodily or mental culture neglected—and I was fortunately situated with regard to the directors of my mind.

The first years of my parents' married life were spent in Europe. While in Italy, my mother became acquainted and intimate with an Italian *Religieuse*. When my mother and father returned home, this lady, with a little band of sisterhood, resolved to come to America, and establish themselves there. They came over in the same vessel that bore my parents and myself. I was then quite young—a little, toddling prattler. The *superieure* was very fond of me, and devoted much of her time to me during the passage.

"This child," said she, one day, addressing my parents, "you must place under my charge. Let me have the pleasure of carrying out in her education a favorite theory of female culture, which I have nursed in my fancy. Though not professing my Blessed Faith, still neither of you are opposed to it. Do not object to her being brought up in it. I will promise to make no narrow-minded bigot of her—she shall be a companion for you. With the blessing of Heaven on my endeavors, she shall possess a highly cultivated mind, tempered and governed by the principles of religious love and charity."

They consented, and my future life was divided

between my parents and "Signora Madre," as some of the sisters taught me to call the *superieure*. Faithfully did she perform her self-imposed task, for which she was well qualified, possessing a mind of the highest order, and acquirements surprisingly numerous. Quite a large school was kept in the establishment, for they were of an Ursuline order—but I was the signora's especial charge—to the care of my education did she devote herself, principally after her religious duties were attended to—and upon the rest of the sisterhood did the duties of the school devolve. My life passed from girlhood without a real cause for care or sorrow. My occupations were varied, and Signora Madre watched, as a skillful gardener does a rare and costly plant, every movement and variation in my mind. Never was I allowed to weary—relaxation was given by change, and the acquirement of knowledge was made delightful to me. I repaid, by my rapid advancement, all her care and attention. She was a fine linguist, and to her patience and nice precision of pronunciation was I indebted for the facility and purity with which I spoke fluently the principal continental languages.

In after years, when mingling much with the world, great doubt was expressed constantly as to what country I owed my birth, so purely and correctly did I converse in the languages of Germany, France, Spain and Italy—to a nicety had I caught the idioms and peculiarities of either tongue.

Music was a passion with me, and Signora Madre was well qualified in that branch to make me a proficient. She had a brother, Leonardo Vellini, who was famous in Naples as a musician. He had been particularly successful in training singers for the opera. Many a prima donna, whose star had risen and set in Europe, as ill health, or a fortunate marriage or settlement hastened its setting, owed the good management and flexibility of her voice to the Maestro Vellini's careful lessons. Signora Madre had been remarkable in youth for the richness and melody of her voice, and, as well as her brother, had had an excellent musical education. She had been devoted from infancy by her parents to the church, and had been a great ornament in girlhood to the convent where she was placed. Crowds of musical connoisseurs used to flock from far and wide, to hear the voice of the young nun in the chapel service—and for many years I can remember her rich contralto voice leading the choir in the convent chapel at the daily offices. I think she took more

pride in my musical progress than in any other branch. With earnestness she watched every variation of tone in my voice. She wrote to her brother, Vellini, for exercises and advice. Often, after I had executed a fine and difficult passage with credit to myself, her whole form would seem dilated with enthusiasm—and the only praise I remember watching for, would be to catch the murmured ejaculation—

"Oh, if Leonardo could only hear her!"

At seventeen, I entered general society with my parents—not considering my studies completed by any means, or my visits to Signor Madre at an end. On the contrary, part of my time during the year was gladly and willingly given to her, and daily a portion of my hours was from habit devoted to study. Though young, I was mentally very far advanced—so careful had been my training. My beauty, wealth and accomplishments, of course, attracted many admirers—but I never remember feeling the slightest emotion of tenderness for any one of the devoted lovers who bowed at my shrine. I think my mother and Signor Madre would have been pleased to see me properly married. I think they were a little disappointed when, after three or four years in the world, I still remained unmarried. Not so my father—each offer, however advantageous, that I refused, gratified him. Mothers feel so differently from fathers on this subject—they wish to see their daughters married—that is, if their own wedded life has been as my mother's was—prosperous. They have become so dependent on a husband for every thing in life, they tremble at the possibility of their girls being left self-dependent. It seemed unnatural to my mother that I should remain thus heart-proof to love and admiration—and poor Signora Madre began wisely in her innocent head to question whether the carrying out of her mental theory in my education had not ossified my heart. How we all laughed when she expressed, half-playfully, half-earnestly, to us this fear.

I enjoyed myself but little in society. I was but passively happy, though possessed of so many advantages, and I never remember accomplishing any one thing in life that satisfied me—the realization did not equal the anticipation. In study, there was a wide field, it is true, for my restless spirit, and my only comfort was in the consciousness that there were yet oceans and oceans of knowledge untraversed by me—that as yet my little mental skill had only been frolicking in the breakers near shore. Inferior in mind as my parents and Signora Madre were, there was a wide difference between my thoughts and theirs. Their quiet natures would have been startled, had they known the unsatisfied yearning that dwelt within me. I wished for a wider sphere of action, and though to them a model of a calm, elegant, refined woman—

"Deeper than the gilded surface,
Had my wakeful vision seen;
Farther than the narrow present,
Had my journeyings been.

"I mid Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime."

But I loved them too deeply and dearly to annoy and bewilder them with my vague, restless fancies, and I quietly yielded to the burden my uneasy spirit imposed upon me. I did not repine or torment myself with imaginary, worldly troubles—but I felt that there was nothing in life, so far as I had seen of it, that gratified my spirit, or realized my expectations. In my girlhood-world I used to surround myself with the brilliant little shapes my fancy conjured around me—they with their fairy, sprightly forms, hovered o'er me with delicious soul-music—making every-day Life melodious—but here, in the out-of-door, real world, these Ariel shapes were transformed into Calibans—hideous imps, that with gibes and chatterings, dragged my poor, fainting spirit into the depths of despondency. I murmured inwardly—what is gained by this struggle?—and, though so young, my heart turned, wearied and listless, from the world's enjoyments. I saw that my parents were proud of me—that Signora Madre looked with satisfaction upon her work, and felt that she had indeed accomplished much—and from them I studiously concealed these inner questionings—this inner unrest. I said to myself—"Peace, be still—quiet and rest shall surely come to thee by patient waiting."

Could I have given vent to these feelings in language, I might have found occupation—but this gift, with all my superiority of intellect, was denied to me. These words, of Jean Paul, often recurred to me—

"There are so many tender and holy fancies flying about in our inner world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act—so many rich and lovely flowers spring up, which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbs all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers."

I, alas! was unable to give utterance to my thoughts. I could neither communicate nor mature them. They were not thoughts—they were but the phantoms of thoughts that haunted my inner being.

Uneventful passed my days, and I looked for no change, when a terrible and fearful one came, which I had not anticipated would happen for years. I lost both of my parents. They were so young looking—so well in health—that I never dreamed of their death, and illy could I bear with the sudden sorrow.

We had been spending the summer in visiting the Northern Lakes—those wonderful inland seas of America—and had lingered too late in the season. That terrible sickness, the Lake Fever, peculiar to the countries bordering on the Lakes, in the fall of the year, seized us. My parents fell victims to it—I alone recovered—but to what a desolate existence I returned. Gladly, willingly would I have died—and earnestly did I pray to Heaven to take me likewise. Life had always been wearisome—for their happiness I had alone borne with existence. Ferrency I prayed for death—but death came not, and I rose from my bed of sickness half broken-hearted and alone in the world—no, not quite alone, for

there remained to me Signora Madre, and to her kind, almost maternal affection, did I fly for sympathy—I will not say consolation—for consolation was not for me—no human being could comfort me.

Signora Madre suffered deeply, likewise, at the death of my parents—they had been so long her friends—so warmly attached to them was she, that her grief was intense for their loss. With fearful anticipations I noticed a change in her appearance, after the first months of my violent mourning had passed. I had been so blinded by my trouble, that I ad not noted how she was worn by it.

What a new burst of sorrow I gave vent to when I first discovered these symptoms of disease in her. The sunken eye, hollow cheek, and quick, dry cough, all filled my mind with horror. And she, too, would die, I said—all, all in life is to be torn from me—why am I thus visited?

With anxious forebodings I made her seek advice—a change of climate was deemed decidedly necessary by her physicians—native air, they said, might do much toward her restoration, and, for the first time in many years, she visited her beautiful Italian home. I accompanied her, of course, for she was now my all in life, and with anxious hopes we bade adieu to my native land. My own health was delicate, and I likewise needed the change of scene and clime. By my parents' death I had come into possession of an immense estate. On leaving, I put my affairs in the hands of the trusty agent who had for many years attended to my father's business, and likewise left directions that in case of my death, if I should see no reason to make further disposition of my property, the half of it should be given to the sisterhood of which my Signora Madre was the superieure—the remainder devoted to the support of a charitable orphan institution, for which I felt great interest, and toward which I already contributed a large part of my income.

We reached Italy, and my beloved friend soon gave evidence by her elastic tread and brightened eye that the change had benefitted her. We both of us found some consolation for our grief in the enjoyments we experienced in breathing the delicious air, and gazing on the serene skies and beautiful scenes of Italy. Each was anxious for the other, and each rejoiced in the symptoms of returning health that glowed on the other's cheeks and beamed in the eyes.

At some distance from Naples dwelt the Maestro Vellini, almost in complete seclusion. Poor man! he, too, had met with great troubles—his darling wife and a whole troop of charming children had been taken from him one by one—there alone remained to him a niece of his wife, whom he had adopted, and was endeavoring to lighten the moments made heavy by sorrow and loneliness in cultivating the magnificent voice which this young girl possessed. As it unfolded its richness, the visions of his youth floated before him, and he again felt recalled to the world. He saw before him in fancy the greatest singer in Europe, and while listening to

the rich modulations of her melodious voice, he dwelt on scenes of triumph, and fancied he saw the whole musical world at Eulalie's feet. I was very much affected with her appearance when I first met with her. I was expressing my admiration of her extreme beauty when the blush was called to my cheeks by the surprised remarks of the signora and her brother upon our great resemblance to each other. I have already said I was beautiful—it was not possible for me to be ignorant of it, but I never could believe myself to be so transcendently lovely as was Eulalie—nor was I—to those who loved us both, some slight resemblance of feature or form might have made them imagine a likeness—but surely, surely, I never could have been so beautiful as was that young creature. As I looked on her for the first time the description of Liane, in Jean Paul's Titan, came to my memory. We had surprised her at her music. She was clothed in white, standing by a window opening to the ground, unconscious of our approach—one delicate hand rested on a music stand beside her—only the tips of the fingers, as did Liane's on the balcony. Like Albano, I stood entranced before this vision of beauty, and could not refrain from repeating aloud to Signora Madre the very words from Titan—

"The young, open, serene Madonna brow, on which none of the world's disturbances had traced a furrow or thrown a shade—and the small, delicately arched eyebrow—and the face like a perfect pearl, oval and white—and the loosened locks lying on the lilies of the valley at her heart—and the slender, graceful form, which, with her white garments, gave a diviner air to her beauty—and the ideal stillness of her whole being, as she stood resting only her fingers, and not her arm, on the balcony, as if the Psyche only hovered over the lily bell of her body, and shook or bowed it never—and the large dark eyes, which, while her head sank a little, unclosed with inexpressible beauty, and seemed to lose themselves in dreams, and in distant plains glowing with red."

"See! dear Madre," I exclaimed, "is it not Liane's self?"

Such was Eulalie—beautiful vision!—she comes before me now, as I recall her in my memory, and tears fill my eyes as I think of her pure spirit. She was some three or four years my junior, but had it not been for the difference in height, there would not have been any apparent difference in our ages. I did not look near so old as I was, but was much taller, almost a head, and my form was fuller than Eulalie's. She was as a child in spirit, gentle, yielding and confiding. Her position in life had been isolated—her aunt and cousins had died during her childhood, and her uncle had been so averse to society, that until our arrival, her only companions had been her birds and her flowers—music her principal occupation. Only a year before had Vellini become possessed with the idea of preparing her for the stage, although her early musical education had well fitted her for it, and to gratify her uncle's wish, she devoted herself to operatic music with great ear-

nestness. The connoisseurs in the musical world were at that time in anxious expectation of the rising of some great musical star—awaiting the appearance of some *prima donna* who should realize their recollections of those peerless mistresses of song gone before—Grisi had been in her prime when my mother had visited Europe at the time of her marriage—but that gorgeous sun had set. The bewitching, fascinating German songstress, Jenny Lind, who had led all Europe captive for so many years, was in the wane—the mere wreck of a great singer. The curse of mediocrity seemed to rest upon all the public singers in Europe. There was not one amongst them on whom the mantle of these wonderful vocalists could descend, and great was the lamentation expressed. “And I,” said Vellini, with exultation, “I shall be the one to procure this great gem. Eulalie shall be all that Grisi or Jenny Lind ever were in their palmiest days.”

Eulalie had breathed, as it were, a musical atmosphere from her childhood. She was a fine instrumental performer, as well as a charming vocalist, and as one looked at and listened to her, one could not wonder at the old man’s enthusiastic expectations. I had been with Eulalie but a little while ere I discovered that the nervous anxiety which filled her being—the enthusiastic interest with which she gave herself up, soul and body, to her studies, was too much for her constitution to bear. Already she gave evidences of failing health, and not until frequent and fearful fainting fits ensued, arising from the complete exhaustion of her frame, could I convince her uncle and her of the justice of my fears. She desisted from her incessant practisings for awhile, but her mind was so wrought on by her uncle’s ambitious visions, that the cessation from study was more painful than the exertion, and I was about proposing a journey for us all, to relieve her over-taxed mind, when a sudden and alarming change took place in Signora Madre’s health. Her apparent restoration, which had put to rest all my fears for her, was but superficial—she sunk rapidly from day to day. My lamentations—my earnest, wild prayers to Heaven, were of no avail. She died—my last loved one on earth. Months of intense grief ensued to me, and life seemed indeed a desert.

As I gradually aroused myself, I could not help remarking the sad change that had taken place in the meanwhile in poor Eulalie. Her uncle was almost wild with apprehension, and well might he be—Eulalie was dying. Beautiful was the appearance of her sickness—she lingered from month to month, gradually fading like a bent flower. The Psyche had at last bowed the lily-bell of her body. Although it was sad to see so young and gifted a creature going into her grave, thus step by step, still she made even the approach to death lovely. Music was her only source of pleasure, and we sung hour after hour together. As her strength failed and her voice weakened, I sang alone to her, with her uncle accompanying on the instrument. I studied carefully all her pieces—all her favorite characters,

and endeavored to cheer her last moments by representing them before her. My plan was successful, and she seemed to lose all recollection of her approaching death in the enjoyment she took in my exhibitions. She entered with interest into my representations, and made many excellent criticisms on my conception of the characters—admiring the beauties, and pointing out, with judgment and taste, my defects. So great was her interest, that I did not feel surprised at a request—an earnest wish which she at last gave utterance to, a little while before her death;—it was that I might supply her place to her uncle, that he might, notwithstanding her death, see the realization of his wishes, and be the one to give to the musical world the great *cantatrice* so anxiously prayed for. At first I felt startled at the wish, but the more I thought of it, the more willingly I looked on the plan. Her uncle entered into it with interest. So careful had been the training of my voice—so beautiful and rich was it, that I was equally as well qualified as Eulalie. My mental attainments rendered me superior to her, and I at last yielded to their earnest entreaties. The delight she exhibited at my consent, made me feel satisfied that I had overcome my first repugnance.

“One more request, Adela,” said she. “Appear under my name—successful you will surely be—as ‘Eulalie Vellini’ triumph, and give me your name in death.”

There was something so wild and fanciful to me in the request, and the appearance of Eulalie moreover, at the time, that made me consent with less of unwillingness than might have been expected. Her eyes were lit up with a feverish gleam—her cheek bright with the hectic flush, and her lovely lips just half parted, awaited my reply with anxiety. Beautiful enthusiast! I could have yielded any thing to her, and with strange feelings I hastened to make preparations for my apparent approaching death. I wrote my will, and a farewell letter of directions to my agent. I now wished to make a different disposition of my estate—into three parts did I now desire to divide it; the two parts to be devoted as devised by my former will, the third part to be given to Eulalie Vellini.

She died—poor Eulalie! and we laid her in the grave, blessed creature! Her soul had descended from heaven as a blossom—like the bud of the Cape jessamine, heavy with its approaching fragrance, it had fallen to the earth before it had fairly opened. Strange feelings mingled with my grief for her death—and when I heard it announced as my death—as the death of Adela Lisle—a chill sensation of awe crept over me—I was, as it were, mourning for myself—and yet, after the first shock had passed over, the very oddity of it gave me a kind of sad pleasure. I was really alone in life. My father and mother had had no near living relatives—those I possessed were far removed, and with whom I had had but little communication. None but mere acquaintances were left to me—those who would have grieved over my death were gone, and the new scene opened before me seemed in its novelty to

afford some gratification to the restless yearning of my spirit.

The maestro and myself traveled for some time after Eulalie's death. We both needed relaxation and change. The fortune I had willed to myself was amply sufficient for our wants; the income of it being much more than I had ever in my most luxurious days devoted to my support; but, independent as I was of the necessity of following the profession I had so strangely chosen, I never dreamed of evading Eulalie's request. We both looked on it as sacred. As Vellini's niece was I introduced to the world; the great seclusion Eulalie had been reared in, and moreover the slight resemblance between us, favored the substitution—and as his niece was I received. In private I sung repeatedly. Vellini's reputation, and the success which attended my exhibitions in the private musical cliques, caused great anticipations to be entertained for my public appearance. My approaching *début* was hailed as the advent of a great musical wonder. My whole life—or rather poor Eulalie's—was published in the papers of the day—the enrichment of myself, even, by the death of the young, gifted, beautiful American lady—all, all was told, and with sad smiles mingled with tears Vellini and I read it. So near true are most of the world's stories.

I at last appeared. I need not say that Eulalie's expectations were verified—for my success has become a matter of history. It was indeed a triumph such as had not been witnessed for years. Nervously anxious was I, it is true, but Eulalie's spirit seemed to hover around me Psyche-like, and through the most trying parts I could hear her pure, clear spirit-tones accompanying and sustaining me. No wonder I succeeded with such an attendant angel. I was pronounced fully equal, if not superior, by the most severe critics, to any singer, however great, on record. I attained the pinnacle of musical fame. My new existence pleased me—the constant variety attendant on it gave my restless spirit, for once, employment. Unable, as I have before said, to give utterance in language to my phantoms of thoughts, they could become corporeal in music. I never would study a character that I could not feel intensely—my independence of my profession left me at liberty to choose. I personated only such characters as I could throw my whole soul into—characters which I could, for the time being, imagine that I really was. I loved my profession, and every duty of it was pleasant to me. How well I remember the rapture which filled my whole being when performing in some favorite character. The rough, rude accompaniments necessarily attendant on scenic performances, with which I was surrounded, did not tend in the slightest degree to lessen my enthusiasm—every thing seemed glorified and elevated. It was not paint, tinsel or canvas to my eyes—all was reality. There was my only life—and the hours that intervened, when off the stage, were listless and weary—the stage was my world, and on it alone I existed during the years my intoxi-

cation lasted. The adulation and heart-worship I received was of little value to me. Offers which would have gratified by their brilliancy mere worldly ambition, I turned aside from with loathing. Love, I only felt in my spirit-world—the realization of the idol created by my fancy I never met with in life—and I, who could personate on the stage the gentle, devoted being, glowing with the tenderest, most impassioned love, with such truth as to move the most stoical and *blazé* natures, presented myself in real life before them cold and passionless as the sculptor's creations.

Years passed in this charming new existence, and added to my own gratification was the sight of old Vellini's proud pleasure—his ambition was gratified—a pupil of his would go down to posterity as the queen of song. Good old man! I thanked Heaven for his gratification, if nothing else. After I had been on the stage a few years, I succeeded in gaining Vellini's consent to visit America. He dreaded a return to my country, fearful that the reminiscences it would recall might wean me from my profession; but my assurances to the contrary, and, moreover, the enthusiastic fondness which I displayed for it, induced him to close with offers repeatedly urged upon him. In my native country, ay, in my native city, I appeared; and, for the first time since my *début*, my voice faltered—no one however noted it but Vellini and myself—triumphant was my career—throughout the whole country I was received with enthusiasm. I revisited Signora Madre's convent and sung the Mass service there, as I had when a girl, but they knew me only as the distinguished *cantatrice*, Eulalie Vellini. Most of the elder sisters were dead—a new *superieure* supplied the place of Signora Madre. They pointed out to me monuments erected in the convent grounds to the memory of Signora Madre and myself—and the costly marbles I had placed over the graves of my parents. My virtues, my beauty, my rare attainments, and my early death were descanted upon before me by the gentle innocent sisters. I stood as one in dream-land, and the wild burst of grief I gave vent to was deemed strange by them, and attributed to the ungovernable feelings necessarily belonging to one of my profession. Vellini led me from such scenes of sorrow, and gently chid me for the sad indulgence. I returned to Europe without revealing my secret, and continued for a long while on the stage. I resolved not to leave it so long as Vellini lived, for it would have grieved the poor old man. He died at last—quite old, and blessing me with his latest breath. Poor old soul! I believe I was dearer to him than even the recollection of Eulalie. I had gratified his pride and ambition—had yielded always to his wishes, and surrounded his latter days with splendor. Long before his death I had become weary of my profession—the novelty had passed from it—and my yearning restless spirit began again to cry aloud. After his death I bade adieu to the stage, in the very zenith of my fame, and sought in scenes of meditation and prayer to find that quiet which had been

denied to me through life. I did much good, I trust, with my immense estate. I endowed charitable institutions, and raised and benefitted many needy ones who were suffering from poverty—then, although yet in the summer of my life, I turned from the world, and resolved to end my days in the blest abode where I had passed the hours of my

childhood. To the dear old convent I returned—there where I could look daily on the graves of my parents. Years have passed since, and at last,

"In the gathered silence
Of a calm and waiting frame,
Light and wisdom, as from Heaven,
To the seeker came."

THE UNKNOWN WAY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A BURNING sky is o'er me,
The sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward, wearily,
In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
Eastward, an unknown way;
Above its windings, pleasantly,
The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool and the dew of night
Is not yet dried away.

Path of the flowery woodland!
Oh whither dost thou lead,
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds
Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nestling cottage?
Goest thou by stately hall,

Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbines flaunt on the wall?

By steepes where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year?
By lonely walks where lovers stray
Till the tender stars appear?

Or haply dost thou linger
On barren plains and bare,
Or clamber the bold mountain's side,
Into the thinner air?

Where they who journey upward
Walk in a weary track,
And oft upon the shady vale
With longing eyes look back?

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Beating his pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland!
End where these waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach,
With a boundless sea before?

FLOWERS FROM THE COLISEUM.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

THESE are thy trophies, Ruin! pale wild flowers,
And mantling ivy, mocking at decay—
Recalling from the past those gorgeous hours
When myriads owned proud Rome's imperial sway.
"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand!"
Ages have passed, and yet the ruin fills
With awe and wonder all who tread the land,

25*

Whose glory shone on the Eternal Hills.
Ages have passed, and broken columns lie
Where conquerors thronged to see their captives die.
Ages must pass, ere from thy queenly brow
The diadem of beauty shall be torn—
Earth's mistress once—these crown thy ruins now,
Where laurel-wreaths on kingly heads were worn.

A TRIP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

PART II.—THE RETURN.

THE clock of the *Bourse Royale* had just struck five, and I hurried to the English restaurant of the *Rue Richelieu*—the only decent one of the kind in Paris—to eat the last morsel of food previous to my departure in the *malle-poste* for Boulogne. I could tell a few words to my friends who intend sojourning in Paris, on the subject of dining in the French metropolis; but refrain. Those who are tired of eternally trifling with their stomachs, by teasing them with puffs, *blanc-manges*, ices, charlottes, and the never-ending *sautés au vin de Champagne*, will do well occasionally to try their hands again at a plain dish of roast beef, at “The Shades,” and feel like renewing an old acquaintance. One enjoys an old familiar dish almost as much as an old friend; and I should think very meanly of the heart of that American or Englishman, who, after a sojourn of many years among the sauce and gravy-eaters, would not feel the tears starting to his eyes at the sight of a genuine sirloin. Byron, treading the classic soil of Greece, forgot Moore and Murray, Lady Byron and the Edinburgh Reviewers, but cherished a true affection for plum-pudding. He devoted a whole week to the instruction of his Italian cook, to have a dish of that true emblem of English substance and pertinacity on his birth-day, and would, no doubt, have succeeded, had he not omitted to tell him to boil it in a bag. What must have been his disappointment when it was served up as a soup!! There was the poet reveling in the joyful reminiscences of his boyhood—full of radiant hope and fancy, grasping at the stars and forgetting all around him, except that variegated sweet national dish—a complete little world in itself—when lo! he discovered it in a state of chaos on his dinner-table! I will not harrow the feelings of my readers by an attempt to describe his; suffice it to say, that I can sympathize with them, having met with a similar disenchantment at the restaurant’s I have just named. I called for roast-beef, and expected to have a true slice of the rich golden fat and the velvety lean, with a coloring *à la gouache*, changing gradually from a deep burnished brown near the surface, to a bright crimson in the centre; but I was not to be blessed with such a valedictory. The brute of a waiter brought me a piece of thickly cut tender-loin, LARDED!!

“Have you no *English* beef?” I demanded.

“This is *better* than English beef,” he replied peevishly; “it is *du rosbif Français à l’Anglaise*.”

I do not remember whether I gave him reason to

think me a real “*Godam*,” but I remember perfectly that I looked at him with the eyes of a basilisk, as I swallowed the greasy compound, and only regretted that they were not so deadly.

I had no choice but to eat what was given me, or remain hungry until my arrival at Boulogne, as the *malle-poste* does not stop on the road, except for a minute to change horses. Once boxed up, you are not undone, except with the letter-bag, let the consequences be what they may.

It was now half past five, and I had just time to take a *citadine*, and hurry to the *grand bureau de postes*, in the *Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau*, where my fellow passengers, two in number, (the *malle-poste* can only accommodate three persons, besides the courier,) were already assembled, busily engaged in squeezing their luggage into the species of cabin with which those singular vehicles called post-chaises are provided. My traveling company consisted of a lady and her maid, both stock English, as appeared at once from their tall figures, handsome round necks, large arms, manly insteps, and that inimitable self-possession which is rarely the good fortune of a French woman, except you meet her in a drawing-room. The English are at home everywhere, especially in France since the restoration; and it has become quite common for English women to travel all over the Continent, accompanied only by a female attendant. A thick black veil over a straw bonnet concealed the face of the lady, leaving me nothing from which to form an estimate of her beauty, except the perfect oval of her outline, and a delicately chiseled chin, not entirely hidden by that detestable curtain. The maid’s face was uncovered, and attracted considerable attention from the persons assembled in the spacious court-yard. It was full of animation, and, though slightly disfigured by pock-marks, agreeable in its proportions, with roguish blue eyes, and a profusion of black curls to shade them, which gave her almost the appearance of a daughter of the Emerald Isle. I took great care not to let them perceive that I was any thing but French, knowing the (for the greatest part) well founded antipathy of English men and women for their own countrymen.

“Are you sure you have not forgotten any thing?” asked the lady in English.

“Quite sure, ma’am,” answered the girl.

“Did you put in the papers?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“And the drawings?”

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the visiting cards that remained in the basket on the table?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did Count — call while I was out?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he leave any message?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What was it?"

"He said he should come here to bid you good-bye."

The lady (muttering) "To avoid explanation."

Scarcely was this dialogue ended before an elegantly dressed fellow, with thin mustache, made his bow, and, shaking the lady by the fingers, made a coldly polite apology, in French, for not having been able to pay his respects sooner; having been all the time engaged in useless conversation with his father, who was a noble of Bonaparte's making, of inveterate prejudices against England, and in all other matters so strictly *un homme d'affaires* as to actually refuse him the trifle of 20,000 francs, to accompany her to England, and to be happy there for awhile at least.

The lady's pride was touched, and she answered in the same unembarrassed strain, and in the most happy French that her English idiom could suggest, that she had no idea of taking him away from the sun of France, to roast him before an English sea-coal fire—that she knew beforehand that her country held out but few inducements for him to make it even his temporary residence, and that, on the whole, it was perhaps best that the Channel divided the two countries, which are opposed to each other in so many respects, that any attempt to bring them together, was sure to result in a still greater separation.

"*Bun soaar*," she added, with great dignity, and made but one stride into the coach. The maid attempted to follow—but the *facteur* of the post office interfered.

"The right corner seat in the hind *coupé* is retained by Mons. G." he observed, in a tone half explanatory, half imperative.

I remained silent, well knowing that not only all men, but also all women, and men and women respectively, are equal before the laws of France, the practice of giving the best seat to ladies being only established "in the wilds of barbarous America." Besides, I had some curiosity to become better acquainted with the heroine of the romance of which I had just witnessed the closing scene, and the company of maids, under such circumstances, is always a bore. So I remained silent, abiding the decision of the court which was signally in my favor.

The lady's face being thickly veiled, I could not make out whether she was really distressed at the promised *tête-à-tête*; but I had too much good sense to imagine any thing else; and, in consequence, squeezed myself quietly into the corner assigned me by the officer of the government. A mute inclination of my head was all with which I ventured to salute the "fair daughter" of Albion—for so I pre-

sumed she was from the snowy whiteness of her neck, a circumstance which, joined to a well chiseled chin, always augurs well in favor of a beautiful head and bust—the female boast of Old England. In a stage-coach a man has always reason to be thankful for the least tolerable company; and I had too often been victimized that way, not to feel grateful for so many indications of my having for a traveling companion not only a tolerably handsome woman, but, to judge from appearances, one who was certainly above the ordinary prejudices of her sex.

The first three leagues passed without either of us uttering a single word, though, from the everlasting jolting and pitching of the carriage, we had more than once been placed in situations which seemed to call for mutual apologies.

What a difference there is, after all, between a French and an English mail-coach! Faster the English do not go than the French at this moment, but how much more comfortably provided, if you have a place inside! And then, what difference in the roads, the horses, and the post-boys! The roads, out of Paris especially, are intolerable; paved as they are in the middle for a distance of twenty-four miles, with large round flint stones, from which, to the right and left, you sink at once into a depth of from ten to fifteen inches of morass. And this central pavement, too, is so narrow that two carriages can never pass one another, without each of them running half off the road into the mud, which gives the persons seated in them the precise sensation of turning over.

Imagine yourself, then, gentle reader! seated by the side of a lady, with a firm resolve to intrude as little as possible upon her rights and privileges, and yet, notwithstanding all your efforts to maintain your position, rudely tossed from one corner to the other, precisely as you would be on board of a pilot boat in a storm, and you will be able to conceive the confusion with which each of us, as the coach at last stopped, endeavored to restore the devastation which we had mutually committed on each other's toilet.

"How far does this pavement extend?" asked the lady, peevishly, in French.

"I do not know, madam," I replied, in English, thinking from the parting scene in the yard of the general post office, that the English or German languages might be quite as acceptable to her ear as the French. "For three or four stations, at least—and perhaps all the way to Boulogne or Calais; most of the roads in the north of France being paved throughout."

The lady cast a searching look at me, but, instead of a reply, merely exclaimed—

"And pray what countryman are you, sir?"

"I am," I said, mustering all the pride and dignity of the Eagle to my aid, the image of which I carried on my buttons—"an American!"

"An American!" she repeated, lifting up her veil for the first time, and showing me a regular, artistical countenance, cut in marble—"and now on your way to England, I suppose?"

"I shall merely pass through it—I am on my way home to America."

This evidently re-assured her of my entire inoffensiveness. An Englishman might have annoyed her in her present situation—but an *American* was comparatively of no account. He was, in many respects, a nonentity—something evanescent, that is here to-day, and to-morrow in the woods of Mississippi, in Texas, or in California. An American may be troublesome in society, but never in a stage-coach.

The fact is, our public manners are, even to the dull comprehension of Englishmen, superior to those of any people in Europe; while our society—shall I venture to speak out plainly?—is as yet *too pure* to be particularly attractive to Europeans. Great refinement of manners, in the *European* sense of the word, can scarcely co-exist with puritanical ideas of morality, in which each man or woman appears what he or she actually is, without coloring, or artistical arrangement of lights and shades. Neither our minds nor our characters require artificial dressing to suit the fashion of the day. We cannot occupy ourselves with toys as long as we have a great mission to fulfill, the consciousness of which animates all classes of society, and absorbs their moral as it does their physical powers. We are a great breeding and spreading people, who proudly claim the future as our own, and willingly surrender the past to those who are fond of adorning their persons with the rags of the middle ages.

What I expected from my bold avowal, actually took place—my traveling companion felt at once at her ease, and treated me during the remainder of the trip entirely *en robe de chambre*. Taking me, of course, for a shopman, she demanded, with an air of indifference, which even nettled me—

"Whether I did not live in New York?"

"Not exactly, madam," I replied—"I happen to reside in Philadelphia."

"*Philadelphia*? Is that a *nice* place?"

"It is considered the most '*magnificent*' city in the United States."

(With an air of incredulity)—"Is it, indeed—are there many palaces?"

"There are some '*magnificent*' *public buildings*."

"And how do the people amuse themselves in Philadelphia?"

"They call at each other's houses, dine and sup with each other, and spend the rest of their time in business, or in political and religious exercises."

"From all that I have learned of America, I am glad I do not live there—they must be shockingly provincial."

"They are *peculiar*, not provincial; there is no *capital* of the United States that deserves the name."

"And do not you follow London in your fashions?"

"Not always—we import a good part of them from Paris."

"From Paris? How ridiculous!"

"Indeed, madam," I said, with some emphasis, looking her straight in the face, "I think they are very becoming."

"Do you, sir?"

"Certainly. Even English beauty becomes more bewitching by their aid."

"And you think what is becoming to English women, must be equally so to American?"

"There is certainly a very great similarity between them—much greater than that which exists between the men."

"I have always heard so. The American women, they say, are very handsome."

"Very excellent *English* judges have pronounced them so."

"And very delicate."

"They are, in that respect, a transition from the Italian to the English—not quite so classical as the former, but certainly more romantic than the latter."

"Do not you think that we are romantic enough?"

"I have no experience that way," I replied, with becoming bashfulness—"but the *dénouement* of English romance is not always romantic."

Here the conversation flagged, and fresh horses having been put in the harness, the poor *malle-post* rolled along on the pavement, with a noise similar to thunder in the mountains, and the motion of a crazy boat at sea. Crack! crack! crack! went the whip, deep and loud were the never-failing curses of the courier, and everlasting the cheers of the postilion, similar to the battle-cries of a conqueror. It was as much as I could do to preserve even a semblance of equilibrium. In vain were all attempts to insist on reserved rights. For awhile, the effort at seriousness was alarming; but yielding, in the end, to the force of circumstances, we both burst out into a loud laugh.

"Can you sleep in a carriage?" demanded the partner of my misfortunes.

"Sometimes I do; but I hardly think I shall sleep to-night."

"Neither shall I; 'tis truly provoking!"

"Indeed," I remarked, "I wish, on your account, I might be able to make myself agreeable."

Here the right wheels of the carriage ran off the paved road, and, with a tremendous crash, sunk into the mire.

"La! we are down!" screamed the lady.

"Not yet," I cried, with the voice of a stentor, squeezing myself into the opposite corner. "I am a stout man, and shall yet preserve the balance."

In another second we were again on the road, and a hysterical laugh was all the thanks I received for my fortitude. The same scene was repeated about twenty times, without any material variation, except that the screams of the lady became fainter, and my remonstrances weaker, as we approached the terminus of our journey. At last morning began to dawn, and exhibited the ravages of a sleepless night on both our countenances. The morning after a ball, sea-sickness, and a fatiguing journey in a close carriage, are not very propitious to women's attractions. My companion was aware of that, for the sun had scarcely gilded the horizon, before her face was all muffled up again in her veil, and her lips as mute as if she had never used them either for argument or persuasion.

For about an hour we traveled on in this manner, when the screams of the postilions and the loud vociferations of the courier roused us from our lethargy.

"What can be the matter!" stammered the lady, faintly. "Wont you be so kind as to open the window and see?"

"It's nothing but a carriage," I replied, doing as I was bid. "Some person traveling extra post, and determined, it seems, to pass us."

"Then let him pass us; I hate to run a race."

"The carriages are abreast of each other, the stranger being neither disposed to pass nor to fall back."

"What can this mean?—we are not assailed by robbers?"

"Not in the least; I see that the postilions are no longer angry, and that the courier is exchanging friendly words with the gentleman in the chaise."

"Are you sure 't is the *courier* he's talking to, and not my *maid*?"

"I cannot tell; but we shall see at the next station."

A minute after, both carriages halted to change horses, when a good-looking young man sprang from the post-chaise to the door of our forward *coupé*.

"He really seems to have some business with your maid; perhaps he is inquiring after you."

"I do not want to see him," exclaimed the lady.

"It's Count de M***, the most persevering bore in all Paris. I throw myself upon your protection," she added; "you must pass yourself off as one of my relations."

"As your uncle?"

"No, no! as my *cousin*; I am too old to be your niece."

"Not at all; it will look a great deal more respectable to be your uncle."

There was, however, no occasion whatever for disguise or stratagem. The gentleman, who, like a madman, traveled after us to overtake the *malle-poste*, was no other than a student of medicine, desperately in love—with my "cousin's" maid. "Even law and physic are in France more reliable than wealth and titles," thought I; but I kept my reflections to myself.

The remainder of the trip was not very animated, nor marked by any particular incident. About 12 o'clock, we arrived at *Boulogne sur mer*,—the greatest place for the collection of an English mob on the whole Continent of Europe. Here my traveling companion was most anxious to remain unknown, and was so kind as to remind me of my promise to act as her cousin. I of course consented, but the sequel of my story will show that it is not always safe, though it may be obliging, to pass for a young lady's near relative.

The boat which was to take us to Dover was blowing off steam as we descended the hill, where the *malle-poste* had stopped, toward the shore, and waited but for the mail-bags and her Paris passengers to proceed on her trip. My "cousin" graciously condescended to take my arm, while the maid was chaperoned by the dashing medical student who had

followed her in a post-chaise. They were evidently making fun of us; but I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say, "without fear of being contradicted," that I have acted the part which was assigned me with great dignity, and with the most entire self-denial. Arrived on board the boat, the dashing student, nothing daunted by the presence of the lady or her stout cousin, shook the pock-marked maid first cordially by the hand; then throwing himself round her neck, and bathing it with his hottest tears, he fell into a perfect fit of agony at the impending separation, and remained for a minute or two absolutely speechless. But a Frenchman does not remain mute long; nor was it possible for him to resist the kind persuasion of the maid to recover himself—persuasions which were uttered in less grammatical French than that spoken by her lady, though with an accent much more Parisian; proving that she had either a better or a more assiduous teacher than her mistress. At last he *did* nerve his spirit to the proof. Throwing himself in a gladiator's attitude, he tenderly kissed her forehead, and, with one single bound, alighted again on the shore of his beloved country. There he stood, waving his snow-white handkerchief in the pure air, bidding his love, at the top of his voice, a last—an everlasting farewell!

My fair "cousin" was too much overcome to take notice of the shocking impropriety and perfect *laissez aller* of her pretty maid. She clasped my arm, as if she proposed to make me the recipient of her feelings, (as electricity is conducted by simple touch to the positive or negative pole of a galvanic battery;) but I judged wisely that I was but the imaginary substitute of some better favored person, and that these marks of kindness could not be legitimately received by me without gross vanity, such as often falls to the lot of men, who take the unbending of women in love's disappointments and afflictions as positive conquests of their own personal attractions. There is many a fortress, which, after a long siege from an inveterate enemy, will open its doors to a neutral; but has the latter, under such circumstances, a right to avail himself of the usages of war?

After the boat had left the dock, and both my "cousin" and her maid had become somewhat composed, I ventured to look round to see whether my being travestied into an Englishman was likely to be noticed by some unlooked-for acquaintance, when lo! I beheld my respected townswoman whom I had left in Ostend, with her superb Virginia *negresse*, comfortably established upon a settee. Now came the tug of war. What could I do but carry the matter out with as much brass as my situation admitted? I accordingly advanced toward her, looked as unembarrassed as possible, and inquired after her health and that of her husband. Being satisfactorily answered, I presented my "cousin," who was kindly invited to a place on the settee, and soon after left the ladies to agreeably mystify each other as best suited the circumstances of the case. This was taking a slight revenge for the neglect with which I had been treated in Ostend, and, at the same time, relieving me from the necessity of answering ques-

tions which might have compromised the fair partner of my night's adventures. I knew that the inventive power of women is greater than that of men; and apprehended (very properly, as every lady will allow,) that my presence could only perplex, and in no way improve, matters as they then stood.

My next attention was directed to Rosalia—the negro woman, in whom the custom-house officers of Ostend had imagined to have found such a treasure. She now wore no longer the simple garb of her native country, and her *naïve* manners had changed to something more studied and formal. Instead of the Madras handkerchief, a fancy Palmella straw bonnet shaded her sable countenance; casting a melancholy cloud upon it, instead of making "darkness visible" and radiant; while her curled hair, either by the use of French pomatum, or by excessive currying, had become almost as smooth and long as that of an Indian. She exhibited a good deal of taste in her dress, and her feet looked so diminutive in Parisian *bottines*, that Alexandre Dumas himself might have taken her for one of the heroines of his novels. By the side of her, in deep and earnest conversation, stood a French gentleman, with a bit of red ribbon in his button-hole, and an aristocratic bearing which might have done credit to a peer of the kingdom. He seemed to show her the utmost attention, but modestly receded two or three steps as I approached to address her.

"How have you been, Rosalia?" I demanded, somewhat curious to learn whether she knew the gentleman she was talking to.

"I am quite well, I thank you, Mr. G., and now, thank Heaven! on my way home."

"You still call Virginia your home?"

"Most assuredly. I would not exchange it for France, with all its jewelry and silks and satins. This gentleman here has been teasing me ever since I came to Paris to leave my mistress and to stay in France. He has followed me all the way down to Boulogne, and is now going to England, as he says, for no other purpose in the world than to persuade me to return with him to Paris. He says I shall learn to play the piano and the harp, and to read and write French, and, in fact, become a lady in every respect; but I don't listen to him. He has just told me that he is willing to *marry* me, and that, if I consent, he will have the marriage ceremony performed this very evening by a dissenting clergyman in Dover."

"Do n't you do that, my child. A marriage ceremony, in England or America, if not performed before a French consul, does not constitute a legal marriage, according to the laws of France. I know American ladies of fortune who have been shame-

fully deceived in that manner. Be careful how you trust that old snake."

"Oh, there is no danger," ejaculated Rosalia. "I shall not leave my missus for a dozen such fellows!"

I confirmed Rosalia in her resolution, spoke at length of the amiable qualities of her mistress, and occupied sufficient time in conversation with her for her French admirer to be on nettles, and to wish me, to say the least, at the bottom of the sea. On looking round, by way of mercy to him, I perceived that my "cousin" had left the deck.

"Where is Miss S***?" I demanded of the Philadelphia lady.

"She is a little indisposed, either from the fatigue of last night's journey, or from the motion of the vessel," she replied, casting a searching glance at me.

"Perhaps from both," I replied, looking her calmly in the face.

"I had no idea you had relations in England, and such very pretty ones."

"Why, I cannot say that she is pretty—but they say there is a strong family likeness between us."

"There certainly *is* some resemblance between you," she said, with a slight toss of her head. "But do you not think that her circumstances will require some attention from you?"

"You are right, madam," I replied—"I must indeed ask your indulgence."

"Oh, for mercy's sake! don't let me interfere with your duty—I would not have such a sin upon my conscience."

I was glad to leave the deck for the cabin, and scarcely vexed when the stewardess, in reply to my inquiry, informed me that my "cousin" was doing better, but was not well enough to receive any company. "How different," thought I, by myself, "are the feelings of these women in leaving France, and how expressive of French manners and French philosophy the scenes I have witnessed within the last twenty-four hours! There is an American woman who leaves Paris as she entered it, without regret*—an English gentlewoman who is jilted by a man of fashion—an Irish maid, who has inspired a romantic passion in a young scholar—and a Virginia negro woman, who came very near marrying, if not a French peer, at least a knight of the Legion of Honor! There are different degrees of love, as there are different grades at Mount Parnassus—but it would certainly puzzle an American, unacquainted with the customs of Europe, to account for their relative heights and distances."

*I know that there are some exceptions to this rule—but I doubt whether in sufficient number to invalidate it.

"LOVE'S BLIND, THEY SAY."

"Look at the roses upon Julia's cheek,
To praise their native bloom, all words how weak!"

Cried Bogue. "A truce to rapture! pray be still, sir;
They'll not be Julia's, till she's paid her bill, sir." w.

THE SQUATTER'S WIFE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN, THE BEE-HUNTER," "WAR ON THE RIO GRANDE," ETC.

. . . . Fatigued finally by expectation, Mag turned her eyes up the cool recesses of the ravine, and walking thitherward, she wandered on, admiring the beautiful mosses along her pathway, and gathering the delicate fern and wild flower. Nature, ever bountiful in its goodness, had hidden away in the quiet recesses a world of beauties; every footstep crushed the tiny flowers, and beneath every pebble peeped some gaily colored insect; the black beetle, as silent as a mute at a funeral, threaded its way along, and the little cricket, so familiar to the fire-side, occasionally chirruped its pensive note. As Mag climbed on, ascending toward the light, new and more varied vegetation met her view. From the upper soil a hundred trailing vines had run downward, rich in fruit and leaves. Knotted trees sprang from the crevices, turning their limbs upward toward the light; and as the rising sun sent its rays athwart the gloom it made the still lingering dew-drops of the previous night, that hung upon the spiders' webs, glisten as, if they were necklaces of diamonds. Seating herself upon the stump of a fallen tree, she patiently waited the signal to recross the river and join her parents. Judge her surprise, when she heard in this wild place, and over her head, the laughter of little children, indulging in merry gambols, and even as she listened and looked, she discovered a flaxen-headed urchin, brown as a berry, projecting his head over the precipice, with eyes glowing with curiosity, and a mouth puckered up as if he were whistling. The sight so unexpected caused Mag at first to rub her eyes, as if they deceived her, until finally recovering her senses, she essayed to climb to the top of the bank, to make an acquaintance with the young pioneer.

It required much exertion on Mag's part, but it was accomplished, and before her stood three half-clad children, two little boys and a delicately formed girl, wild almost as the partridges, and endeavoring to hide behind each other. Mag spoke to them in her kindest accents, and held out her hand; whether it was the smile on her face, or the glistening of a plain gold ring upon her finger, we know not, but the little girl, bolder than her brothers, gnawing fiercely upon one of her fingers, came sideways toward her. Mag took the unoccupied ones within her own, and, pressing them gently, asked the child its name. The little one stared about awhile with unmeaning eyes, and finally pointed toward what before was undiscovered, some ascending smoke, and the evidences of a just commenced "clearing." Prompted by curiosity, and won upon by the artless-

ness of the children, Mag followed on until she stood before a heap of rough-hewn logs; a place for a window, and a larger opening for a door, showed it to be the rudest kind of a habitation. The noise of her footsteps, and that of the children, brought out of the shelter a wirey-haired dog, that showed his sharp teeth at the appearance of a stranger, and upon whom the two boys flung themselves so roughly for its ill-manners that the cur was glad to escape. Mag stood a moment on the threshold, and then entered, ignorant that there was any one within to hail her appearance. Two or three chairs with deer-skin seats, and a table leaning against the wall for support, was all the furniture that met her eye, unless we include a couple of kettles, that glistened from constant use, from under which the embers had mouldered into ashes, and yet retained their shape. Mag was about retreating, ignorant of the existence of an occupant save herself, when, in one corner of the room, upon a low bed, raised from the floor by timbers fastened in the wall, she discovered the pale face and emaciated form of one she knew at once to be the mother of the children about her. The sight of so much poverty and distress, so startlingly new to her, sunk to her heart—she leaned over the patient with tenderness, scarcely breathing for fear of awakening her. The woman gave a slight groan, turned her face toward the door and opened her eyes. The presence of a stranger at first alarmed her, and Mag repented her curiosity as she watched the wandering eye and unmeaning expression. It settled down, finally, into strange inquiry, and, with a smile playing about her compressed lips, she asked—

"Are ye of Heaven, stranger—so far, and un-yearthly?"

"I am not," said Mag, with emotion, as she beheld the symptoms of the wandering mind. "I am not of Heaven. My father's boat is just below here in the river—what can I bring from it to relieve your sufferings?"

"Bring me some water!"

Mag handed her some in a gourd, which she drank eagerly, her hot breath almost scorching Mag's hand as it played upon it.

"Whar ar you from?" again she inquired of Mag, staring her in the face.

"Just from the river," was the reply of the poor girl, almost overcome with excitement. "I'll go back and bring some one to help you."

"No, don't go!" said the woman, clutching at Mag's hand—"don't go—the fever is off now, and the ague!" and the poor sufferer pressed her hand upon her heart.

* From an unpublished work of Incidents of Western Life in 1799.

"Marm—marm!" sang out the oldest boy—"marm, whar's the corn? Kit wont eat no more berries!"

At this appeal the poor mother showed that she heard the question of her child—but she did not reply; and the boy, after repeating the remark in a whining, complaining tone a dozen times, dragged from the ashes some half-cooked meat, and, seating himself upon the door-sill, divided it between his brother and sister.

"I've been mighty weak a long time," finally sighed the woman—"a long time—and roots and yarbs ha not helped me—even doctor's stuffs ha not helped me."

As she spoke, the talking of her children met her ear.

"Whar'll be my children when I'm gone?—who'll take 'em to the settlements?"

Mag leaped over the sick woman and endeavored to encourage her drooping spirit—but in vain. The intermittent fever, so common to a new country, had racked her system, and preyed upon a naturally weak mind, until one had become almost insensible to pain, and the other to thought. Occasionally would she for a moment revive, and incoherently talk of things evidently reminiscences of her youth. Then she would speak of her children—then breathe short sentences of a prayer. But exposure to the weather, bad food, and the accumulated ills of a frontier, exaggerated by indolence, and the want of all mental excitement, joined with constant disease, had absolutely destroyed the mind. The eye gazed wildly about—grew every moment more and more inexpressive. A fearful change passed over her features, and Mag staggered and fell against the rude wall of the cabin, as she almost fainted at the sudden consciousness that the woman had breathed her last.

A hectic flush mantled Mag's pale cheek, and the hot tears dropped from between her fingers, as burying her face in her hands, she wondered why a scene so dreadful should have passed before her. While thus speculating, the door darkened, and, looking up, she beheld a man, with a sallow face, shocky head of hair, and long beard, bending under the weight of the hind quarter of a deer, around whom clung with demonstrations of pleasure the three children, crying—"Dad—dad!"

Mag at once comprehended the relation of the man to the deceased, and, as embarrassing as was her situation, she at once looked him in the face, and, with the tears still upon her cheeks, told him she feared his wife was dead. The man, with stolid look, gazed in the direction of the corpse, and then throwing his burthen on the table, and placing his rifle in a corner of the room, sat down upon a low block, resting his elbows on his knees, and his face upon his hands, gazed unmeaningly into vacancy. Mag, in the mean time, passed quietly into the open air, and, gathering strength, walked rapidly as she could toward the river.

As Rodney reached the ascent of the ravine, he

met Mag—her eyes still betraying that she had been weeping—in fact, the agitation of her whole face was painful.

"What has harmed thee?" the young man inquired, with unaffected earnestness.

"Suffering and misery," replied the stricken girl, almost ready to sink to the earth—"such a scene—so dreadful!"

And she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out from her memory the things she had witnessed.

Rodney half supported her as she descended to the river side, using at the same time the most persuasive language in his power, to recover her spirits, and to learn the cause of her distress. A few broken sentences from Mag gave Rodney an idea of what she had seen; he silently directed the skiff toward the Ariel, and restored the poor girl to her parents.

Morgan had been most anxiously waiting the appearance of Ben, and was somewhat out of humor at his absence; in the excitement he had not noticed his child particularly, and thought nothing of her sudden disappearance into the hold of the boat with her mother; already had he given orders to unloosen the "flat," when Rodney mentioned to him the particulars of the trip ashore. Morgan, instantly countermanding his order, went himself below, and soon returning he jumped into the skiff, and bidding Rodney to follow, they were soon across the river, and as they were landing the squatter presented himself.

"I am glad, strangers, yu've cum'd across," said he, saluting Morgan and Rodney, "perhaps you'll help a poor man in trouble?"

"Most certainly we will," answered Morgan, "we have left the boat for that purpose."

"God Almighty bless you for 't," said the poor fellow with evident emotion, "and mabe it was your darter that closed her eyes?" he continued, looking at Morgan.

"I presume it was," said the father, affected to think of the sorrowful task imposed upon his child.

"Well, she's dun now," said the man sorrowfully, "and must have a Christian's burial."

Morgan comprehended the duty imposed upon him at once, and explaining to Rodney what humanity required, he gave some general directions, and sent him back to the flat. The squatter, in the mean time, talked as one walking in his sleep, and seemed at times almost idiotic, and finally sat down and gazed steadily into vacancy, apparently without feeling or thought.

"How long was your wife sick?" asked Morgan, endeavoring to rouse the man into some consciousness.

"Ever since spring," he said, unmovedly.

"What ailed her?" persevered Morgan.

"Jist agce—she shuck powerful every day—she tried yarbs, and I went down to Limestun for doctor's stuffs—but she died."

"What brought on the ague?" inquired Morgan, for the purpose of keeping up a conversation.

"Rich land and no pine knots to warm by," said the man, musingly.

Rodney returned with some rough planks, torn from places that made them not positively necessary to the flat, and with a saw and hammer, and assisted by Morgan, they were carried after the squatter, as he led the way to his desolate house. The rudest possible coffin was soon made, and the body of the poor woman, as death overtook it, was laid within it by the hands of strangers, her little children all the while gazing on with intense but ignorant curiosity. This duty performed, beneath a wide spreading beech, that stood upon an eminence near the house, was chosen a place for the grave. While these terrible preparations were going on, the husband stood by, gazing, as if yet ignorant of the extent of his misfortune; his children, accustomed to take care of themselves, went on seeking such excitements as offered, pursuing the nimble grasshopper or gay butterfly. The funeral was an unostentatious

one indeed, the chief mourner in the rear of the two coffin bearers, formed the procession; the children, for angels inspired them, went whooping off in the hollows hard by, and were spared the first impressions of sorrow, that would probably have seared their little hearts, had they been present, as their mother was forever hidden from their view.

The work accomplished, that mysterious pile of earth that speaks so eloquently of mortality, marked the spot where lay the body of the squatter's wife. How like the history of thousands then and since. No tear of her own sex, none of the delicacy of a woman's hand or a mother's heart, to sanctify or bless her grave. Obscure, and among earth's humblest, her spirit, divested of its clay, in eternity will brighten with that intelligence, and expand with that thought, which poverty and the rough cares of a cold world had here denied it.

THE HOUSEHOLD PET.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

A BLESSING on thy ruby lips, on each bright wavy curl,
And long may ring thy silv'ry laugh, my merry little girl.
Ay, clap thy tiny dimpled hands, with shouts of heart-felt
glee,
And from thy brother's outstretched arms, his teasing
kisses flee.
The day may come, my little one—God grant it be not
soon,
Yet fear I it may dawn for thee before "life's pleasant
noon"—
When thou shalt turn unto that hand for comfort and for
rest,
And weep to lay an aching head upon that loving breast.
Thou hast a fatal gift, fair child, for beauty is thy dower—
Beauty, that is as perishing as Spring's first timid flower—
Yet many a fond caress it brings, and many a kindly word;
The hearts of those who look on thee with thoughts of
love are stirred;
And as the coming years speed on, and thou, no more a
child,
Shalt be grown up to womanhood, so witching and so
wild,
A spell shall nestle in those curls, beam from thy 'wilder-
ing eyes;
And man, though knowing well its might, ne'er from its
influence flies.
Thy heart may feed on honeyed sounds, may rest on plea-
sant smiles,
Ay, flattery may reach thine ear with all its hidden wiles;
And when reposing trust in all, thy power, love, may
depart,
Leaving thee lone upon the earth, with crushed and break-
ing heart;
For those who would have shielded thee may rest within
the grave,

And none be near with kindly word, from dark despair to
save.
The one all deemed the dearest may have coldly turned
away—
For man full speedily forgets the idol of a day!
I watched a mother's eye grow dim who kissed thy velvet
cheek,
With lips so wan and tremulous, she did not dare to
speak.
She thought of her own baby boy, who by her oft had
played,
And with the falling of the leaf to his long rest was laid.
So thou may'st die, my darling child, to sleep with
Autumn's flowers,
And fading thus, know naught of earth except its pleasant
hours.
Although it seemeth sad to us, 't would be a happier lot
Than to outlive kind words and smiles, by kindred hearts
forgot.
But no—this shall not be thy fate, my rosy, bright-eyed
pet;
There is no cause for boding thoughts, for gloomy fears as
yet.
Thy life hath been all sunshine from the moment of thy
birth,
And now no cloud for thee shall throw its shadow on the
earth.
There is no shade within thine eyes, none on thy pure
young brow;
Why should not life be always bright and fair for thee as
now?
Oh, would that thus in peace might pass the life that God
has given,
That thou may'st tread a pleasant path, up to thy home in
Heaven.

“SHE WAS THE FIRST LOVE OF MY HEART— THE LAST LOVE SHE SHALL BE.”

ONE Monday morning, many years ago, say twenty, more or less, I made my debut at the academy, in a town near Boston, the people of which were famed for their sedentary habits. I was a boy then, full of life and health, but with manners chastened by a naturally pensive and sensitive disposition. The day previous was Sunday, and, as I walked to church by the side of the good dominie's beautiful wife, with whom I was to board, and listened to the clear silver* tone (so unlike the cracked kettle of my native village) of the church-bell, as it sent forth its summons from the old "Tannel," to all the people, to come and worship God; I was happy!

But now the scene was changed; and I found myself in a noisy crowd of boys, each seeming anxious to indemnify himself for the torture he had endured the day previous, in refraining from play and keeping quiet. Such was the din of voices, and confusion of movement, that I could hardly tell one boy from another. The girls, too, in full possession of the school-room, were not much less noisy. But in a moment the scene was changed—the master entered the house, the girls became seated, and the boys reluctantly followed their example.

Then it was I cast my eyes over the school, beginning with the boys, to see if I could find one whom I thought I might make a friend of. They all looked very neat, with their stiffly starched shirt collars turned tidily over the collars of their jackets. All returned my look, some sheepishly, not one kindly—most of them grinned. Disheartened, almost home-sick, I turned for consolation to the girls. As you might suppose, they were all looking at the new-comer, and, as their gaze met mine, some looked down, some tittered, others frowned. But there was one, a fair, curly-haired girl, who sat directly opposite me; as her eyes met mine, I felt their gaze like magic. Oh! they were sweet fountains, those rich dark eyes, and I drank deeply from them of comfort and encouragement, till I felt soothed and happy. But still I gazed, and, methought, as if conscious of their power to soothe, those brilliant orbs, after one flash of triumph, changed to a soft, fixed look of—yes, (I'll say it now, 'twas "long, long ago,") of love. Of my own feelings I will not speak, save to say that my eyes filled with tears, my head drooped upon my desk—and it was the happiest moment of my life!

Time passed on—my strength and courage had

been fully tested, and I had found my level among my school-fellows, in doors and out. With the master, I was a prodigious favorite; his choice fell upon me, out of a half score of boys, for his chum, and I thus enjoyed his favor, at the expense of the envy of half the school.

After the mute conversation which passed between myself and the little Julia, you will no doubt suppose we soon became fast friends. Let me describe her: I have already said enough of her eyes—her hair was a rich auburn, almost brown, hanging in natural curls about her face and neck, and falling most luxuriously below her shoulders. Altogether she was one that would be chosen by acclamation out of a thousand for a Queen of May—and no artist could look upon her without wishing to transfer her face to canvas, to be retained in his studio for a study.

She had seen twelve summers, myself fourteen—and we were both in love—and, if we told the truth, then for the first time. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon found us seated side by side in her father's sleigh, for a ride, which lasted until an elder sister's patience had been exhausted, and the edict had passed that I should get out at the corner, near, but out of sight of my boarding house. I should have hated that corner, had it not been the one where I always got in. Then there were the little love letters, written upon coarse paper pilfered from our writing books; and, for sudden emergencies, the few lines written in a large hand upon our slates, and at some favorable moment, when the attention of teacher and pupils was pre-occupied, held up to be read. Oh! those were happy days—but they did not last.

One day in the middle of a term, I received a letter from my dear excellent mother, stating that she could no longer afford the expenses of my remaining at school, and requesting me to come at once to the city, where she had removed, to reside with a newly elected son-in-law, who had secured me "a situation in an excellent store, where my duties would be very light," and the compensation liberal, viz: my board and thirty dollars per year until I was of age; and I was required to pledge myself not to ask for an increase of salary until I had attained my majority. This promise I made and faithfully kept. When my mother found what I had to do in my new situation, she was very unhappy, for she thought it degrading that one of her boys should be reduced to sweeping out a store, trimming lamps, and cleaning windows, with the privilege of a nigger for a vis a vis all above the first story, lest he should break his neck if he ventured outside.

* The bell was a present from the town by Queen Anne; and tradition says that it came from its composition 200 silver crowns, cast in it by her order.

But to return to when I left school. I received my letter in the evening, and had to take the stage at an early hour the following morning, so that I had no time to say farewell; but I remember that I spent nearly the whole night, after packing up my slender wardrobe, in covering a sheet of foolscap to Julia, assuring her of my deep regret at leaving her, especially without the mournful pleasure of saying farewell; protesting that I should always love her, and her only, and exhorting her to constancy in return—winding up with a verse of poetry, which I have forgotten, but which, I have since learned, made more impression than all the letter besides. I confided the important document to the care of a long-faced, red-headed boy, who promised faithfully to deliver it into her own hands when no one was present, and never to mention the circumstance to any one: both of which promises he religiously kept, I have good reason to believe, although I have never seen his lugubrious face since.

Julia and I did not meet again for three years. I had not much changed—hard work, and close confinement to the city, had kept me from growing; while she, who had enjoyed the fresh air and romping exercises of the country, was a tall full-grown woman. We met in the street, and I did not know her until she spoke, but there was no mistaking the rich tones of that musical voice; and the eyes, too, were the same that had fixed my gaze three years before, when wandering over the school-house in search of one look of sympathy or encouragement. I was just at that age when boys, if small, are sensitive upon that point, and cannot tolerate the proximity of any young lady taller than themselves. Here, then, stood my dearest, my only, my first love, she of whom I had constantly dreamed, sleeping and waking, ever since we parted—a full half head above me, looking down upon her little lover. I have a tell-tale face, dear reader, and I have no doubt that her eye detected all my feelings of regret, disappointment and chagrin.

I had lost my little sweetheart! We met occasionally during the next four or five years, but always with feelings of constraint upon both sides, although time had removed the disparity of height.

At length I heard, with a sort of undefinable feeling of regret, that she was married, and had gone away with her husband to a foreign land.

Years rolled on, and she was almost forgotten; rarely visiting my memory, save when passing through the place of our school-days, or when meeting some old school companion.

I, too, became a wanderer, and am changed. My heart, naturally warm, has been chilled by contact with those less so—disappointment has met me early in all my struggles for wealth and happiness; and I have ceased to struggle.

Returning the other day from the sunny South, where I had passed the winter in pursuit of health, as I stepped on board the steamboat at New York my attention was attracted by a lady and two little children, in deep mourning. I approached, and was recognized by Julia!

"Are those your children?"

"Yes."

"The girl is not like you; let me see the boy's face."

"Ah! that's your boy!" I could have hugged the little fellow to my heart, for he turned round with just such a smile as his mother used to lavish on me years ago, and he had her bright expressive eye.

"Have you no children?"

"No."

"Are you not married?"

"No."

"Never been married?"

"No."

"Why, I thought you were about being married before I was."

"Oh! no, I never thought of marrying."

We discoursed of many things. I inquired for her father and mother—both dead—and her husband—dead too—all dead! Soon after supper Julia retired to her state-room, and I bade her good-night, after being allowed to see the two little ones, who were stowed away at "heads and points" in the lower berth.

I felt strangely restless when I found myself alone, and concluding that I would not retire, as we were to leave the boat for the cars soon after midnight, I sat down with a book in the saloon upon the upper deck, with the intention of remaining there until we landed. In less than an hour, an accident happened to some part of the machinery, which compelled them to stop the engine; and, as many of the passengers betrayed considerable alarm, by making their appearance upon deck rather in dishabille, I stepped to the door of Julia's state-room to assure her there was no danger. I was rewarded for my civility in a few moments by the presence of the young widow, who seemed a good deal agitated by her fears for her little children. I reiterated my assurance that they were in no danger from the accident which had occurred, and urged her not to awaken them, for they slept soundly through all the commotion.

The other passengers soon retired; and we were once more alone together, the first time for many, many years.

It was a deliciously calm, lovely night, the moon was shining brightly—but I will not attempt the description of a perfect moonlight night upon the water—all have seen, and there are few that have not felt its influence. My companion had not followed the example of the other more frightened or less thoughtful passengers, although her toilet was made with less care than usual, and her head, which had before been covered either with a hat or cap, was now exposed to the balmy night air; and as we leaned over the side of the boat, her arm resting in mine, and her dark brown hair falling over her brow and cheek, she seemed more like the little girl who had won my boyish heart, than she ever had since we sat so close to each other in the old school-house.

We talked frankly of our young days; of the rides, the walks, the love-letters, the quarrels and the reconciliations, until

"I felt, I felt, I was a boy again!"

Another hour added to the one we thus passed together, and the man who had begun to doubt whether he had a heart capable of loving, would have been as fairly won as the boy once was, and by the same irresistible little girl, now changed to the full, commanding woman.

I spoke of first impressions and early prejudices, and she agreed with me that they were lasting, and with difficulty eradicated. In short, I bade her good-bye for a few days, the next morning, with the

thought that there might yet be happiness in store for me.

It was just a week after that I saw her next; a long interval it seemed—not an hour of it was she absent from my memory. Well, we met—she was courteous and polite, nay more, there was kindness in her manner—but no love. She did not once, save in following my lead, allude to other days; and, after I had taken my leave, and calmly retraced our interview, I felt that she had, by her manner, as plainly rejected me, as I had her, years before, when she startled me with the apparition of a full-grown woman, when I continued to remember her, and worship her, as a little girl.

THE MAD WOLF.

A TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY "SOLITAIRE."

In the month of October, 1833, I was on my return from a trapping tour on Green River, the Grand Colorado of the West, in company with three companions, one named Alexandre, a half-breed, Verboncoeur, a Frenchman, and an American named Worthington. After a long day's tramp, we halted in a neck of timber, upon a tributary of the Colorado, immediately bordering upon a wide spreading prairie; and, having here pitched our tent, and tied the animals, we started out to reconnoitre the neighborhood surrounding the camp-ground. The country we had been traveling over all day lay immediately in the path of the roving bands of *Arapaho* and *Crow* Indians, and the former tribe was the white man's inveterate foe. Caution, therefore, counseled us to examine the tracks imprinted around us before we resigned ourselves to security and repose. Having mounted a willow-covered ridge, near the encampment, I descended into a small valley on our right, and had not proceeded far before I descried smoke issuing from the covert. Carefully approaching the spot I soon discovered a numerous war party encampment of Crows, and, as they were friendly to the company I belonged to, without hesitation I entered the circle seated around the fire. All seized their weapons with a general exclamation of "*how!*" when, informing them, in their own language, that I was *Little Wolf*—a name conferred upon me by an old chief of the tribe while I was sojourning at their village—they immediately remembered me, and all signs of hostilities were stayed between us. A friendly shaking of hands, and a short smoke of the calumet, I obtained

all the information I needed relative to the *Arapahoes*, and with pleasure learned that the war parties of the Crows had driven them far from the southern hunting grounds. The chief of the party, and a number of his braves, accompanied me a short distance on my return, and, when we parted, it was with mutual expressions of friendship. On arriving at camp, I found my companions awaiting my coming. Each reported his observations, and the information which I imparted was received with general satisfaction. It also confirmed their several reports, all declaring their search yielded no sign of hostile footsteps.

Every preparation was now made for a night of uninterrupted repose, and every thing promised the luxury. Our wearied march, with the unceasing watchfulness necessary for safety, had worn us down, until a night of unbroken sleep was looked forward to as the greatest boon circumstances could confer upon us. A foe would not approach us in the position we occupied, with our friends the Crows posted in such close proximity—they were nearly within hail—certainly within sound of our guns. A final examination was made of the *lariat* ropes which confined our animals, and then a short smoke—the trapper's greatest luxury—was indulged in; after which, spreading the buffalo robes, we dropped off into a slumber that needed no artificial aids to prolong its soundness.

How long we had lain in sleep I know not; but, all at once, with a suddenness which started repose into flight, I felt myself jerked from the robe on which I was resting. My first thought was that

Indians had attacked us, but the light of the fire disclosed my antagonist to be a *wolf*, who had seized and still held me fast by the left hand. I had no weapon within my reach, so, without hesitation, I struck him with my shut fist, and, delivering the blow upon his grinning muzzle with all my force, I broke his hold, but in doing so lacerated my thumb against his tusk. The whole was but the work of a moment. Alexandre, who lay nearest to me, aroused himself, and, no sooner was I released from the infuriated beast, than it seized him by the cheek. He choked it off, when, by this time, Verboncœur and Worthington having secured their knives, they rushed upon the animal. Each inflicted wounds upon him—but both were bitten. With a howl which curdled the hearer's blood, our assailant fled, and disappeared in the darkness. This sudden and violent interruption to our slumbers was not endured with Christian meekness, nor commented on in those choice epithets which bespeak a delightful surprise. On the contrary, we all indulged in a few bitter expletives against this nocturnal visitor, and, having thus in a measure appeased the wrath within us, we hastily bound up the wounds we had received, and once more forgot our dangers in the oblivion of sleep.

When morning broke, all sallied forth, in different directions, filled with revengeful purposes against the wolf, believing that he would lurk in our neighborhood. But, after an extended search, we were forced to forego the promised revenge, and vent our anger in declarations of what we would have done if chance had only placed him within gun-shot. On my return, I again encountered the Crow party, the chief of which informed me that a *mad wolf* had visited their camp the night previous. He had been driven off, however, before he had bitten any of their party. This intelligence chilled my blood with a horrid apprehension; and when he added that the animal fled in the direction of our camp, I felt assured he had been our fierce visitor. With gloomy forebodings of coming ill, I returned to my companions, who were preparing for a start.

Every thing being in readiness, we departed from the camping-ground, and, holding our way down the valley, came upon the great Crow *tracé*, where, discovering the tracks of a large party of white men, we followed it up and fell in with a trapping party of the North American Fur Company. From them I obtained some whiskey and salt, which I applied to my wounds, and advising my companions to use the same precaution, I intimated that the animal which bit us might be rabid. They laughed at my fears; but after, as I thought, sufficiently amusing themselves about my "womanish" dread of a wolf bite, I checked their mirth by imparting to them the intelligence I had gained from the Crows. Having, however, commenced amusing themselves at the expense of my fears, in a spirit of bravado they continued. I was awed by a presentiment of coming evil, and exhibited it, no doubt, in my countenance. Moreover, between dread of the wounds I had received, and chagrin at their ill-timed merri-

ment, I was influenced to drink freely of the liquor. My stolid air of indifference, together with my continued libations, alarmed them, for I was habitually temperate as regarded drink—but the reverse in passion. An outburst of anger on my part would have been natural, and have amused them—but my troubled countenance, coupled with the quiet despair of my actions, made them uneasy, and they watched me with interest. The liquor first made keen my sensibilities, then imparted a reckless indifference, which was followed by the stupor of deep intoxication; and, wrapped in its attendant robe of oblivion, I forgot the previous night's encounter. The songs and adventures related around the camp-fire on that night were unheard by me—and both companies were prepared to separate in the morning before they aroused me from my deep sleep. All the painful feelings of intoxication awoke with me, and, stupid and sick, I made my way to a brook beside the halting-ground, and laved my fevered head and body in its cool waters. Here Worthington, one of my companions, separated from us and joined the other company. Bidding him and the party adieu, we turned our horses' heads, and again took up the line of march for the Laramie river. We were in a region where danger lurked in every bush, and where the footsteps of human being brought hostility almost as surely as the clouds betoken rain. Thus far through the whole season of trapping we had escaped unhurt, and were returning, richly laden with spoils.

But while successfully avoiding the savage foe, a hidden one was at work in our midst more terrible than the painted warriors of the western desert—more appalling in its promised fatality than the torturing knife of the ruthless red man. *Hydrophobia*, in all its horrid panoply of terrors, looked out from the eyes that surrounded me, and I thought the madness was reflected back from my own.

On the day we crossed *Câche-à-la-Poudre* river, a colt, on which we had strapped some light articles, betrayed symptoms of the malady, and for the first time we found out he had been bitten. Alexandre and Verboncœur had fastened their guns upon his pack, to relieve themselves of the burthen while climbing the river banks, and now with dismay they observed him break loose from the mule to which he was tied, and with a yell of terror fly from the stream we had just crossed, the foam gathering around his mouth, indicating with certainty the cause of his frantic actions. The arms he bore away were necessary for our protection. I, therefore, started in pursuit—but the mad animal being lightly laden soon left my jaded mule far behind, and, dashing over a ledge to our left, ere I reached the promontory he was entirely lost to view. Misfortune appeared to have thrown her mantle over us, and, to a dread of the disease which threatened us, was now added the loss of weapons. Continuing our course down the borders of the Laramie, which became frozen over by the continued cold weather, we approached the Fork of the Platte, and, while in its immediate neighborhood, fancied we

observed the colt quietly grazing in a plain before us. Leaving Alexandre, who complained of being ill, in the tent, Verboncœur and myself started in pursuit. A flicker of hope stole about our hearts that this might indeed be the runaway animal, free from hydrophobia, which had fled, startled by the close proximity of a beast of prey, or had been only stung to momentary madness by some venomous insect. As we neared the animal all hopes fled—distance and our ardent wishes had converted the hump of a buffalo into the semblance of a pack, which on nearer approach resolved itself into its real character, and cast us back again into a state of despondency. At this moment a cry from my companion, who was pointing toward camp, directed my attention thitherward, and the next moment I beheld our tent on fire, and the half-breed flourishing around his head a burning faggot. We instantly turned our horses' heads and rode with all speed toward him—as we approached he started off the pack-mules with his brand, and when we reached the spot all our worst fears were confirmed—he was a howling *madman*!

After a violent struggle, in which he inflicted severe blows upon us both, we succeeded in securing his arms, and having bound him upon a pallet of skins, we drove stakes into the frozen ground and there tied him. While he raved and howled, all the savage in his nature made predominant by his malady, Verboncœur and myself sat weighed down with horrid dread, and were contemplating each other with fear. I fancied I beheld a wild expression in his eyes, and no doubt he observed the same in mine. Alexandre, in the mean time, recovered from his convulsion, and in tones of earnest supplication besought us to end his torture, by sending a bullet through his brain. His supplications but echoed the thoughts which were coursing through my mind—I was meditating suicide with all the coolness of a wretch whose cup of despair is to the full, and the tide of which but lingers on the brim. Another, and another convulsion followed the progress of the disease upon poor Alexandre; in his terrible paroxysms he tore one arm loose from the cords, and with a howl began to rend it with his teeth; when we secured the limb he tried to seize his shoulder, this we prevented by placing a strap across his forehead, and fastening it on each side with stakes—he now bit his lips with fury, and the blood and foam gathered about them in his agony, while the pupil of his dark eye shot fire, and the ball, which a few days previous was white as the snow upon the hills, assumed a hue as red as blood. All other dangers vanished before this one—the savage foe no longer inspired fear, indeed he would have been welcomed to a conflict which promised for us certain death. As the sun of that day of sorrow went down, the half-breed's paroxysms became more violent, and seating ourselves beside his rude mountain couch, we watched him through the gloom of night. Morning at length dawned, and we were rejoiced that with its first light the spirit of our comrade fled, leaving his tormented body to its long sleep.

Alexandre's knife had been carried off by the colt, with the guns, and the amount of arms between Verboncœur and myself was one rifle, two knives, and a pistol; of these my companion had but a knife as his share, and I felt selfishly glad, for he was an athletic man, who, armed, in madness, would slay me in a moment; I therefore clutched the weapons I possessed with an eager gripe, and watched my comrade's motions with painful vigilance. We could not bury Alexandre's body, the earth being so frozen it was impossible to dig it with our knives, we therefore started down to the river, with the intention of cutting a hole through the ice and depositing it in the stream, out of reach of the wolves. Verboncœur first commenced cutting, but had not succeeded in making a crevice before he snapped his knife-blade off about midway. This accident, at any time while in the mountains, would have been looked upon as a great misfortune—in our situation it was viewed as a frightful calamity—a loss which rendered us weak and helpless in defence, and which it was impossible to replace; and yet, paradox as it may seem, while I grieved I rejoiced, for, while it diminished the number of our weapons, it robbed my companion of the only dangerous one he had left, and one I had looked upon with dread. I represented to him the necessity of carefully preserving the other knife, and he assented; we therefore concluded not to risk it in the ice, but folding up the remains of our dead companion in a buffalo-robe left it upon the prairie without sepulture, with the winds alone to murmur his dirge. So perished the first victim of the *Mad Wolf*.

When we again started, my companion asked me for the pistol in my belt, and the knife in my sheath, which he argued would be a fair division of the weapons, and I had no good reason for refusing him, other than my wakeful fears, but I put him off with an excuse that I wished to place them in proper order before I resigned them. He smiled, and we journeyed on. After observing his countenance for some time, I began to grow reassured—it looked calm and undisturbed, and his step displayed a firmness and decision which I believed could only belong to health in body and mind. While thus growing in hope and confidence, and when on the very eve of yielding up a weapon to him, a wolf howled in our immediate neighborhood, and I could see him shudder, the muscles of his face contract, and his eye assume an unusual lustre, while a low groan broke from his heaving chest. I hugged the weapons in my possession with increased eagerness, and clung to them with a tenacity founded on absolute fear, for I conjectured, and rightly, that the seeds of the dread malady which carried off our half-breed companion were making themselves manifest in Verboncœur. In crossing a small branch which emptied into the Laramie, I again watched his features, and all the symptoms of hydrophobia burst forth in a paroxysm, unmistakable in its character. He instantly rushed upon me, when with the heavy barrel of my rifle I felled him senseless—my fears had made me a Hercules in strength

—and then leaping upon his insensible body I bound him with a *lariat* rope so tightly that in vain he struggled for freedom. I sat down beside him with my teeth clenched, and listened unmoved to his ravings and prayers for death—he, like Alexandre, besought me to despatch him—but finding his supplications move me not, he broke into horrid imprecations and threats, in which he swore that he would kill me—that he would tear me with his teeth, and, bound as he was, he rolled his body toward me. I held him down to the earth, and he again relapsed into dreadful convulsions. My despair had now no lower depth. I looked upon my remaining comrade and shared in his agony, for I expected that inevitable as fate my turn would come next; and yet, with this belief preying at my heart, some unknown power of the human will held back my hand when I would have yielded to my comrade's entreaties for death.

At times the resolution to despatch him, and follow it up with my own death, was on the very eve of being consummated, when a whisper of hope would bid me to firmly suffer on. Worn out nature could bear up no longer without repose, and so wearied was I in mind and body, that almost unconsciously I sunk into slumber. While the fire at my feet grew more and more dim, my senses wandered away in a delightful dream to the fire-side of my old home, and the wildness of the trapper life, its many perils and hardships, melted away in the soft sunlight of an autumn sky, which appeared to throw its golden beams over my far-off home. There the settler smoked his pipe in security, his household slumbered in peace, and the morning sun awoke him to enjoyment instead of fear. My dream had taken the hue of my hopes and wishes.

While my senses were thus wrapt, the report of fire-arms dispelled the vision, and not knowing for a moment whether it was a dream or reality, I sprang to my feet and felt for my pistol—it was *gone*! I stood for a moment collecting my thoughts, and partly waiting to feel the effects of a wound, but no sensation of pain manifesting itself, I seized a brand from the smouldering fire and held it over my bound companion; all was solved at a glance—he had in his struggles released one arm, and a lucid fit intervening, poor Verboncœur had drawn the pistol from my belt, while I slept, and ended his agony by his own hand.

I was now *alone*—far in the wilderness—a dreadful apprehension of the poison being in my veins ever present to my thoughts—and thus seated in darkness by my dead companion, my heart bowed down, and my mind cheerless as the gloom surrounding me, I yielded to the feelings which were

preying upon my manhood, and wept like a child. Morning at length dawned, and folding my dead companion up, as we together had previously bestowed the first victim, I mounted a mule, and with the pack animals pursued my solitary way. My march was now one of indifference, and with a kind of foolish daring I plunged through every stream impeding my progress, and drank freely of their waters, inviting, as it were, the madness I was sure would come. My progress was tedious, difficult, laborious and full of hardships, but at length, almost worn down, I arrived at our trading post on the North Fork of the Platte. When I presented myself to the commander of the post, he did not recognize my gaunt form and seared visage. Suffering, both of body and mind, had so stamped my features, that I looked like some escaped maniac, and the uneasy appearance of my sunken eye made old friends look upon me with suspicion—they thought I was crazed. When I told my story, and showed the wounds upon my hands, inflicted by the rabid wolf, and related the death of my comrades, they shook their heads with doubt, and I could hear it whispered among them that some dreadful affray had occurred between us, resulting in their death. Others suggested that the savages had slain my companions, and that through suffering, alone in the wilderness, I had become insane. All these doubts worked upon my troubled mind until reason did indeed begin to totter upon its throne. A few days after my arrival at the North Fork post, an express rider arrived, who had passed a night in the camp of the American trapping party our companion, Worthington, had joined, and he not only had heard our encounter with the mad wolf related, but the fact of his having the malady being dreadfully confirmed in the death of Worthington, who perished in their camp under all the certain symptoms of hydrophobia. My story being thus confirmed, and painful suspicions removed, I felt a change in the tone of my mind; fears which had harbored there began to diminish in intensity, and no symptom of the much dreaded malady appearing, hope grew strong within me. This produced a corresponding improvement in health, until gradually the marks of my dreadful march disappeared from both form and feature.

I have often since endeavored to assign a cause for my escape, and have as frequently been led to attribute it to my free use of liquor and salt, at our meeting with the northwestern trappers—combined, they nullified the poison. Fifteen years have passed since the adventure, and with a thankful heart I chronicle the fact that no vestige of its effects remains, except the vivid recollection of our night encounter with the *Mad Wolf* of the Prairies!

P—, THE VERSIFIER, REVIEWING HIS OWN POETRY.

WHEN critics scourged him, there was scope
For self-amendment, and for hope:

Reviewing his own poems, he
Has done the deed—*de-se*!

W.

observed the colt quietly grazing in a plain before us. Leaving Alexandre, who complained of being ill, in the tent, Verboncœur and myself started in pursuit. A flicker of hope stole about our hearts that this might indeed be the runaway animal, free from hydrophobia, which had fled, startled by the close proximity of a beast of prey, or had been only stung to momentary madness by some venomous insect. As we neared the animal all hopes fled—distance and our ardent wishes had converted the hump of a buffalo into the semblance of a pack, which on nearer approach resolved itself into its real character, and cast us back again into a state of despondency. At this moment a cry from my companion, who was pointing toward camp, directed my attention thitherward, and the next moment beheld our tent on fire, and the half-breed flouring around his head a burning faggot. We turned our horses' heads and rode with all ward him—as we approached he started his mules with his brand, and when we were all our worst fears were confirmed—*ing madman!*

After a violent struggle, in which we were blows upon us both, we seized his arms, and having bound his hands, we drove stakes into the ground and tied him. While he was thus, his savage in his nature, his malady, Verboncœur, with horrid dread, other with fear, vision in his eyes in mine. Alas, from his cation be bullet-echo my or

"Must that which fills my bosom—
Love pure and holy—be
A bright and glorious blossom
Cast out upon the sea?
Must all my soul has cherished
Be crushed in hour of birth,
Till every bliss has perished
That made a heaven of earth?
Can she, my passion spurning,
Feel no responsive fire
Like that which, in me burning,
Thrills on my wakened lyre?"

"I cannot, love, believe it!
The soul is fond and frail;
Too ardent hopes deceive it,
But this—it *will* not fail!
Too deep its current rushes:
Could I but tell my pain
And read in thy warm blushes,
I had not loved in vain!"
His wish thus fondly writing,
The song dropped at his feet,
Where, 'mid the flowers, lighting,
It stirred their perfume sweet.

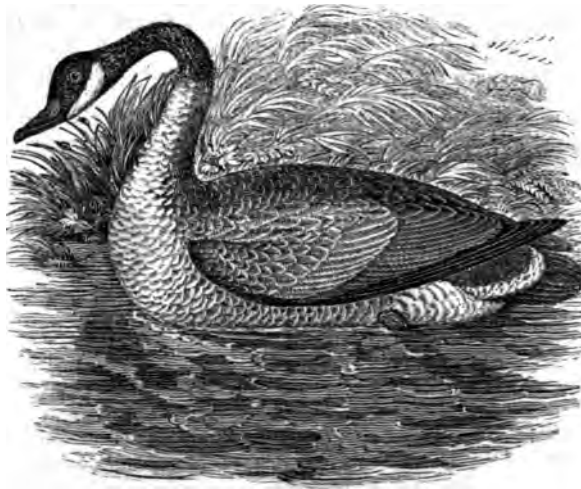
Alexandre's knife had been with the guns, and the Verboncœur and my and a pistol; of the as his share, and athletic man, me in a mor- I possess comrade could froz w

she knew,
eye stealing—
upon its blue!
at, with head reclining,
And eyes in thought cast down,
While one fair hand was twining
Amid her tresses brown.
Her features could not borrow
The joy of that sweet spot,
But wore a shade of sorrow—
She feared he loved her not!
Beside the vine-wreathed chamber,
A pair of doves had come;
Though scared by cold November
The Spring had called them home.
And now, while each soft feather
By southern winds was preat,
They used the balmy weather
To build their broken nest.
She watched their pinions gleaming
In sunshine to and fro,
And heard, in listless dreaming,
Their cooing love-note low.

One hurried from the meadow
With grasses from the rill,
One from the forest's shadow
With paper in its bill;
And while with toil unfolding
The treasure, when it came,
The maiden, still beholding,
Saw written there her name!
She reached her hand and grasped it,
The scared dove left the vine;
Then to her quick heart clasped it—
She knew his burning line!

Ha! glory for the poet,
Whose passion filled the song!
Fate bids the maiden know it,
Whom he had loved so long.
Fond spirits cannot linger
In loneliness apart,
But Love's revealing finger
Will aid the timid heart.
With Nature's thousand voices,
He tells the secret low;
Till Heaven at last rejoices
O'er wedded hearts below.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.



CANADA GOOSE.

ONE of the most important families of birds is that of the Anatidæ, constituting that part of the succession between birds chiefly in the air, and birds chiefly in the water, which extends from the gallinaceous and wading birds on one hand, to the true divers, which seek their food wholly under water, and chiefly in the sea, on the water. Of this family, the genus *Anser* first claims the attention of the naturalist, from its close resemblance to the gallinaceous birds, and may not improperly receive the same distinction from the sportsman. The Canada Goose, *Anas Canadensis*, is the common Wild Goose of the United States, as remarkable for its seasonal migrations as the Gray Goose is in Europe, and once extended its flight over the whole country in great numbers. There is no part of our country where the inhabitants are unacquainted with the wild goose, and its periodical flights, but none have ascertained with certainty their particular breeding places. Hearne saw them within the arctic circle, still pursuing their way north in large numbers. They have been seen while feeding on the shores of Spitzbergen, and the immediate vicinity of the pole itself probably affords them a resting-place, which man cannot invade, and from which it is impossible entirely to extirpate them. Their flight from the south is anxiously awaited by the Indians, who name the time of its duration from the middle of April to the middle of May—the Goose Moon—and hail it as the certain harbinger of spring. Nor are the sons of the forest less rejoiced when the autumnal flight commences. The rigors of approaching win-

ter drive the geese from their high northern solitudes to the temperate zones, to reach which they are obliged to run one of the most formidable gantlets imaginable. The account of it is given in substance as follows, by Pennant, in the Arctic Zoology. The English at Hudson's Bay depend greatly on geese, and in favorable years kill several thousands and barrel them up for use. As it is useless to pursue them, the servants of the Company endeavor to improve the opportunity afforded by their passage. They build huts or hovels at musket-shot distance across the great marshes of the country, each of which is occupied by a single gunner, generally an Indian. An expert imitation of the cry of the birds will bring them near to the sportsman, who fires as many guns as possible at them as they fly from him. Those he has killed he sets upon sticks, to aid in decoying others. The flight lasts from the middle of August to the middle of September, during which an expert Indian will frequently kill two hundred birds in a day. They are left to be frozen for the winter stock of fresh provisions, their feathers being taken off as they are used, and sent to England as an article of commerce. After escaping this destructive fire, it is not to be wondered at that those who reach the United States are extremely shy. Nevertheless, it is not difficult to tame them, and, in many parts of our country and Europe, they have become completely domesticated.

In some cases, when a ~~wounded~~ goose has recovered from the wound which ~~made~~ her captive, she has been known to join one of the flocks as it migrated

northward, spend the summer in its familiar haunts, and return at the approach of cold weather to the society of the gray goose, and the protection of the farm-yard.

Early in October they appear on the coast of New Jersey, frequenting the shallow bays and marsh islands, and feeding on sea-cabbage and the roots of the sedge. They swim well, and, if wing-broken, will swim a great distance under water, and are difficult to capture.

The wild goose weighs from ten to fourteen pounds, and yields about half a pound of feathers. Its length is three feet, alar extent five feet two inches, the bill two inches and a half long, is black, the irides dark hazel, the head and neck black, with

a kidney-shaped white spot on the chin and lower part of the head, a feature peculiar to this bird among the whole tribe of geese, and from which it has derived the name of the cravat goose. The lower part of the neck, anteriorly, is white—the back, the wing coverts brown, each feather tipped with white—the rump, the tail, and the primary quill feathers are black, the tail coverts and vent are white, the sides are pale ashy brown, and the legs and feet brownish ash. Like their venerated relatives, who saved from destruction the world's future mistress, the wild geese are exceedingly watchful and clamorous, raising a great noise upon the appearance of any thing strange.



THE BRANT GOOSE.

The Brant or Brent Goose and the Barnacle Goose are considered as identical by Wilson, than whom no one, probably, has paid more attention to the varieties of the family of the Anatidæ. Coinciding with him in regarding the two names as belonging to one bird, it may not be amiss to remind the sportsman of its celebrity in the annals of fabulous natural history. Reserved until the last because the most curious, we find in the Herbal of Gerard, article "Goose-bearing tree," a grave assertion that the barnacle goose made its appearance not in the way that geese commonly do, but growing out of the barnacle shell adhering to old water-soaked logs, trees, or other pieces of wood cast up by the sea.

The barnacles, with whose real character every one is acquainted, are attached in great numbers to the driftwood in the North Sea, and which, collected by storms in some places, is scattered in others, and in violent tempests is cast upon the shore. The same long continuance of foul weather which produces this effect, exhausts the strength of the migrating geese, whose dead bodies are not unfrequently cast ashore with the logs, and thus, when

stories were credited in proportion as they were wonderful, arose the fable of the production of the geese from the barnacle shell. This tale was not long confined to the sea-shore; eye-witnesses were soon found to testify to the changing of barnacle shells into geese near the large ponds in the interior of England, where neither the geese nor the barnacles are ever found, and our worthy author, Gerard, gives an account of his own personal investigation of the contents of certain shells on a rotten tree, in some of which he found "the birds covered with soft downe, the shell half open, and the birds readie to fall out, which no doubt were the fowles called barnacles."

The brant is expected at Egg Harbor, on the New Jersey coast, about the beginning of October. It remains in this neighborhood a few days, and then passes on to the south. The arrivals and departures of successive flocks continue till the weather becomes very severe. They do not feed in the marshes, but on the bars at low water; they never dive for food, but wade about, eating sea cabbage and small fish. Yet when wing-tipped by the sportsman, they

plunge into the water and swim to a considerable distance beneath its surface, frequently going one hundred yards at a time. The difficulty of securing such game may be readily imagined. In calm weather, and at high tide, they may be seen in long lines, floating on the surface of the water. They reappear, on their way to the north, about the middle of May, but at this time do not stop long. In the spring they are lean and ill-flavored, but in winter they are justly esteemed a delicacy. According to Nuttall, the navigator Barentz found multitudes of the brant goose sitting on their eggs in the Wibe Janz Water, June, 1595, and was not a little amazed at discovering them to be the Rotgansen which his countrymen, the Dutch, supposed to have been generated from some trees in Scotland, the fruit of which, when ripe, fell into the sea, and was converted into goslings. The brant is smaller than the Canada goose, weighing about four pounds, and measuring two feet in length and three and a half feet in alar extent.

Another species of goose, called on the sea-coast the Red Goose, arrives in the river Delaware in November, on its passage from the north. It comes in considerable flocks, and is extremely noisy, the note it utters being more shrill and squeaking than that of the common wild goose. As the depth of winter approaches, this goose, called by Wilson the snow goose, *Anas Hyperborea*, proceeds farther to the south; but from the middle of February until March, they are again found in the Delaware, above and below Reedy Island. They feed upon the roots of the reed, and, like most others of their tribe that feed on vegetables, their flesh is excellent. Wilson makes this species of the anser to include the White-fronted, or Laughing Goose, the Bean Goose, and the Blue-winged Goose, all of which he regards as imperfect specimens, male or female, of the Snow Goose. It is, when full grown, about two feet eight inches in length, and five feet in extent.

MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THIS book* could never have been popular out of Germany. It is too simple—too direct—too obvious—too bald—not sufficiently complex—to be relished by any people who have *thoroughly* passed the first (or impulsive) epoch of literary civilization. The Germans have not yet passed this first epoch. It must be remembered that *during the whole of the middle ages they lived in utter ignorance of the art of writing*. From so total a darkness, of so late a date, they could not, *as a nation*, have as yet fully emerged into the second or critical epoch. Individual Germans have been critical in the best sense—but the masses are unleavened. Literary Germany thus presents the singular spectacle of the impulsive spirit surrounded by the critical, and, of course, in some measure influenced thereby. England, for example, has advanced far, and France much farther, into the critical epoch; and their effect on the German mind is seen in the wildly anomalous condition of the German literature at large. That this latter will be improved by age, however, should never be maintained. As the impulsive spirit subsides, and the critical uprises, there will appear the polished insipidity of the later England, or that ultimate *throe* of taste which has found its best exemplification in Sue. At present the German literature resembles no other on the face of the earth—for it is the result of certain conditions which, before this individual instance of their fulfillment, have never been fulfilled. And this anomalous state to which I

refer is the source of our anomalous criticism upon what that state produces—is the source of the grossly conflicting opinions about German letters. For my own part, I admit the German vigor, the German directness, boldness, imagination, and some other qualities of impulse, just as I am willing to admit and admire these qualities in the first (or impulsive) epochs of British and French letters. At the German criticism, however, I cannot refrain from laughing all the more heartily, all the more seriously I hear it praised. Not that, in detail, it affects me as an absurdity—but in the adaptation of its details. It abounds in brilliant bubbles of *suggestion*, but these rise and sink and jostle each other, until the whole vortex of thought in which they originate is one indistinguishable chaos of froth. The German criticism is *unsettled*, and can only be settled by time. At present it suggests without demonstrating, or convincing, or effecting any definite purpose under the sun. We read it, rub our foreheads, and ask "What then?" I am not ashamed to say that I prefer even Voltaire to Goethe, and hold Macaulay to possess more of the true critical spirit than Augustus William and Frederick Schlegel combined.

"Thiodolf" is called by Focu   his "most *successful* work." He would not have spoken thus had he considered it his *best*. It is admirable of its kind—but its kind can *never* be appreciated by Americans. It will affect them much as would a grasp of the hand from a man of ice. Even the exquisite "Undine" is too chilly for our people, and, generally, for our epoch. We have less imagination and warmer sympathies than the age which preceded us.

* "Thiodolf, the Iclander and Aslauga's Knight." No. 60 of Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Series of "The Library of Choice Reading."

It would have done Foqué more ready and fuller justice than ours.

Has any one remarked the striking similarity in tone between "Undine" and the "Libussa" of Muscova?

Whatever may be the merits or demerits, generally, of the Magazine Literature of America, there can be no question as to its extent or influence. The topic—Magazine Literature—is therefore an important one. In a few years its importance will be found to have increased in geometrical ratio. The whole tendency of the age is Magazine-ward. The Quarterly Reviews have never been popular. Not only are they too stilted, (by way of keeping up a due dignity,) but they make a point, with the same end in view, of discussing only topics which are *caviare* to the many, and which, for the most part, have only a conventional interest even with the few. Their issues, also, are at too long intervals; their subjects get cold before being served up. In a word, their ponderosity is quite out of keeping with the *rush* of the age. We now demand the light artillery of the intellect; we need the curt, the condensed, the pointed, the readily diffused—in place of the verbose, the detailed, the voluminous, the inaccessible. On the other hand, the lightness of the artillery should not degenerate into popgunnery—by which term we may designate the character of the greater portion of the newspaper press—their sole legitimate object being the discussion of ephemeral matters in an ephemeral manner. Whatever talent may be brought to bear upon our daily journals, (and in many cases this talent is very great,) still the imperative necessity of catching, *currente calamo*, each topic as it flits before the eye of the public, must of course materially narrow the limits of their power. The bulk and the period of issue of the monthly magazines, seem to be precisely adapted, if not to all the literary wants of the day, at least to the largest and most imperative, as well as the most consequential portion of them.

The chief portion of Professor Espy's theory has been anticipated by Roger Bacon.

It is a thousand pities that the puny witticisms of a few professional objectors should have power to prevent, even for a year, the adoption of a name for our country. At present we have, clearly, none. There should be no hesitation about "Appalachia." In the first place, it is distinctive. "America"* is not, and can never be made so. We may legislate as much as we please, and assume for our country whatever name we think right—but to us it will be no name, to any purpose for which a name is needed, unless we can take it away from the regions which employ it at present. South America is "America," and will insist upon remaining so. In the second place, "Appalachia" is indigenous,

* Mr. Field, in a meeting of "The New York Historical Society," proposed that we take the name of "America," and bestow "Columbia" upon the continent.

springing from one of the most magnificent and distinctive features of the country itself. Thirdly, in employing this word we do honor to the Aborigines, whom, hitherto, we have at all points unmercifully despoiled, assassinated and dishonored. Fourthly, the name is the suggestion of, perhaps, the most deservedly eminent among all the pioneers of American literature. It is but just that Mr. Irving should name the land for which, in letters, he first established a name. The last, and by far the most truly important consideration of all, however, is the music of "Appalachia" itself; nothing could be more sonorous, more liquid, or of fuller volume, while its length is just sufficient for dignity. How the guttural "Alleghania" could ever have been preferred for a moment is difficult to conceive. I yet hope to find "Appalachia" assumed.

That man is not truly brave who is afraid either to seem or to be, when it suits him, a coward.

About the "Antigone," as about all the ancient plays, there seems to me a certain *boldness*, the result of inexperience in art, but which pedantry would force us to believe the result of a studied and supremely artistic simplicity. Simplicity, indeed, is a very important feature in all true art—but not the simplicity which we see in the Greek drama. That of the Greek sculpture is every thing that can be desired, because here the art in itself is simplicity in itself and in its elements. The Greek sculptor chiseled his forms from what he saw before him every day, in a beauty nearer to perfection than any work of any Cleomenes in the world. But in the drama, the direct, straight-forward, *un-Greek* Greek had no Nature so immediately presented from which to make copy. He did what he could—but I do not hesitate to say that that was exceedingly little worth. The profound sense of one or two tragic, or rather, melo-dramatic elements (such as the idea of inexorable Destiny)—this sense gleaming at intervals from out the darkness of the ancient stage, serves, in the very imperfection of its development, to show, not the dramatic ability, but the dramatic *inability* of the ancients. In a word, the simple arts spring into perfection at their origin; the complex as inevitably demand the long and painfully progressive experience of ages. To the Greeks, beyond doubt, their drama *seemed* perfection—it fully answered, to them, the dramatic end, excitement—and this fact is urged as proof of their drama's perfection in itself. It need only be said, in reply, that their art and their sense of art were, necessarily, on a level.

The more there are great excellences in a work, the less am I surprised at finding great demerits. When a book is said to have many faults, nothing is decided, and I cannot tell, by this, whether it is excellent or execrable. It is said of another that it is without fault; if the account be just, the work *cannot* be excellent.—Trublet.

The "cannot" here is much too positive. The opinions of Trublet are wonderfully prevalent, but they are none the less demonstrably false. It is

merely the *indolence* of genius which has given them currency. The truth seems to be that genius of the highest order lives in a state of perpetual vacillation between ambition and *the scorn of it*. The ambition of a great intellect is at best negative. It struggles—it labors—it creates—not because excellence is desirable, but because to be excelled where there exists a *sense* of the power to excel, is unendurable. Indeed I cannot help thinking that the *greatest* intellects (since these most clearly perceive the laughable absurdity of human ambition) remain contentedly “mute and inglorious.” At all events, the *vacillation* of which I speak is the prominent feature of genius. Alternately inspired and depressed, its inequalities of mood are stamped upon its labors. This is the truth, generally—but it is a truth very different from the assertion involved in the “cannot” of Trublet. Give to genius a sufficiently enduring *motive*, and the result will be harmony, proportion, beauty, perfection—all, in this case, synonymous terms. Its supposed “inevitable” irregularities shall not be found:—for it is clear that the susceptibility to impressions of beauty—that susceptibility which is the most important element of genius—implies an equally exquisite sensitiveness and aversion to deformity. The motive—the *enduring* motive—has indeed, hitherto, fallen *rarely* to the lot of genius; but I could point to several compositions which, “without any fault,” are yet “excellent”—supremely so. The world, too, is on the threshold of an epoch, wherein, with the aid of a calm philosophy, such compositions shall be ordinarily the work of that

genius which is *true*. One of the first and most essential steps, in overpassing this threshold, will serve to kick out of the world's way this very idea of Trublet—this untenable and paradoxical idea of the incompatibility of genius with *art*.

When I consider the true talent—the real force of Mr. Emerson, I am lost in amazement at finding in him little more than a respectful imitation of Carlyle. Is it possible that Mr. E. has ever seen a copy of Seneca? Scarcely—or he would long ago have abandoned his model in utter confusion at the parallel between his own worship of the author of “Sartor Resartus” and the aping of Sallust by Aruntius, as described in the 114th Epistle. In the writer of the “History of the Punic Wars” Emerson is portrayed to the life. The parallel is close; for not only is the imitation of the same character, but the things imitated are identical.

Undoubtedly it is to be said of Sallust, far more plausibly than of Carlyle, that his obscurity, his unusuality of expression, and his Laconism (which had the effect of diffuseness, since the time gained in the mere perusal of his pithiness is trebly lost in the necessity of cogitating them out)—it may be said of Sallust, more truly than of Carlyle, that these qualities bore the impress of his genius, and were but a portion of his unaffected thought.

If there is any difference between Aruntius and Emerson, this difference is clearly in favor of the former, who was in some measure excusable, on the ground that he was as great a fool as the latter *is not*.

GETHESEMANE.

‘Twas night-fall on Gethsemane—the shades
Crept silently around the rosy west—
At first a filmy veil, through which the light
Stole with a softer blush—then thickening
Deeper and deeper, till the day's last smile
Faded beneath night's frown, and all was gloom;
Saw where the trembling stars, with frigid eyes,
Looked down on earth, and the young moon, bedimmed,
Paled on the dark horizon.

Jesus prayed!
Apart from all—alone—his suppliant knee
Bent to the earth—while on his brow, upraised
In the dim light to Heaven, the icy drops
Were beaded there by anguish; and around
The lips that with a sculptured curve apart
Gasped in their mortal agony, the white
And livid blended fearfully. The eye
Now raised, now downcast, marked the mingled traits
Of grief and supplication. Midnight came.
Then Jesus rose!

They who awaited him,
In this his hour of sorrow, lay apart
And slept—for night-dews, hung upon
Their dusty garments, weighed their eyelids down
With a strange weariness.

Compassion, love,
And yearnings after human sympathy, the sound
Of loving human voices, mingled there

27

With sorrowful regards of that kind eye
So tenderly bent on them.

“Waken—rise!
Could ye not watch one little hour with me?
Watch with me while I pray!”

Again, apart,
He breathed his very spirit out in prayer,
Quivering in anguish.

“Father! if this cup
May not be spared me, LET THY WILL BE DONE.”
Once more the MAN OF SORROWS sought for them
Who kept a faithless watch. They slept again—
Borne down with grief. He turned again to pray.
Despite such sorrow morning flushed the sky,
And night her dark lash lifted from the blue,
Clear eye of day. Oh, never more on earth,
Divine One, shall such morrow dawn for thee!
When morn blushed earthward, then came Jesus forth—
The saddened master of the worlds, came forth
To seek his friends.

“Sleep on and take your rest:
The hours of deeper trials come, to which
The darkest dreams of that wild sleep will seem
By contrast bright—the hour of fierce extremes,
To crush the mortal's heart, and raise the God to Heaven.”
The agony was o'er—and with a brow
Calm for the coming struggle, and an eye
Serene and Godlike, Jesus waited death.

CRISTINE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

[SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A YOUNG SCULPTOR, ON THE HILL-SIDE BETWEEN FLORENCE AND FESOLE.]

<p>COME, my friend, and in the silence and the shadow wrapt apart, I will loose the golden claspings of this sacred tome—the heart. By the bole of yonder cypress, under branches spread like eaves, We will sit where wavering sunlight weaves a romance in the leaves. There by gentle airs of story shall our dreaming minds be awayed, And our spirits hang vibrating, like the sunshine with the shade. Thou shalt sit, and leaning o'er me, calmly look into my heart, Look as Fesolè above us looketh on Val d'Arno's murrt; Shalt behold how Love's fair river down the golden city goes, As the silent silver Arno through the streets of Florence flows!</p> <p>I was standing o'er the marble, in the twilight falling gray, All my hopes and all my courage wasting from me like the day, And I leaned across the statue, heaving many a sigh and groan, For I deemed the world as heartless, ay, as heartless as the stone. Nay, I well nigh thought the marble was a portion of my pain, For it seemed a frozen sorrow just without my burning brain. Then a cold and deathlike stupor slowly crept along my frame, While my life seemed passing outward, like a pale reluc- tant flame. Then my weary soul went from me, and it walked the world alone, O'er a wide and brazen desert, in a hot and brazen zone. There it walked and trailed its pinions, slowly trailed them in the sands, With its hopeless eyes fixed blindly, with its hopeless folded hands! And there came no morn—no evening, with its gentle stars and moon; But the sun amid the heaven made a broad, unbroken noon. And anon, far reaching westward, with its weight of burn- ing air, Lay an old and desolate ocean, with a dead and glassy stare. Then my spirit wandered, gazing for the goal no time might reach, With its weary feet unsandaled on the hard and heated beach! This it is to feel uncared for, like a useless way-side stone; This it is to walk in spirit through the desolate world alone! Still I leaned across the marble, and a hand was on my arm,</p>	<p>And my soul came back unto me, as 't were summoned by a charm. While a voice in gentlest whisper breathed my name into my ear, "Ah! Andrea, why this silence, why this shadow and this tear?" Then I felt that I had wronged her, though I knew not that before; I had feared that she would scorn me if I told the love I bore. I had seen her, spoken to her, only twice or thrice, per- chance; And her mien was fine and stately, though all heaven was in her glance! She had praised my humble labors, the conception and the art— She had said a thing of beauty nestled ever to her heart. And I thought on one occasion, when our eyes together met, That her orbs somewhat a-sudden dropt beneath their fringe of jet. Though her form and air were noble, yet a simple dress she wore, Like yon maiden by the cypress which the vines are creeping o'er. And she came all unattended, her protection in her mien; And, with somewhat of reluctance, bade me call her name Cristine. Then that name became a music, and my dreams went to the time, While my brain all day made verses, and her beauty filled the rhyme! Then, I knew not that she loved me, but I felt it now the more, For her hand was laid upon me, and her eyes were brim- ming o'er. Down the deepest tides of feeling how her holy presence slid! With a light divine as Dian's on Endymion's dreamy lid! Oh! she looked into my spirit as the stars look in the stream, Or as azure eyes of angels calm the trouble of a dream. Then I told my love unto her, and her sighs came deep and long— Long yon peasant plays the measure while the other leads the song. Then with tender words we parted, only as true lovers can, And I, for the love she bore me, was a braver, better man. I had lived unloved of any, only loving art before; Now I thought all things did love, and I loved all things the more. I had lived accursed of Fortune, lived in penury worse than pain; But when all the heaven was blackest, down it burst in golden rain! I was summoned to the palace, to the chamber of the duke,</p>
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And I felt those hopes within me which no darkness could rebuke.
 Down he kindly came to meet me; but I thought the golden throne
 Upon which my love had raised me, was not lower than his own.
 Then he grasped my hand right warmly, and I gave as warm return,
 For I felt a noble nature in my very fingers burn!
 And I would not bow below him, if I could not rise above;
 For I wore within my bosom all the majesty of love!
 Then said he—"Your fame has reached me, and I fain would test your skill;
 Carve me something, signor, follow the free fancy of your will.
 Carve me something, an Apollo, or a Dian with her hounds,
 Or Adonis, dying, watching the young life flow from his wounds—
 Or the dreamy lidded Psyche, with her Cupid on her knee,
 Or the flying, fretted Daphne, taking refuge in the tree!
 Nay, I would not dictate, signor, I would trust your taste and skill;
 In the ancient armored-chamber you may carve me what you will."
 Then I thanked him as he left me, and I walked the armored-hall—
 Even I, so late neglected, walked within the palace wall!
 There were many suits of armor, some with battered breasts and casques,
 And I thought th' ancestral phantoms smiled upon me from their masks,
 And my steps grew all elastic, with an energy divine!
 Never in those breasts of iron beat a heart as proud as mine!
 There for days I walked the chamber, and my brain was all inflamed;
 And I thought o'er all the subjects which the generous duke had named;
 Thought of those and thought of others, thought them o'er, and o'er, and o'er,
 Till my worried brain went throbbing like the billows on the shore.
 In despair I left the palace, sought my humble room again,
 There my gentle Cristine met me, and she smiled away my pain.
 "Courage!" said she, and my courage leapt within me with a shock!
 As of old, when spoke the prophet, leapt the waters from the rock.
 Who shall say that love is idle or a drawback on the mind?
 Nay, the soul which dares to scorn it hath in idle dust reclined!
 I went back, and in the chamber piled the shapeless Adam-earth;
 Piled it carelessly, not knowing to what form it might give birth.
 There I leaned and dreamed above it till the day went down the west,
 And the darkness came unto me like an old familiar guest.
 But I started! for a-sudden came a rustle through the gloom!
 And with light, like morn's horizon, gleamed the far end of the room!
 Then a heavy sea of curtain in a tempest rolled away!
 Blessed Virgin! how I trembled! but it was not with dismay!
 And my eyes grew large and larger, as I looked with lips apart!
 All my senses drank in beauty, till it overflowed my heart!

There it stood, a living statue! with its loosened locks of brown;
 In an attitude angelic, with the folded hands dropt down.
 But I could not see the features, for a veil was hanging there,
 Yet so thin that on the forehead I could trace the shade of hair.
 Then the veil became a trouble, and I wished that it were gone—
 And I spake—"It was but a whisper—"Let thy features on me dawn!"
 Then the heavy sea of curtain stormed again across my sight,
 And it left me wrapt in wonder, and it left me wrapt in night!
 But for days where'er I turned me, still that blessed form was there;
 As one looketh to the sunlight then beholds it everywhere.
 Now for days and days I labored, with a soul in courage mailed;
 And I wrought the nameless statue, but, alas! the face was veiled!
 I had tried all forms of feature—every face of classic art;
 Still the veil was there—I felt it in my brain and in my heart!
 Then again I left the palace, and again I met Cristine,
 And she trembled as I told her of the vision I had seen.
 And she sighed, "Ah! dear Andrea," clinging closely to my breast,
 "What if this should prove a phantom—something fearful, all unblest!—
 Something which shall pass between us!" and she clasped me with her arm;
 "Nay," I answered, "love, I'll test it with a most angelic charm!
 Let me gaze upon thy features, love, and fear not for the rest,
 These shall exorcise the spirit, if it be a thing unblest!"
 Then I hurried to the statue, where so often I had failed—
 And I made the face of Cristine, and it stood no longer veiled!
 With a flush upon my forehead, then, I called the duke—he came—
 And in rustling silks beside him walked his tall and stately dame.
 And they looked upon the statue, then on me with stern surprise!
 Then they looked upon each other with a wonder in their eyes!
 "What is this?" spake out the duchess, with her gaze fixed on the duke;
 "What is this?" and me he questioned in a tone of sharp rebuke!
 Like a miserable echo, I the question asked again—
 And he said, "It is our daughter! your presumption be your pain!"
 But now bursting from the curtain, in her jeweled dress complete,
 Swept a maiden, and a-sudden dropt she down before his feet!
 And she cried, "My father—mother—cast aside that frowning mien!
 And forgive my own Andrea! And forgive your own Cristine!
 Oh forgive us! for, believe me, all the fault is mine alone!"
 And they granted her petition, and they blessed us as their own!

REBECCA AND BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT.

A SCENE FROM IVANHOE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca to Brian de Bois-Guilbert—"and, sacred Heaven! to what fate? embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbors such a villain?—*thou* the best lance of the Templars!—Craven knight!—forsworn priest! I spit at thee, and I defy thee.—The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy!"

As she spoke, she threw open the lattice window which led to the bartizan, and in an instant after, stood on the very verge of the parapet, with not the slightest screen between her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed,

"Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that court-yard, ere it become the victim of thy brutality!"

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them toward heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated, and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress, gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl! I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order. The next Preceptory would grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned naught but the honor or the dishonor of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," exclaimed the Templar fervently; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever! If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear! I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonored," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never."

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far;" and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures, or *machicolles*, as they were then called—"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honor to the Templar!"

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and so horrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had her fate at her command, and could escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper color of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

TO G. W. F.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

TOIL on, thou lover of the beautiful; a name
Such as Raphael's may yet be thine.
Arid the pathway up the cliffs of Fame,
Yet still accessible is her inmost shrine.
And thou canst win it—there's a niche for thee;
Chain but thy passions—let thy spirit free.
I've gazed upon thy works until mine eyes

Are misted by the beauty they outpour;
They fill with marvelous and sweet surprise
My throbbing heart, till earth's darkening shore
Is in dim vision lost; while, far away,
Peals forth a voice, in thrilling tones sublime—
"He is not one who labors for a day—
But his creations shall outlive all time."



REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Miscellaneous Works of Sir James Mackintosh. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

Robert Hall, who was a personal friend of Mackintosh, and who talked and disputed with him on every subject under heaven, pronounced his intellect more analogous to that of Bacon, than any other in modern times. The same opinion has been obscurely hinted by others. To us, it seems that the comprehension of Mackintosh was not so much the comprehension of a large creative intellect, as a comprehension resulting from extensive acquirements and an unfery disposition. As far as his recorded conversations and published writings "speak him," he has few pretensions to a place beside Bacon, or beside Leibnitz. His mind was bounded by his learning. It had neither the vices nor the strength and creativeness of Bacon's. It was essentially a judicial mind; and was under the control of a rare conscientiousness, which would shrink as readily from perverting an author's opinions as from defaming his character. He was a diligent seeker after truths discovered by others, not a discoverer himself. His vast acquisitions were stored away in his memory, not assimilated to the substance of his mind. With great thinkers learning is but the foundation of their superstructure—with Mackintosh it was both foundation and superstructure. Besides, his mind was languid in its movement, and this languor is evident in the lagging motion of his style. Even in the Defence of the French Revolution and the Argument for Peltier, the energy is rather rhetorical than impassioned or imaginative. He had not the force of being, which characterizes genius, in whatever department of letters or science it may be exercised. We are aware that his works are not fair representatives of his powers, and that his reputation in life was rather based on what he was to do than what he had done; but still he does not give in his writings any signs indicative of high genius, any thing in which we can perceive an intellect "Analogous to Bacon."

A good portion of the fame of Mackintosh resulted from the love which his rare modesty, his benevolence, his integrity, excited in all who knew him or read his writings. There is no philosophical writer since Plato whose character has such a charm to the student. The *morale* of his intellect was perfect. He was eminently just to all, enemies as well as friends. Among his contemporaries we conceive he had his superiors, or at least his equals, in regard to mental power—but he excelled them all in temperance and freedom from partisan spirit. His writings are worthy the most attentive study, not only for the compact masses of knowledge they contain, but for the just, tolerant, beneficent spirit they breathe. It is one of the world's misfortunes that its great intellects are not sufficiently guided by moral principles, but move too readily at the beck of party, vanity, or selfish passion. The best brains in almost every country are commanded by the highest bidder. It is hardly considered immoral to support lies with thoughts and distorted facts. The world's corruptions, therefore, are powerfully sustained by the world's intellect. Now the writings of Mackintosh are valuable as examples of what might be termed the conscience of the understanding, and their influence will long be felt on

the character of thinkers. Without this perfect honesty of purpose, great powers are as liable to prove curses as blessings to the world.

The present collection of Mackintosh's works is edited by his son. It contains (with the exception of the History of England) all his writings which the editor deems of the most value. Among these are the *Life of Sir Thomas Moore*, the *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy*, *Review of the Causes of the Revolution of 1688*, *Vindice Gallice*, the *Speech in Defence of Peltier*, a number of articles originally contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and a selection from his *Speeches in the House of Commons*. The publishers have compressed the three volumes of the English edition into one large octavo. We trust it will have a circulation in this country commensurate with its merits. The amount of the reliable information which the volume contains is very great, and it refers to a large variety of subjects, including history, biography, politics, criticism, and moral and intellectual philosophy.

The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Southey, LL.D. (Late Post Laureate.) New York: 1 vol. 8vo.

The present edition of Southey's poetry is beautifully printed, and is illustrated with eight fine steel engravings. The mechanical execution may challenge comparison with the most elegant and compact English editions of the modern poets. The book has the further recommendation of cheapness. It contains the long poems of *Joan of Arc*, *Wat Tyler*, *Medoe*, *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *Roderick*, *All For Love*, *A Tale of Paraguay*, *The Poet's Pilgrimage*, and the *Vision of Judgment*, together with some two hundred minor pieces, on a wide variety of subjects. The edition also includes a poem never before published in this country, entitled "*Oliver Newman, a New England Tale*." Only a portion of this last was finished at the death of the poet, but among his papers the plan of the whole was found, and is here published. When we consider that Southey's prose works are sufficiently numerous to constitute a library by themselves, the fact that he also wrote the tens on tens of thousand lines, of which the present volume is made up, conveys a startling impression of his almost unparalleled activity of intellect and strength of will. Of no other man can it be more truly said that he wrote to live, and lived to write. Authorship was the condition of his being. Any one of the epics in this volume might have been to most other men the labor of years; but Southey spawned epics. He seemed to write a poem of ten thousand lines as easily as *Carew*, or *Suckling*, or *Barry Cornwall*, would have written a song. Byron said of him—

He has written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows.

In this volume, at least, we have all the blank verse.

Southey used to be classed by the reviewers with Wordsworth and Coleridge, as a "Lake poet," and Lord Jeffrey never seems to have perceived his essential difference from both. It is hardly possible, one would think, to read a page of Southey without seeing that the "*Curse of Kehama*" is the production of a mind as different from that

which created the "White Doe," as both are from the mind which produced "The Ancient Mariner." But all three were accidentally connected as personal friends, as egotists, as joint sufferers of one storm of ridicule, and as belonging to one society of mutual admiration. As a poet of sentiment, reflection, and imagination, Southey is inferior to both, though from the crowd of glittering fancies in some of his poems, and the interest which attaches to them as narratives, he may be more read than either. And perhaps it would be well if he were more popular than he is, for his poems, with all their defects, are admirable for the austere purity of their moral tone, and the general healthiness of the sympathies they excite. Poetry has been called the "devil's wine," but such a definition would not answer for Southey's. As far as he clearly understood the principles of right and wrong, truth and error, he conscientiously observed them in his writings. We believe he would not have published a line which he thought calculated to undermine or blast the moral principles of his readers, for the wealth of Rothschild or the fame of Homer. But though his works are free from any thing liable to recommend sins of the senses, they are not altogether free from uncharitableness and spiritual pride. From the union of severity and gentleness in his nature, he has been called a kind of Saint Dominick on one side of his mind, and a kind of Fenelon on the other. His poems as well as prose show us both of these sides.

It would be impossible, in our limits, to notice the various poems in this volume. The Curse of Kehama and Roderick, the Last of the Goths, are perhaps the most characteristic of his writings, as indicating the range of his powers. Oliver Newman is not equal to any of the others, but it still has sufficient excellence to reward perusal. There are indications in it of some forcible characterization, which we are sorry the poet did not live to complete, as character is the weak point of his genius. His soul never ran out in a genial current to inform other modes of being, but his characters were generally projections from his own heart or understanding, and stand for didactic truths or opinions. In Oliver Newman there is much clear description, in sweet and pure language. The lines on a portrait of Oliver's mother are a good specimen:

The eyes which death had quenched
Kept there their life and living lustre still,
The auburn locks, which sorrow's withering hand,
Forestalling time, had changed to early gray,
Disporting from the ivory forehead, fell
In ringlets which might tempt the breath of May;
The lips, now cold as clay,
Seemed to breathe warmth and vernal fragrance there;
The cheeks were in their maiden freshness fair.
Thus had the limner's art divine preserved
A beauty which from earth had passed away!
And it had caught the mind which gave that face
Its surest charm, its own peculiar grace.
A modest mien,
A meek submissive gentleness serene,
A heart on duty stay'd, sedate,
Simple, sincere, affectionate,
Were that virgin countenance portrayed.

The following, on the character of the Indians, contains a fine summary of their qualities:

Crafty, deceitful, murderous, merciless:
Yet with heroic qualities endowed,
Contempt of death, surpassing fortitude,
Patience through all privations, self-control
Even such as saints and sages scarce attain,
And a sustained serenity of soul,
Which fortune might assult or tempt in vain,
Not to be moved by pleasure or by pain.

We cordially wish this volume success. A good library edition of one of the most prominent poets of the century should ever receive a hearty welcome.

Poems. By Caroline Southey. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mrs. Southey obtained her reputation under her maiden name of Caroline Bowles. Her lines on the "Death of an Infant" had almost as wide a circulation as any short poem produced within the present century. The general character of her poetry is purity of thought, grace of expression, and a certain sweet affectionateness of feeling, which wins upon the heart, and disarms criticism. But there is little original force of fancy and imagination in her poems. She is a person of considerable *finesse* of sensibility, who has caught the tone of Wordsworth and Southey, and gives it a melodious echo. She is not so good a poetess as many of our own countrywomen. She falls below "Amelia," Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Sigourney. Either of these is more worthy a place in a "library of choice books." We have no doubt, however, that the taste, simplicity, and affectionateness displayed in the volume will make it popular with a large number of readers, to whom, in poetry, the heart is every thing, and the intellect nothing. The true poet, it has been *quaintly* remarked, has a heart in his head, and a head in his heart.

Poems. By Amelia. Second Edition—Enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This elegant edition of Mrs. Welby's poems, the second that has appeared within a short time, is the best of all proofs that her fine feminine genius is appreciated by her countrymen. Her fame is well deserved. The characteristics of her poetry are melody, sentiment, passion, and fancy. Every thing she writes seems to have been born in music, and her heart to gush out in song. There can be no bar to the expression of her nature. She sings of her own sweet will. The most delicate fancies, the aptest, most musical, most expressive language seem to be always in waiting upon her, to adorn any thought or consecrate any feeling that rises in her mind. Perhaps this spontaneity, this facility of utterance, will, in the end, prevent her from acquiring the height of fame to which her genius points. She would go deeper if she paused longer upon her thoughts. Her poems, though thronged with beautiful fancies, have little shaping imagination. Miss Barrett, who is her opposite in almost every particular, occasionally forces out from her choked and stammering verse an imagination of the utmost majesty and beauty, and impresses the reader more deeply than if her page had all the glitter, polish, and melody of Moore. We would not have Mrs. Welby imitate Miss Barrett, but we could wish that she would occasionally deepen her *fancy* into imagination.

But perhaps this criticism is but an ungrateful return for the pleasure that her beautiful and sparkling volume has given to us, in common with a thousand others. The book doubtless places her among the first of American poets, and is full of promise. In speaking of a mind so flexible as hers, we can place no limit to the excellence she may attain. The beauty and grace of her present poems are so evident, that she may well pardon a little friendly advice regarding the future exercise of her rare powers. "The Rainbow" is an exquisite piece. "Molodia" is a fine portrait:

Her voice was sweet as the voice of love,
And her teeth were pure as pearls,
While her forehead lay, like a snow-white dove,
In a nest of nut-brown curls.

The lines "To a Lovely Girl" are full of such beauties as these:

Thou art not beautiful, yet thy blue eyes
Steal o'er the heart like sunshine o'er the skies.

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THE FIDELITY

Salle de la fédération de Versailles, 1. Robison 22. — Chapelle de St. Julien, 1. Montau
 Robt de St. Pierre, Beaumont, 1. Montau 1. — Pontillon de Quatord, 1. de Chénod
 Pommerehne de La Rochette, Bayard, 1. P. Roux 22. 22. de la Fave 22.



For Heaven, that gives to thee each mental grace,
Hath stamped the angel on thy sweet young face.

For O, when pure as heaven's serenest skies,
The timid soul sits pleading in thine eyes.

The sky-lark she calls finely, "Bird of the blue and breezy dome." The little piece entitled "The First Death of the Household," is full of tender and plaintive beauty. "The Little Step-Son" is like two of the lines celebrating the little fellow's happiness:

His days pass off in sunshine, in laughter and in song,
As careless as a summer rill, that sings itself along.

We might go through the sixty pieces which constitute this delightful volume, and quote something beautiful and melodious from each, without doing justice to the melody or beauty of any one of them—and we therefore pause here. We congratulate the great West on possessing a poetess so replete with genius as Amelia, and we feel assured that in whatever portion of the country her volume appears, it will be sure of a cordial welcome.

A Treatise on Algebra, Containing the Latest Improvements. Adapted to the Use of Schools and Colleges. By Charles W. Hockett, S. T. D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Columbia College, New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 6vo.

Though this book hardly comes within our sphere of criticism, its value as an important aid to mathematical knowledge deserves to be noted. The author, an American professor, has compiled the best English treatise on Algebra extant. No time nor labor seem to have been spared in making it complete. The different works in English, French and German, on the subject, have been carefully consulted, as well as the memoirs of scientific bodies. It will doubtless supplant all other works on the science, now in popular use, both in this country and in England.

Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits. By William Hazlitt. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

This is one of Hazlitt's most noted and brilliant productions. It contains criticisms on Bentham, Godwin, Coleridge, Irving, Horne Tooke, Scott, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Mackintosh, Mathers, Gifford, Campbell, Jeffrey, Moore and some others. The prejudices of the disappointed author and libeled politician, are allowed in this, as in Hazlitt's other books, to warp occasionally the critical opinions. There is considerable truth expressed with great bitterness, and much questionable criticism enforced in the most insulting and dogmatic expression. Few of the essays present any thing like harmonious portraits of the persons they describe. But the book is exceedingly brilliant, contains many fine and true thoughts, is replete with examples of vigorous analysis, and overflows with point, wit and personality. The prominent defect is a lack of methodical arrangement in the enumeration of qualities. The finest passage in the book is the splendid sentence on Coleridge, beginning on page 41. Of the extent of that wonderful poet's acquisitions, and the varying nature of his studies, a good idea is conveyed by two short sentences. "There is no subject on which he has not touched, none on which he has rested. Hardly a speculation has been left on record from the earliest time, but it is loosely folded up in Mr. Coleridge's memory, like a rich somewhat tattered piece of tapestry: we might add (more seeming than real extravagance) that scarce a day can pass through the mind of man, but its sound

has at some time or other passed over his head with rustling pinions."

The sharpest paper in the volume is that devoted to Gifford, editor of the Quarterly Review, the most pertinacious, severe and unscrupulous of Hazlitt's enemies. The force of the satire comes from its concentrated gall. It rushes off into none of that splendid rage which injures the effect of the satire in some of the other portraits. The only remark of Gifford against Hazlitt, which excels in picturesque scorn the latter's rejoinder, is that in which Hazlitt is compared to one of Browere's Dutch boors, sitting over his gin and tobacco pipes, and fancying himself a Liebnitz. This strikes at once Hazlitt's presumption and his intemperance.

Scenes and Songs of Social Life. A Miscellany. By Isaac Fitzgerald Shepard. Boston: Saxton & Kell. 1 vol. 12mo.

Under this happy title Mr. Shepard has collected together a variety of interesting tales and poems, which have met with favor as originally published in different periodicals. The pieces are well written, one or two of them humorous in their character, and all have a good moral aim. The volume is elegantly printed, and contains many elements of popularity.

History of the Conquest of Peru by the Spaniards. By Don Telesforo de Trucba y Cosio. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

The subject of this volume is so deeply interesting, addressing as it does both the imagination and the understanding, that a much worse book on it would be readable. There is little in the present work to commend it except the subject. The style of the narration is tolerably clear, the personages tolerably drawn, and some moral commonplaces duly set at certain stages of the volume, to warn the reader against falling in love with Pizarro's modes of conquering and ruling kingdoms. Mr. Prescott's history of the same event will probably be more deserving of the name.

The Early Jesuit Missions in North America. Compiled and Translated from the Letters of the French Jesuits, with Notes. By the Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a valuable volume, very appropriately included in a "Library of American Books." It relates to a portion of American history but little investigated, but full of examples of piety, zeal and heroism. The narratives in the present volume have all the interest of Indian romance, with the further recommendation of being true. The editor, though of the Protestant ministry, does full justice to the moral valor and exalted zeal of the Catholic missionaries.

Our Army on the Rio Grande. By T. B. Thorpe. One vol. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This is a spirited Account of the Mexican War, by the Author of "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter," who has passed the summer in the camp of General Taylor.

Nursery Rhymes, etc. Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.

A thin octavo volume, beautifully printed and illustrated. The most attractive of the holiday books for children published this season.

The Poems of William Cullen Bryant: Complete Edition. Illustrated by Engravings on Steel, from Original Pictures by Leutze. One Volume, Octavo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Of all the books from the foreign or American press that have been issued for the approaching "season of giving gifts," not one that we have seen can be compared with this magnificent edition of the complete works of our great national poet. We have received a copy of it at too late a day to enter upon any criticism of its contents in our present number, and indeed it is scarcely necessary that we should do so, since we have so frequently in former volumes dwelt upon the transcendent merits of Mr. Bryant's poetry; and our readers have had such opportunities of becoming acquainted with his genius through his contributions to our magazine. The portrait, in this edition, engraved in the finest style of Cheney, is not less admirable as a likeness than as a work of art; and all the nineteen other engravings, after Leutze's drawings, are quite equal to any thing in the most sumptuously illustrated works from London and Paris. In every respect the volume is an honor to America.

Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that Relates to Guns and Shooting, by Lieutenant-Colonel P. Hawker. From the Ninth London Edition. To which is Added the Hunting and Shooting of North America, with Descriptions of the Animals and Birds, Carefully Collected from Authentic Sources. By William T. Porter, Esq., Editor of the N. Y. "Spirit of the Times," &c. With Illustrations. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 460. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1846.

We have often felt surprised that this work was not republished here, when every ephemeral production of the London press is so regularly and immediately reproduced. Even if we did not know it to be a standard and classical book among sportsmen, we would understand it from the fact that it has stood its ground since 1811 against all rival productions, increasing in value with each new edition, and determinately brought up with all the successive improvements that have revolutionized the noble art of *varie* since the date of its first appearance. Such being the facts of the case, our recommendation would be superfluous, for Hawker's name is as a household word with every true sportsman in either country. We like his style; it has the true hearty "go ahead" energy about it, with an occasional not unpleasant roughness, which suits an old sportsman, and which is felt at once by all brothers of the rod and gun.

If Hawker is thus held dear by the craft in England, Wm. T. Porter is not less kindly regarded here. No one who has ever had access to that most lively and amusing journal, the "Spirit," of which he is the presiding genius, will hesitate to receive whatever has the authority and sanction of his name. Nor has he been content merely to give his name to the title; the book is most thoroughly edited. A large portion, relating to the game-laws, the pursuit of wild fowl on the coasts of England and France, and many other subjects, of no interest to the reader in this country, have been judiciously omitted, and their places supplied with matter relating to the innumerable varieties of hunting and shooting, unknown elsewhere, which are presented by the wide expanse of our territories, from Maine to Texas, and from the Hudson to the Yellow Stone. The amount of these changes may be estimated from the fact that out of the 160 pages of which this edition consists, 20 are American. These consist sometimes of succinct and clear instructions for the bagging of the

respective victims, and sometimes of most spirited and graphic sketches in that peculiar and piquant style which forms the most national part of our literature. The names of Thorpe, Frank Forester, Sibley, Kendall, Giraud, and a host of other contributors of equal merit, are enough to guarantee their value and attractiveness.

The dress of the book is worthy of its interest and position. The plates which adorn it are among the most brilliant and successful specimens of the art of wood engraving that we have seen in this country, and are set off to advantage by the clear type and white paper through which they are scattered. The binding is showy but in taste, and the whole work eminently worthy the place it will immediately assume in the library of every sportsman.

East Jersey under the Proprietary Governments: By William A. Whitehead. Published by the New Jersey Historical Society. Philadelphia, Townsend Ward, South Fourth Street.

This volume contains a narrative of events connected with the settlement and progress of the province of East Jersey, (which in the early colonial times had a separate government and was in almost every respect distinct from West Jersey,) until the surrender of the government to the crown in 1702, drawn principally from original sources; with an appendix, in which is now first reprinted from the original edition of 1655, "The Model of the Government of East New Jersey, in America," by George Scott, of Pitlochie. The New Jersey Historical Society, of which Justice Hornblower is President, has on its committee of publication our brethren Charles King and William B. Kinney, whose names give assurance of the value of every thing bearing their imprimatur. The book before us seems to have been prepared with great labor, and excellent judgment, by Mr. Whitehead, another active officer of the society. Its contents, though in some respects old, have remarkable freshness, having been unused by any of the earlier historians of the state. The book is well printed, is illustrated by several curious colonial maps, and we hope will be so well received as to encourage the society to proceed with other publications of the same character.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

TOILETTE DE VILLE. Robe of green velvet, ornamented on the front of the skirt with two rows of black lace, disposed to resemble that on an apron. (*en tablier*) with bows of sarcelnet ribbon between, corsage flat, carried high, and rounded at the point. Flat sleeves, open to the elbow, bordered with black lace, and drawn with little lacing cords—muslin under-sleeves. Shawl or mantle, of stuff like the dress, ornamented with two rows of black lace, and fastened in front with a bow. Hat of white crêpe, covered with two rows of lace, and ornamented with a long feather, attached by a very large circle, or flower of sarcelnet ribbon, (*chape en volants*); rose ribbon inside.

ASOUEUR. Gray sarcelnet, very clear, ornamented with three flounces, indented at the bottom, and each trimmed at the top with embroidery *en soutache*. Corsage flat, and very high, with an indented back, forming on the arm a peculiar indentation (*volants*) and garnished with embroidery *en soutache*. Sleeves flat, and embroidered *en soutache*, the whole length. Cashmere scarf. Straw hat, ornamented with doubled rose crêpe; and ornamented with a sarcelnet ribbon around the crown.

